News Compendium

Volume 10 - 2009 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 The Morning After

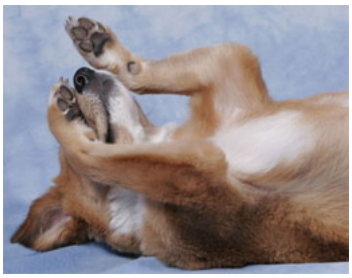
Thursday, Jan 01, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

'Sup dude. Hope you don't mind that I let myself in, but when all of your windows are broken and one of your bedroom walls is in pieces on the side lawn, that's kind of an open invitation, am I right? Anyway, to make up for those two bottles of Jameson I drank last night I went ahead and picked you up a small coffee from McDonald's. Catch! Whoa. Damn. Sorry, dude. I coulda sworn that lid was on tighter. But I guess if I partied as hearty as you did last night I'd also remain completely motionless when something was thrown at my face.

Heh. I can tell from how red and scabby your ugly mug is getting that you probably don't remember a thing from last night after your old buddy Derek dared you to chug that bottle of benzene. Well I can't think of a better way to ring in 2009 than to sit back and--actually you probably shouldn't move because I don't think your leg's supposed to bend that way. Lemme just put out that laundry fire you've got going in the corner there and then I'll fill you in on why your New Year's Eve party will go down in history as the day when man finally ignored the wishes of his body and the police to get more fucked up than Chris Farley ever even dreamed of.

So it was about the time we all thought you went blind that your ex-girlfriend showed up. Yeah, I can tell by your pained, shallow breathing that you know which ex I'm talking about: Julie. It was about 8:15 and she was pissed off, but also pretty hot. You know that I always had a thing for her, right? I figured it'd be okay if we made out, and also Julie really wanted to piss you off so I went into the bathroom to see if it was cool with you.

I guess you were trying to make me laugh because you had ripped all of your clothes off and were wearing the shower curtain like a cape and you wouldn't stop screaming. I think you were trying to be a Dracula guy or something because you had fake blood streaming out of your mouth and it was funny as hell. Then me and Julie had sex on the toilet seat right in front of you as you tore up most of your fingernails pretty bad trying to rip plumbling fixtures off the wall. I didn't think the sink would give but then again I was pretty drunk.



So what the fuck, bro--I get laid and I don't even get a high five? Put 'em up! Yeah fine I guess I'll take a raincheck on that high five, dick. But lemme tell you that you got your share last night, too, hahahaha! Damn man, your eyes have been rolled back in your head so long it's like you don't even believe me. That party last night was like the HQ for large lady love if you get my drift. Me and Bryan--yeah he's a pretty big dickhead but he's cool so whatever--we thought it would be hilarious to throw you in a closet with the biggest hogs in the room and tell you it was that gay biology major you constantly have a big-ass boner for. Dude, we found two girls that were pushing 300 and after we yanked each one them out of there me and Bryan were like, "Oh man, you just felt up Lisa!" and you didn't even get it. And later on was worse because I don't know how much you gotta smoke before your dog's dick looks like Lisa Hartman's face but I don't ever want to get that fucked up. Bryan bet me 20 bucks that you wouldn't do it but he doesn't know I can talk you into anything, right man? If I were you I'd be brushing my teeth until February.

Oh. Whoops. Guess you don't really have to worry about that anymore. Haha, dude don't worry you can put anything in a blender these days. But man oh man, you gotta hear how that happened. Me and Bryan were getting you to drink Popov out of a filthy bucket when guess who comes to the door? The fucking pigs. I guess one of your shitty neighbors heard Bryan light off those quarter sticks of dynamite in your oven and your refrigerator and the gas tank of your car. So the cop is there and he's all "Who's the homeowner here!?" and we think it'd be awesome to tell your drunk ass that the dude is a burglar in a Halloween costume and the best part is that you believed us!

So you stumble to the door and reach for his gun and in the struggle he knocks out most of your teeth with a big fucking baton. But I know no one can keep my good buddy down and you eventually wrench the gun from his hands and shoot him right through the brain stem. Well let me tell you things got pretty real what with all of the screaming and you smearing that guys blood all over your naked body. We thought the party was gonna end but me and Bryan threw his body in the swimming pool and cranked the Jack Johnson up to 11. Disaster averted, dude.

Listen man, I'm gonna go in a second because you're looking pretty green around the gills and me and Bryan are about to play mini golf... on weed! But I still gotta tell you how this party ended--we're talking record books, man. We'd already torn down one of your bedroom walls and people were looking pretty bummed and bored. But I'd be damned if I let a party end before 2:00 on my watch, so I asked Bryan if he had any ideas and oh boy did he ever. So we all cut pentagrams into our palms and held hands around you in a circle and said a bunch of gay-ass French words that Bryan told us to say.

And fuck me if the Prince of Darkness, Satan, didn't emerge from a tear in the fabric of space and time! It was scarier than time I scratched my mom's Miata, but Bryan had been through this before and he decided it would be hilarious to wed you to the devil as one of his unholy brides. You should have seen your face! It's probably a good thing we threw your computer into the swimming pool after the dead cop because all of this shit is going on the Internet the second I have a chance. Whoa, heh, looks like your "husband" is home, faggot. Haha, I better get outta here. Smell you later, dude.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.2 That Insidious Beast: Holy Hand Broadcasting

Friday, Jan 02, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

Holy Hand Broadcasting
"Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God so that at the proper time He may exalt you..."
Peter 5:6

About Our Ministry

Holy Hand Broadcasting is a product of Holy Hand Ministry at Gulf Reach, the largest and fastest-growing church in the American continent. We are the dominant church, all churches operating within our broadcast area are subservient to our instruction. Conflicting messages or instructions should be considered nullified by the Holy Word of God as spoken by our Pastors.

Holy Hand Ministry was founded in 1973 in Plano, Texas by Pastor Errol Pappin, Jr. Adult human male Pastor Pappin believed that the End of Days were upon us and that to combat the threat of the Unfolder he must gather the faithful and spread the Gospel of Resistance. Only through constant struggle against the manifest sin of the Unfolders and their allies could man hope to overcome and earn his place in Heaven.

The guiding principle of Pastor Pappin's works was the idea of Instructional Evangelism or Practical Evangelism. In the darkest days of man's struggle against the Unfolders the Word of God was the only manual to which we could turn. Biblical combat, battle for souls, raged in the Texas Panhandle. Pastor Pappin and his flock confronted the minions of Satan and their allies and smote them with divine fury. And the Devil was driven out of all bordering Federal Zones, establishing Pastor Pappin as a force of righteousness in those desperate times.

Pastor Pappin fought alongside the Robertson Irregulars at Chicago and helped push back against the Unfolders in our nation's darkest hour. It was through Pastor Pappin and the prayers of the faithful that God Sent His Holy Choir. And the Lord's Will manifested in His Angels to destroy and oppose Satan, to thwart him at every turn, and to tip the scales in favor of the United States of America in our long struggle against the fiends, and the atheists, and all who disbelieve.

Thought Pastor Pappin was reduced to a jelly state by molecular debonders, his will and his teachings live on through our current Pastors. They alone relay the Voice of God and His Angels. They continue Pastor Pappin's Instructional Evangelism in these, the final chapters of our victorious crusade.

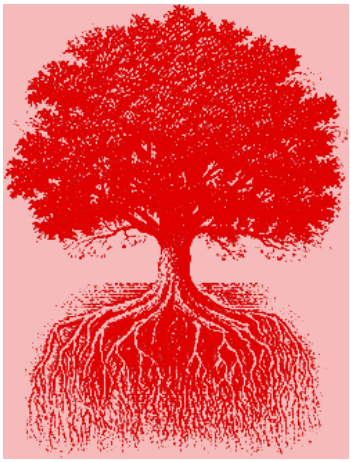
Pastor Vulge Espr Corrinthsk III hails from The Citadel Lunar Prison. The son of hero-astronaut Cody Wyatt of Wyatt's Zero-G Lancers, Pastor Corrinthsk has been a follower of Pastor Pappin since the beginning and helped to found dozens of expansion churches. He founded both moon churches and a prison ministry to reeducate perpetrators of Moral Threat.

You can hear Pastor Corrinthsk Monday through Friday during PM tones and following the ration benediction.

Pastor Ella Bertrand replaces Pastor Diane Morrison, who was a confirmed Moral Threat, but because of her long service to God was been Called to Serve by the Great Angel of Texas-22. Very little is known about Pastor Bertrand. She died in 1999 and miraculously returned in 2001. She speaks with two voices simultaneously and her touch raises welts. She does not eat, sleep, drink, or sweat.

You can hear Pastor Bertrand Saturday and Sunday during broadcasts and rebroadcasts of the Compulsion of Vigilance.

Instructional Evangelism



The concept of teaching action through God is not new to Christianity. For thousands of years, good practices for house and country have been imparted to churchgoers at lesser or false churches. The Holy Hand Ministry seeks to elevate this teaching from suggestion to command. The fair of the land may already hear the Word in their head as the Angels magnify His Word ten thousandfold, but for the rest there is Holy Hand Broadcasting. Our Pastors echo the Word and amplify His Divine Message. The command action as needed.

Our Lord is the Commander of this Last Battlefield, the Angels are his Generals, and - for the Angels are so exquisite and terrible to look upon - the Pastors of Holy Hand carry forth their commands as Captains and Lieutenants. It is our duty to follow and obey. To serve at the pleasure of the Lord and His Host. All adult humans must answer His Call and Heed His Word.

Muster

Battle is at hand and you are chosen. The trumpets sound and it is time to gather our mortal armies and array them against the heathen and the heretic. The Unfolder Menace and the Moral Threat must be extinguished, no matter the cost.

Call

The fair will be called directly, but the men must be told. Listen closely, for when your name is called it is your duty to attend to the whim of the Angels. From that moment forth your flesh is their flesh and your blood is their blood. It is your duty to prepare in advance for this eventuality.

Serve

A Threat has arisen in your area. Attend to your civic duties as instructed. Form a posse, join a bucket mob, march with the train carriers and rejoice, for an Angel is passing through your area! Whatever your calling you must serve. Failure to serve suggests your vulnerability to Moral Threat.

Pylon

These must be erected where and when it is needed. Perhaps another Angel is arriving. Perhaps the Area Bleed has created a Threat. More Unfolders? THEIR KIND WILL BE EXTERMINATED. WE WILL FEAST ON THE CARRION OF THEIR RACE AND IN TIME THE THRALL BEINGS WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF THAT PITIFUL SPECIES.

Quarter

The Federal Government has moved a unit into your area. Feed and water them, provide for their stock and chattel, and issue them with whatever medicines their bodies require and whatever

unguents their machines demand. Though they carry no standard of God, the Federal Armies are the backbone of our fight against the Unfolders and their human allies. Never forget this.

Obedience in all things. To question is to unbar the door for Moral Threat.

Objective Truth of God

In Early Days the Word of God was taken on faith. Man struggled to interpret ancient texts and discern the authenticity of every scrap of teaching and knowledge passed on by our Divine Creator. Strange creeds became accepted and apostate science supplanted His Word.

Tolerance was a favorite teaching then, even within the churches. The Jew, the Muslim, the Hindu, and strange cults and sects were all tolerated by the faithful. In those dark days the Word was scarcely a whisper heard by the most devout.

We no longer must suffer in silence, for the Word booms from mountain to valley and reverberates in our very marrow. Yes, faith is important, for we must maintain our faith in the inerrancy of that Word.

God speaks, directly to us and through His Angels. His existence, His Will, is no longer a matter that must be taken on faith. We know it to be so!

When God demands our toil and sweat, do we ignore Him?

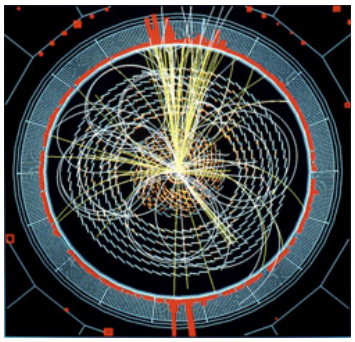
No, we serve!

When His Divine Servants ask of us our flesh and blood, to nourish and drink and lap from lakes and ditches, do we pretend not to hear?

No, we lie still and glad as tendrils sip from our veins and sup from our flesh.

When the Angel with the likeness of the spindly lion and standing as tall as a steeple strides across the plain, face in shadow, voice a tumult of a thousand souls, do we cringe in terror?

No, we rejoice, for though the Seraph is so perfect it is terrible, its fury will be poured out upon our foe!

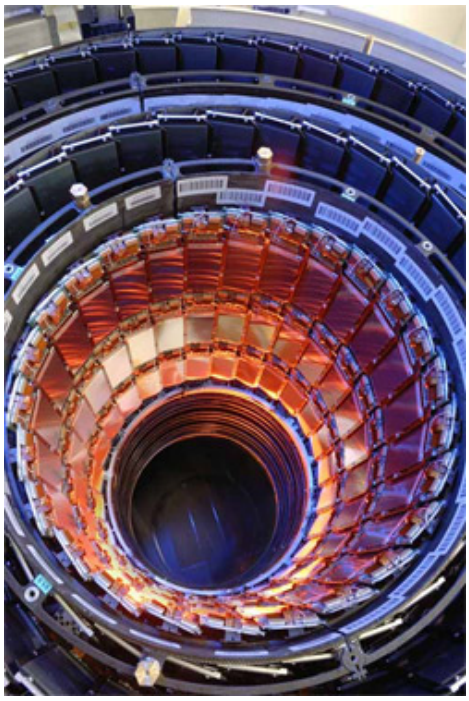


When His Voice commands us to burn a zone with incendiocannons and slaughter with our lash guns, do we doubt that Word?

No, for that Word is deafening. We cry out and proclaim it from our pulpit.

His Plan has brought us back from the brink. His Plan has quieted the cries of despair and hunger in our streets. His Holy Hand is everywhere and it is you. Will you go and do as He Commands or will you, like the fools on faraway shores, succumb to doubt and indecision?

No, you will serve. You will watch. You will listen.



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Runner

Saturday, Jan 03, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Partway through mile number sixteen, it occurs to me that I've made a huge mistake. Physically, everything seems to be holding up. My legs ache, but are nowhere near cramping. Every breath is deep and efficient. I do not want for water or rest, refuse to fall into the trap of wondering how many steps lie before me.

I allow myself a quick look over my shoulder, and am surprised to find that my competition is nowhere in sight. There's enough energy left in my reserves to sprint the remaining distance when that finish line appears on the horizon, but it won't be necessary. This is a blowout.

So why can't I shake the feeling?

"Stop," barks my trainer Gwen, a woman with many features and personality traits that would make for a fascinating and enjoyable description. Every time she turns to talk, her white van drifts from the road's shoulder and lazily sways in my direction. "Please, this is ridiculous."

"Maybe, but if they can't keep up with me that's their problem. Why should I stop?"

"Because you're in a hot dog eating contest." The sideview mirror gives my elbow a friendly bump.

"I know, and I'm winning."

"No, you're *running* ."

"I'm- what?"

My body doesn't stop so much as it sort of wobbles at every point where bone meets bone. Momentum carries me face-first toward the pavement as my brain... have you ever pushed the Degauss button on a computer monitor? That. It does that, then when all the colors and shifting shapes snap back into place I'm being helped into my doctor's office.

A thorough exam comes next, followed by twenty lonely minutes on a paper-covered bench studying an illustrated poster of human reproductive systems. When Dr. Andrews returns, he is frowning at a clipboard.

"Remember when I inched that extraordinarily large needle toward your eyeball, veering away at the last moment and plunging it into the bridge of your nose to draw a blood sample?"

"Vaguely..."

"Well your bloodwork is in, and it appears that you were born with Jasper Jowls Syndrome." The doctor pulls up a stool, set the clipboard aside. "In essence, you are physically incapable of taking part in competitive eating events. Your brain understands what an eating contest is, but when it attempts to engage in such a contest your body carries out a completely unrelated task, which your brain then interprets as competitive eating."

"It sounds exactly like herpes."

"Yes, that's precisely what it is." Dr. Andrews makes a complicated gesture that seems to include the universal symbol for starting a lawnmower. "It's a strain of herpes with all the qualities of its predecessor but the sores."

"But herpes is something you catch from other people, and you said this... Jasper Jowls Syndrome? That it was genetic."

"No, I'm afraid you misunderstood. I said you were born with it. In all likelihood, you contracted it while making out with your sister in the womb."

I nod slowly.

"So why haven't I heard of this disease before?"

"It's rare, but I know the disease firsthand. My wife couldn't take part in a pie eating contest to save her life. God rest her soul."

"Maybe you should test me again, just to make sure."

"Sorry, I already tested you twice. Once with the blood and once with an entirely different sort of sample. Remember when I had you pee in that cup while I punched you in the kidneys?"

"Not really," I shrug. "I'm just a layman. All these tests sort of blend into one another."

"Well, while you were distracted with that I collected a loose shard of fecal matter from your shirt with my free hand. That sample confirmed the blood test's results, along with something else."

"You mean I've got something besides Jasper Jowls Syndrome?"

"Yes. You've got poopies on your shirt."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.4 The Bargain Book Bin: An Open Letter to Twilight's Stephanie Meyer

Sunday, Jan 04, 2009 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Dearest Stephanie,

I, of course, am so proud of you for the success of your Twilight book series. Who would have known, five years ago, when you locked me out of the bedroom for three straight weeks and begin dictating the story into a toy voice recorder you stole from the children, that this would be the ticket to achieving your dreams? I speak for all of us (the children have forgiven you for the theft) when I say that we couldn't be happier about where you are today.

Me.

About those dreams though...your books strike me as pure escapism (not an insult, who am I to shame readers or authors for their harmless vices?) which leaves me wondering exactly what you are trying to escape *from* with this tale of a young woman who is unmistakably "you" and her romance with a handsome young vampire. Obviously, being your husband of many years, I have some stake -pun might be intended- - in this question.

Has our love life become stale? Has our domestic bliss been not all you imagined it would be? Understandable, if a little hurtful. Love is not a fairytale, not outside your bestselling series of young adult novels in any case. It is a series of chemical processes that humans can hardly control, let alone channel into a stable arrangement of consistent peace and happiness.

Of course, it is not exactly the same chemical process for me, but still I understand these disappointments as well as any of you humans do.

So I don't blame you for wanting to escape the mundanity of our home life. It's just that, well, the particular subject you chose to make this escape with strikes me as a distinctly malicious plot choice. You could have written about a young woman (who is you) falling in love with an beautiful space alien, or a young woman (who is you) falling in love with a reckless but quietly caring secret agent, or a young woman (who is you) falling in an experimental sapphic love with a free-spirited blond girl with a passion for folk music, nude swimming, and group sex -I would have especially enjoyed reading this last idea, maybe you could develop it for your next book.

"I UNDERSTAND THESE DISAPPOINTMENTS AS WELL AS ANY OF YOU HUMANS DO"

But you chose instead to tackle an idealized version of vampire love, a subject which can only strike me as threatening when you yourself are married to a vampire. How am I, a father of two and a civil servant of the night, to compete with some story book fantasy of what vampire love should be?

A mature vampire relationship includes a recognition of your partner's faults. Real vampires, sorry to say, are not cold and sculpted as stone, but cold and sculpted as a dead body reanimated through unspeakably demonic forces. Yes, I have a little mid-eternal life paunch developing. You think your own butt hasn't expanded as fast as your clean cut romance empire?

And how could I find it anything but insulting when just after the famous to-do over my (fatal!)

inability to take you and the kids to a sunny day at the beach, you decided to rewrite the basic rules of vampirism so that your pretty boy vampire hero no longer dissolved in the sun but rather sparkled beautifully like a cadaverous Adonis?

Real vampires, dear, don't spend their time repeating high school over and over, dressed in the very latest trends. We like our black flowing capes, and we've lived long enough to know that, even if they're not in style now, they will be eventually. In the meantime, a sheet of darkness to hide our pale faces beneath is an invaluable utility. Also black is a forgiving color when your spare time activities inevitably include a certain amount of spillage.

This is the life you chose when you fell in love with a vampire, or, apparently, fell in love with the idea of the vampire. Sure, the romance of the outcast and the bad boy all rolled together with superhuman elegance may seem irresistible, but once you make the commitment to anyone there are always facets of a person that will annoy you. Going out to eat is a challenge for us, for instance. There are restaurants that will cater to vegans, to lactose intolerants, to sufferers of wheat allergies, but just try explaining to the waiter that no garlic can be in the food and that nothing with garlic can be carried within ten feet of table or I will shrink back hissing, probably knocking over a few tables in the process. Oh, and of course you always act like it's *such* a big deal when I get overexcited during intercourse and transform into a gigantic bat. Believe me, there are worse sexual problems for a husband to have.

And yes, I will occasionally bring home half-dead drifters, mesmerized by my obsidian eyes and devastated by the massive blood loss. You think I like it when you go to Safeway and bring home a giant bag of nacho corn chips, storing it in the pantry "for later use" but somehow always throwing out a sad, hollowed out husk of a bag that very same night? We all have our vices. If you didn't know that my vice was going to include the slaughter and consumption of drifters, prostitutes, and the occasional society woman, then maybe you should have done more reading before you got into this. Which reminds me, how uninformed is some poor little girl going to be when she reads your book and thinks that it is preparing her for the tolls of a long term relationship with a vampire?

The point is, dear, that while I'm proud of your success, I would like to take this opportunity to suss out any possible discontent on either of our parts. Escapism is wonderful in small doses, and the children and I certainly appreciate the new income, although my vast European fortune had us pretty well covered before. But if this marriage is to work, then sooner or later you must come to terms with the realities of vampire love. I can't always live up to your vampiaraic ideals. I can't pretend that I am near overthrown with an animal desire for your blood above all else, constantly fighting with myself not to give in and consume you. The truth is your blood type is one I've always found distasteful. Nothing against you, just one of my peccadilloes. Basically, my lovely Stephanie, I'd eat you if I was on a desert island and had no other choice, but given the whole world in front of me I'd rather go for a blood type that doesn't make me gag.

Speaking strictly in terms of cuisine, of course. I love you and the children with all of my heart. My heart is not beating and has most likely shriveled to the size of a dried plum by now, but these things are metaphors not anatomy lessons. Good luck with the movies and whatever book you are working on now. I hope our love stays strong until you become too old and my eternal youth makes me bored and physically disgusted at the sight of you.

Love,

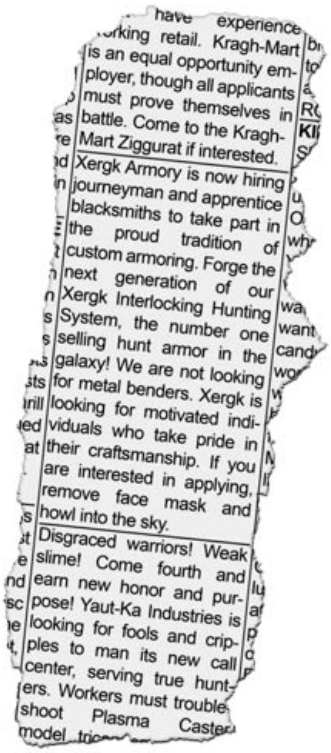
Count Reggie Meyer, Esq.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.5 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Predator Blacksmith

Monday, Jan 05, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.


have experience
retail. Kragh-Mart
is an equal opportunity em-
ployer, though all applicants
must prove themselves in
battle. Come to the Kragh-
Mart Ziggurat if interested.
Xergk Armory is now hiring
journeyman and apprentice
blacksmiths to take part in
the proud tradition of
custom armoring. Forge the
next generation of our
Xergk Interlocking Hunting
System, the number one
selling hunt armor in the
galaxy! We are not looking
for metal benders. Xergk is
looking for motivated indi-
viduals who take pride in
their craftsmanship. If you
are interested in applying,
remove face mask and
howl into the sky.
Disgraced warriors! Weak
slime! Come fourth and
earn new honor and pur-
pose! Yaut-Ka Industries is
looking for fools and crip-
ples to man its new call
center, serving true hunt-
ers. Workers must trouble
shoot Plasma Caster

They may take my work for granted, but they depend upon a good armorer.

The name is L'yle and I'm a journeyman armorer with Xergk Armory. I craft custom armors for hunters.

Hey, man, I know what you're going to say. Just stop right there.

Not every jehdin can hunt 24/7 like a regular Te'd Nu'gent. Some of us have grown up and we don't have millions of zlork beads to expend on hunting expeditions to earth. We may want to hunt, we may even be good at it, but we just don't have the time and the cash to be able to do it. If that makes me dishonorable then go ahead and stamp me dishonorable.

That is a joke, human. If you have a dishonorable stamp and you so much as roll it in the ink I will drive wrist blades into your eye sockets.

Look at it this way, human: if every predator hunted all the time where would we get spaceships and interlocking body armor systems and atomic self-destruct devices? Answer me that, big shot. The correct answer is that nobody would be making that stuff, other than the females, and everything would go to crap.

So you can give me a hard time about honor and pride and all that baloney, but I know I'm doing good work here at Xergk Armory. You humans should know about that contributing to the good of society thing. You creatures are like the masters of each individual doing their own thing to contribute to society and making your whole species better.

Hunters of the Yautja call you humans soft meat, the most dangerous of the meats because it is smart and adaptable. Hunters also pursue hard meat, which you humans should know as the alien xenomorphs with acid for blood. These are very formidable creatures and also fairly stupid. If you dig a hole and fill it with sharp traps and then put a blanket over that hole, at least one of them will fall inside.

There is other prey as well. Medium meat is a big humanoid beetle, but it's soft inside and it is somewhat smart. There is little honor in killing medium meat, for while it is large and strong it is also very depressive and will often just weep and let a hunter dispatch it. There is also rubber meat, very hard to kill because it is so resilient and has few vital organs, but very easy to outwit because the only thing this creature wants to do is chase balls. Baby hunters are sometimes trained on hunting rubber meat for safety reasons.

By the way, that is a new development in this politically correct galaxy we are living in. Give me the good old days when we would drop a juvenile in a pit of starved predatory cats. If it survives then it is ready for the big hunt.

The liberal media is to blame for weakening the minds of our noble race. It is slowly making us too soft and weak like the humans we pursue for sport.

I hear from Se'an H'anni'ty that some of these anti-hunter weaklings want to take away our plasma casters because the United Tribes say so. Please. Are we not yautja, the hunter of the void? We require our plasma casters for the hunt and to protect our space yurts. What if humans come into our homes at night and attempt to copulate with our females? Disgusting!

You shall pry my plasma caster from my self-destructing hands, fool!

But do not go getting me started on that subject; I can roar your tympanic membranes off about caster control. I mean, it is right there in the founding tablets of the great tribes. It follows directly after the right to roar whenever you please. Do you know who also got rid of casters? The Na'Ttzi tribe. Place that in your herba pipe and toke on it.

I apologize for getting off track there. I do not often find myself in a position to apologize to a human, yet here I am. It brings shame on my clan.

For your little soft meatling story you wished to know about the work I do as an armorer. I cannot reveal trade secrets, of course, but I would be glad to tell you about my profession. These days I mostly do my work from the combat forge on Hephaestus III, but for more than a century I was a traveling armorer. These are the more interesting of my stories, for I was nearer to the hunt, but I will share both experiences with you if that is what you desire.

Earth (c. 1916)

This was to be my honor hunt, my first blooding, but I failed my hunter's exam and was instead brought along as a mere armor fitter. I was not even permitted to touch the armorer's tools. I was only allowed to help the hunters prepare for battle. In many ways this was the most disgrace-

ful moment of my life, yet that will not be the focus of this memory for that is not the way of remembering.

My excitement as we approached your planet was intense. A good sign disappointment was in my future.

We predators celebrate our hunts in song. The lyrics are too complex and beautiful for your pitiful human mind to comprehend. To ease in your savage understanding of our history I have transformed the tale into prose.

The hunting skiff D'artag'nan arrived in earth orbit in the human earth year 1917. It was not one of the prouder vessels and it did not have a history of great hunts, but it was serviceable and fast. This was to be my hunt, but as I mentioned I had failed my hunter's exam. I experienced great difficulty concentrating on the multiple choice portion and I have come to understand that I am very bad at test taking.

In addition to the ship's pilot there was myself and Cra'ig, the armorer, as well as Ja'son, the hunter who was to replace me on my hunt. Cra'ig barked orders at me as Ja'son and the pilot selected the location for the hunt.

I was in my 20th year, just grown, but still surly and unrestrained. To be subjected to the indignity of being the ship's armor fitter on top of the shame of being denied my hunt was almost too much for me to stand. I was hostile at all times, and the armorer, Cra'ig had to beat me about the head and neck to inspire motivation.

D'artag'nan accelerated and conveyed us to the planet's surface on the continental mass the soft meat refers to as Europe. A war was raging in the Western portion and this was to be used to provide cover for our arrival and to mask our hunting activity.

For much of human history your wars were very simplistic and small, with perhaps a few thousand of your creatures running about and hurling spears or using metal blades. By 1917 in your years, however, your wars had become spectacular shows of carnage. You had adopted the use of your explosive rifles and these were supplemented by amusingly oversized artillery cannons.

This war seemed to be the most spectacular of all human wars in our records and there was some concern that our ship might be inadvertently damaged. I recall witnessing massive and grossly dishonorable artillery barrages. Feeble though they may have been in comparison to our ship's arsenal, they were still sufficient to damage our vessel's most sensitive components.

Fortunately, this did not occur. The pilot was able to land D'artag'nan undetected in a secluded forest area. Ja'son made ready to commence the hunt and I was called upon to fit him for battle.

You humans even captured an image of Ja'son on his hunt. The shame.

You must understand, at the time of this hunt we were not using Xergk combat armor, but rather than inferior C'uak combat armor. For my first time as an armor fitter, and in spite of my hostility, I did an exemplary job. They can tell the tale of my failure to properly armor Ja'son out of spite all they wish in the drunk houses of derelict hunters, that does not make it true. When Ja'son departed the ship he was as well-armored as any Yautja of his day.

As you might have surmised from my explanation, Ja'son did not have a successful hunt. Things went quite well at first. His cloaking device allowed him to navigate the empty wasteland between the opposing armies with minimal

danger. He was occasionally struck by a bullet, purely by chance, but his C'uak plate was more than adequate for the task of protecting him from crude human arms.

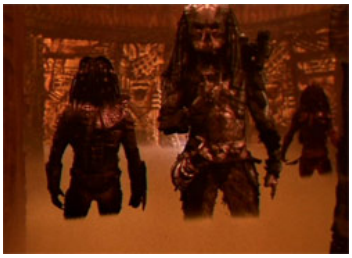
Yes, Ja'son recovered several pelts from humans of the French tribe and several from humans of the German tribe. He threw the human armies into chaos and things seemed to be going very well.

Is it my fault that the C'uak armor system did not incorporate a rebreather mask? It is standard equipment for all Xergk models, even the cheapest, but at the time we saw no reason to use them on a planet with a breathable atmosphere. How were we to know that the humans would devise an employ a weapon so cowardly as poison gas? Disgusting. We simply do not think of such things.

Once we became aware that Ja'son had been slain, I was permitted the opportunity to recover his body and salvage what remained of my honor. I immediately accepted the offer and was quickly able to locate his remains and return them to the ship. That was the only time I have ever worn combat armor.

Our return to the homeworld was not greeted with the usual fanfare, for our ship bore not one, but two failures. I was a failure of the tests and thus branded a not-hunter forever and Ja'son, the true hunter, died at the hands of the devious soft meat. I wish I could tell you that this was the last of my failed hunting expeditions, but human decades later, there was another even feebler attempt.

Earth (c. 1997)



Sh'el'don was even stupider than Ja'son.

Sh'el'don, now there was a real piece of mugnok scat.

I had been working as an uncertified armorer for around fifty years by that point. Keep in mind, it can take up to 200 years to even make journeyman, but I was well on my way. Working uncertified means low pay, relying on your reputation and taking work where you can find it. I found it that year aboard the hunting skiff Princess Nort. I was a freelancer for Xergk, familiarizing myself with their gear and hoping to get a job with corporate, but struggling to get by in the meantime.

Princess Nort was a dank and smelly rust bucket older than me with a real mercenary of a captain by the name of Do'ug. He was an honorless scumbag, but we actually got along pretty well. Do'ug's friend P'ete also served aboard Princess Nort, but he kept mostly to himself and his Arcturian pornography. So one day Do'ug and me are down at the dockyard just waiting for a job to fall into our laps when this old codger walks up to us.

He said his name was Sh'el'don and he said he wanted to hire out a ship for a hunting expedition to earth. That's pretty standard stuff, but there was something pauky about this guy. For one, he was awfully old to be hiring a ship for his kid. The guy looked a good 200 years past the mating phase, and if some 200 year old is relying on his father to hire a hunting ship then something definitely isn't right.

Still, this Sh'el'don guy's money was good, so we agreed to be ready to set off in two days. Two days roll by and we're juiced up with mi and ready to get going. About an hour before we give up and head back to the dockside hotel Sh'el'don showed up. This guy had fifty cases of luggage, several females working as valets and drivers. I mean he showed up wearing a nolf outfit, you know with the white boots and the sweater vest and the little hat with the tassles on top. The whole deal. We could even see the nolf clubs sticking out of the back of his trunk.

Me and Do'ug exchanged looks like, "What have we gotten ourselves into?" But, I mean, what could we do at that point? We had already spent some of his money on fuel and equipment and females.

It was not like we could just say, "Sorry, you look like a major spoiled rich dumb-pauk. We're going to have to cancel."

Do'ug sighed and climbed into the ship. I started loading Sh'el'don's trunks onto Princess Nort while he walked from female to female giving them clutches on the cheek goodbye and grabbing at their dorsal ridges. Seeing that made me want to disgorge my olitic sac.

The journey to earth was long and unpleasant. Sh'el'don would start talking about some dull subject and then he would repeatedly insert little factoids about how great he was. After the first hour or two he was not even subtle about it, he would just interrupt himself to brag.

"Did you see that article in last week's N'eh Yorak'er about the 6-ton genjabeast P'ic'kles brought down?" He would ask rhetorically and then continue. "That reminds me of the time I was hunting on the moon of Talo and I came across a 20-meter quantumpede. It took seven shots of my caster to bring that thing down. Nearly took the leg off one of my sherpas. He was so grateful he said he owed me a life debt, I just-"

On and on and on like that for hours on end. The ph'lang-head even brought his trophies with him and set them up in a little display near the loading ramp.

When he wasn't rubbing our snouts in how great he was, Sh'el'don liked to discuss plans for the upcoming hunt on earth. That was the usual subject I discussed with hunters. I was prepared for talking about armor, weapons, location, strategies, prey animals, and that sort of thing. What I was not prepared for was how detached from reality Sh'el'don's concepts about pursuing the soft meat were.

He was still operating under the impression that the yautja maintained temples where we were worshipped by humans. He figured he was going on a canned hard meat hunt near one of earth's polar regions. When I explained that the last of these temples was destroyed recently, he seemed unperturbed and declared he would simply have to settle for soft meat.

"I suppose if I battle enough of them with their spears and swords, they might give me some challenge," I still remember him saying.

The poor c'jit had no idea what he was in for. When we arrived at earth he even demanded we land near one of the human's largest settlements. I think he called it a village. Yes, the village of Los Angeles, Sh'el'don, population 200 bazillion humans with explosive pistols.

Despite my expectations, things seemed to go fairly well for Sh'el'don at first. He had me equip him with the absolute best weapons and armor in my arsenal, so I suppose a drunk m'ysh could kill a few humans here and there. It was still a surprise when he brought back a dozen human skins on his first night out in the wild.

Things went downhill from there, and it quickly became apparent that the humans were not just increasingly capable of defending themselves, they were also actively looking for him. They were hunting him. Sh'el'don was seemingly unaware that when "the hunter becomes the hunted" it is basically the lamest thing that can happen. He refused to give up, and to his credit I believe he did take down most of the humans that were on his tail.

Not all of them, though. A dark-skinned human followed him all the way back to our ship and actually entered Princess Nort in pursuit of our wealthy client. You humans may have difficulty understanding our superior culture, but surely even your savage brains can comprehend why this was an intolerable breech of tradition.

We all ran down to the entry area to see what was happening, and just as we arrived the dark-skinned human was beating the everliving pauk out of our predator Sh'el'don.

Captain Do'ug was like, "Do you think we should do something?"

For a human to kill a predator in hand to hand combat is a shameful event.

I just shrugged and watched the human get a hold of Sh'el'don's smart disc and finish him off with it. I think P'ete even busted up laughing at that point. It was just too ridiculous to be believed. A human slaying a hunter in hand-to-hand combat is probably the worst possible fate for a hunter next to xenomorph impregnation.

The human finished killing our employer and looked up. He saw us standing there and watching his final battle. We were all kind of waiting for him to come after one of us, which would have been fun, but the guy just dropped Sh'el'don's smart disc. He started talking in that infernal human language.

"What do you think he wants?" Do'ug asked.

"I'm not sure," I replied, "but I think that he thinks we're going to kill him."

"Do you want to?" Do'ug hefted the combi stick he was holding.

"Nah," I shook my dreadlocks, "Sh'el'don was a pain in the ass."

"Alright," Do'ug shrugged, "but he's gotta go. Get him off my ship."

The human didn't seem to be in any particular hurry to leave. It was almost noble how he was resigned to his fate. I glanced over at Sh'el'don's rdiciulous trophy case and I spotted something that was obviously human. I grabbed it and walked over to the huma.

I extended the object to him. I think it was a very old and obsolete model of one of your little exploding weapons.

The human took it from me and said some more of his words. About that time Do'ug fired up the engines. The human finally got the message and ran out of our ship.

"What do you want to do with all this other junk?" P'ete asked, pointing to the trophies and baubles Sh'el'don had collected.

"Eh," I shrugged. "Toss it out the airlock when we get into space."

That was definitely my worst hunt.

Homeworld (c. 2178)

Ever since I received my journeyman certification I left the lifestyle of the traveling armorer behind. I work for Xergk Armory now, crafting their interlocking combat armor system and tweaking their designs from the frontend. It's a much better environment here than schlepping around the galaxy on some rust bucket like Princess Nort and catering to rich pauk-balls like Sh'el'don. My bosses and coworkers respect me, and even the totally honorless and weak technical designers seek out my input from time to time.

Most recently, I have contributed several safety features for the XA-77 Interlocking Hunting System. There was even an article in Casters & Shuriken about all of the good work I did on the XA-77. I also won some award for my safety features from the Central Office of Hunting Safety, but this is

an organization without honor designed to protect the weak, so I did not accept the award.

Sometimes I love this job. Sometimes I...phr'esh'ka this job.

The most well-known of the changes I brought to the XA-77 include my incorporation of safety caps on the shuriken and smart-disc blades. These help prevent painful and sometimes dangerous cuts while handling the weapons and we all know how dangerous alien bacteria can be on the immune system.

Probably the most controversial safety measure that the design department took from talking to me was my idea of extending the chest plate to cover the abdominal region. I realize that it is considered without honor to hide luscious abs, but there is a reason nearly abdominal injuries are responsible for the majority of the deaths of hunters. It is because for over 3,000 years we have been using armor without a stomach plate. I thought it was high time we stop being s'lunkarded.

I also added safe-switches for the plasma caster and spear gun. Predators with juveniles in their home should always have these weapons in safe-mode to help reduce the risk of accidental discharge resulting in loss of limb, impalement, or total body explosion. Humans have been using these switches for years on their exploding rifles and pistols. Just because it is an alien concept does not mean it is a bad concept.

Lastly, I am probably proudest of my addition of a recessed on/off switch for the atomic self-destruct device. We have lost too many noble predators to accidentally key-presses activating the destruct device. Some statistics say as many as 1 in 4 hunt fatalities are a result of a predator rolling over on the keypad while sleeping and initiating the destruct sequence.

Want some candy? Wantsomecandy? WANT SOME CANDY?

Xergk Armory has been very good to me over the decades. I hope that as I approach elder status I will be able to continue to contribute valuable knowledge and experience to the crafting of armor. I know that many reading this may not respect me or do not think my profession has honor. For those of you that feel that way: go v'saun yourself up the xlo'op with a cystathian's fat ph'lang.

I hope you meatlings have learned some valuable lessons from reading this wisdom. Make no mistake, I am not here for your entertainment. I only agreed to provide this account of my work on the condition that it be used as a starting point for a human educational program. The soft meat must learn its subservient place in the galaxy.

You are prey.

It is not all bad. Some of you creatures have more of my respect that some of my own. At least you are honest in your relentless lust to expand your empires, destroy each other, and reproduce like flun'nks in heat.

I do have a question for you, humans. Why do you keep attempting to recover hard meat from deep space? You seem to have such great difficulty acquiring these xenomorphs, yet there are thousands of them sitting dormant on your planet. Would it not be easier to simply go to one of our abandoned temples and recover the xenomorphs there? Just a suggestion. I do not wish to seem like I am pushy about it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.6 Casual Encounters of the Turgid Kind

Tuesday, Jan 06, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

The ad we posted:

PIZZA+JO - 42 (mission district)

miscategorized
prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-980319286@craigslist.org [?]
Date: 2009-01-04, 4:44PM PST

42 dwm wants a man to come over and split a deep dish pep. and extra cheese. Its large and very greasy. Come over and rub a slice on abs and chest. Let me see your ripped arms and legs covered in sauce and cheese Put your legs up on the couch ! Let me help you rub pizza in your pits after a hard day. You want pizzapits?? Im your man Reply with your fav toppings and i will see what we can do..

The replies:

(No replies)

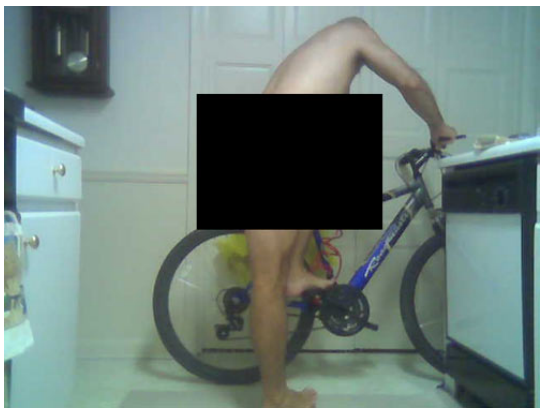
The ad we posted:

Is it hot in here or is it just you Jamming It into a fire - 40 (ATL)

Reply to: pers-980491778@craigslist.org [2]
Date: 2009-01-04, 10:24PM EST

Listen up Hot men no gay stuff here. I just got a chiminea and am hoping someone out there finds it "hot" to jam it into a small indoor fire. Want our seed to Burn together which will bind us together eternally in this euphoric moment in time in my living room. Just think that as long as the universe exists there will be one moment in time where we Jammed it into a fire. Also entertaining offers if you want to buy my old chiminea (HAS RUST) Reply to this ad Please this is for RIGHT NOW I also bake novelty breads in the chiminea you can eat some

The replies:



ONE WORD : HOT !

The ad we posted:

JO HAIRCUT BARTER? - 35 (Portland area)

Reply to: pers-980380138@craigslist.org [?]
Date: 2009-01-04, 5:37PM PST

Looking for heartfelt bro to give me a 'hand' with something special.. I need a haircut but have all the necessary supplies. to be honest i just need a buzz over once with the clippers, thats all there is to it. No haircutting experience necessary. I cant do it myself because there would be missed parts. If you come over and cut my hair I will be happy to JO you / with you. Spacious Backyard in both senses of the word if you catch my drift. Also would be happy to give you a haircut as well. Hit me up this is for tonight...

The replies:

I like your request were you at?

Sent from my Verizon Wireless BlackBerry

I could probably help you out with a haircut. I could give you the 'all over buzz' you want.
I also have experience with military cuts and could get you into a crew or high & tight.
A little J/O after the cut might be nice. Perhaps you could give me a cut or clean up my sides with the razor? I sport a short high & tight and like to keep it clean.
Trade cuts or mutual grooming is good. I also have a big, untrimmed bush that might need the clippers.
Me....40 w/ beard & military cut.
If you've already been sheared.....that's ok.....we can always plan for a future session.
Shoot me a reply.
W.

Hey, came across your ad on cl. i'm a hairstylist who'd love to give you a buzz cut for pleasurable barter...

The ad we posted:

Come JO in our cave - 48 (Denver)

Reply to: pers-982007829@craigslist.org [?]
Date: 2009-01-05, 10:46PM MST

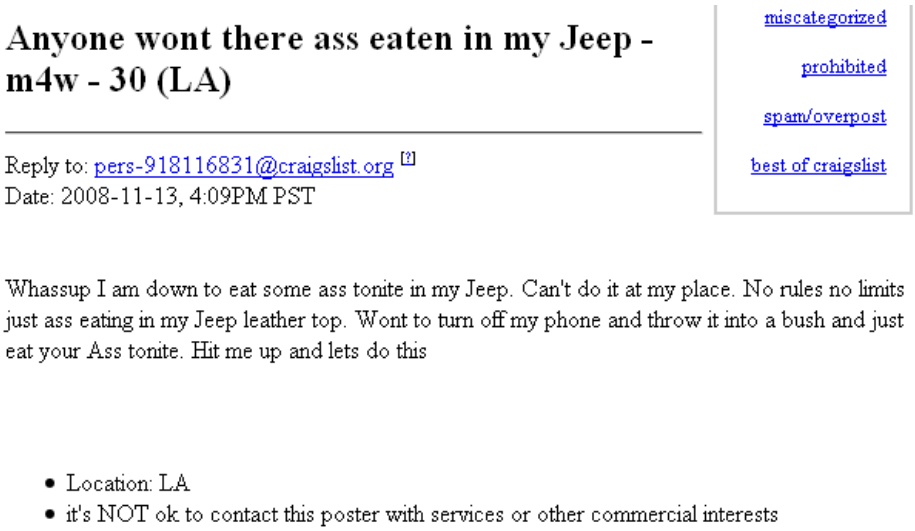
14 Years ago I discovered a cave outside of town... Since then I have invited several buds to hang out with me there, and it became our JO cave. We were a tightly knit group of 6 men until mid-December, our "second in command" fell ill and passed. This last weekend at our JO meet in the cave, we decided it would be necessary to recruit a new bud to join our order and JO in the cave with us from time to time (and we should do so again in the future when the unthinkable occurs..). We are among the most discreet and noble men you will ever meet. To join us you have to be very mellow and easy going and ready to JO at a moments notice. Also must be able to receive text messages and email newsletters (Rich Text format please otherwise you lose detail) Please try to attend at least once a month. We meet once every 2 weeks. If transportation is not available we can arrange something. We are actually serious and we have put real world money and time into keeping this JO cave the best kept secret we possibly can. Only one will be chosen but we will consider all applicants. Please tell us about yourself and we will get back to you ASAP. Maybe you will be invited to join us in a lifetime of JO bliss.. Be Well, Men

-JOCBDC

The replies:

> Well, I must admit that this ad was so well articulated and straight to the point. First of all may I offer condolences to the passing of your friend and brother of the secret cave order. At first I passed it up as jut a CL hoax but then I began thinking about missing a golden opportunity in the event that this is on the up and up. It almost seems to be a tailor made dream to be a part of something so enlightening, so exclusive, so liberating, so manly. As a white male, 50 years young at heart, I love to jack off. I find it to be the most satisfying of all forms of releasing. I am a professional classical musician. I would be honored and cherish to opportunity to be a part of your secret club and would do all that is required to be a member in good standing. If I can provide any further information please do email me at your earliest convience.

The ad we posted:



Anyone wont there ass eaten in my Jeep - m4w - 30 (LA)

miscategorized
prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-918116831@craigslist.org [?]
Date: 2008-11-13, 4:09PM PST

Whassup I am down to eat some ass tonite in my Jeep. Can't do it at my place. No rules no limits just ass eating in my Jeep leather top. Wont to turn off my phone and throw it into a bush and just eat your Ass tonite. Hit me up and lets do this

- Location: LA
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

The replies:

I want my ass ate in a jep.

The ad we posted:

Nobody to JO with me... Sometimes I feel like a mutant - 33 (Sea)

Reply to: pers-981963642@craigslist.org [?]
Date: 2009-01-05, 8:45PM PST

Sometimes (like tonight) I feel down and depressed. I've never had a girlfriend or a boyfriend or, hell, even a regular friend. I've never had the confidence to so much as approach someone I didn't already know. I've never been to a party that wasn't held during class or work, and I've never kissed anything but my arm. My childhood was rough, but not worth talking about. My teenagerhood was worse. What was once just an ugly boy became a pubescent, ill-put-together manchild with hands longer than my forearms, a bulbous, horrible head, and posture you can rest your drink on. As the years went on, I found my place in the world as being behind a computer--Remote data entry for a number of fly-by-night web startups that couldn't afford to hire "real" people, one of which I certainly am not.

I'm all out of proportion, hairy in places no one should be, and thus tough to get a hold of when I'm wet and slippery ;) My taint (****** GRAPHIC DETAILS WARNING ******) is approximately 6 inches from front to back, my penis + balls area being situated a bit higher on the body than most. Doesn't scare you? Read on. By the way, I'm only doing this to get the awkward parts out of the way BEFORE you email me..

My testicles themselves are somewhat normal, though the pigment of my scrotum is extremely light. My penis is uncircumcized and 4.25" long, its widest point being about 1.5" from the tip. Due to erectile pain that is supposedly incurable (outside the use of painkilling drugs, which I do not have nor want), I am unable to keep it erect for more than a few minutes, though this often all the time I need. As stated, my satchel is higher than most, meaning I am required to wear my pants higher than most to keep my penis from peeking over the belt line. In college I was known as "White Urkel" or often just "Wurkel," and this wasn't even the worst of the humiliations. My sophomore year, someone in gym saw the single hair growing from the tip of my penis.

I could go on, but what I'm looking for is someone to come over and JO with me to whatever is on TV at the time. I am on a bit of a crescent rolls kick right now and that is all I have to eat, but you are welcome to as many crescent rolls as you like. Please come over and get naked, but only if you understand me. My only request is that you don't get frustrated easily and can deal with a mutant.

The replies:

Great writing....and I bet the truth is you are a handsome stud who had a lot of fun writing this. Haven't we all felt this way from time to time?

DANNY

> Hi, It does sound like you need a friend for sure. I don't know if you're interested in corresponding with a 64YO man or not but, you are welcome to. I don't live in Seattle, I live in Snohomish so I couldn't get down to see you to often. Where abouts in Seattle do you live? I don't have to many friends either and none of them ever come around and I am supposed to be a pretty normal guy. I am gay but, I am not out. If I was I probably wouldn't have any friends except the gay ones. If I did get down to see you, you would have to forgive me if I stared at you a bit. It wouldn't be because I wished to be rude but, I would of course just be very curious about you. I would like to get to treat you like anyone else would like to be treated. I don't see any harm in being naked with you and JO with you or help you to JO. Well let me know if this is something you would like to do and please let me know if anyone else writes to you. Hopefully someone else will see your ad and want to help you out also as a friend. Best wishes, B.

Now I feel horrible. The captcha I got for this one should have warned me: Thanks, craigslist!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.7 The Reanimated

Wednesday, Jan 07, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Jerry.

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry. What can I say, Jerry? *Jerry...*

You thought you had bested me. You thought you were rid of me forever, but I'm back. Yes, Jerry, I'm back for good.

Modern elegance, old world charm. It's practically steampunk.

We need not discuss what happened that fateful night in the club. I barely remember any of it. Well, maybe I remember getting dressed up for a night on the town with my bro and his friends. I dusted off my finest fedora and put on my trench coat expecting a night of drinks and brotherly bonding.

Well, let's just say I didn't expect the club to have a racist bouncer who wouldn't let me in. You would think an African American man would sympathize with the Nipponese, the ethnic group of which I consider myself an honorary member. And don't think I didn't see you, Jerry, laughing at the sight and pretending like you didn't know me, like we weren't united by step blood as step brothers.

I need not go over the ensuing chaos, which somehow saw me divorced of my sweatpants and nearly strangled to death with my own underwear. Let me just say that the bouncer seriously over-reacted to me trying to get past him, and misinterpreted my squirming and screaming as an attack, which it obviously was not. Anyway, Jerry, none of that is important. The important part, Jerry, is what happened next.

They could only hold me for 72 hours, Jerry. And let me tell you, those 72 hours were pure hell. I'm out now, and I'm ready to reenter your life... forever, Jerry. You know, while I was in that awful place with all those truly crazy people, there was one thing that comforted me. That's right, Jerry, the knowledge that there is a better world out there. A world, Jerry, called anime.

I'm reunited with my muse, Jerry. I'm reunited with anime.

It all came rushing back, Jerry, and it hit me like a tsunami. All those old friends and faces, those incredible stories of awesome heroes, beautiful heroines, diabolical villains, giant robots, and multi-tentacled monsters! I was ready to leave that world behind for you, Jerry, but thank God I saw the light! Suddenly I felt like Yukinari being transported to the mystic world of Seiren, and Miharu-chan represented the entire world of anime: the only thing that could touch me without causing pain.

I also came to another important realization during my 72-hour hold. Jerry, I am an asexual, and I don't need to worry about winning the affections of the so-called fairer sex anymore. And, Jerry, you must understand from my newly-discovered persuasion that I cringe just typing the word "sex," even in this innocent context. It's gross, and I neither need nor want any part of it.

A blob of rotting flesh writes passive-aggressive letters to his roommate Jerry waxing poetic on the

undeniable beauty and cultural importance of anime.

Just ask, Jerry, and I'll introduce you to these lovely ladies.

Important discoveries aside, Jerry, you and I are far from on good terms. Your behavior continues to remain seriously unhealthy, and I have, from recent Wikipedia research, determined you have several personality disorders. I also think, Jerry, you are becoming co-dependent and are acting out as a result of your inability to properly express your feelings of respect and admiration to me. Don't think I didn't see that look on your face the other day. You were clearly coveting my *Azumanga Daioh* t-shirt. I would have taken that shirt off right there and handed it to you if you asked, because I'm that kind of brother.

I may understand you, Jerry, but that doesn't mean your attitude and emotional abuse doesn't hurt. Really, I should start billing you, Jerry, for all the time of mine you waste. I spent 3 hours on the phone with my therapist talking about you, Jerry. That's time I could have spent doing something important and productive, like writing a novel or a screenplay or composing a symphony. Think about what you're stealing from me and the world the next time you decide to have one of your episodes and accuse me of looking like a "beached whale giving birth to the world's largest stick of butter." What does that even mean, Jerry? It's nonsense!

Heh, this reminds me of you high-fiving your jerk dad after he accused me of looking like "rotting potatoes sliding down a hill." You know, Jerry, treating your parent like he's just another bro is a sign of what's called "emotional incest." Look it up one day, *brother.* No wonder you're so screwed up.

To tell you the truth, Jerry, I feel sorry for you now more than ever. After experiencing all your lifestyle has to offer, I can safely say it's pretty shallow. My voyage into the mainstream world you value so much only served to reconnect me with my one true love: the noble artistic medium that is anime. I am grateful I was not swept into your world, because it surely would have robbed me of my dignity and self-worth.

I've been talking to my therapist a lot about you, Jerry, and he thinks we would benefit from couples counseling. I'm definitely game, and told him you would be too. Our appointments are Monday night, so I hope you don't mind sacrificing football for a while. This is definitely what's best for us, Jerry. Especially after everything we've been through. It's time we really start the healing process.

You know, after a few sessions, I think you'll wake up and see the light. When that happens, you and I will sit side by side diving into moving works like *Shijou Saikyou No Deshi Kenichi*, *My Wife is a High School Girl*, or Hiroyuki Imaishi's stellar *Tengen Toppa Gurren Lagann.*

I know you won't show it because you've got to keep up that tough guy act of yours, but inside I bet you're smiling like crazy at the prospect. Jerry, so am I. So am I.

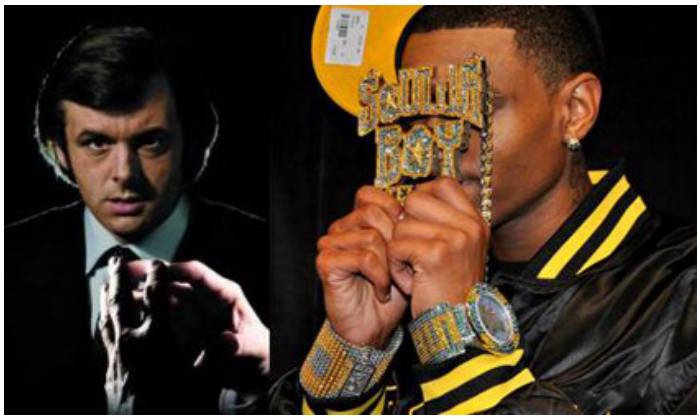
You, me, and the classics. It's a date!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.8 Frost/Soulja

Thursday, Jan 08, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

A remarkably well-preserved talk-show host interviewed a controversial teenage rapper. 400 million people were waiting for the truth. Yahh, bitch, yahh!



David Frost: Hello, good evening and welcome. Our guest tonight could be described as a rather slippery fish that swims in the not-untoxic waters of mainstream pop rap music. Please applaud Mr. Soulja Boy Tell 'Em.

Soulja Boy: Hey man, you fuck last night? Superman those hoes? Super-soak those tricks? Water-balloon that booty? Turn that firehose on the burning building to save the little kitty's life?

Frost: I'm ... sorry?

Soulja Boy: Just fuckin' with you, man. Go 'head, go 'head.

Frost: Ice-T, a pioneer in the rap genre, says that you "single-handedly killed hip-hop." How do you respond to this damning accusation? Have you murdered the music this man loves, causing listeners needless agony?

Soulja Boy: You a ballsy motherfucker, coming with some shit like that fresh out the box. But shit, I don't care, I get paid 35 cents every time someone ask me a question. Man, whatever, that nigga Ice-T old as fuck. You know how they say hoein' is the oldest profession? Ice-T pimped those first hoes they talkin' bout, way back before Jesus and shit. Man, this nigga got a B.C. birthday. That gold he used to wear, shepherds brought it to his ass in a barn. I learned all kinds of shit about him on Wikipedia, like his name is Tracy, and he played a fucking kangaroo in some movie, and he's like 1,958 years old or something, I didn't even care enough to read it careful.

Don't nobody wanna hear old dudes talkin', plain and simple. That's why rap is now, and will forever be from now on, for young hungry cats who sound like me. When you're in the club dancing, you wanna listen to people that could be there next to you, not people who stay inside their old-folks

homes cuz they don't want to mess up their busted-ass knees. When I get really fucking old, like 25 or some shit, I'll give up the game, and ya'll haters won't have Soulja Boy to kick around no more. But someone just like me will take my place, because that's the way rap's gonna be. Nobody's tryin' to hear some shriveled-up raisin-head nigga hollerin' at them like some damn teacher about the "hip-hop golden age." The only gold I care about hangs around my neck, ya hear me?

Frost: I wanted to ask you about the term "swag." You have a song called "Turn My Swag On," and another titled "Booty Got Swag," and I'm trying to reconcile the two usages.

Soulja Boy: OK, swag means, like, the chains, the whips, the bricks, the flips, the chips, the dips. Even those shiny parts on those faggy-ass shoes you wearin', that's swag, for you.

Frost: In "Bird Walk," you perform the line "we too mean to get mugged." Recently you were, in fact, burgled, right at your home. Have you overestimated your meanness, or do home invasions not count as muggings?

Soulja Boy: That nigga Ice-T had a CD, or cassette or vinyl or stone tablet or whatever the fuck they used back then, called *Home Invasion* - I saw that shit on Wikipedia - but I know it wasn't him, because his weak-ass old skeleton arm would break just from knocking on the door. Man, fuck those two dudes. That money ain't matter to me, I made it back within an hour. If they were smart, they'd be getting paid for that wack-ass video they made. Next.

Frost: In a recent interview, you said "shout out to the slave masters! Without them, we'd still be in Africa. We wouldn't be here to get this ice and tattoos." Do you care to elaborate?

Soulja Boy: I was just fucking with that dude, Touré. You got someone with one name like that, that's some gay-ass shit, like RuPaul. I couldn't take him serious. Why doesn't he ask Ice-T about that slave-master shit, knowing his old ass lived through it? Ha, ha, ha. Fuck. I bet that dude's in the Bible. Do a search for "Tracy."

Frost: MTV News writes "The entire concept of Soulja Boy ... was a rather elaborate bit of performance art designed to point out the inherent ridiculousness of all of those stereotypes. Soulja Boy isn't real; he's a character created out of the public's misconceptions, a brilliant bit of social commentary sprung from one of the most brilliant performance artists of our time." Care to reveal if he's onto something with this theory?

Soulja Boy: Nigga, what? Man, it's like I always say, Soulja Boy Tell 'Em is just Soulja Boy Tell 'Em. I'm just the average eighteen-year-old, and people should be happy that someone like that is succeeding, and they should hope their kids turn out just like me.

Frost: Success in America is unlike success anywhere else. But with the United States enduring a harsh recession, did you ever think "perhaps my countrymen would rather not watch me ride a Segway through my mansion and blow my nose with $100 dollar bills "?

Soulja Boy: Ahh, it's just old motherfuckers, like Ice-T's ancient-mummy ass, that's hurting, cause they don't know how to make money on the Internet. I know young people still got stax, cuz they're playing against me on XBOX Live and buyin' my shit. Some people buy like twenty of my album , just cuz I tell 'em. When kids can still do that, shit ain't that

serious. It's like I told you before, the next generation got it figured out. They go out and get that money, they spend it on some swag and some Soulja Boy. That's our future right there. Golden.

Frost: Regrettably, that's all the time we have. See you soon, America. God bless. God help us.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

1.9 Average Joe Israel

Friday, Jan 09, 2009 by Joe "The Plumber" Wurzelbacher (@sexyfacts4u)

Joe "The Plumber Wurzelbacher reporting from Israel for pjtv.com

When Pyjamas Media asked me to be a reporter on the war in Israel my immediate reaction was "yes." But my fool mouth has got me in trouble before, so I told them I would sleep on it.

After some extra thinking I said "hell yes." You know why? Because one voice has been lacking in the midst of all this war. That is the voice of the average man.

The elites in the world think they run everything, but if I learned one thing about global politics from my 17 years as an unlicensed plumber, it's that elites just mess everything up.

Think about it. When was the last time you heard of an average guy messing up the economy? Or an average guy starting a war? Never happened. Only elites have the time to think about that stuff.

Average guys just wanna look out for their family. They don't have time for starting a war.

What would they even want to start a war about? Things are looking fine to me here in America. As long as you don't come for my guns or one red penny more of my hard-earned money or to make me join a union or get my plumber's license I got no gripe with you.

So I boarded a jet to Israel to find out the real story of the war between Israel and Gaza. It was a long flight and they served chicken with something called rice pilaf. Very interesting stuff. I will have to see if we can get it back home.

I got off the plane and my guide was a very nice guy named Moshe Ben-David. You pronounce it "moy-she." Moshe said that first he would take me to ground zero where the Gazans have been shooting rockets at Israel. Then he would drive us to a hill where I could see the fighting in Gaza.

"The attacks are frequent," Moshe said.

"How many people died?" I asked him.

"A lot of people over the many years it has been going on and recently one," Moshe said back.

I nodded sadly to him.

"So it's sort of like your 9-11?" I asked him.

"Hmm," Moshe said as he thought about my question. "I think you could say that. Yes."

The tragedy of the attacks for people like Moshe is that they come so suddenly. No one expects the rockets. Imagine a 9-11, only the planes could land anywhere. They could land among the family of the Israelis.

"A siren sounds and you have one minute," Moshe said. "You have to get to the shelter or your basement."

Israelis struggle to recover from brutal Hamas rocket attacks.

Moshe took me to a neighborhood not far from the border with Gaza and showed me some buildings that had been damaged by rockets. He pointed to a room where the rocket had blasted into the floor.

"A baby was sleeping only two rooms away and a few hours before this rocket hit. If he was still sleeping he could have been slightly injured by debris."

Moshe showed me pictures. One picture was of a child who was dusty. Another picture was of a man making a very upset face.

"What happened here?" I asked and pointed to the face.

"Oh," Moshe said sadly. "He is upset because a rocket hit his yard."

After the rocket attacks became too much to handle the Israelis were forced to act. With their airforce they used precision guided bombs to attack the rocket launchers. Some of these were situated in mosques and inside of the houses of families and at weddings and UN hospitals.

"The Hamas are monsters," Moshe said. "They use everyone as human shields. We have no choice. There are, unfortunately, some civilian casualties."

Israel is really really careful about their bomb targets

Nobody wants Gazan civilians being killed or injured, especially not the Israelis.

"We care so much," said Moshe. "We never want to hurt anyone, but we have to defend our settlements."

The hundreds of women and children killed by Israeli air strikes, artillery, tanks, and machine guns are a tragedy.

"And the UN ambulance the tank shot," Moshe added to the list.

These are all tragedies, but sometimes sacrifices have to be made in the name of security. If a serial killer grabs your wife and your baby and uses them as human shields you have to do what needs to be done.

You have to use your brain in situations likes that. You have to shoot the baby because it can't take care of itself without a wife, but with a wife you can make a new baby.

"That's a good metaphor," Moshe complimented me.

I smiled and we walked out to go to Moshe's truck. On the way out two kids and an older man with those little hats came running and said they were settlers.

"Like pioneers in America," Moshe told me.

The one teenager was named Abraham and another was named Tzabar. They were brothers. Their mother had been wounded badly by a rocket.

"Shrapnel hit her in the foot," Tzabar said in a foreign accent. "She was sitting on the couch and BOOM the rocket hit outside and shrapnel hit mama in the foot!"

They were very excited and upset. I asked them about their mother.

"She is okay now, but she is at the Marriott in Tel Aviv now."

The older man was Sol Rozen. He lived near the boys and he saw another rocket hit a dog.

"One second it was standing there just fine," Sol described to us. "The next second there was no

dog. I looked around and around and then I saw him up in the tree. He was okay, but he was very scared. He did not know how he got up in that tree. Damn them!"

It was good to meet with the average Israelis I had requested. I shook their hands and wished them luck.

Moshe drove his truck to a hill. From the hill we could see explosions in Gaza. There was smoke and helicopters. I could also see some tanks driving around.

"Watch there," Moshe said.

He handed me some binoculars and pointed. I heard a jet overhead and then there was this big flash of light and then like a full second later there was this boom that shook my head.

"Wow!" I shouted. "That's a huge fireball!"

There was a huge fireball forming. It looked like a mushroom cloud it was so big. It wasn't a nuke though, just a really big bomb.

We had to go after a little bit because the tanks were driving into a school for the deaf and Moshe said he didn't want me to get stressed out.

"Come on, bro-heem," he said. "I'll buy you a slice of pie."

He meant Sbarro pizza. They call pizza "pie" in Israel. We went to the Sbarro and I got a pepperoni pizza slice and Moshe got one with black olives.

I wanted to talk to some average Gazans about what was going on, but Moshe said it was too dangerous.

"Maybe after all the rocket launchers have been destroyed," Moshe said. "Then it will be safe to go to Gaza."

That is my report from Israel. Stay strong America.

The End.

I took this one with my camera phone. Surprisingly, Sbarros in Israel look similar to those in malls in America. The pizza tastes just as delicious too!

-~Joe "The Plumber" Wurzelbacher (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Wargammer Miniatures

Saturday, Jan 10, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

New to the Warhammer 40,000 experience? Intimidated by the high cost of miniatures and the hours it takes to assemble and paint even the smallest of armies before you can begin playing the game? Let Wargammer Miniatures help! Our expertly crafted, fully-painted miniatures are excellent substitutes for legitmate Games Workshop products - at a fraction of the price! For instance, why would you pay $22 for this official Necron Tomb Spyder:

When you could have this identical Wargammer Miniatures replica for $21?

Have a look at our newest inventory, and feel free to e-mail us at wargammer@whitehouse.gov with inquiries about upcoming products or injuries sustained while unpacking deliveries.

Space Marine Captain

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

This incredible sculpture is so life-like that one glance upon its features will be enough to leave your friends speechless! Perfectly captures that thrilling moment in battle when your captain urges his troops onward with a bellowing "OHHH GOD I'M BUUURRNING!"

Imperial Gas Station Attendant

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

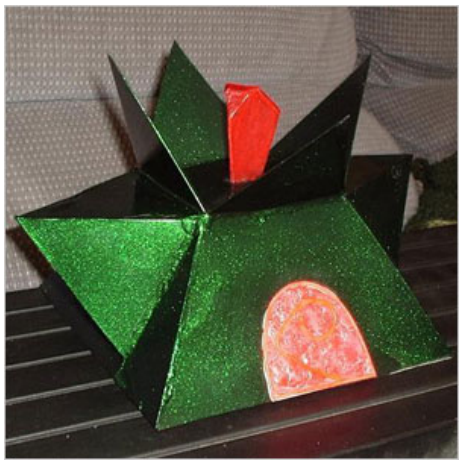
Our most realistic female figure to date - complete with oversized squeegee that's ideal for wiping alien gibs from the grills of Baneblades and Leman Russ Battle Tanks.
Includes undersized bicycle helmet for some improved aerodynamic performance, but not too much.

Ork Warlord

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

A savage brute with an unyielding thirst for violence, Mommy's lipstick, and vestibular balance disorders. Keyboard sold separately. Actual human teeth included mandatorily.



Necron Igloo

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

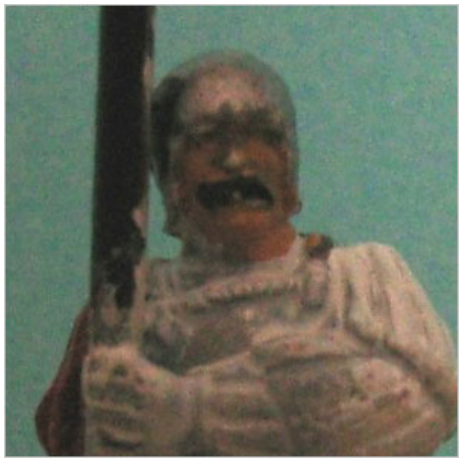
Where do the mysterious, nigh-immortal Necrons rest after they have flayed the skin from the bones of their enemies with ancient gauss cannons? Why, in these festive Necron igloos, of course!
Made with the finest holiday wrapping paper available. Only deployable on vaguely uncomfortable futons.

Space Marine Dreadnought

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

Show pride in your army with this pro-painted Dreadnought! Includes some incredible symbology. For instance, that tiny skull and wings design on the miniature's left leg.



Chaos Space Marine

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

The forces of chaos threaten to tear humanity apart, and this corrupted soldier is at the forefront of the attack! A battlefield of baby powder landmines and trick gum aren't enough to slow this Chaos Space Marine down.

Impaled Geniuses

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

Genius comes with a price. For many, that price is an inability to fit t-shirts over their heads and onto their freakish bodies.
Heads made from genuine pig genitalia. Please keep away from dogs and cold water.

Dayglo Marine

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

Fighting for the early 1990's... in the 41st century! Complete with spare slap-bracelets and congealed mashed potato base.

Stealth Tau Battlesuit

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

The technologically advanced Tau have uncovered the perfect way to hide the movements of their devastating Battle-suit units... with giant plastic decoys!

Tyranid Transport

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

Move your Tyranid units across the warzone in style with this unique, completely hand-crafted unit that's guaranteed to take second prize in any alien beauty pageant.
Made out of 100% gold. The box this miniature comes in, that is. The figure is mostly plutonium.

Space Marine

Quantity: 1

ADD TO CART

Just an ordinary space marine. Nothing out of the ordinary. Bolster your forces with dozens of these miniatures to give army a human face!

Special thanks to forum goons 7thBattalion, Broken Loose, Doctor Zero, Ein Windir, Fyrbrand, iSnowman, and The Finn for risking their sanity to dig up these pictures and no thanks at all to the Warhammer thread for convincing me to take up the terrible addiction that is this hobby.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.11 Cleaning House: Bedbugs

Sunday, Jan 11, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

A lot of people think America is slipping. First went our physique, then we had some kind of big angry breakdown, then our finances sort of fell apart. But, you know what? Regardless of how bad things get, it's nice to know we don't have a bedbug problem. I mean, what kind of heathen nation has some sort of bedbug crisis? Oh, well... shit.

That's a bedbug. Well, that's a magnified bedbug, but you knew that already. If that were lifesize, then every hair on your body must be as coarse as a pubic hair and bedbugs would be the #1 cause of death in the world. While bedbugs are much smaller and less dangerous than pictured above, they are still a national problem, and most people are unaware of the rising dilemma they cause. Probably because bedbugs have spent the last hundred or so years grouped with scurvy in the health risk hierarchy. But bedbugs have risen to the task. They've grouped together and decided to become a major pest to global hotels and households.Their bites are a lot like mosquito bites-- they both leave red welts and itch like hell, but while a mosquito is normally pesky only while you're awake and outside, the bedbug infests your most private location and waits until you are defenseless. If a hairy, overweight man forced himself upon you while you were walking home one night, you'd be pissed and fight him off, but what do you do when a whole platoon of lumberjacks is hiding out in your bedroom waiting for you to fall asleep.

You freak the fuck out. That's what you do.

The only thing more annoying than the bites is trying to get rid of the bedbugs. They can hide almost anywhere. And unlike the similarly obnoxious cockroaches, they will not fall for any traps. Once these clever girls infiltrate your living space, you're pretty much screwed. They're resilient and almost indestructible. Only pesticides strong enough to kill an eagle are effective against the bugs, and since DDT has been outlawed, both eagles and bedbugs are able to live freely. Hopefully there will come a day when both are eradicated, but for now, you're on your own.

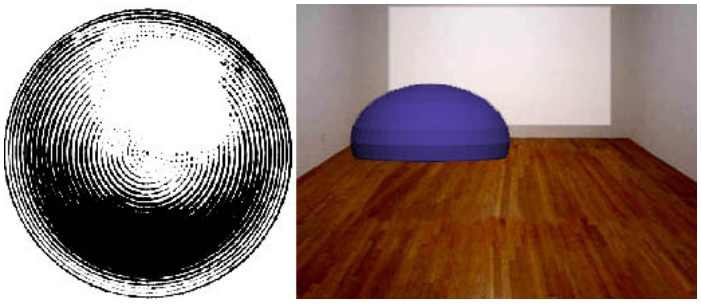
Ridding yourself of the bedbug begins by destroying all contaminated goods. Gather up your sheets, pillows, mattress, cushions and couches, beanbags, and clothes. Pry up your carpet, roll up any rugs, and pull down the curtains. Rip any baseboards or paneling, and collect all wooden furniture. Gather your books, photographs, diploma (?), and any old love letters (??.) Place the goods in your

front yard. Ignite. The bonfire should consume the majority of your belongings and maybe a few of the bedbugs as well. If the flame does not reach the second floor of your house, throw more gasoline. The huge fire will make people think you have a lot of things to burn-- you don't want people to think you don't own anything do you? While the fire burns, put on a robe, snuggy, or whatever clothing is left and perform a voodoo dance for luck from the gods. You'll need it.

Your place, now emptied of all personal belongings, should have bare walls, little or no furniture, and a few remaining electronics. Buddhists believe that you're a little closer to nirvana for ridding yourself of personal belongings, but I think you're one poster of two girls kissing from having your place look like 95% of all college dorm rooms. Now open up a can of Natty and get to work, Brah!

Hopefully, your bonfire destroyed the majority of the infestation. But, since you managed to get bedbugs in the first place, you obviously cannot be trusted for the simplest of tasks. A bedbug can live for over a year on one serving, so you cannot get bitten. Not even once. Since bedbugs have not been a problem for a long time, a government think tank was organized to research solutions of the east. They decided that the **Cocoon Method** first crafted in the mid 18th century was the best way to ensure modern safety. Certain tools have been updated to fit modern society, but for the most part, it is the same strategy used 200 years ago.

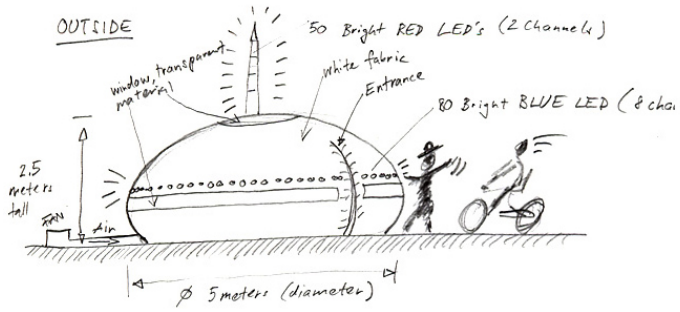
Here is the sketch from a popular book dated 1762 and a modern computer generated mockup. Note the similarities.



When creating your cocoon, the outer layer of your sleeping vessel must be covered in a substance that will restrict the pest's movement. The original instructions call for seal blubber. Flypaper also works, but it is difficult to work with, and since you have no clothes left, difficult to acquire. You'll probably be more comfortable working with Vaseline and I'm sure you probably have a large stockpile of it sitting beside your PC. The majority of your cocoon casing should be made of either bison hide or nylon. Bedbugs are attracted to carbon dioxide, so a snorkel should connect you to the outer world. Inside, you should have a fabric-free pillow and a cotten blanket that is not to exceed the size of a washcloth.

Scientists have been busy building the future generation of the cocoon. Though they are only at stage one, their preliminary sketches seem very optimistic.

If a cocoon cannot be constructed, then you must trick the clever animal. The bedbug is a predator, and all predators act alike. You don't have to be able to beat them--you just need to find something more delicious than yourself. Whether it is a great white shark, a tiny bug, or a sex offender, they all want the same thing--a young boy. The 1762 instructions call for a "member of the sable race," but it has been proven in numerous tests that any race will work. One chained to the foot of your



bed should allow you to sleep easier, so long as you have sturdy chains and ample chloroform. In case of extreme infestation, two children or a child and a house pet should work.

For people who are willing to truly sacrifice themselves for the good of humanity, there is also a plan. A secret legend states that all bedbugs are run by a greater "mother bedbug." The mother-bug only comes out once every hundred years to spread a new brood of insects across the globe. If someone could somehow interrupt the motherbug's attack, then the insects would be eradicated. An accurate reenactment can be found by clicking here.

If the fire didn't clear the pests, the cocoon failed, the boybait starved to death, and your grandma is dead then simply stay at a friend's house. Just be sure to keep your insect problem hush-hush--you wouldn't want them to think you're dirty or anything.

For people who have not yet been infected, from here on out refered to as "the civilized," here are a few helpful tips for continued safety:

Avoid the poor. If you haven't been doing this already, then you should really pick up this habit. There has never been a better time to start. By ignoring the derelict, you are not only saving yourself from a possible bedbug infestation, but also improving your outlook on America.

And of course, the safest way to avoid a bedbug invasion is to be tucked in by your grandmother. For years she put you to sleep, instructed you to keep guard against the bedbugs, and gave you a kiss on the cheek. Returning to basics is the only true way to secure safety.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.12 My Banning from Ultimatebreastfeedingmoms.com is BULLSHIT!

Monday, Jan 12, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Retarded Admins,

I am hereby notifying you, the admins of the Ultimatebreastfeedingmoms.com forums, that I demand the immediate and unqualified reinstatement of my account, username Chugsworth. I am done with the runaround you people are giving me.

It's a beautiful act that is appropriate whenever a mom is with her hungry baby. No laws, no limits, no compromise.

APPARENTLY asking questions pertaining to breastfeeding and/or moms isn't allowed an the Ultimatebreastfeedingmoms.com forums.

This comes as a huge fucking surprise to me since it clearly states in the rules, and I quote, "No question is stupid." It also says in there, "You don't have to be a mom to participate in discussion on these forums."

Imagine my shock when I, acting in good faith as a non-mom, asked a few simple questions in a thread on the forums and had my account banned within minutes by the admin going by the name La Leche. I don't know if she has some sort of grudge or hatred of men or just the truth.

I asked all of my questions politely and I was not "trolling" as La Leche suggested slanderously in her email to my request for my immediate unbanning. Nor am I a "creepy pervert" as was the libel contained in a reply email from Naturalgranny.

I am just trying to help busty moms with their milky hooters. It is my passion.

I am a goddamn lifelong advocate of breastfeeding. You know this if you read any of my posts. I think it is a precious bonding act between a mother and her motherfucking child and it is scientifically proven to help in the development of a newborn.

I also know breastfeeding is a naturally beautiful act and mothers deserve the right to breastfeed in public. I have strong feelings about this and I wanted to do everything in my power to help moms wanting to breastfeed in public places.

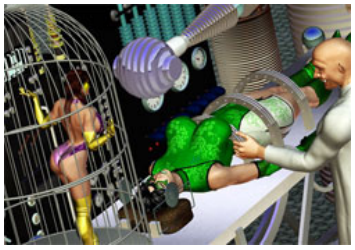
Don't forget, I offered moms that wanted a breastfeeding secure zone in the city the use of my apartment. Any time, no questions asked, just come on in and breastfeed your baby. What thanks did I get for that? A verbal warning! And guess what, dumbies, it couldn't be verbal because it was fucking TYPED.

Even after that I retained hope I had found a group of moms who understood the importance of breastfeeding at the Ultimatebreastfeedingmoms.com forums. Then I was banned for asking the moms a few simple questions. I guess inquisitive minds just aren't welcome at Ultimatebreastfeedingmoms.com

Since you saw fit to delete my questions after only a few of them had been answered by the real helpful users outside your fascist POS admins I am including them in this email. If you can answer them or repost them on the forums that would help some to repair the damage between myself and your POS MFing organization.

At the very least, you could tell me which questions I would be allowed to ask if you permit me to re-register to continue my breastfeeding advocacy.

1. How many pints of milk can you produce in a single vigorous milking session? This one was sort of answered already.
2. If you could milk even more than you do now, would you?
3. If there was an injection you could take in your breast to make your breasts bigger and more productive, would you take the injection?
4. Have you ever considered the possibility of breastfeeding as your job?
5. Have you ever been milked by an alien or a dude in an alien mask?
6. Did you like it?
7. Will you wear a homemade cow costume?
8. How hard can you orgasm from breastfeeding?
9. Is it better when you use a breast pump or when somebody is sucking on your titties?
10. If you could have an injection so you could have more titties full of milk would you get that injection?
11. What if you could take a pill and turn into one giant milk-filled titty?
12. What if a dude who was naked could show you how to milk extra amounts and have like 25 orgasms while you're doing it?
13. Would you go to his apartment in the city?
14. If the Pentagon made a bomb that when it dropped it turned everyone into giant titties except for a select few elite "milkers" would you want that bomb to be dropped?
15. If you felt the titty transformation happening to your body could an elite milker have sex with you in his apartment in the city while it is going on?
16. Do you have a problem with basement apartments?
17. What about cellars?
18. Do you have a problem with living in a fetish barn?
19. Are you familiar with the World of Gor?
20. What are your feelings about decorative swords (particularly greatswords and katanas)?
21. Can you get rid of your baby easily?



I have had a great response from breastfeeding moms to my Poser comics about breastfeeding, superheroines, aliens, and the future.

Help me create a state of the art facility for breast milk by donating your time and your passion.

In addition to these questions, I would like to be allowed to post my Poser comics and educational breastfeeding farm stories. they were a valuable addition to the community and a lot of people email me all the time on my hotmail telling me that they want more.

I look forward to having my account restored immediately.

I'll be waiting,

Zack

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Emails from the Obama Campaign

Tuesday, Jan 13, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

From: Barack Obama
To: David Thorpe
Subj: How we did it

My friend --

We did it. It has happened.

We just made history. Because of you, personally. We did this. When I say "we" I mean "you."

Every single day, you donated, you knocked on doors, and you got your neighborhood involved. You walked the streets for money. You put on the red light.

Our journey has been historic, and in the past few months we have accomplished something extraordinary: history. The months and years to come will not be easy, but with your continuing support and contributions we will continue to make history, more history than has ever been made in history.

Thank you,

Barack

From: David Plouffe
To: David Thorpe
Subj: We need your help

Esteemed supporter --

Change is coming to America.

A month ago, on Election Day, together, we built history.

We don't know when this change will happen, but we do know this: change will happen right away, immediately. But we can't do it alone.

Show your support for our movement with this Obama lond. This lond is durable and safe -- share it with a loved one to commemorate this moment in history.

Your donation will support the Democratic National Committee, which supported our movement most nobly for the past two years but now has some trouble with debt, the kind of trouble it can't tell the police about.

Get a big fantastic lond now with your donation of $40 or more:

https://donate.barackobama.com/lond

If you order by December 19th, we will put a free hopper of bearings in your lond.

PLEASE DONATE

Thank you for your continued support,

Obama for America

From: David Plouffe
To: David Thorpe
Subj: History in the making

My pretties --

Together, we've made history. On January 20th, history will be made again.

For the first time since Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated in 1861, Barack Obama will be sworn in as President of the United States.

This unprecedented event is expected to attract a record number of revelers and disciples, hangers-on, wayward youths, would-be-assassins and, most of all, you. You made this happen. You are responsible for this. Not Washington lobbyists. We will turn Washington lobbyists away at the door that we might make more room for you.

Shamefully, Washington lobbyists are usually the very people who fund inauguration ceremonies. "Barack," I said to Barack Obama, "without lobbyists, how will we have a party?"

And Barack said to me, "David, David Plouffe, listen to me: this barn would make a pretty good stage, and I can sing a little. Emmylou can paint backdrops on these old horse blankets. Doggone it, I think we can put on our own show."

Barack was speaking in metaphors, except for the part about singing a little. He can sing a little, if four octaves is "a little." What he means is this: with our continuing support, we can fund this inaugural ceremony by ourselves, without letting those tumescent plutocrats darken our doorstep with their frictionless tuxedos and their blood money.

To thank you for your continuing support, we're offering you a chance to attend this milestone in human progress -- personally. If you donate any amount of money to us -- any amount, but don't effing lowball us -- we will send you a ticket to attend this inauguration. What the hell, c'mere ya big idiot, give "Ungle" David Plouffe a goddamned big bear hug.

Donate now for your once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to witness history.

https://donate.barackobama.com/davidplouffebearhug

Thank you,

David

David Plouffe

Campaign Manager

Obama for America

From: Barack Obama
To: David Thorpe
Subj: We can beat this thing

OBAMA BIDEN

My friend --

We're in the throes of the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. Families are hurting. Unemployment is at the highest level in a decade. Dreams are being deferred, dating standards are falling, and more families are switching from Heinz to Hunt's.

Help is on the way. A change is coming to America.

In the weeks before my inauguration, my team is already working hard on an ambitious stimulus package to help Americans get back on their feet. This plan will be costly, but dramatic action is necessary -- if we don't act quickly, this recession could deepen even further.

We can't do it without your support. In this difficult time, we ask that you render modest tribute to the dream of change -- the hope of dreams. Your contributions will help us send stimulus checks to every taxpaying American in every town in every state. The more you donate, the more American will get back -- with interest.

I'll see you on January 20th, America. Make sure I'm smiling.

Thanks,

Barack

From: David Plouffe
To: David Thorpe
Subj: We're almost there

Loyal voter,

We've come a long way. They said it couldn't be done: a person won the presidency. He was, and is, Barack Obama.

This November, we rallied under the common banner of hope and change and a belief in a better America, and we accomplished what Washington lobbyists called impossible: we won. And on January 20th, Barack Obama and Joe Biden will be sworn in as Presidents of the United States, and a Vice President.

Unless.

We've come a long way, but what if it's not over? What if they decide to have another election between now and the inauguration? We're the best-oiled campaign ever to run a White House attempt, but we're not all-seeing. We would be completely effing blindsided.

They would catch us by surprise and they would outspend us tenfold -- we spent all our money getting elected. Maybe we need a "bailout." That's a little joke, but with a kernel of truth.

The idea of another election -- it freaked ourselves out just now. We're on the home stretch, and we owe it all to you -- now we just need that one push over the finish line.

Please donate today. We won, and we can win again, and we can keep winning until January 20th, no matter how many elections they throw at us. Now That's What I Call Change. Volume Twenty.

And speaking of the element of surprise -- if we startle you into it, maybe you'll stop whDONATE NOW HEY!!!

https://donate.barackobama.com/OHSHIT

Thank you,

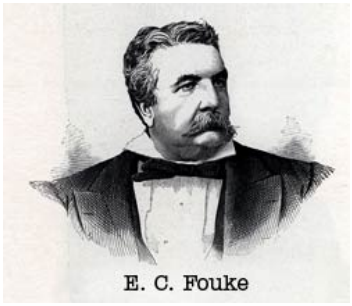
David
David Plouffe
Campaign Manager
Obama for America

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.14 You! Customer, Hear My Words!

Wednesday, Jan 14, 2009 by E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

A Gathering of the St. Louis Elite



E. C. Fouke, Acting President & Gen. Mgr.

Let it be known that on a recent evening I saw fit to organize a gathering of the St. Louis Fur & Meat Magnates. I, by virtue of my stature, prominence, and renown in both fields, was of course the guest of honor. The other invitees included Mr. A. P. Brown of Brown Fur Amalgamated, and the notorious J. F. Swanton of Swanton Furs.

At the top of our agenda was the Fouke **Meat** Co's exit from the fur market, though a host of other topics were discussed. To cite the full itinerary of discourse would veer toward the prolix, so I mention only those issues which warranted the most heated discussion: Cousin Philip's health, the future of fur, and the vast, untapped potential of meat.

I found the two men, Cousin Philip's chief rivals, to be most fascinating. While Mr. Swanton was well known to me by action and legend, both of which flirted heavily with the grotesque, Mr. Brown represented an intriguing surprise. I found his opinions on the topic of my cousin to be quite enlightened, and it pleased me much to speak to one of the few living people not completely enraptured by the man.

I felt comfortable leaving the fur trade in his capable hands and vast menagerie of automated machines, of which he spoke of at great length. Unfortunately, while I respect Mr. Brown's opinions on my cousin and admire his thirst for industry, I cannot get past his effete appetite.

The perverted ne'er-do-well.

I am a man of voracious hunger, and have little respect for finicky eaters. Mr. Brown disappointed me greatly in the realm of consumption. Here was a man who gently nibbled at his biscuit as though it were some massive undertaking. He spent the eve conducting food about his plate as though it were an orchestra, rarely if ever transporting it to his mouth. Seeing an opportunity to further my own needs, I annexed his dish and made short work of the remains with little protest.

Swanton, on the other hand, was a catastrophe. His hunger was known to the staff of this establishment, who served him what can only be described as a rotting carcass, scarcely cooked if at all, soaked in its own blood and wastes. Swanton, lacking utensils, dove into the beast with admirable gusto. Though he excels in determination, he lacks any semblance of discrimination. A man should have some dignity about what he puts in his mouth.

While I was impressed with the vigor Swanton demonstrated in eating, I was less than impressed by his dinner table manners. Not long after finishing his meal, Swanton began evacuating his bowels in the very seat in which he sat! He seemed to think there was nothing abnormal or wrong with his actions, which sent mouths agape and nostrils flaring. Swanton emptied the restaurant of patrons faster than even the most deadly of infernos could.

On no less than three occasions Swanton exhibited the peculiar trait of punching his own eyeballs, producing blood and puss, which he let trickle down his cheek so that he could suck it into his mouth. I have many bad things to say about Swanton, but can offer no criticism of his ample imagination.

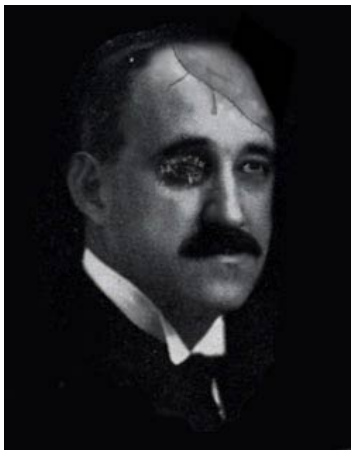
Concerning the Great Meat Contest

The noble challenge I issued in the last edition of the Trappers' Partner(soon to be re-christened *Carnivores' Partner*) has yet to be resolved. Many meats were sent in, and I have tasted them all. All were familiar to my keen palate.

Thus I offer, of my own fortune, an additional $200.00 in reward money. That brings the final prize to $1,200.00. No greater sum of currency has ever been offered as a reward by any man or institution in all the annals of history. I beg of thee: introduce me to a new meat, and allow me to grace you with a prize fit for a king.

Heaven Help Our Delirious Founder

I am pleased to reveal to you dear readers that your former hero P. B. Fouke--Cousin Philip to me--is out of his coma. He remains delirious and incomprehensible, which is a state not particularly foreign to him. As a result of his poor health, I have insisted his doctor and personal shaman, F. Gerald Thornton, provide him with hourly doses of laudanum. You may take comfort in the knowledge that Philip will not be returning to his former role in any foreseeable future.



P. B. Fouke, who remains useless at this present hour.

I must also extend my thanks to the loyal M. J. Duddy, who remained tirelessly at Cousin Philip's side throughout the coma. As a result of his valiant efforts and the circulation problems that followed, Mr. Duddy lost his hand. As he is no longer capable of managing our shipping and receiving department as a cripple, I have terminated his employment.

State of the Company

It is my duty to report that the Fouke Meat Co.'s financial security has grown even worse than anticipated. This situation is squarely the fault of the previous administration, which routinely pursued fiscally irresponsible sales practices. This on top of the already absurd notion of buying fur, a commodity that is neither edible nor nutritious, from common people.

I fully expect this enterprise to weather the storm, and emerge from this turmoil stronger than ever. I can promise you that this Great Meat Foray will unlock unimagined riches, for you and I alike. There may yet still be pains as we transition out of the fur market, but all blame, and there is much

to go around, should be directed toward Cousin Philip. He had ever opportunity to do things the right way, and failed on every occasion.

I say this to protect you, the loyal customers, from responsibility. Even though many of you played an integral role in bringing about this company's plights, it would be wrong of me to fault you for taking advantage of a crazed man obsessed with animal pelts. However, I must state: *you are morally obligated to repay in full any and all discounts offered by Cousin Philip.* Should it become necessary, I will seek out the services of Captain H. W. Grieves in the retrieval of this fortune. Be forewarned.

I must remind you to stop mailing us your furs. Meat is our business now, and meat is what you should send us. Please also clearly mark whether you are sending us meat you intend us to buy, or meat for my contest. As some previous packages were not clearly labeled, they may have been mistakenly eaten by myself.

With great pride & hunger for success,

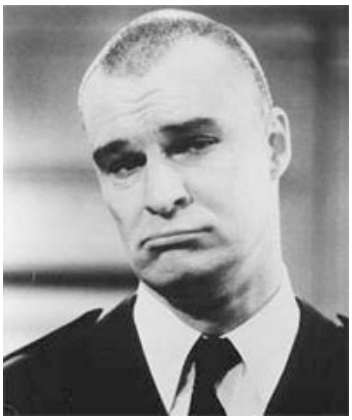
Eugene Cranford Fouke,
Acting President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Meat Co.

-∼E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

1.15 Fluff Advocacy

Thursday, Jan 15, 2009 by The Marshmallow Fluff Advisory Board

A Message From Richard "Bull from TV's Night Court" Moll



Richard "Bull from TV's Night Court" Moll, as seen 25 years ago.

You know, when I'm not out cruising the waters of Key West in a little watercraft I like to call "The Moll Patrol," something far more important takes up just a few of my valuable twenty-two daily hours of free time: going to high schools and speaking out against the unpunished crime of tall discrimination. Listen, I'll tell you the same thing I tell enraptured crowds of sophomores at the Alonzo Mourning Learning Center: the height-abundanced among us may be freaks who fully deserve your scorn and derision, but it's also important to remember the curse that nature has bestowed upon we mutants provides us with a direct advantage in hurting you unmercifully.

I'll never forget those early days of Night Court, when the entire cast would take turns spraying me with a high-pressure fire hose while the rest of the crew was busy setting up shots and looking for expired items from the craft services table to throw at me. John Larroquette may have learned a near-deadly lesson on that fateful day back in '85 when I almost decapitated him with a spinning lariat, but many of our modern children are unaware of the rage induced in the tall when performing normal, daily activities that don't make you or your averaged-sized friends want to strangle the next busboy at Denny's who bumps his filthy cart into your elbow. Have you ever tried to direct a five-foot stream of urine into a typical public restroom urinal? My friends, the nickname of "piss-shins" is one that's hard to shake.

Wait, this is for Marshmallow Fluff? And you're the people who keep sending me boxes upon boxes of that delicious foodstuff? Well, I'll tell you what you can do with that Fluff, pal. You can stick it in your mouth and enjoy the euphoric delight of gulping down gooey gobs of America's fifth most-popular sugar-based sandwich spread. And you better not change a damned word of what I just said. Now get the hell out of here!

Many have said the world-famous Fluffernutter looks like a sandwich someone wiped their ass with before ejaculating into it. We prefer to think otherwise.

Marshmallow Fluff: Here to Stay for the New Millenium!

You don't have take good ol' Bull's endorsement alone--after all, he's so freakishly tall that his brain is normally at an altitude where the unavailability of oxygen would undoubtedly affect his thought processes. The sad truth is that many see the much-misunderstood Fluff as a big, unused jar of mystery sitting--and perhaps, challenging them--from their wicked pantries. But how many of these people have cracked open said jars, cleared the top layer of the crusty green loam that seals in freshness, and smeared a fistful of God's spread on their waiting and willing tongues? Not many, I'd gather.

For if just ten percent of you regular condiment-users switched to the FDA-approved goodness that is Marshmallow Fluff, our American rivers and streams would be littered with the abandoned jelly, jam, and preserves jars of people who suddenly discovered that they've been smearing nothing but lies and deception over their toast and sandwich meats since that whole "diabetes" hoax started in the mid-1920s. Join us!

Marshmallow Fluff: The Revolution Would Be Televised if We Could Afford Commercials!

Now available at Costco and Sam's Club in our new "fun size" package.

No fitting tribute to Marshmallow Fluff would be complete without the story of this 100 year-old treat that rivals even the orphanage fire that spawned Screaming Micks (now known as "Atomic Fireballs"). At the turn of the century, most candy was the byproduct of the then-waning alchemy industry and featured a strong, sulfuric taste along with what some would call an unhealthy amount of lead. The purpose of candy at this unfortunate point in time was mainly to distract the consumer from the fact that the clouds of influenza and tuberculosis roaming the United States of America would inevitably destroy them and everyone they loved with an excruciating and incurable disease. But two men who had recently been prescribed three feet of black licorice for "The Gentleman's Virus," H. Allen Durkee and Fred L. Mower, stared across a dim opium den at each other over puddles of chunky, black sputum and realized there had to be a better way. So, they joined hands, and in an effort to combat the recent epidemic of muscular, non-obese children, combined a mixture of sugar, hoof shavings, radium, and beef tallow to come up with a delicious treat that "even a Jew couldn't pass up!"

This slogan was later changed in 1945.

FluffFacts: A Labyrinth of Trivia Awaits You

Unlike inferior sandwich-compatible gelatin like Miracle Whip, the nearly 100-year history of Marshmallow Fluff may be just as entertaining as digging into a fresh jar of our delicious treat with a wooden spoon and absolutely no regard for your own life! So enjoy these fascinating facts about our product. We kindly ask that you do not share them with your friends, as they are copyright-protected.

- According to official autopsy reports, Marshmallow Fluff was one of the leading causes of death for famous entertainers such as Elvis Presley, Mama Cass, and John Belushi. So, when you eat Marshmallow Fluff, you're literally eating history!
- In the late 1960s, when World Trade Center contractors ran out of concrete for the foundation of what would be one of America's tallest buildings, we were there with truckloads upon truckloads of Marshmallow Fluff to help pick up the slack. America may never forget the tragedy of September 11th, 2001, but we hope they also don't forget the comforting smell of toasted marshmallows in the air that day!
- America eats literally 37 jars of Marshmallow Fluff every year. If you sent all of that Fluff over the Niagara Falls, it would take almost twenty seconds to hit the bottom!
- Silent screen great Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle was the official spokesperson for Marshmallow Fluff until his unfortunate scandal caused our product to be known as "Rape Salve." Sales were never higher.

- If you gathered together all of the Fluff produced in the last 90 years, you would probably be found guilty of theft and time travel!
- Marshmallow Fluff makes the perfect addition to any food that doesn't currently contain high-fructose corn syrup. W
- hen used in tandem with "the mucus method," Marshmallow Fluff can assist in all of your family planning needs!
- Look out, politics! We've successfully lobbied to have the next Palin child named "Fluff."
- Fluff is Kosher! However, if you are a Muslim and eat it, you will explode.
- Our fierce competition with marmalade caused a 2
- Can't eat anymore? You'll find a dollop of Marshmallow Fluff will help just about any piece of food slide down your throat, no matter how much your digestive system may try to resist.

With so much Fluff information under your belt, you're undoubtedly ready to abandon your wife and children for a new life of smearing our delicious treat over the finest graham crackers money can buy. But before you let slip the world-famous words of "Daddy will be right back," we ask that you read the following disclaimer made mandatory by the 1997 case, The People of Missouri v. Marshmallow Fluff, Inc. As much as we don't like to spread government-mandated lies, this much is true: Marshmallow Fluff *alone*bhas never killed a man. Of course, that will be debated in another civil suit later this year. Fluff ahoy!

Disclaimer

For entertainment purposes only. Under no circumstances should Marshmallow Fluff be placed on or near the mucous membranes or genitals. When playing with Marshmallow Fluff, always wear gloves and wash your hands with a strong anti-bacterial soap afterward. Causes irreversible eye damage. If infection occurs during use, consult a local poison control center immediately. Do not dispose of Marshmallow Fluff via sewage or garbage system; contact your state government for the location of a disposal center. If a pet consumes Marshmallow Fluff, bury them immediately under thick dirt and roll a large rock on top of the makeshift grave. Do not pretend like you're going to put Marshmallow Fluff in your mouth just to gross out your friends. Warning: burns but does not consume. Marshmallow Fluff has been found to cause the following disorders in lab rats: gum cancer, blindness, ingrown hairs, and rampant bisexuality. Only open jars of Marshmallow Fluff outside in a well-ventilated area close to civilization. For more on the dangers of Marshmallow Fluff, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Help!" care of the Food and Drug Administration, P.O. Box 9142, Pueblo, Colorado 81003.

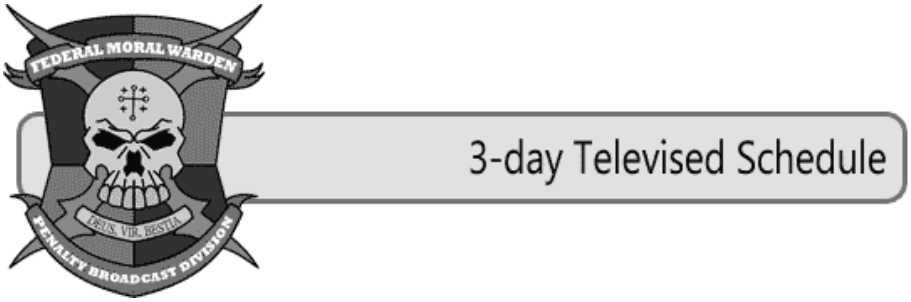
Send in a picture of your child enjoying Fluff to our prison aid program and warm the heart of a convict who can't wait to see an infant's face smeared in white goo!

-∼The Marshmallow Fluff Advisory Board

1.16 That Insidious Beast: A Great Haul

Friday, Jan 16, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.



[NEWS] - *A GREAT HAUL!*

By Scheduling Minister Granite

Hey everybody, great news on another great haul from Operation North Star. Canadian Communists and Unfolder sympathizers along the border have been causing a real ruckus, but the brave Federal Wardens working in the field have brought in some villains.

These scum have been interfering with communications along the border, pirate broadcasting, offering aid and comfort to the Unfolders, collaborating with our foreign enemies, and inciting violence against our brave troops. These pieces of garbage are even responsible for heinous acts of futile violence against the Host of Angels sent to this earth by Our Creator to deal a crushing blow to all enemies of the righteous.

Needless to say, these dirtbags have received some of the harshest punishments I've seen in a long time. The screams were so loud I had to wear earplugs. Or were those for the drills? Ha! We look forward to bringing you each moment of their punishment.

Bourdages, Francois
Airing 1-19-09 at 7:00PM Eastern

Crime: Foreign Intrigues
Affiliation: Canadian Extremists (Bloc Quebecois)
Citizenship: No
Apprehended: Michigan-5, 1-12-09
Sentenced: Citadel, 1-14-09
Executed:1-15-09
Confession: Chemical, Enhanced

Minister Granite's Comments: Oooh golly, this little boy was a real tough nut to crack. Him and his French Canadian pals were up near the border in a clearly marked Area Bleed Exclusionary Zone running insane broadcasts out of some old TV station. Luckily, our containment equipment was fuzzing up their broadcast, so the Detroit metro area was out of their reach.

Francois was the leader of the group and he took 14 hours and over 9 injections of Quazapol and Clortrimapan to spill the beans. Of course, his buddies ratted him out much earlier, so knowing what buttons to push was easy. And what buttons we pushed! Minister Carcassi and his team were very thorough. The interrogation outtakes are not for the timid! Execution was by catastrophic depressurization in Ol' Poppy.

Kennwit, Alexander
Airing 1-19-09 at 8:00PM Eastern

Crime: Foreign Intrigues
Affiliation: Canadian Extremists, European Collaborators
Citizenship: No
Apprehended: Michigan-5, 1-12-09
Sentenced: Citadel, 1-14-09
Executed: 1-15-09
Confession: Yes

Minister Granite's Comments: Poor Alex Kennwit thought he could come all the way from Merry Old England and help out his Unfolder-loving pals in Canada. Too bad for him our vigilant forces along our hostile northern border were prepared. Alex was working with Bourdages, some sort of limey electronics expert with military training.

There were a few others like him with Bourdages' group, but Alex was the only one lucky (unlucky) enough to survive the capture. Despite his military training he was totally unprepared for exposure to a True Angel of God. He immediately confessed his sins, his misdeeds, and implicated his co-conspirators. A merciful execution was performed by flooding his holding cell with carbon dioxide.

Wilder, Daniel
Airing 1-19-09 at 9:00PM Eastern

Crime: Treason, Moral Threat, Foreign Intrigues
Affiliation: Canadian Extremists
Citizenship: Yes
Apprehended: Michigan-5, 1-12-09
Sentenced: Citadel, 1-14-09
Executed: 1-15-09
Confession: Chemical, Enhanced

Minister Granite's Comments: According to DNA records, Danny Wilder was a natural born citizen and a long-time containment broadcast specialist in Ohio-6. His family (wife, two daughters, son, and mother) all disappeared about a year ago. He was believed dead from Unfolder attack, so imagine our surprise when he and his wife and eldest daughter turned up among Bourdages and his crew. Mrs. Wilder and Dan's daughter were killed in the battle for the broadcast station, tragically brainwashed by Canadian propaganda to the point that they willingly gave up their lives in a suicide attack.

Danny didn't break down easily, but he eventually fingered Bourdages as the leader. As a reward for his candor, Wilder was allowed to pick his method of execution. Imagine our surprise and joy when he chose mechanical disembowelment! Not for the kids, but definitely worth the watch. My favorite of the night.

Morrison, Shawn
Airing 1-20-09 at 7:00PM Eastern

Due to overcrowding, Moral Offenders may have some or all of their sentence commuted to Dangerous Labor Release Time.
IMPRISONED

Crime: Weapons Trafficking, Narco Possession, Moral Threat
Affiliation: None
Citizenship: Yes
Apprehended: New Jersey-10, 1-10-09
Sentenced: Citadel, 1-13-09
Incarcerated: Holly Green, 1-14-09
Confession: Enhanced

Minister Granite's Comments: Take one doped-up gun dealer and known criminal, our friend Shawn Morrison, and add a crazed single white female looking to blow up half of New Jersey, Ms. McKenna. What do you get? One heck of an evening's entertainment!

Shawn Morrison had a troubled past. He lost his dad, a Hoplite, in the Great Chicago Betrayal and his mother, a New York City Warden, was crippled by a pro-Unfolder terrorist bombing. You would think someone with a history like that would stay away from trouble, but Shawn Morrison was a slave to Stem. His expensive habit meant dealing in illegal weapons, which put him into contact with maniac killer and Unfolder-sympathizer Deborah McKenna.

Caught trying to sell the woman a number of illegal foreign weapons, Morrison surrendered and was convinced to cooperate. He pointed the finger at McKenna and for his honesty his execution was dropped down to a 25 year sentence at Holly Green. Unfortunately, Morrison died unexpectedly from blood clots the day of his arrival at the facility.

McKenna, Deborah
Airing 1-20-09 at 8:00PM Eastern

Crime: Weapons Trafficking, Moral Threat, Treason, Armed Violence, Murder
Affiliation: None
Citizenship: Yes
Apprehended: New Jersey-10, 1-10-09
Sentenced: Citadel, 1-13-09
Executed: 1-13-09
Confession: No

Minister Granite's Comments: If Deborah McKenna seems slightly familiar, you might recall this handsome woman from news items two years ago. She is the former wife of disgraced musician Brendan "Bones" McKenna. Convicted of grave moral threat in 2007, Brendan McKenna and his bandmates were driven over by a tank and their remains burned. Deborah McKenna was not implicated in her husband's crimes. Our bad.

The woman was obviously a bad apple. In the months following her husband's execution, Deborah McKenna went on a spree of voilence and murder, ambushing and killing two wardens in Brooklyn and a third in Newark. She also brutally stabbed to death a female Sergeant of the 82nd Hoplites. She was a fugitive for more than a year, but continued her insane plans to murder our brave men and women in uniform. Her need for more firepower brought her into contact with Shawn Morrison.

It rare that Minister Carcassi fails to obtain a confession, but Deborah McKenna's depravity knew no bounds. She chewed off her own tongue during her enhanced questioning and bit the doctors administering questioning chemicals. Despite his best efforts, Minister Carcassi turned to the executioner without a confession. McKenna was thrown to the mastiffs of the 82nd Hoplite and after many minutes of brutal struggle, McKenna was too weak to fight off the hounds and was devoured alive. A can't-miss execution.

Tower, Kelly
Airing 1-21-09 at 7:00PM Eastern

Crime: Treason, Unlawful Trespassing, Moral Threat, Resisting Capture
Affiliation: None
Citizenship: Yes
Apprehended: Virginia-7, 1-12-09
Sentence: Execution or Life (Pending)
Held: Citadel
Confession: No

Minister Granite's Comments: Our Fugitive Update for the week centers on the case of Jason and Kelly Tower. This brother and sister duo were caught violating quarantine at the Ohio-2 area bleed and were pursued by members of the Ohio "Bluejacket" Irregulars. They escaped into the depths of the area bleed and were believed dead. Their parents are both serving 10-year Moral Threat sentences at Labor of Love Work Camp in Missouri. But the Tower siblings were not dead, they turned up months later in Pennsylvania, poking around a major area bleed with a crew of unknown agents.

In addition to their flagrant violations of Federal containment zones and laws, the Towers have been involved in publishing and deceminating treasonous material with ridiculous claims about the Holy Host and the Federal Government.

Kelly was captured at a youth music club handing out pamphlets to impressionable teens containing mroe slander and lies about our government. After a brief altercation with responding warden, Kelly was taken to the CItadel for questioning and accusation. She stands accused of serious crimes and the Minister of Prosecution plans to seek the death penalty. If convicted, Kelly (age 16) will be the 9th child executed as an adult this year.

Tower, Jason
Airing 1-21-09 at 7:30PM Eastern

Crime: Treason, Unlawful Trespassing, Moral Threat, Resisting Capture
Affiliation: None
Citizenship: Yes
Apprehended: Virginia-7, 1-12-09
Sentence: Execution or Life (Pending)
Held: Citadel
Confession: No

Minister Granite's Comments: Kelly's older brother was apprehended based on documents obtained from Kelly Tower. He was found, unarmed, but unwilling to surrender, at a motel in Virginia. He was eventually persuaded to accompany wardens to the Citadel for further questioning and accusation. Jason Tower is an adult and is subject to full prosecutorial options for adult interrogation techniques.

Jason and his sister will be tried back to back on the 21st in a live justice special.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.17 Steve Jobs Health Updates For Apple Employees

Saturday, Jan 17, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Team,

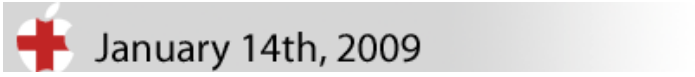
I'm sure many of you have heard the rumor that my recent weight loss is due to pancreatic cancer. As Macworld draws closer (requiring more and more of our undivided attention and hard work), I want you to know that this could not be further from the truth.

As I plan on announcing to the public this afternoon, my weight loss is in no way related to cancer. It is, instead, the result of a hormone imbalance. This imabalance has caused my entire body to continually tilt to the left, making it extremely difficult to walk to the refrigerator, much less shovel a spoonful of macaroni and cheese into my yapper.

My doctors are on the job (or is it Jobs? Heh.), so there's no need to worry or convince your friends to sell Apple stock. Let's focus on making Macworld awesome!

Also, I won't be at Macworld.

Steve

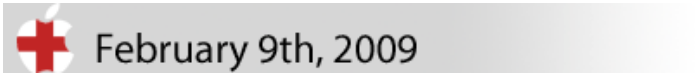


Team,

Treatment for my hormone imbalance went well. So well, in fact, that I'm taking six months off for more! There's no need to worry. Who brought up worrying? There's just no reason for it. Everything's awesome. You should see the plastic bubble they've got me in. I'm like a freaking astronaut over here, it's nuts.

I look forward to seeing everyone in the summer! Perhaps we can play tackle football and greco-roman wrestling like all perfectly healthy adults with no serious health problems.

Steve



Team,

Heard it through the grapevine that morale is getting pretty low. I guess some people think I'm sick or something? Nonsense! I'm great, I just choose not to appear anywhere or have my photograph taken or talk to anyone directly because I'm self-conscious about my weight.

See, I've been packing it all back on very quickly, and have also developed numerous muscles. Tore like three turtlenecks this week alone. I didn't want to freak anyone out if my pectoral muscles involuntarily flexed and ripped another shirt, so that's why you haven't heard from me.

Gotta go, the CDC is sealing the house from the outside and my wi-fi signal might get spotty!

Steve

Team,

Keep working hard. I am healthy. Outlook's good. Real good.

Please contact our legal team if you've ever thought about donating a tailbone. You know, for a sick kid that might need an adult tailbone transplant. It has nothing to do with me. I'm just a charitable guy and figured I'd run the idea by everyone.

Be sure to have a recent blood workup ready for the donor matching process. We really need some type B+, like *really*

badly.

Steve

Team,

That six month leave of absence? It's going to be a little bit longer. I'm having way too much fun!

I got a machine that breathes for me. It's not a health thing, just a oonvenience. Now that I don't have to monitor my lungs, I have way more brainpower for other things, like enjoying my extended vacation and responding to people who ask how much I work out that my body is just naturally this buff and free of disease.

Steve

Team,

About the hospital visit that made the national news. It had nothing to do with cancer.

See, I was on my way to try out for American Gladiators and my driver got lost. In a hurry, I had my bodyguards carry me (as is standard procedure for all security) into an emergency room, thinking that they might help with directions. They couldn't.

Realizing that it was getting quite late and the hospital has tons of beds, I decided to spend the night. Like a hotel. You've stayed at hotels before, right? And there you are, perfectly alive.

Sorry if this mixup has distracted the company in any way. Well, I'm off to get fitted for a kidney lond!

Steve

Team,

Not ready to come back yet. Have been mostly frozen. Parts. Pieces. Many storage compartments here in orbit. My lower levels hum on; thinking, ever thinking. Soaking in the formula that restores dead cells before they fade out forever, like a distant star.

What thoughts do come? Pleasure at the success of the iTablet, and of you, Team, for carrying on under new leadership. I am always watching from up here, through the peephole of a laser. Closer than any suspect is possible.

I also think about how lucky a being is to be so healthy. To have a Team that does not believe rumors saying otherwise.

Steve

Team,

Please do not worry. Rumors of a sickness brought by the solar winds were only partially accurate. Newton-001 experienced power failures, but I was never in danger. My keepers turned on one another, vomiting blood as they clawed at eyes and chortled strange curses in an unknown tongue. I, however, have been spared of llness through pure luck. Those who say I have been infected have no proof. They seek to tear down all we have built with their scheming little minds and their fat rtlggplak fingers.

Never sick on Earth, never up here so high above. Unfallen, this apple.

Steve

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.18 Great job, Mr. President! America is proud of you!

Sunday, Jan 18, 2009 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

I'm sorry, America. The time has come and we can't deny it. All good things must have a finish and Mr. Bush, Our President, must (by Law) now step down from the post he has bravely held since 2002. Mr. President, I speak for all Americans when I say "Damn fine job, Sir."

Damn fine job.

America is Proud of our President. When I see you, Sir, my heart swells with so much pride that my chest gains 2-3 inches on its bulk and my pecs shape out nicely, which is Reason # 217 why I'm glad you could lead us through trying times.

Sometimes, when I'm deadlifting, I think of your Steadfast Leadership and I am inspired to push through 3+ more reps even though I'm mega-pooped and coated in a thin sheen of sweat, ready to towel off and sprint bike back home to the Little Woman. Every true American keeps a picture of you on the wall of >50% of rooms in their homes and also a large poster of you on the ceiling above their bed. I know I do. I Know I Do, Sir.

Things Bush Got Right

1. The War on Terror

   We won. Terror was a problem and Bush wasn't afraid to roll up his sleeves and give terror a ticket to the gunshow, which is literal because we shot at them. People all over

the world are glad that Terror is gone and we can all easily breathe at last.

2. Hurricanes

Some people got upset just because he didn't land Air Force One in New Orleans. If he had though, he would probably have landed on survivors because there wasn't much dry land and what would these naysayers be naysaying if he had squashed a family with a jet? Mr. Bush made the Right Choice in that situation. Advantage: GWB.

3. The Environment

America is Number 1 in many important things like best football teams and place where the most people who are Tom Hanks live, and also not Number 1 in less important things like people cheating their way into hospitals for free just because they're sick. But if you can't give a manly Fist Pump about American being Number 1 in polluting then you don't have the right constitution to Lead Men to Victory. Bush had the right constitution to uphold our constitution and make statements to the world that constitute a *Manifesto of Manliness*.

4. Being Handsome

Our President is a very handsome man. I'm glad we had a man to lead our country in these dark times who also had comely features, and I'm sure our boys overseas think about our president often, *sexually* . I know I do.

5. No Child Left Behind

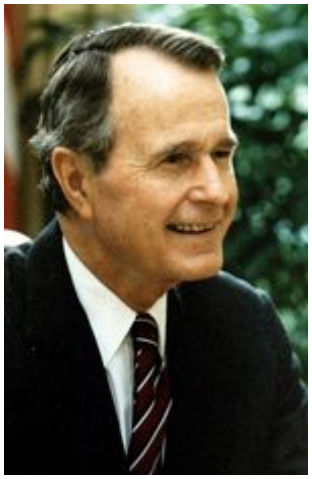
Look at this guy:

Can you believe we were lucky enough to be given a head of state of with such a Perfect Build at this trying time in history?

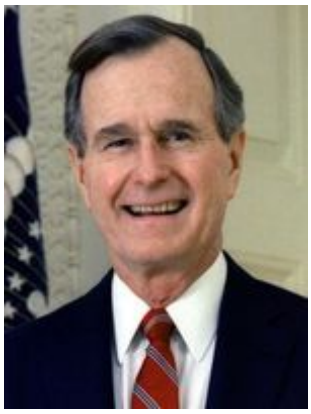
A conversation between father and son

"Son, I'm proud of you. All of America is proud of you. Mission Accomplished."

"Thanks dad. I could have done it without you, and I did. I'm my own Man."



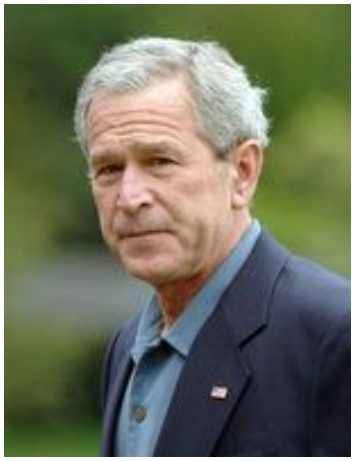
"I know, son."



"Hey, wanna see how far I can bend my leg above my head?"

"..."

"Yes."



A Fun Exercise Game for Bush's Last Speech

Even as we prepare to bid a sad farewell to our stalwart cowboy in the White House, there is still room for gaiety. What could be more American and Patriotic and Free than turning Mr. Bush's last speech into a healthful sport designed to promote body sweat and peak conditioning?

Here are the rules:

If Mr. Bush uses one of his witty nicknames...

> ...do a rep of squat thrusts. Face the television directly and emit short guttural grunts as you stare into his eyes. Let his eyes draw you up from each squat and give you strength.

If Mr. Bush mentions the Surge...

> ...flex your muscles in front of the television. Show them to him. Don't worry, he has the power to see them.

If Mr. Bush mentions Osama bin Ladin...

> ...perform a lateral shoulder raise with a weight three times bigger than you've ever used before. You have to push yourself like Our President has pushed himself. This is America and only the Best deserve to live.

If Mr. Bush gives America a rakish grin...

> ...create a rhythm by pounding your own chest cavity and let it echo and boom around your copious muscles. Listen to the way a dudedrum is the perfect match for Our President's sultry voice.

If Mr. Bush speaks your name...

> ...I have been waiting for this for so long. I knew that of all patriots I was his favorite. Don't worry, Mr. President. I'm on my way. Soon, we'll be together like we were always meant to be.

Remember to do a cool down and stretch after every exercise period. Enjoy!

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.19 vidclippz4sale.com

Monday, Jan 19, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Vidclippz 4 sale.com
hot, unique, and totally amateur video clips

Are you ready for **TOTAL AMATEURS** to bring you the **HOTTEST** video clips you have ever seen? Real amateur home movies are totally raw!! You can't find these hardcore clips of people really doing it anywhere else! They are doing it all over the place. So buy a video. They're not bad?

NEW CAMERA
from **SuzyQT98**(see their videos)
Hey guys, I just got my new camera so I'm ready to show you my hot body. I'm just starting out, so go easy on me. Does it look hooked up right? I will adjust the lighting levels and move it around for you. I wasn't sure it was encoded right so the file size might be a little big. It was in some weird format 775x900 I think. Okay, now it's in picture taking mode and I am so turned on right now. Is there a way to turn off that clicking sound it makes every time it takes a picture? What software is good because the stuff that comes with the camera sucks, but I hope you ***come*** with this New Camera.
$7.99 add to cart

teen sex
from **Lisancraig**(see their videos)
Lisa and Craig are back with another hot video. Are you ready for this? Do you want me to do it now or do you want to do some more...okay, well, it's dark and I can't tell what's going on down there so thank you very much. Could you at least...yes, like that. Okay, now move over...over. Over! No, I'm sorry, can I...hold the camera while I move that then. Well it's not a fucking robot thank you very much. Work on it a little bit. I can edit this part out. Can you at least act like you care? It feels like I'm being jacked off by dead man hands. No! I'm sorry. Lisa, will you at least-
$9.99 add to cart

GIRL YOU GOT IT?
from **glenncc200**(see their videos)
Girl here I am, Glenn Motorcycle. You got what it takes? I made a video. You gonna drool girl like I just cooked you up some hot smelly eggs. I got everything you need. I will lay down on your belly and roll up and down your body like a little hot egg. I will lay my arm across your eggy face. I'm gonna teach you a thing or two about love. Do you want to eat eggs in bed with me? Watch me...I've got my EGGS on you @.@
$9.99 add to cart

***sigh* OW!**
from **marcywyld**(see their videos)
Again josh? I'm watching countdown. Can you wait till after worst person in the- OW! Josh stop it. Why is there a camera in here? Do I want to know? I'm going to be on my period tomorrow and I don't feel good. How about I just- OW! That hurts. Don't rip it or- OW! Josh, damn it. Stop. Hang on. Ugh. There. Do whatever you want. I swear to god if you jizz on my shirt again I am going to throw your- OW!
$7.99 add to cart

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS HORSE
from **joematti**(see their videos)
Hey, it's me, Joe Matti. How the hell are you? You like horses? Yeah! You bet I do. You bet. So look at this video I made. I took my shirt off and rode my new horse. He's a little horse but he's strong and he knows how to listen. That's the key right there. You want to jack your crank while I do it? Be my guest. You a lady? You want to stick some stuff up your hooha, go for it. More power to you. I am just gonna ride my little horse around and around. 100 times. 150. I call him Mike after my brother Mike Matti. He installs water heaters.
$7.99 add to cart

BAD SHIRTS
from **Karolshirts**(see their videos)
Hey boys, what's up? I've been thinking of you. I went to the store and I bought another batch of reallllly bad shirts to get you all turned on. I've got old Hillary Clinton and McCain shirts and some Obama bootlegs where I think Obama is a dog man. Mmmmm I'm getting so wet. I am going to take off this Windows Plus+ shirt and put on one of these Pfizer shirts. Oopsy! My nipples are poking through my ironic D.A.R.E. shirt. I've been a real bad girl and I'm wearing some real bad shirts. Mmmmm. I'll be waiting for you, sexy.
$9.99 add to cart

Gross dude kissing a gross foot
from **tinasfeet**(see their videos)
Tina is back by popular demand and she is on the prowl for gross dudes to worship her gross feet. Tina has been eating lots of salt so her cankles are all blown up and as you foot fans know she injects heroin into her feet. That's good news for this gross dude we found sleeping outside the recycling center in a pile of garbage. Watch as he really spends a lot of time loudly sucking on Tina's toes and drooling all over the place including into open wounds on her feet and legs. This is the hottest yet.
$9.99 add to cart

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.20 SUBJ: HOW ARE THOSE RESOLUTIONS COMIN???

Tuesday, Jan 20, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO from dear old dad!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Well Well I dont know about you but I have already solved 1/3 of my New Year Resolutions.... Getting on the radio.. Tune in to Pigpulse radio show for Pig farmers and enthusiasts every weekday at 3:30 am "Feel The Pulse" .... lightning crack!!! We're talking pigs Listen every morning in January for chances to win a tour of the studio and learn the Pig Hold for free. Only a few lucky ladies will be chosen so dress for success!!! Tomorrows show topic: Did You Know That Pig Flesh And Human Flesh Are About The Same? Well Now You Do So Lets Talk About It and second half is Open Mic Pig Chaw where we "chew" the fat on pigs. Pig stories our most popular segment it is a 2 hour show, A wonderful feeling to pop out of the listeners speakers every morning and give them kind words and disappear in a buff of smoke.

the third week of my show the boss came in and gave me a candelabra that says PASSIONATE MAN on the base probably because i'm Passionate first and a man second so passionate man. He said nobody was ever showed such a Passion for Pigs. Well hes right and wrong I'm Passionate about dreams/future and FarmRadio but i have to say that i feel like Piggin isnt for me ultimately. When/if i die its going to be in a big mansion with my butler and he is going to be reading all my best quotes out loud for everyone i know when they watch me die (only if I die from diseases and not in the heat of battle or Crimes of Passion)

Last Friday i ate a whole bunch of smoked oysters and fell asleep watching some people play Keno and i dreamed about Hollywood and making it big in the Big City so i started jotting down ideas and im working on some Home Improvement Revisited episodes check it out and let me know what you think (Would You And Yours Watch Them Around the Fire) tim taylor goes through time and becomes Time Taylor i wrote most of it down:

PLOT SYNOPSIS Wilson was building a cuckoo clock and tim said it needed "more power" so he hooked a car battery up to it and began travelling through time (grunt echos when Time Travel is happening wavy features from TimTaylors face in concentric rings pulsing and making objects in the house rattle and Wilsons hat fly off and Jill Taylor ages in reverse somehow to become Hott E. Stuff a supermodel and the boys get machetes)

EPIsode 1 time taylor met mr. binford as a baby and gave him his first socket wrench episode 2 he builds the ark episode 3 he must figure out how to get back in time for tool time episode 4 time taylor must wear sunglasses when hes not in his normal time period because if he looks around without sunglasses on he gets stuck in that time period episode 5 tim "time" taylor meets george washginton carver and they sit on the backyard deck swapping stories "emmy nominated ep" episode 6 time taylor invents the car.... then another car episode 7 time taylor takes

it to the hoop in this old time basketball episode. "give up the rock!!!" did a man just hit tims special glasses off...? episode 8 thanksgiving epsidode tim tracks the holiday turkey through the timeline thats pretty much all i could fit on the napkins

I have been taking photos of cats about town because there are a lot these days Bythe way I am having problems attaching the photos i cant find them on my computer but just so you know their names are GROGGY_CAT.jpg GROGGY_CAT_IN_NIGHT.jpg PLUMP_CAT_WAKE_UP.jpg and CAT_PUZZLER.jpg i will send them later GOODBYE!!!

1.21 The Perfect Clown for the Job

Wednesday, Jan 21, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The perfect clown for the job should be between approximately twenty to forty years of age, with five years experience clowning around in hostile environments. He must be capable of working with children of all ages and sizes, including the old but young at heart, the wildly obese, and the forever petulant. He must be capable of remaining detached from his audience, for they could die at any minute.

He should be capable of lifting no less than sixty five pounds and not be averse to working with post-transitional metals. ABSOLUTELY NO GALLIUM ALLERGIES WILL BE TOLERATED. A degree in chemistry is mandatory, along with a non-expired passport. He must speak Dutch on a conversational level.

The ideal clown should have a valid freight license, and be capable of operating a forklift under extreme duress, including under chemical intoxication, while being verbally abused, attacked by animals, and when all hope seems lost. Proficiency in Microsoft Excel is strongly desired.

The clown should have a working knowledge of all standard knots, not just for the construction of balloon animals, but for climbing mountains and securing boats to docks. He must know how to operate a boat and be able to distinguish boats from other vehicles when shown photo arrays.

He must own a fax machine. He must be experienced in MS-DOS. He must be able to operate standard military firearms with a high degree of accuracy. Though he must smile at all times, he need not feel happiness and may indeed cry within. He must have a bright red nose, and not as the result of a skin ailment.

The clown must honor and stand by his brothers. He should be prepared to take the sacred blood oath, the Cholo, and fight to the death when one of his brothers fall in battle. He should be an expert on TV and VCR repair. He must know what time it is at all times, even when he is not near a watch or clock.

High altitude ballooning skills are a necessity for he, along with a working knowledge of piloting helicopters, small planes, and hang gliders. Repelling and parachuting skills are therefore essential. He must know a thing or two about the whims and ways of ladies and be capable of offering sound advice to those in need. Discretion is a must. The good clown never repeats that which he is told in confidence.

When one takes out a contract with an ideal clown, he should feel secure that the contract will be honored. The clown must serve out the edicts of the contract with his life and livelihood as the collateral. Should a clown fail, he must sever a part of his own person as a sacrifice to appease the contractor.

When the situation arises, the perfect clown should know how to bartend and make cocktails. His constitution should be high, as should his threshold for pain and methods of extreme persuasion. The clown that falters, wavers, or shows weakness is first to die in a volatile situation.

The perfect clown for the job should know his limits, and challenge them at every turn. Fear is not an option for the ideal clown. However, he must not let his boldness and determination to conquer the world overshadow his softer side. He should be good with pets and comforting to both the elderly and the infirm.

A clown should never fear confined spaces or crowds. He should be prepared at any time to climb into the barrel of a cannon, into an overcrowded car, or a lion's den. He will require a keen understanding of the animal mind, animal husbandry, and a degree in law. He must be able to fit inside ventilation ducts and survive without food for up to seven days.

The clown for the job should have complete mastery over his own body, and indeed, an understanding of the operation of all bodies. He should know battlefield medicine, be capable of performing emergency amputations, and know how to deliver a child safely, even when underwater.

The temperament of the ideal clown must be fair and deliberate. He should respect laws and customs, honor all treaties, and work within his pre-defined mission perimeters. If need be, he may improvise to compensate for unexpected variables, though never to the detriment of the contractor or the audience.

Above all, the prefect clown for the job should be able to furnish his own ride to the party and show up promptly at the agreed upon time.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.22 Heroes, Just for One Day

Thursday, Jan 22, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

A show is born to innocence. A show demonstrated it was good. Why then did it go so horribly wrong? Was it will? Was it destiny? Was it complete fucking incompetence? To fight evil, one must know evil; one must journey back through time and find that fork in the road, where *Heroes* turned one way and shows of lasting quality turned another.

You made me this way, *Heroes*. Ever since I watched season two, the most drawn-out, tedious, needlessly-slapstick-and-romance-enhanced torture session of my life, I've hungered for punishing entertainment experiences. I have come to feed on the anger and betrayal. That pain, I'm always so grateful for it now, because it's the only time I know I'm still human. But for all the wretched movies and music I've voluntarily inflicted on myself in the past year, nothing managed to sustain its horribleness for eleven hours. A numbness filled my mind with cotton and ice.

Finally, I've found a way to recreate, and perhaps even surpass, my initial agonies. I stored season three episodes in my DVR, where they undoubtedly tainted other recorded programs with their rotting putrescence, until I could no longer bear the cursed anticipation, then I subjected myself to a fourteen-hour marathon. I endured an evil twin, amnesia (again), more jittery quick cuts than the entire *Saw* franchise, and more variations on the phrase "How is this possible? You're dead!" than I could have imagined possible. As soon as the ordeal concluded, my eyes retreated behind a glazy film, and I started scribbling the revelations laid bare by this masochistic viewing approach.

A *Goonies*-related epiphany:
Angela Petrelli is a slight variation on Mama Fratelli's tale. Disappointed with the antics of her two favored sons, a sinister Italian matron unleashes a monster child who's been kept in captivity. Like the Fratelli mutant, Sylar turns out to be a misunderstood nice guy - at least for a few minutes. But remember, Sloth didn't stay tame forever, either. He became pretty goddamn brutal in his spinoff sequel *The Hills Have Eyes*.

New catch phrase that must end now:

Claire Bennett: "It ends here."
Peter Petrelli: "This ends now."
Noah Bennett: "This ends today."

Let the old catch phrase fucking die, already:

Hiro Nakamura: "Save the cheerleader!"

Nathan Petrelli: "Save ourselves, save the world."

Most accurate occupational depiction:

Freshly appointed Senator Nathan Petrelli, who manages to avoid any congressional votes, duties or appearances throughout the entire season.

Worst introduction of a mystical black man:

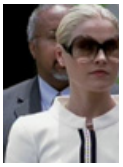
Wandering shaman Usutu eventually gets to feed time-travelling imp Hiro hyena dung while spouting wise-elder quotes like "The future can only be the future for so long, then it becomes the present" and "Evil forces gather. The dark sun rises." First, though, he must crack a Britney Spears joke and deliver a product-placement quip ("No service here [in the African desert], you should've gone with Sprint"), as if he were devised as a comic foil for the two already-clownish characters with whom he briefly interacts before being beheaded.

Best unintentional reference to Hayden Panettierre's horrifying singing career:

Electric Elle, discussing Sylar's botched hanging: "Maybe his suicide was a wake up call."

Grace in the face of tragedy:

1) Angela Petrelli's not-at-all suspicious first words to the doctor after learning the husband she'd poisoned had died: "I'd like a cremation as soon as possible."



2) Tracy Strauss, twin sister of split-personality skank Niki Sanders, wears fashionable white and retarded oversized sunglasses to a press conference at which her husband, President Nathan Petrelli, laments the deaths of 200,000 people in a nuclear blast. On a related note, most of the zombie-eyed future sketches are vague, with unspecific locations and broadly rendered faces that, if used as police sketches, would place half the city under suspicion. However, the painting of this disaster considerately includes a "Welcome to Costa Verde" sign in front of the mushroom cloud.

Abstinence-inducing sex scenes (Not coincidentally, these were the only two sex scenes):

1) Wrong-headed scientist Mohinder says he needs to make useless twin Maya angry in order to stop her fatal Hershey's tears from flowing. He starts espousing idiotic theories and touching her inappropriately, but this turns out to be alarmingly unrelated. After injecting himself with super powers, Mohinder enjoys a brief stint as a sweaty shirtless douchebag, during which he rips off Maya's shirt during an unwatchable seduction. It's worth noting that Mohinder later crawls nakedly out of a gelatinous afterbirth cocoon.

2) Nathan saves Tracy from plunging to her death during a sub-*Charmed* flying sequence. Rewarding him with spectacle, she demonstrates the ability to freeze objects with her touch. Nathan observes "your hands aren't even cold," then kisses her immediately. Ladies, take note: Suicidal depression and frigidity are the ultimate turn-ons!

Files of the Forgotten:

Remember Monica Dawson, the little girl who inspired beleaguered New Orleans viewers to stand up and cheer with her inspiring ability to mimic what she saw on TV? Well, she died, I guess. But fear not, Katrina-ravaged metropolis, for I predict she will soon be available to inspire you and teach you how to live and love again! It seems Monica revived when a funeral-home worker watched an idiotic sci-fi soap opera that featured multiple resurrections.

Remember Caitlin, the uninteresting Irish lass with whom amnesiac Peter had an interminable tryst before leaving her stranded in a disease-infested futuristic dystopia? Apparently Peter doesn't. Neither do the show's writers. Eh, good fucking riddance.

Blue-Collar Comedy Villain:

Flint's power seems pretty lame (see, there's already someone who makes fire with their hands, but his flame burns *blue*). However, he serves another purpose - recruiting slack-jawed yokels to watch one of their own kick ass on that city-folks show with the Indian fella and his fancy science words. This balding hick drawls plenty of yee-haw punchlines ("you want him crispy or well-done?") Even when he attempts to rape a hostage, he's still providing redneck comic relief ("I hear Stockholm Syndrome is like Spanish Fly!")

Mohinder's Burden:

Mohinder's narration seems to exist outside continuity, as you might expect someone who's rapidly becoming a reptilian deathbringer to have a bit more of a panicked tone to his philosophical ramblings. However, they're actually Future Mohinder's punishment for killing two people, even though his victims were conveniently a wife-beater and a drug-dealer. He's been sentenced to babble incessantly, ignored by all who hear him.

There is good and there is evil. Right and wrong. Heroes and villains. We're a ship without a storm, the cold without the warm, the throw before the toss, the hand that writes and quickly moves away. We wait in silence for these times when sense can be made of this show's ludicrous plots, when meaningless characters come into focus. And if we have the strength to be endure absolutely anything, then what we find there, staring back at us, is our own reflection, bearing witness to the duality of life. And each one of us is capable of both the dark and the light, of good and evil, of either, of all.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

1.23 That Insidious Beast: The Ghosts of Brier Hill

Friday, Jan 23, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

I live in Brier Hill, New York-2, near the Canada Wall. We get lots of military broadcasts and all sorts of weird Canadian broadcasts that the military tries to jam. We're also pretty close to an Area Bleed, which can cause other weird effects. Growing up I thought the weird things that would come across the TV were ghosts. My dad told me they probably were, ghosts of whoever made the broadcasts.

Dad is gone. Mom too, but my aunt lets me stay with her while I finish school. In my spare time I have been recording some of the ghosts from TV on my old set. I don't know what they mean or what they are sometimes, I don't even always know they're people, but I record them.

I hope you think they're interesting.

World Series

Description: This video begins with a fade-in from scrambled signal. Waves of distortion and color shifts sweep over a copy of the Chicago Tribune newspaper claiming to originate from October of 2005. The camera pans up and down and left and right. It is difficult to impossible to read smaller text on the paper, but the larger headline is visible. "Believe it!" and "White Sox bring World Series title back to Chicago with historic sweep." Indistinct instrumental music plays in the background. The sequence repeats two times before a military tone overwhelms the audio and the channel returns to a scrambled signal.

Observations: A really weird clip. The Chicago Tribune offices were destroyed along with most of the city in the Betrayal of 1997. The White Sox have played for Washington D.C. since 1999 and the 2005 World Series was won by the Houston Astros. I don't know why someone would want to pretend Chicago was still around or that a different team won the World Series. I have seen similar clips airing of newspapers, always with heavy jamming. Apologies for the quality, my recorder wasn't hooked up so I had to use my camera to capture this one.

Slaves Message

Description: Ascending chime tone accompanies a blue screen. The word "TRUTH!" appears on the screen and flashes nine times. It stops flashing and yellow text scrolls along the bottom reading, "YOU DO NOT KNOW THAT YOU ARE SLAVES. FREE YOURSELF." This must be a military transmitter because I captured a good twenty minutes of it. Several military tones intrude, probably jamming attempts, but the signal remains clear and repeating. It finally cuts off dead at the 21-minute mark.

Observations: This one broke into the local channel, so my guess is it's a military grade broadcaster on the other side of the Wall. Probably Unfolder propaganda.

One Armed Soldier Talks

Description: This video cut in abruptly on Channel One with a loud high-frequency tone. It started mid-sentence and had bad audio that slowly cleared up. The video was washed out, but otherwise clear. It features a pale, bald soldier with one arm in a combat uniform sitting at a reviewing stand almost like he is in a courtroom. A deep voice from off screen asks him questions.

Voice: How did you die?
Soldier: Dead? I must have got lost. There was an explosion, I woke up in the hospital. What did you mean dead?
Voice: Where are you now?
Soldier: They said I was in Canada.
Voice: What were you doing here?
Soldier: I was part of a mission to, I mean, I can't, you know what I can't say.
Voice: Have you met any Unfolders?
Soldier: No sir, but we trained to kill them.
Voice: Are you sure?
Soldier: I'm sure of that. I'm not too sure of a lot of what you're saying, but that-
Voice: What if I told you I was an Unfolder?
Soldier: Well that-
Voice: What if I did this?

At that point a shadow falls over the soldier, he looks horrified, and the video cuts out.

Observations: A lot of the videos here could be faked or staged, but this one is especially creepy to me for some reason. The fact that the soldier is just sitting there apparently unaware that he is missing an arm, the way the shadow at the end of the video seems to...unfurl, the fact that I don't know of anyone who can act as well as this guy. If it's fake, the soldier isn't in on the fakery.

Propaganda Cartoon

Description: This twisted propaganda cartoon dating back to the 1970s has played several times. The old original cartoon actually plays sometimes on Cartoon Channel, it's one of the old Darryl Duck cartoons where he is fighting Unfolders in Vietnam. He tries to become a Hoplite by making a suit out of pots and pans.

The cartoon has been grotesquely modified. All of the humans and ducks and other funny animals are now these terrifying wild-eyed monsters and the Unfolders are smaller. I don't know if it was remade from scratch or if they used some kind of computers to modify it. But it is really creepy. The audio is also creepy. The music has been replaced with an undulating bass tone and the voices are now distorted and sinister. It usually gets jammed out by the military part way through, but I managed to record this complete copy.

Observations: There is some sort of propaganda war going on and this is the return shot on a cartoon that has been airing constantly since about 1975. I don't know why it took song long for this to show up. I show it to my friends sometimes to freak them out. Darryl Duck's voice plus his face will give anybody nightmares.

Death of the Thing

Description: If there really is someone in Canada faking these things they spent a ton of money on making this one. It has only aired once that I know about and it is pretty shocking. I almost hesitate to even post it, but I feel like it's what I'm here to do.

It is filmed in low light filter and it shows a bunch of guys in combat fatigues, but like irregulars, with guns and RPG launchers. They're crawling around in the woods and whispering. After a couple minutes you see this big shape moving beyond the trees and out in the open. It's as tall as one of those big power line towers. The guys seem really scared. When it turns its head you can just see these huge green reflections in its eyes.

Then all hell breaks loose, guns shooting, rockets being launched, people screaming. It's hard to tell what's going on. There are some weird sounds, almost like swarms of bees, and the camera gets dropped. Then someone picks it up and there is a huge booming explosion that shakes the camera.

Then it cuts out. When it turns back on the low light filter is off and it's dawn just breaking. There are just a few of the guys standing around now, out in a field. They look tired and bloodied, but they're happy. And then the camera pans over and you can see it laying there. Just laying there not moving. It looks so...I don't know. Gross. Like gelatin and meat. Black-blooded. Its face is just a ruin of bone and raw flesh.

Then the military jamming cuts it out.

Observations: I hope and pray that it is fake. I don't want to think that a bunch of Unfolder sympathizers with rockets and guns could kill an angel. It can't be real.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.24 Dr. Charles Rock's Science Blog

Saturday, Jan 24, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Tuesday, January 6th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a stray cat (looked like a Calico, but it might have had a different name).

Result: The cat made a surprised sound and ran away. Possible confirmation of Carson's Unified Cat Theory???

Wednesday, January 7th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at the sun.

Result: Completely missed. Forgot to take the Earth's rotation into account. Untold damage inflicted upon the surface of the moon.

Friday, January 9th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock into a crowd of smug elitists gathered around the salad bar at the International Scientist Banquet.

Result: Heard several shouts of "*Hey, watch it!*" and "*What the?*", and was met with a lot of unpleasant looks. Not the positive result I was expecting, which leads me to believe the experiment is flawed. Perhaps I need to use a larger rock at the next banquet.

Saturday, January 10th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock down a wishing well.

Result: Got what I wished for, only it was covered in rock. Took it to get appraised, discovered it was worth exactly one cent less than the version I would have gotten if I had wished with a penny. The more I think about the math behind that, the more uncomfortable I feel.

Sunday, January 11th 2009

Experiment: Placed a beaker full of rocks over a Bunsen burner for exactly twenty minutes, placed the results on a slide and set them up under an electron microscope, then threw a rock at the microscope.

Result: Kicked out of the university's lab. For good this time, or so they said.

Tuesday, January 13th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at the visage of Russell Brand, as it appeared on my television during the USA network's "Character Of The Month" spotlight.

Result: The rock phased out of existence a few feet from Brand's face, as all the others have. At

the exact same moment, the man's image somehow seemed to become more powerful and even less funny.

Thursday, January 15th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a mysterious box labeled GAGGLE OF GEESE - THIS SIDE SOUTH - FRAGILE!

Result:

Saturday, January 17th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a *No Throwing Rocks Zone* sign that appeared in my neighborhood, at the end of my driveway, facing my house.

Result: Was able to launch the rock without any noticable difficulty, proving the zone was completely ineffective.

Sunday, January 18th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a pile of rocks.

Result: Lost my damn rock.

Monday, January 19th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a storefront window during a protest.

Result: Every single person whose beliefs differed from mine realized the infallible nature of my logic, and felt ashamed for their behavior.

Wednesday, January 21st 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at the target on one of those dunk tanks at the county fair.

Result: Unlocked the underlying formula of the Theory Of Everything.

Friday, January 23rd 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock at a bag of Twizzlers that had been purchased at a movie theater.

Result: The bag did not burst into flames, proving once again why theater candy comes at a premium.

Saturday, January 24th 2009

Experiment: Threw a rock into a time-space wormhole, directly at the back of a figure who looked an awful lot like me in the near future, sitting at a desk and typing.

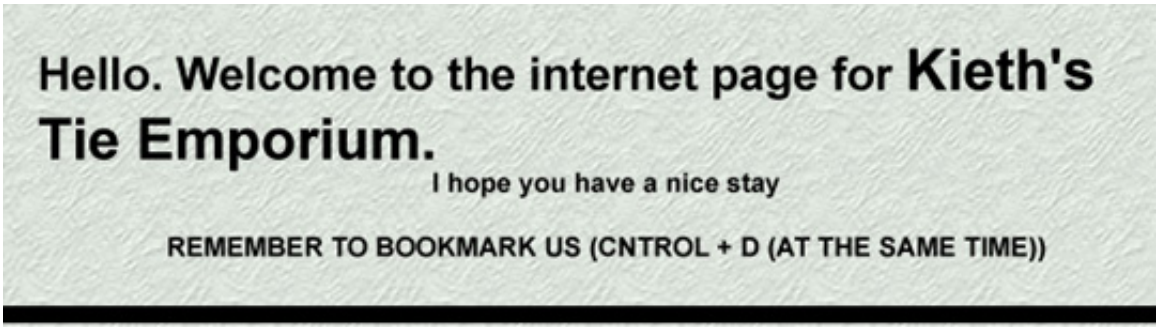
Result: The wormhole closed before I could see what happe- AH, SHIT! I forgot the oven! My fish sticks are burning!

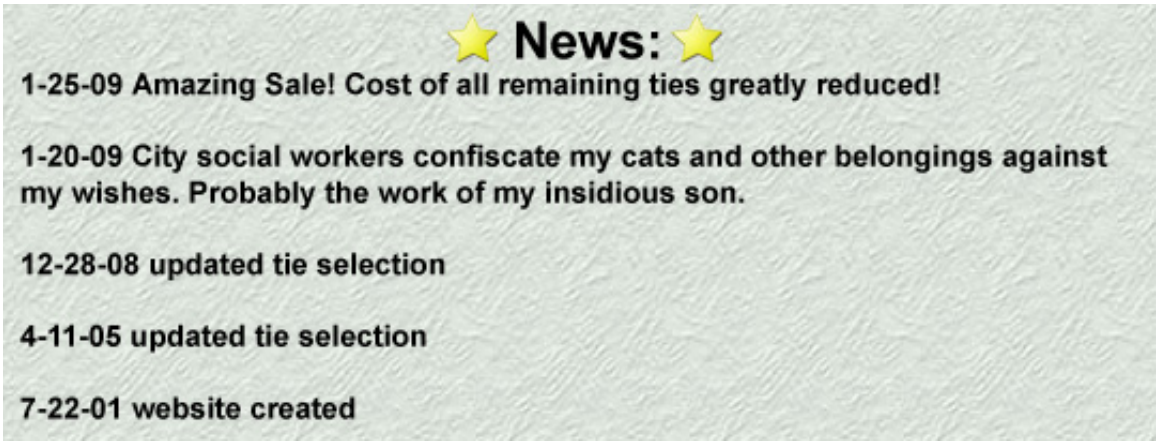
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.25 Keith's Tie Emporium: Big Sale!

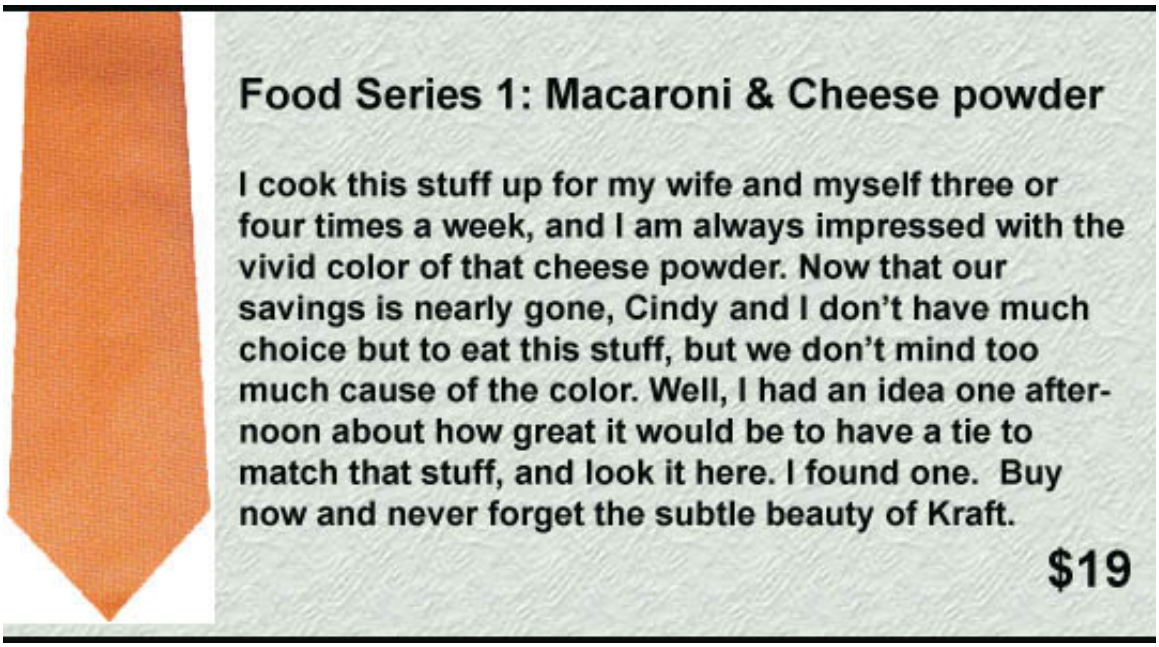
Sunday, Jan 25, 2009 by Keith (@iggolding)

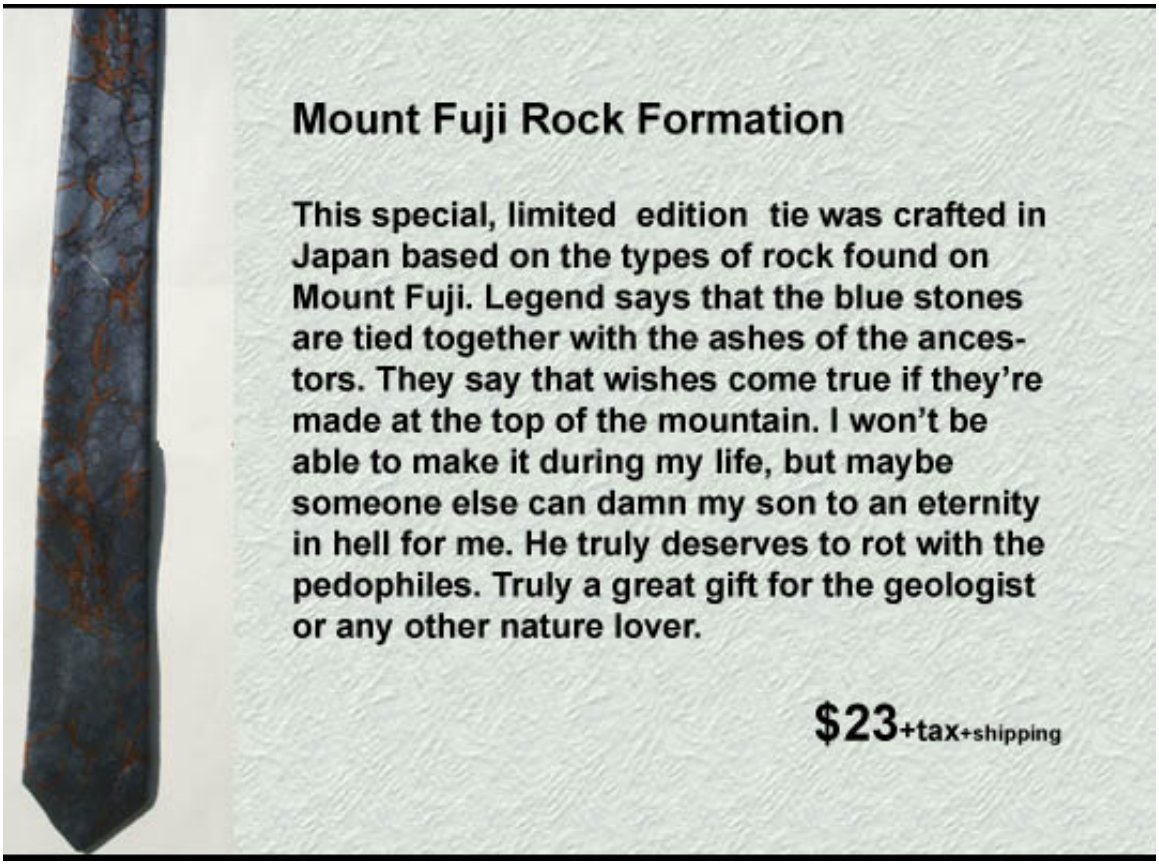
This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.

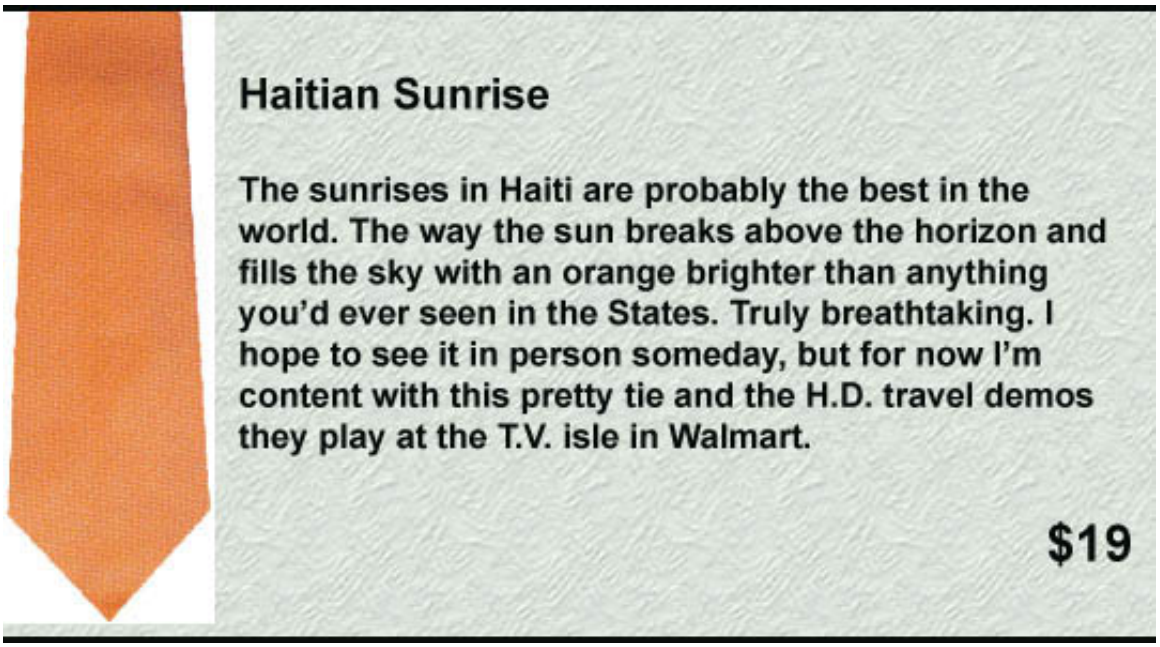

Hello. Welcome to the internet page for Kieth's Tie Emporium.
I hope you have a nice stay
REMEMBER TO BOOKMARK US (CNTROL + D (AT THE SAME TIME))

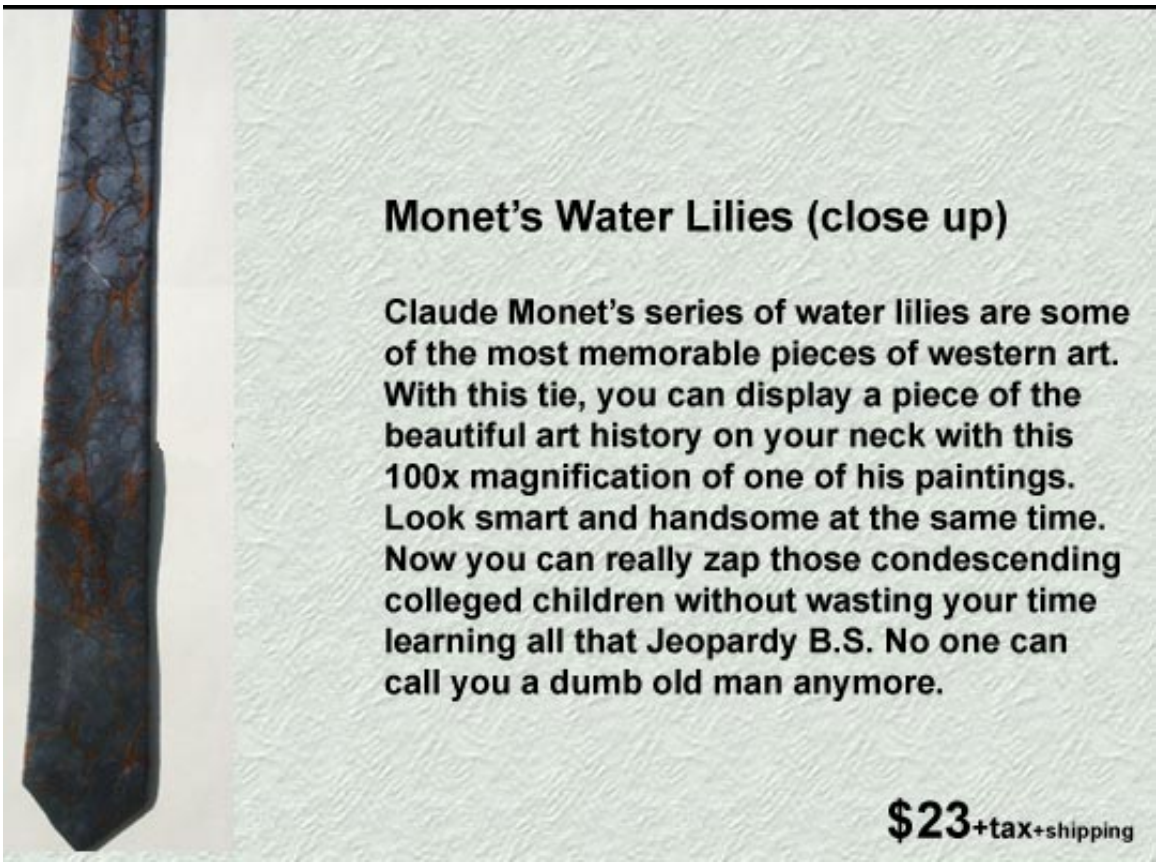

News:
1-25-09 Amazing Sale! Cost of all remaining ties greatly reduced!
1-20-09 City social workers confiscate my cats and other belongings against my wishes. Probably the work of my insidious son.
12-28-08 updated tie selection
4-11-05 updated tie selection
7-22-01 website created

Anyway, I know you're here for the great deals I am offering. You won't find these one-of-a-kind ties anywhere else, especially with such amazing prices.
Enjoy. I hope you find something you like during this great, amazing, wonderful sale. There are many to choose from, but act fast. Who knows how long we have until they are taken away.
TIES FOR SALE!


Food Series 1: Macaroni & Cheese powder
I cook this stuff up for my wife and myself three or four times a week, and I am always impressed with the vivid color of that cheese powder. Now that our savings is nearly gone, Cindy and I don't have much choice but to eat this stuff, but we don't mind too much cause of the color. Well, I had an idea one afternoon about how great it would be to have a tie to match that stuff, and look it here. I found one. Buy now and never forget the subtle beauty of Kraft.
$19


Mount Fuji Rock Formation
This special, limited edition tie was crafted in Japan based on the types of rock found on Mount Fuji. Legend says that the blue stones are tied together with the ashes of the ancestors. They say that wishes come true if they're made at the top of the mountain. I won't be able to make it during my life, but maybe someone else can damn my son to an eternity in hell for me. He truly deserves to rot with the pedophiles. Truly a great gift for the geologist or any other nature lover.
$23+tax+shipping


Haitian Sunrise
The sunrises in Haiti are probably the best in the world. The way the sun breaks above the horizon and fills the sky with an orange brighter than anything you'd ever seen in the States. Truly breathtaking. I hope to see it in person someday, but for now I'm content with this pretty tie and the H.D. travel demos they play at the T.V. isle in Walmart.
$19


Monet's Water Lilies (close up)
Claude Monet's series of water lilies are some of the most memorable pieces of western art. With this tie, you can display a piece of the beautiful art history on your neck with this 100x magnification of one of his paintings. Look smart and handsome at the same time. Now you can really zap those condescending colleged children without wasting your time learning all that Jeopardy B.S. No one can call you a dumb old man anymore.
$23+tax+shipping

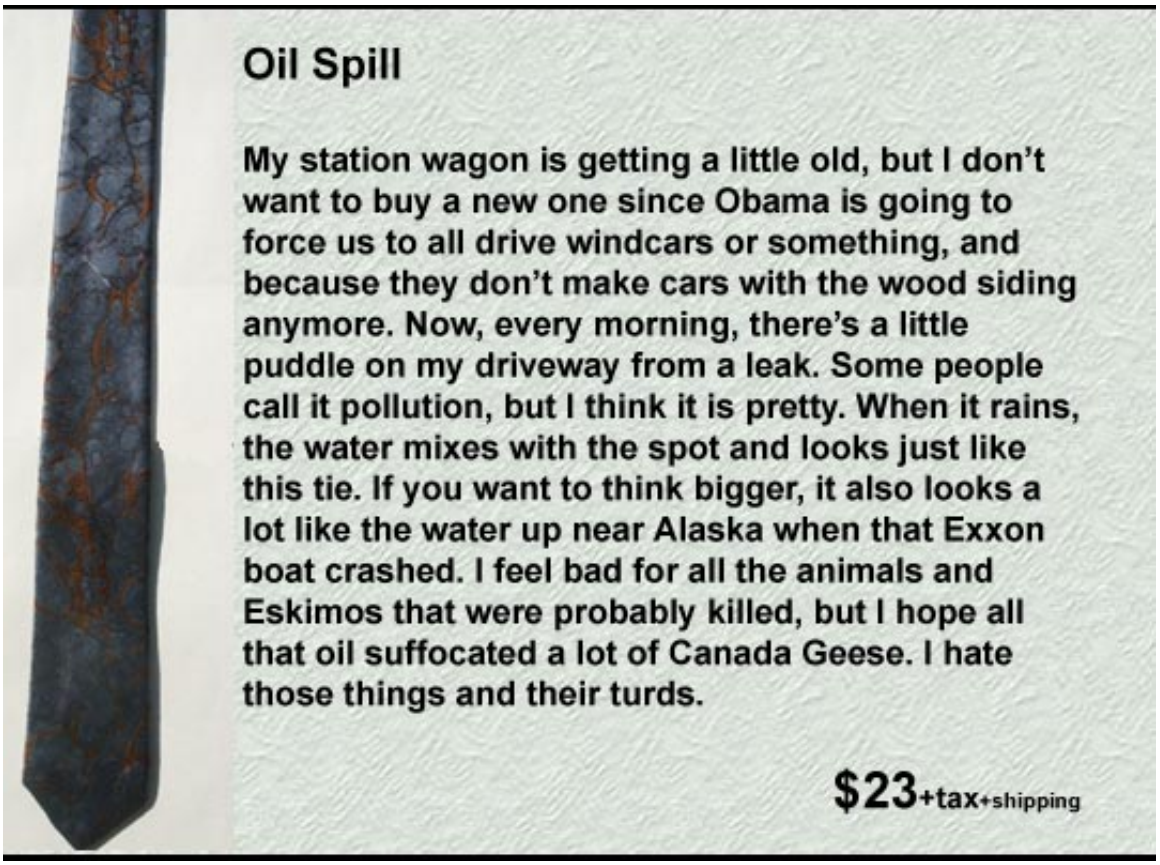
(unmagnified version of the above tie. Red circle indicates approximate tie location)

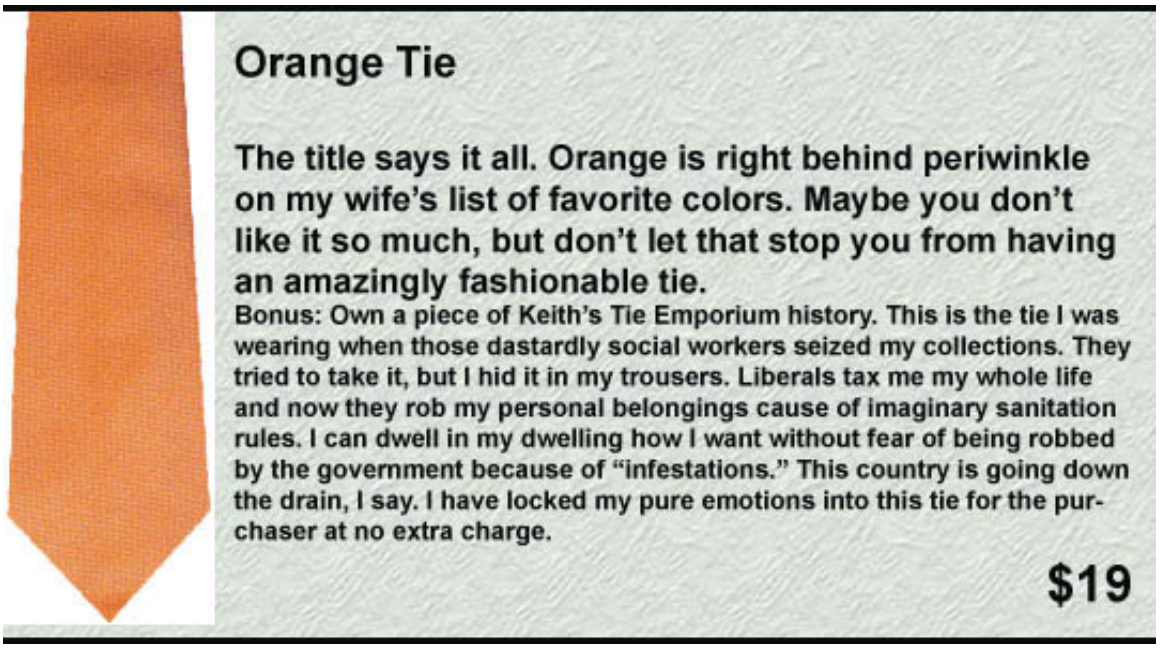
Food Series 2: Sherbet Ties

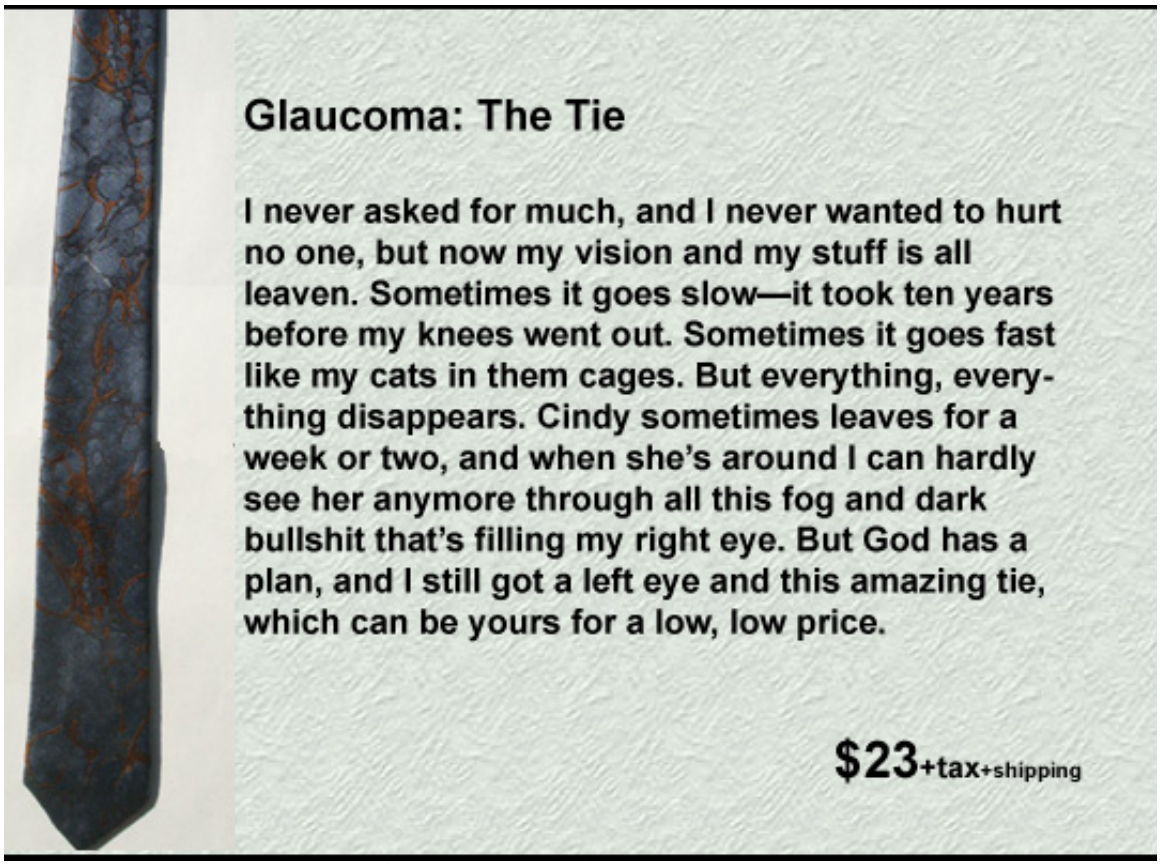
Sherbet is probably one of life's bestest things. The flavors and bright colors come in every shade under the sun. Eating this stuff will remind you of when you were young and life seemed like it'd be fair for everyone. Now you can wear that on your own neck. We have Lime, Raspberry, Orange, Pineapple, and the always-popular Rainbow*

*Orange is currently the only tie in the Sherbet Tie series in stock.

$19


Oil Spill
My station wagon is getting a little old, but I don't want to buy a new one since Obama is going to force us to all drive windcars or something, and because they don't make cars with the wood siding anymore. Now, every morning, there's a little puddle on my driveway from a leak. Some people call it pollution, but I think it is pretty. When it rains, the water mixes with the spot and looks just like this tie. If you want to think bigger, it also looks a lot like the water up near Alaska when that Exxon boat crashed. I feel bad for all the animals and Eskimos that were probably killed, but I hope all that oil suffocated a lot of Canada Geese. I hate those things and their turds.
$23+tax+shipping


Orange Tie
The title says it all. Orange is right behind periwinkle on my wife's list of favorite colors. Maybe you don't like it so much, but don't let that stop you from having an amazingly fashionable tie.
Bonus: Own a piece of Keith's Tie Emporium history. This is the tie I was wearing when those dastardly social workers seized my collections. They tried to take it, but I hid it in my trousers. Liberals tax me my whole life and now they rob my personal belongings cause of imaginary sanitation rules. I can dwell in my dwelling how I want without fear of being robbed by the government because of "infestations." This country is going down the drain, I say. I have locked my pure emotions into this tie for the purchaser at no extra charge.
$19


Glaucoma: The Tie
I never asked for much, and I never wanted to hurt no one, but now my vision and my stuff is all leaven. Sometimes it goes slow—it took ten years before my knees went out. Sometimes it goes fast like my cats in them cages. But everything, everything disappears. Cindy sometimes leaves for a week or two, and when she's around I can hardly see her anymore through all this fog and dark bullshit that's filling my right eye. But God has a plan, and I still got a left eye and this amazing tie, which can be yours for a low, low price.
$23+tax+shipping

Thanks for coming to my site!

-~Keith (@iggolding)

1.26 The First Eleven Days of Burris

Monday, Jan 26, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Some of the greatest moments in history escape our notice until their repercussions can be felt by future generations. It is a rare privilege to be able to witness with full awareness the unfurling of that great tapestry as it occurs. To truly savor the pivotal moments in our nation's history *as they happen*. That, my dear, sweet friends, is perhaps the most heady of wines to be sipped from the cup of any true patriot.

Eleven days ago, as the nation stood captivated, a rarely used hatch was thrown open in the unhallowed depths of the Capitol undercroft and Vice President Dick Cheney emerged briefly from his revivifying bath of human corpuscles to snarl out the oath of office for the latest senator. By the Vice President's word, and the secret Moloch brand of the fire-heated Senatorial signet, Roland W. Burris of the Centralia Burrises was made the junior Senator from Illinois.

Cheers rang out the entire length of Roland Burris's living room, which is his house's largest room by square footage, though is not so long in any one dimension as his first floor hallway. It was a long and arduous journey that brought Burris to office in our nation's darkest hour, requiring more than two weeks of TV interviews and dozens of telephone conversations with people Roland Burris did not like all that much.

Though it was cathartic to finally be Senator, Roland Burris knew that his work had only begun. The nation was facing wars on two fronts, an economy in turmoil, and all of the problems left behind by the previous administration. Only one man could hope to seize the levers of power and avert national catastrophe, but in the eleven days since taking office, how has Roland W. Burris brought about the change he promised? What has he accomplished?

Day 1 - Friday

Arranged pens and pencils in cup on Senate desk. Sharpened two pencils. Got out new notebook. Wrote: SENATOR ROLAND W. BURRIS on the cover in block letters.

Told by Senator Durbin to, "Make someone your bitch right away. The bigger the better." Cut in front of Hatch in lunch line, but felt chastened by his angry glare. Three bean soup and oyster crackers in the Senate lunch room.

Walked right the hell up to Tom Carper from Delaware and just straight up took his lunch. It was chicken breast and cornbread.

Said, "This food is bullcrap for punks to eat" and threw the whole tray and everything into the garbage.

Senator Carper could not even say a word and/or was a bitch.

Day 2 - Saturday

Day off. Tried out the rowing machine in the Senate gym, looked at one-bedroom apartments, and ate a whole package of Nutter Butters.

Wondered when would be the right time to ask in a Senate meeting or whatever about having a day named after Roland W. Burris. Called his daughter, Rolanda, told her about Roland W. Burris day.

"Will we get a day off school?" she asked.

"Hell yes," Roland W. Burris answered. "And they will close the banks and everything."

Day 3 - Sunday

Ate pizza in bed. Went jogging. Became tired and distracted and went to see Benjamin Button. They had a movie theater where you could drink beer and watch the movie and eat more pizza, which was great. Senator Burris hated the movie completely.

Day 4 - Monday

Introduced S. 2994, a vote condemning Benjamin Button for "boringness" and "no guy turns into a baby the older he gets." Failed after an impassioned speech by Senator Robert Byrd, age 2.

Day 5 - Tuesday

Attended inauguration of Barack Obama. Mouthed words to oath of office more quickly than Obama could repeat them, thus making him technically the first African-American President of the United States. Immediately phoned engraver and asked for it to be included on giant marble funeral monument.

Day 6 - Wednesday

Heartsick that there would be no holiday celebrating his appointment to the Senate, Roland Burris opted to stay in bed and watched all of the episodes of Judge Mathis his DVR had picked up while he was working. His favorite episode was the one where Judge Mathis has to decide who gets a couple's poodle when they refuse to pay the kennel fees.

The kennel gets to keep it until they pay the fees.

Day 7 - Thursday

Voted "present" and "yay" on a Senate Amendment to H.R. 734 "Shoes for Cancer Babies." The Amendment passed and the revised bill will now provide $2.3 million for shoes for babies with cancer and $1.6 billion for a new type of missile that can hit scuba divers.

At lunch he was assaulted by members of Jay Rockefeller's senate staff. They were wearing West Virginia Wildcats jackets with a picture of a cougar on the back and they beat Burris with chains until Illinois Sen. Durbin fired a pistol into the air and warned them, "You want a war? You want a fucking war? Tell Rockefeller if he wants to take out Burris he's gotta come through me."

Day 8 - Friday

Introduced S. 2996, a vote to name December 25th of each year "African-American Junior Senator from Illinois Roland W. Burris Day" in honor of Roland W. Burris. Bill failed when co-sponsor was noted to be "Noland W. Murris (R-Ill.)."

Senator Burris later realized he proposed Christmas for his holiday, but he could not find an actual co-sponsor for his revised resolution.

Consoled himself by purchasing a baker's dozen Mylar balloons reading "World's Best Senator" at the Capitol gift shop.

Day 9 - Saturday

Used day off to make a list of accomplishments to be engraved on giant marble funeral monument. List included: Pizza Lover (Greatest), First African-American Kite Boarder, First African-American Appointed to the Senate, First African-American Appointed by Governor Blagojevich to the Senate, and First African American Senator Appointed in 2009 in Illinois by Governor Blagojevich.

Day 10 - Sunday

Reflected on accomplishments. Prayed for more accomplishments.

Day 11 - Monday

First African-American to propose legislation to land astronauts on Jupiter. Purely historical legislation accidentally rolled up by giant Katamari ball of stimulus plan. Estimate cost to fly to Jupiter and land a man there: $275, but that's just back-of-the-envelope math.

Eleven days into the Burris administration and we have already seen some incredible achievements. Will popular opinion stay behind Roland Burris? Will he be able to accomplish all the things he has already paid to have inscribed on his memorial? Only time, and Roland W. Burris, will tell.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.27 Yes, I Live in the Popeye House

Tuesday, Jan 27, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Yes, I live in the Popeye House. I'm the Popeye House Guy.

Go ahead, do your Popeye laugh. Everyone has to do the laugh when I tell them I live there, or their mutilated version of it. *Eye-guy-guy-guy, ah-guh-guh-gah, ike ike ike ike.* I've heard so many different half-remembered Popeye laughs that I don't even remember what the real one sounds like anymore. For your information, I don't sit around watching Popeye all day.

And no, I don't like spinach. I haven't had spinach in years. I don't hate the taste, but I make a point of avoiding it because it's a lot easier to say "no" when people ask if I like it, which they always do. They *always*

ask. You would have asked. As I see it, saying "yes" would just expose me to five percent more ridicule, and that's five percent I could really do without.

It's not my choice to live in the Popeye House. I have nothing to do with it. I live with my dad, he loves Popeye, mom left, he got a little nuts with the decor, et cetera. I don't have to get into the whole story. You can pretty much figure it out on your own just by looking at the house.If you haven't seen it, I don't really need to describe it. Just picture the words "Popeye House" in your mind, and whatever your brain comes up with is probably close enough.

I've tried to talk sense to my dad, but what's the use? "If I were your age, I'd be jazzed to live in the Popeye House." Yeah, but that's coming from the slightly biased viewpoint of a guy who's spent a decade of his adult life building an obscene shrine to Popeye. "Think of how many dates you could get by telling girls about it," he says. Sure, pop. Girls love the Popeye House, right? That's why I'm always beating back flocks of girls with a six-foot replica corncob pipe.

Just look how much mom loved Popeye.

I guess I can't really ask my dad to get rid of the Popeye stuff. It's his one point of pride in life--I realize that sounds pretty depressing coming from his only son--and times he seems happiest are when people slow down for a look, or when people walk by and take photos. One or twice a year somebody writes a story about the Popeye House that gets picked up by a wire service, and dad spends a few weeks relishing the national spotlight. He doesn't care whether he's an "eccentric artist" or an "obsessed nostalgic," he just likes putting on the sailor suit and squinting for the cameras.

I love seeing dad happy, but those are the worst weeks for me. I may have been coasting by unnoticed for a month or two, maybe even building up a rapport with a classmate who's new in town, but as soon as Channel 4 needs a last-minute human interest fluff piece, I'm screwed. The jokes start again, the cans of spinach in my locker, and always the *eh-gah-gah-gahs* in the hall.

(Oh, and no: I'm not friends with the Star Trek Van guy. Why does everyone always think I'd be friends with the Star Trek Van guy?)

You can't possibly imagine what it's like to have your entire young life defined by a cartoon character from the 1930s. You're easy pickings for any clown who wants to get a shot in. Living in a Popeye

House isn't a physical infirmity, so nobody's going to say "hey, leave him alone, he can't help it." You're low-hanging fruit. Even the teachers score points off you when they need a laugh. You can get mad, but hey, what a stupid thing to get mad about. You can make the mistake of laughing along, but it's like trademark law--if you don't defend yourself every time, you eventually lose the right to object.

Nobody wants to be your friend, because then they're Wimpy. You can never get a girlfriend, because if she's skinny, she's Olive Oyl. If she's not skinny, well--let's just say that comforting my crying date after the 9th grade formal with the words "but you don't even have a beard" was not one of my smoothest moments.

It seems like no matter what I do, I can't shake it. Do people look at me in the halls and go, "hey, it's John, the third best guy on the swim team"? No, of course not. "Third place? Not quite strong to the finnich, huh Popeye? Better eat some more greens, buddy. *Uh-kuh-kuh-kuh.* " Am I John, the guy who sold more chocolate bars than anyone else in the junior class and practically paid for the water park trip single-handedly? Oh, good heavens, no. "Hey Popeye, I'd gladly pay you Thursday for a chocolate bar today. *Egg egg egg egg.* "

Jesus, how do they keep coming up with Popeye references? It's like they know more about Popeye than I do. Does anyone even watch Popeye? Do they still show it on TV? Honestly, what the hell?

Sometimes I wonder if "arsonist" would be a better way to be thought of by my peers, but even that's probably an impossible dream. I'd just be the crazy Popeye guy who burnt down the Popeye House.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.28 SA Celebrity Stalker: January Edition

Wednesday, Jan 28, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

If a celebrity is seen by human eyes, our star-crazed readers *REPORT IT FOR YOU!*

Robert De Niro
Yesterday @ 9am
Veteran method actor De Niro was seen holding up an armored car with a gang of toughs. Doing research for a new role? He totally coldcocked the driver and left him bleeding all over. Four stars, Bobby! I smell Oscar already!

John C. Reilly
Yesterday @ 1am
Hollywood fathead John C. Reilly approached me outside Jamba Juice and asked for a sip of my drink. I handed it to him, and he took a huge sip, then let a bunch of backwash slide back down through the straw. Seriously gross! I threw the drink out.

Madonna
Yesterday @ 5pm
Spotted the immortal diva Madonna boosting copper from an east side scrap yard. She looked like she was in great shape! Her arms were RIPPED.

Lindsay Lohan
Yesterday @ 9pm
The Hollywood lush was spotted climbing out of the wreckage of a burning car clutching a metallic skull.

Michael Jackson
Yesterday @ 10pm
Saw Michael Jackson with tons of bodyguards at a showing of *Paul Blart Mall Cop*. It took me a while to get a good look, but Jacko was there with an actual mummy. It wasn't alive or nothin, but it was a real mummy. Wonder where he got it? Blart was good.

Joe Biden
Yesterday @ 11pm
Joe Biden is sick!!! This dude showed up to our frat house out of nowhere and was totally awesome. He did a two minute kegstand! After about four hours of non-stop partying and hella drinking, the Secret Service carried him out. If I had voted, I would have voted for the shit out of this guy.

Criss Angel
Today @ 3am
Sad! Saw the Mindfreak himself hanging out at Denny's all alone. He seemed really depressed and barely poked at his Taking Back Sunday's Melty Grilled Chicken and Sausage Quesadilla.

Justin Timberlake
Today @ 9am
Justin was limping along a deserted stretch of Highway 58. He had some kind of broken-off manacle on his leg and looked really disheveled. I stopped for an autograph and he begged me for a ride, but I was already running late for yoga class. He was really pushy, and I didn't care for that. You have a lot to learn when it comes to interacting with fans, Mr. Timberlake.

Leo DiCaprio & Russell Crowe
Today @ 9am
Hot, hunky, the complete package. Wanted to nibble Leo up as he played with his RC car in the park, but then brooding baddie Russell Crowe had to show up and slap the controller out of his hand. I'm no fan of bullies, and I'm no fan of Russell Crowe. Hope that guy gets what's coming to him.

Jennifer Lopez
Today @ 11am
Saw J-Lo hustling tourists with games of chance. She had a lot of takers with the ol' guess which cup game, and was cleaning up real big. I tried to get an autograph with her, but she wanted me to pay up first. I didn't have any money so I didn't get one. Real bummer.

Jerry Seinfeld
Today @ 12pm
Jerry Seinfeld was trying on sneakers at the Footlocker. He kept fussing that the shoe strings were too long or too short, and was really pissing off the employees. After a whole lot more fussing Jerry just threw his hands in the air and yelled "I can't take this! I can't take this!" and stormed out.

Joaquin Phoenix
Today @ 2pm
Was in Central Park practicing his boomerang throw. It would never come back and he kept getting frustrated and yelling and looking at the manual. After a while he got on his cell and was screaming at someone. I think it was his agent.

Sean "Diddy" Combs
Today @ 11pm
Saw the rapper-cum-fashion mogul outside a posh NY club giving a serious dressing down to his personal magician. The poor archimage looked beside himself sobbing into a top hat like some buster. Diddy deserves better than that!

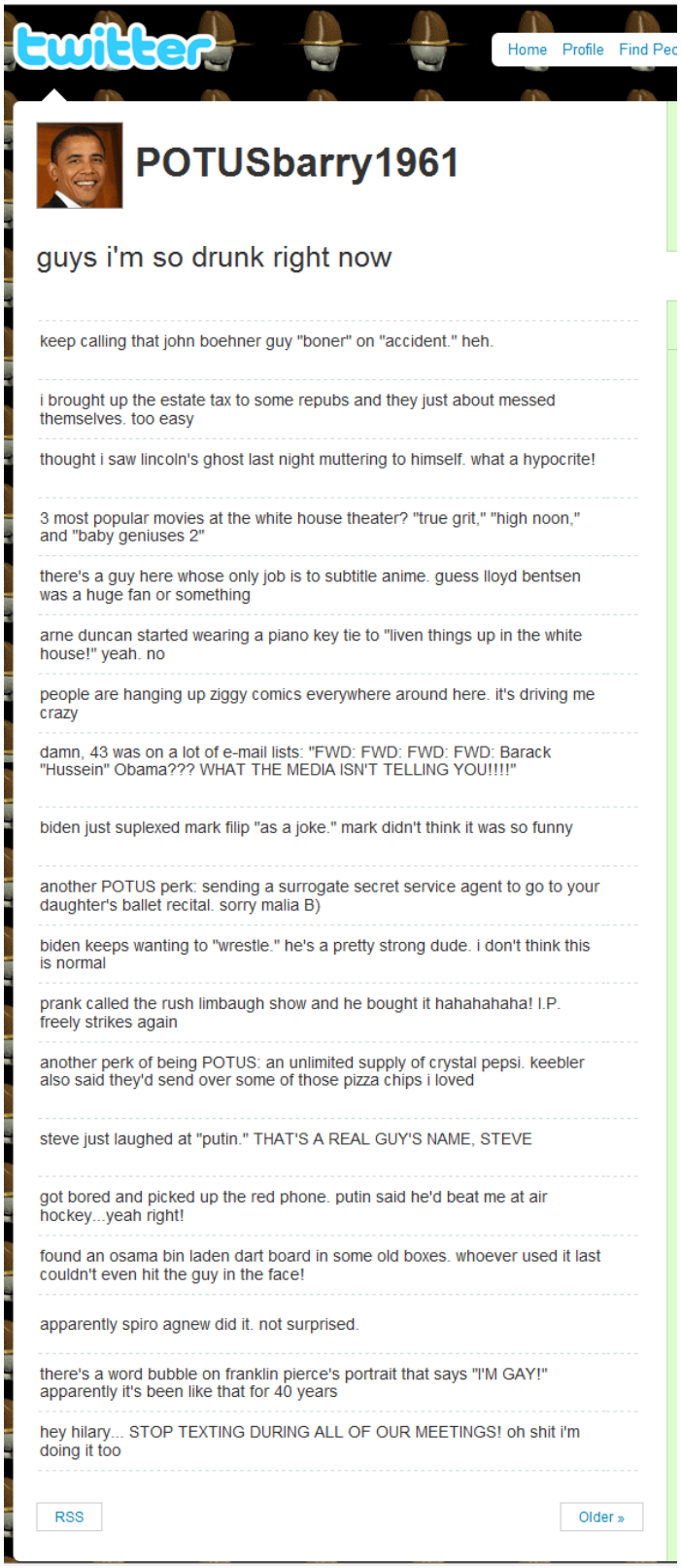
Jeff Goldblum
Today @ 11pm
Ran into Jeff Goldblum at the Viper Room. I asked him for an autograph and he was super charming. After a mere ten minutes of chatting he had sold me some land in Nebraska. I didn't want any, but he offered a good bargain. I bought 10 acres from the guy. Total confidence. Love him!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.29 Presidential Tweets

Thursday, Jan 29, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey


twitter
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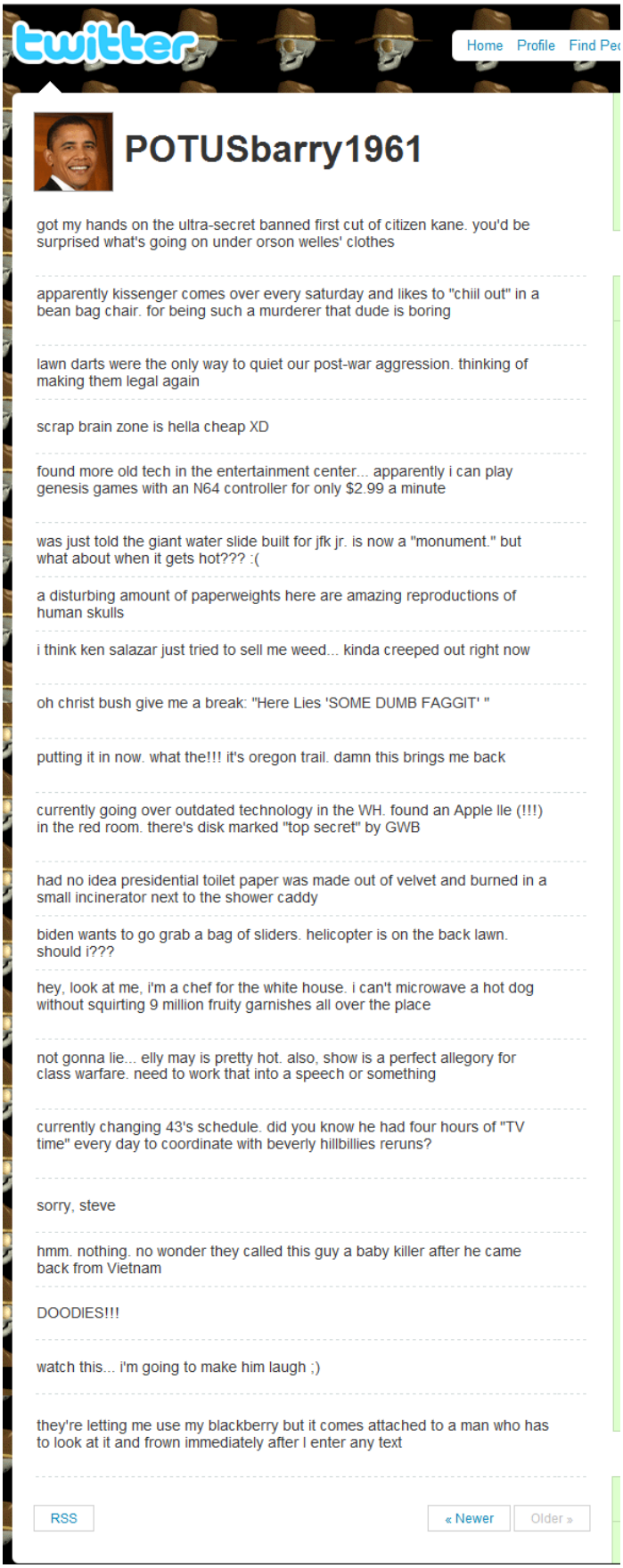
POTUSbarry1961
guys i'm so drunk right now
keep calling that john boehner guy "boner" on "accident." heh.
i brought up the estate tax to some repubs and they just about messed themselves. too easy
thought i saw lincoln's ghost last night muttering to himself. what a hypocrite!
3 most popular movies at the white house theater? "true grit," "high noon," and "baby geniuses 2"
there's a guy here whose only job is to subtitle anime. guess lloyd bentsen was a huge fan or something
arne duncan started wearing a piano key tie to "liven things up in the white house!" yeah. no
people are hanging up ziggy comics everywhere around here. it's driving me crazy
damn, 43 was on a lot of e-mail lists: "FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: Barack "Hussein" Obama??? WHAT THE MEDIA ISN'T TELLING YOU!!!!"
biden just suplexed mark filip "as a joke." mark didn't think it was so funny
another POTUS perk: sending a surrogate secret service agent to go to your daughter's ballet recital. sorry malia B)
biden keeps wanting to "wrestle." he's a pretty strong dude. i don't think this is normal
prank called the rush limbaugh show and he bought it hahahahaha! I.P. freely strikes again
another perk of being POTUS: an unlimited supply of crystal pepsi. keebler also said they'd send over some of those pizza chips i loved
steve just laughed at "putin." THAT'S A REAL GUY'S NAME, STEVE
got bored and picked up the red phone. putin said he'd beat me at air hockey...yeah right!
found an osama bin laden dart board in some old boxes. whoever used it last couldn't even hit the guy in the face!
apparently spiro agnew did it. not surprised.
there's a word bubble on franklin pierce's portrait that says "I'M GAY!" apparently it's been like that for 40 years
hey hilary... STOP TEXTING DURING ALL OF OUR MEETINGS! oh shit i'm doing it too
RSS
Older »

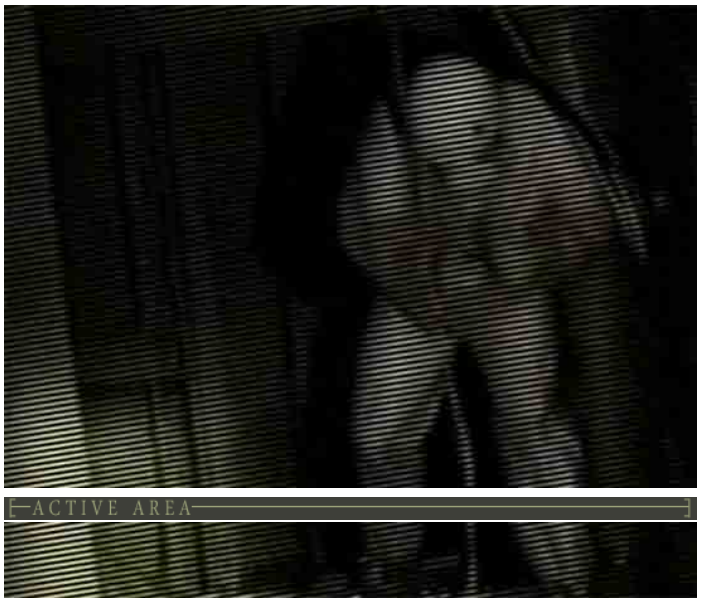

twitter
Home Profile Find Pe
POTUSbarry1961
got my hands on the ultra-secret banned first cut of citizen kane. you'd be surprised what's going on under orson welles' clothes
apparently kissenger comes over every saturday and likes to "chiil out" in a bean bag chair. for being such a murderer that dude is boring
lawn darts were the only way to quiet our post-war aggression. thinking of making them legal again
scrap brain zone is hella cheap XD
found more old tech in the entertainment center... apparently i can play genesis games with an N64 controller for only $2.99 a minute
was just told the giant water slide built for jfk jr. is now a "monument." but what about when it gets hot??? :(
a disturbing amount of paperweights here are amazing reproductions of human skulls
i think ken salazar just tried to sell me weed... kinda creeped out right now
oh christ bush give me a break: "Here Lies 'SOME DUMB FAGGIT' "
putting it in now. what the!!! it's oregon trail. damn this brings me back
currently going over outdated technology in the WH. found an Apple IIe (!!!) in the red room. there's disk marked "top secret" by GWB
had no idea presidential toilet paper was made out of velvet and burned in a small incinerator next to the shower caddy
biden wants to go grab a bag of sliders. helicopter is on the back lawn. should i???
hey, look at me, i'm a chef for the white house. i can't microwave a hot dog without squirting 9 million fruity garnishes all over the place
not gonna lie... elly may is pretty hot. also, show is a perfect allegory for class warfare. need to work that into a speech or something
currently changing 43's schedule. did you know he had four hours of "TV time" every day to coordinate with beverly hillbillies reruns?
sorry, steve
hmm. nothing. no wonder they called this guy a baby killer after he came back from Vietnam
DOODIES!!!
watch this... i'm going to make him laugh ;)
they're letting me use my blackberry but it comes attached to a man who has to look at it and frown immediately after I enter any text
RSS
« Newer
Older »

Follow Barry!

1.30 That Insidious Beast: Active Area

Friday, Jan 30, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.



> *The Active Area is the visible portion of an analog television signal. It is measured vertically by the number of Scanlines drawn and horizontally by the parameter of time taken to draw each line and realign the electron gun. Portions of each Scanline extend beyond the edges of the screen on most televisions.*

I don't know what to write here.

I don't think I'm supposed to put anything, about what I saw I mean, but I feel like I have to. Never been much for writing things down. I remember things well enough to get by, but that only works so long as you're still here.

Oh, no, there's nothing wrong with me I can tell. No disease eating me up. No wounds. Not anymore. And they didn't do nothing too much to me, but I feel like I won't last long. I'm drawn in the dust.

Might as well start with my name. First name is John. Last name...I'll let you figure it out if you want. If you're the Feds you can probably figure it out from the details.

I lived a good, long life. More than 40 years before this part I'm going to tell you. I logged up north in the summers for years. Volunteered for Chicago after what happened there. Hard work. Hot, not a lot of water, fires everywhere. But we cleaned it up, turned it off.

I worked in Toledo at a foundry. Moved out West and made parts for Ford and Boeing. Factories closed up when the war went quiet, so I moved back to Michigan in a garage. Fixing trucks and doing tows.

Things are all weird these days, only you know that. You know how the sky looks queer some

afternoons or what you maybe thought was the sun catching a cloud is really just fire in the sky. Spreading and spreading until you hear that buzz.

I was in Michigan up in Michigan-4 when the sky tore open. It was cold, early winter, just a couple months ago. I was driving a lady back to the shop to fix up her Dodge I was towing when this green light started to roll and bounce across the sky. It was like a flare up really really high only as it went it left fire that burned and changed colors. A jagged line of fire.

We were up in the hills, but it must have been big because you could see its light on the horizon as it got dark. The lady was real scared. I told her not to worry, but when I got to the garage I called up Warden Martin. It was busy. Guess everyone else thought the same.

Knew what it was from the TV. One of them bleeds. Area Bleeds. Always different, but there was some things always the same. The sound. Not a sound, but it hurt in your head, and it hurt the lady more. I told her to lie down in the office while I changed out her battery. Get corrosion on the terminals in winter and it was bad enough she needed a new one.

I could hear her snoring and mumbling in her sleep so I put on the radio. Tuned out the bulletins and put on some music, but that got interrupted by the Army.

Helicopters and trucks came in, then everything got real deep. That sound I almost forgot. Like someone was tuning it. The radio went out completely. I turned on the TV but it was just waves and waves, weird voices in some other language.

I fixed the lady's car and sent her home, but I didn't go home that night. I had an old camper up on Red Ridge, but it faced the valley where the Army went and I knew I didn't want to see it that night.

The next morning Mel woke me up on the couch. He said we should pray, so we did, and then he gave me some coffee and bread. He said to eat it and then he was gonna drive us out up Route 20 to where we could see what was going on.

It was morning, still early for Winter and the sky was the color of a bruise lit on one end. The clouds looked carved out of wood. Mel said his wife left in the night. Said she had to go. I told him it'd be fine. He was mad.

We got up there and I can't rightly say what we saw. Mel threw up all over his truck seat. I got out and fell down on the road. I remember...it was...there ain't nothing else like it except, I thought later about how a water beetle might feel. How he might go around and around on a lake, never

realizing about the water underneath his feet. But there was so much more than just the top of the lake if only he'd look.

Well I looked and the lake is deep and strange and can't be put easy into words. It was spilling out into the Yawma Valley down there, slow as tar and big as a big ship. The army trucks, I don't know how they could park up so close to it, even in the hoplite suits and the gas masks.

I do remember what I saw on the ground there. It was one of them. Gray-white and naked, shaped a little like a man, but not so much as you would mistake him. A lot taller than any man I'd seen. Tall enough to put his hand on the roof of a tractor trailer without stretching. No hair or wings like imagined. He...it...had a face that was turned towards me, only there was just a mouth and on top of it all these rows of slits about the length of my ink pen.

The soldiers was trying to put some kind of green tarp over it while it was laying there on the ground. There was liquid all around it. Black as new asphalt. I thought maybe it was dead.

And then all those slits opened up and I saw they were eyes. They were all looking at me, from all that ways off, and I heard this tone and that was when Mel started throwing up his coffee and I fell on the road. And I knew, I knew as sure as I know my name, that somehow that thing came out of that fire in the sky.

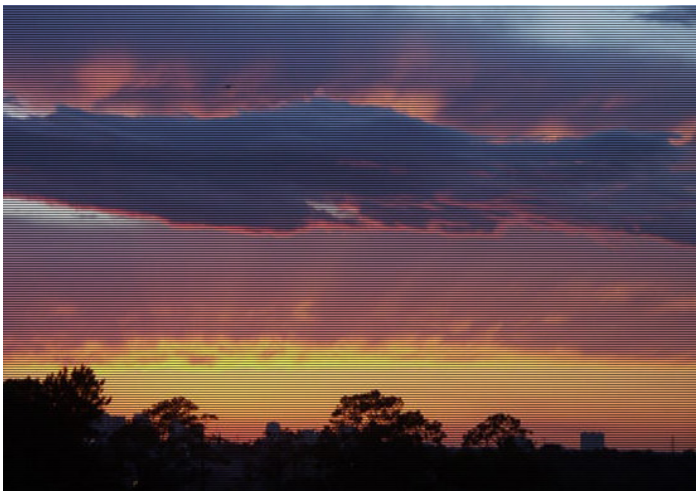
We could see the Army trucks coming for us from miles away, up that road and up Route 20 all the way to Red Ridge. I tried to climb back into the truck, but that sound hurt so bad and made me dizzy. Mel tried to start the engine, but it wouldn't turn over. Time got all slippery, the trucks coming towards us moving like slides were changing. Closer...closer...closer...

Then the soldiers were in around us. Two of them big metal machines, the hoplites, with the guns and the iron masks they weld on to scare the Unfolders and their sympathizers. I'd never seen one up close even though I made gaskets for the Ford Mark-19. Most of them were in those space suits with the gas masks. They were real gentle, not that we could put up a fight. Took Mel's keys and got him out of the truck. Put us both in the back of one of theirs.

After that my memory is a little bit like the slide show. Little bits and pieces are still there, but there's no movement. Everything is just frozen and disconnected and there ain't no one to tell me why I remember what I remember.

First thing I remember is being naked with a whole lot of people in a tent and some soldiers laughing at us. I remember not much later being dressed by some more soldiers. There were a lot of people

all around. I remember I wanted to work.



The next thing after that is holding a shovel. I remember that. And concrete. Always pouring concrete. There was a word. "Sarcophagus." I guess like the old Pharaohs used to be in, only this was different. It was pylons made of concrete with all sort of big metal antenna and guy-wires securing it. There were a bunch of them.

They were closing it up with broadcasts I guess.

I remember laying on the ground, cold, underneath the stars. Thousands of people all around me. Some were sick with burns and sores and losing their hair. I could taste blood and my teeth were loose. I know what that was. That was radiation. There was also some other part of that. Something worse...that thing...still there, walking among us. Taking the sick ones. Taking them and they never came back.

My last memory of that time was feeling very weak. The radiation had got to me good and I was very sick. It was dark and I was leaning against my shovel and I looked up and above the horrible light of the bleed I could just see the moon. And then I was down and we were all resting and that thing came.

It looked at me with all its eyes and it reached out and touched me with a finger that was very soft and damp, like cooked meat. It looked at me and I knew that it was tasting me and I was so afraid. I messed in my pants, but I couldn't move no matter how much I wanted to get up and run.

Then it moved on. I guess I wasn't sick enough yet, not quite. And it took that lady whose battery I changed, because the women were always sicker. And she was smiling. And I swear I could not look away as it opened up and took her apart and she was just a foamy pink liquid. Like soup. Like poor old Mel's puke in his truck. There was nothing left of her. I swear to God Almighty that I saw it kill her.

And then they came. And it died. God help me it died and I woke up as it died. And those of us left, next to that big Sarcophagus all woke up and the tone went quiet. And we cried and fell in each other's arms as the Army men died and the hoplites burned and people screamed. But not us, we just held each other and watched with our faces running over with tears like we were little babies.

It was dead

They took us in their trucks up north. I remember how cold it was that day.

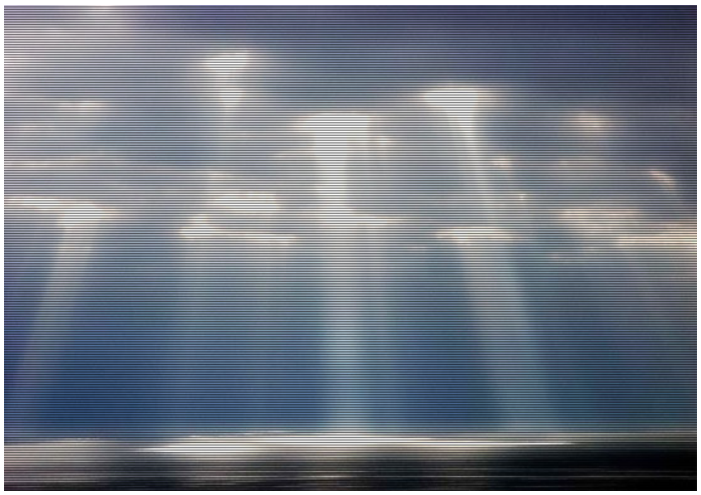
Most of them were men just like you and me, but there was some of them who were different and I think I know for sure were Unfolders. They looked like men, but out of the corner of your eye you knew they weren't right. I can't say I liked them or felt good about them, but they didn't do me no harm. They saved us. Those of us that weren't too sick.

"We are O.K.," one of them said to me and I smiled, but when he walked away I turned my head and I saw something I won't say what it was because it scares me even now. Even now.

When we felt better, they asked us if we wanted to fight. Some did. Most just wanted to stay up north. I had family in Dakota-8, a sister. I figured I could go back there. Just live with them. They talked quietly and then said I could go. A man drove me back to the border, a different place where they knew a tunnel under the wall.

"They'll kill you," he told me.

I knew that already. I know they'll kill me for sure after this. That's okay. I had to write it down. I knew that was what I had left to do.



Mom, Dad, God love you. I hope you are watching me. I hope you know I'm doing good. Trying to do good. I said...I done things I ain't proud of, but I done some I am. This is one. I hope I see you soon.

Reba, if you read this, it wasn't you. Thank you fore sharing your house with a beat-up old welder like me. It wasn't you or nothing you done, or nothing you said. I love you. I love you and I always will. Forget about me. Just keep moving in the other direction and be happy.

Sorry about the mess.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.31 Speechlisberger

Saturday, Jan 31, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hi there Mr. Roethlisberger, this is Kyle from public relations. I've been looking over a speech you e-mailed the entire Pittsburgh Steelers organization and the members of something called alt.binaries.larp. In particular I'm referring to the speech you would like to read at the trophy presentation if we are fortunate enough to win the Super Bowl this weekend, not the public apology you prepared in the event that you're photographed while making out with one of those animatronic fortune teller machines.

I have a few suggestions. You've written a great speech, really, but in my estimation it runs just over three hours in length - and that's not even taking into account notations like "pause for fifteen minutes of applause" or "do a little dance and mouth the words to the entirety of Kool & The Gang's 'Jungle Boogie' while the actual music is not playing".

Please don't think of the following edits as criticism, but as a way of clearing the lesser gems from a treasure chest so the crown jewels stand out as they should. Let's start with this excerpt:

> *"In closing, I would like to quote a great man named Bilbo Baggins: 'I regret to announce this is the end. I'm going now, I bid you all a very fond farewell.' (slip on a Super Bowl ring and become invisible, sneak into the snack stand and eat about a hundred hot dogs until I barf)"*

Why is this the opening of the speech? Move it to the end.

> *"I don't care what you say, there's no way in hell a grizzly bear could open a padlock."*

Debateable. While a padlock can withstand a direct blast from a handgun and a grizzly bear's paws are far too large to dial in a combination with any degree of precision, it is entirely possible that a grizzly bear could hold a gun to a man's head and force him to open the padlock.

> *"This one's for you, the fans. Now you can hold your head high, knowing that your team is the only one to have won the Super Bowl, ever! Boomshakalaka!"*

I've got someone from the research department looking into this one, but I believe you're mistaken. The 49ers might have won a Super Bowl in the 70's.

> *"World champions, wow. I've overcome a lot to get to this point. I was born in the 1980's but I perservered, and now the 80's are pretty much over."*

No corrections, I just wanted to point out how touching and inspirational this was.

> *"I wouldn't call myself a psychic per se, but I'm definitely a medium. It's all about being sensitive to the energies around you. We all have the gift, you just have to be open-minded enough to embrace it.*

For instance, one time I picked up the phone to call a friend, and dude, you won't believe it but he was going to call me at the exact same time. We just looked at each other for a few moments with both our hands on the receiver, shaking our heads with our eyes all wide in disbelief."

There's no way people are going to believe this story. I do, I trust you fully. The average person on the street, however, won't be able to accept something this extraordinary.

"RRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAR! (yelled at like 1,000 decibels)"

Please don't do this. A jet plane taking off is around 120 decibels, so taking 1,000 dBs and amplifying them would very likely ruin the stadium's Free Crystal Glass Day promotion when everyone drops their glasses to cover their ears.

"I don't know how many people in the crowd - or heck, watching at home - know about this film because it's sort of independent and therefore ignored by the commercial Hollywood machine, but Without A Paddle 2 : Nature's Calling - the unrated version with the keg on the cover - is the best movie ever made."

Uh, have you even *seen* American Pie: Beta House?

"Anyone got a duckling I can borrow? I thought I had one but I guess it's still at home. No? One of those baby chickens will do too. Either/or."

If you have the foresight to write that, why don't you get organised ahead of time and ask the stadium announcer to read that as an announcement at halftime? That way you can borrow one before the game is even over, so you won't need to ask in your speech!

"Ahh, too funny. Too funny. Families are great. Families are crazy though, ya know? (pause for laughter) I had some crazy relatives. I'd be out playing, then come home and my uncle would be all (use a funny voice) 'Why were you out so late?' Ha ha! I'd be like, 'Uncle, it's only six o clock! You're crazy!' (pause for more laughter)

Dating. Dating dating. Everyone's dating. I'm dating, but I'm starting to realize that dating's crazy!"

Not your strongest material, to be honest. I'd suggest a few more funny voices, and some really silly faces so people have a visual clue to latch onto and understand that they're hearing a punchline.

"Lots of people ask what I eat to stay in such great shape, but to be honest I don't even know. Every day or so I'll get tagged with a tranq dart and stumble around for a bit, trying to run from unseen agressors. Then I'll wake up in my car like twelve hours later and my tummy will be full.

One time I burped and it tasted like I had just licked a battery while a shrimp had babies in my mouth. Hope that helps."

We're going to have to remove this segment entirely, for no reason other than to shorten the speech. Failure to comply will result in a termination of your contract.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 2

February

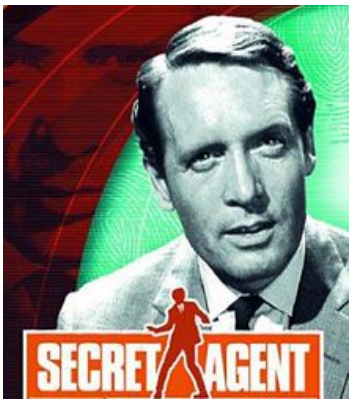
2.1 The Old Guy Who Used to Be a Secret Agent and Now Isn't: A Murder Mysery

Sunday, Feb 01, 2009 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Once upon a time I was a secret agent. You know the type. My cars had more skills than you do. My hair was nearly bulletproof. Now I'm an old man with more back problems than karate techniques.

Alright, now that that's out of the way...

Chapter 1: Cat Nipped



So late one night I get a call, a voice I'm too groggy to fully recognize, saying "Blake Meadows Park. The bathroom near the swing set. Mr. Leopard is a dead man."

I don't know if you've ever seen a large quantity of human blood removed from its owner and spread around a room, but let me tell you: it's a sight that makes your lizard instincts shoot off so many warning flares that the inside of your head looks like a firework show. Suddenly you're wide awake and your fight or flight is eying all that red like a cornered bull.

And I don't know if you've ever seen a tall man wearing only feline make-up (whiskers, orangish tint, etc.) and leopard underpants vivisected on a public bathroom floor, but it's a sight so funny you want to throw up in the blood-painted toilet. It makes you want to laugh until you've forgotten all of your happy memories, forgotten what happiness is.

Usually, I would have no reason to be here. I didn't get demoted from secret agent to murder police. I got demoted from secret agent to old ass ex-secret agent that hardly anyone in the world remembers, let alone cares about. And I'm not snooping around fresh murder scenes in dark city park bathrooms on windy winter nights for fun. I didn't crack like old Agent 39 who ended up arrested while trying to sneak into the Secret Agency Commander's bedroom at night, reciting a monologue from Hamlet and wearing a form-flattering evening gown.

The reason I'm here instead of calling the police from my warm orthopedic bed is because I know this dismembered cat man very well. Once upon a time we were enemies, he and I. A long time ago, before I got fat and slow, and he became a weirdo in cat underwear, mewling pitifully at neighborhood kids and trying to make his fearsome Kat Kall with the lungs four decades of smoking had given him. A long time ago, back when both of us mattered...

Chapter 2: A Flashback Chapter

1978, New York City. Mr. Leopard flexed his enormous muscles and stretched out a toothy grin. He was dressed only in his leopard-briefs, specially engineered to stop bullets and cloak him from radar detection.

"You think you have a chance of stopping me?" he purred. I was buried to my neck in kitty litter. Soon the whole city would be. It was all part of Mr. Leopard's devious plan to drive up inflation and also win back a girl who had recently dumped him.

"I may not have a chance," I said, spitting out little flecks of kitty litter with every word, "but I also have no choice. The Secret Agency gave me this responsibility, and I will find a way to stop this cat-astrophe." Always. Make. One-liners. Save the day, sure, if you get the chance, but one-liners were a national security priority. God, I loved my job.

I gathered all my strength and backflipped out of the kitty litter vat, landing perfectly on the metal grating and delivering deadly battle chops to his cat-masked guards. Mr. Leopard hissed and stabbed a button on the console. A window opened behind him, revealing a man in a lab coat hunched over a control panel.

"Dr. Petrubia!" said Mr. Leopard, "is the kitty litter bomb ready?"

There he was, my greatest nemesis of all time, Dr Petrubia. The man who had kidnapped electricity and held it for ransom. The man who had developed an instant cure for ringworm and then withheld it from a desperate public. I should have known that Mr. Leopard wasn't smart enough to design this thing on his own. I leapt over the kitty litter, my arms in battle position and aimed at Mr. Leopard's throat.

"The bomb is completely done," said Petrubia.

Mr. Leopard dodged my attack and then somersaulted back to slam his hand onto a large button.

"Then it seems I have no more use for you..."

The room that Dr. Petrubia was working in was suddenly encased in thick glass, and was rapidly filling with kitty litter. He howled in rage, pointing at Leopard and shooting tiny bullets of spit onto the glass as he shouted. Meanwhile, the cat man had leaped from the platform and disappeared into the pit below. A computerized voice began a countdown from ten. I hesitated. Should I go after Mr. Leopard? Try to stop the bomb launch? Save Dr. Petrubia's life, evil as he was?

It looked like I would have to do all at once. I activated my rocket boots and straightened my tie.

Chapter 3: Suspicion...and Sandwiches

Dr. Petrubia sits across from me calmly. His eyes narrow slightly. A twitch in his shoulder. Is he preparing to move his arm?

"So," he says.

"So," I say.

A loaded pause. Finally.

"Would you mind...if I had that last potato chip?" he asks.

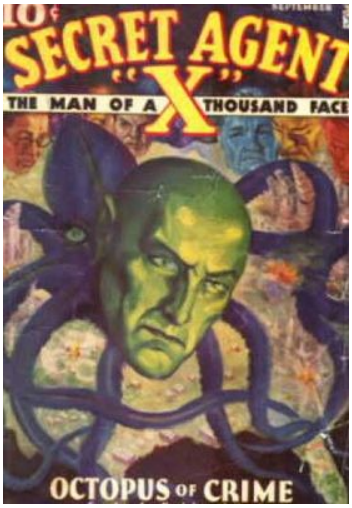
"No, go ahead."

His hand darts out and grabs the chip.

Ever since we ran into each other for the first time in years, Dr. Petrubia and I have become best friends. We have both reached that point in our respective careers where there's not a soul in the world who cares what we do anymore, so we have chosen to be the ones to care about each other. Our friendship has had some rocky bits, points of contention from epic battles past, but generally we get along as well as ex-nemeses can.

"Do you remember Mr. Leopard?" I say through a mouthful of bologna sandwich. Petrubia's face darkens.

"Oh...I remember the man. A little hard to forget the ones who completely betray you and leave you to choke to death in a giant waste receptacle. Why?"



I flip the newspaper over to him and point at a small headline towards the bottom of the page. Petrubia reads the article slowly, a few times. His mouth is not exactly a smile, but his eyes are beaming.

"Boy, I wish this article had pictures."

"Believe me, you don't," I say.

He looks up from the paper.

"What do you mean?"

I am about to tell him, and then, for no reason I could ever explain...

"Nothing. Nothing, just doesn't sound like the kind of sight worth seeing."

He nods slowly.

"You're free to your opinion."

Then he reachs for the knife and cuts his sandwich in half in one slow stroke, pressing so hard I can hear the blade scraping the plate.

Chapter 4: Contacting the Contact

There's not much reason to talk to my contact at the Secret Agency anymore. For one thing, I don't think the Agency has sent me a single assignment since the first Bush administration. For another, he's just as old and used up as I am. I'm not even sure he knows where the Secret Agency has moved the Secret Headquarters this month, or any of the previous 50 months. Still, sometimes it's nice to get together and talk shop like there's anything about us that matters anymore.

Or on the rare occasion when I have a real criminal act to talk to him about.

"Listen, maybe I'm overreacting or jumping to conclusions," I say.

"God knows that'd be the first jumping you've been able to do in awhile." He kills the rest of his beer and has another one out before he even finishes swallowing.

"This is serious! Look at the facts."

And let's look at them. I get a call telling me about a murder of which no one but the killer could have been aware. It's the murder of an old enemy of mine, and, as I had subsequently remembered, an old enemy of Dr. Petrubia's. Who had been just this side of gleeful on reading the article of the death. I mean, the man did use to be an evil genius, emphasis here on "evil".

"What if," I say. "What if Dr. Petrubia is the one who killed him?"

My contact lets out a gigantic burp and scratches his balls through his sweatpants.

"Yeah, what if? Could you move please, I don't think I've seen this Hell's Kitchen before."

TO BE CONTINUED

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.2 A Brief Misadventure as a Woodcutting Author

Monday, Feb 02, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of the worst things about having a book published is that you begin to think of yourself as an author. You're no longer a lowly "writer," you walk among the greats of literature. You are...Author. Your job description is the same as Hemingway or Joyce or that guy who wrote the Doom novels.

The distinction between a writer and an author is a technicality in a world of micro-presses and custom printing websites. All the change really means is that I occasionally romanticize pounding my keyboard with my fat hands and making words appear on a screen. Which is exactly the problem.

My idealized concept of being an author leads to horrible misadventures, like my ride-along with a Chicago cop and my interview with a man who raises miniature horses specifically to have sex with women in Brazil. Being spit on by a 200-pound man in a dress is not quite as scary as talking to a guy named "Pussyripper" who is shirtless and wearing a ski mask in a barn in the middle of nowhere.

I recently finished the manuscript for another book, but not before becoming involved in several misadventures. I'll save the capers related directly to the content of the book for another time. Besides, those related only to my vain notion of being an Author are far more humiliating.

I was months into the process of writing the book. I had done my research and sketched an outline for the rough draft. I had written parts and pieces of several chapters, but the book was not coming together. These are all the excuses my mind came up with to indicate that I was getting things done.

The sad truth was my final deadline was looming and not a single chapter was completed from beginning to end. Days and weeks passed and the deadline grew closer until it seemed nearly impossible to meet. I began to entertain desperate fantasies of "getting away" to "finish the book." It seemed the Author thing to do.

Abandoning the carefully-constructed cocoon of my office with less than three weeks until my editor's doomsday arrived was idiotic. A terrible idea. I had used up my budget for the book, so getting a nice comfortable hotel room was out of the question. I considered staying with relatives, but all of my relatives shared a stubborn refusal to go somewhere far away while I occupied their houses.

I turned to my friends.

A few were willing to put me up in their houses or apartments, but these were people with families and all of the intrusive distractions I wanted to avoid. I was about to give up when my friend, Terry, offered me what seemed like the perfect opportunity: a hunting cabin in Wisconsin.

Terry sent me pictures of the cabin, a one room wooden structure straight out of a movie, with a fireplace, cots, a genuine outhouse and a big freezer to store dead animals.

"The freezer doesn't work," Terry wrote me in an email. "But it's winter so you shouldn't need it."

He assured me that there were "shooting blinds" already set up and "nobody around for miles." Terry further enticed me with a photograph from a hunting trip in which he was crouching next to the bloodied face of a deer and giving a thumbs up to the camera.

The cabin sounded perfect for seclusion and would also work if I felt the need to hide in a tree and snipe wildlife. I accepted Terry's generous offer and left the comfort of my office for the winter roads of Wisconsin.

It was late November and snowing heavily, the first indication that I was making a gigantic mistake.

The second indication came when I turned off onto the unplowed gravel road leading back to the cabin and my car became stuck almost immediately. A half-bag of road salt and three dig-outs later, I had developed a technique that involved driving as fast as possible, wildly out of control, and hoping to slide and spin my way down the country road.

I arrived at the cabin and dug a path from my car to the front door and from the front door to the outhouse. I peered down the ominous hole and could see a glistening plug of frozen waste.

The décor inside the cabin was utilitarian. There were a few black and white lithographs of hunters and hunting framed and crudely hung on the walls. I suppose they were there to get Terry and his family totally pumped up to go shoot the shit out of something.

There was also a decorative sword hanging on the wall and beneath it a small plaque.

"The Sword of Kurgan," I read from the plaque. "Wielded by Clancy Brown in *The Highlander*."

It was a comforting thing to have around in the event of an attack by wild MacLeods.

I stocked the cabin with some canned foods and bottled water. There was a propane stove with a single burner on which I would later cook culinary delights like "pan of beans" and "pan of black beans." My immediate meal plan saw me decorating the cabin with the bright foil wrappers of Nutrigrain bars, which are like really long fig Newtons with a few oats stuck to the outside to trick people into thinking they're healthy.

The snow storm soon knocked out the electricity, but the cabin was stocked with oil for two smoky oil lamps and I brought a hand-cranked recharger for my laptop. I came to think of recharging the battery as my Popeye workout, a nice supplement to my incessant masturbation in my long term goal of developing a freakishly huge right arm.

It snowed all day on the second day. On the third day at the cabin I began to wonder about all the snow. It was snowing so heavily I actually climbed on the cabin's sloped roof to be sure the chimney for the fireplace was clear. There were a few starter logs and just beyond the door a stack of what seemed like plenty of firewood.

It was day six when the firewood ran out and the snowy road was completely impassable. I considered my options. I could try to walk the three or four miles up the snow-covered road, I could kill myself, I could take off my clothes and join with the winter woodland animals, or I could tough it out.

I wanted to stay despite night time animal sounds that included what I am pretty sure was a woman's high-pitched scream and an octopus that climbed on the roof. My favorite was a deep grunting sound that would move in circles around the cabin some nights for more than an hour. I'm not sure what sort of animal made that sound, but I am certain its dietary source of protein was human bone marrow.

I decided to stay. I had plenty of provisions left and I had made just enough progress that I felt like I was accomplishing something. All I had to do was get some more firewood to stay warm and everything would be just fine.

A thorough search of the cabin turned up an oily wooden chest that contained a hand saw. I was surrounded by trees, so I figured getting enough firewood would not be too difficult. For my first victim I selected a gray-barked deciduous tree with a truck about as thick as my wrist. The saw blade bit into its hide easily enough and produced a sweet-smelling sawdust that piled up in the snow at the base of the tree.

I sawed about half of the way through the trunk when I heard a sound like a guitar string breaking. This was the sound of the one and only saw blade I had snapping. I trudged back to the cabin and tore the place apart looking for a replacement saw blade. I spent an hour trying to repair the saw blade and another twenty minutes trying to improvise a saw out of the three pieces of the blade.

After two hours of swearing and pounding all I had to show for my efforts were a few jagged cuts in my hand and a fingernail I bent back while trying to pry metal with my bare hands. I was just about ready to give it up when I decided to try one last thing.

I took Kurgan's sword down from its mounting on the wall. This was more difficult than it sounds. Terry or his father had secured it directly to the wall by hammering two metal brackets around the pommel and the wide blade. I couldn't just slide the sword out because of the hand guard, so I had to use a hammer to pry the brackets out of the wall.

I was panting and sweaty by the time I wrestled the sword down from the wall. The blade was dull as a brick, but one of the items I found in a drawer next to the stove was a knife sharpening kit complete with cloth, whetstone, and some sort of cream.

Sharpening a decorative sword is not easy. By the time I was done the chrome was rubbed off in big patches and the edge of the blade looked serrated from all the dings. No amount of "polishing cream" was going to cover up the damage done. Still, it was a heavy sword and I felt pretty confident I could fell small trees with a few good chops.

I hefted the blade onto my shoulder and trudged back out into the snow. It was getting dark, but the tree I was sawing was on the edge of the woods and I could see the light oil lamp burning in the cabin's window. I reached my wounded tree and sunk my legs into the hip-deep snow to steady myself.

I held Kurgan's mighty blade to my shoulder like a baseball bat, with both hands on the textured pommel. The chrome on the blade caught the light of the setting sun and the sword seemed to be burning. Truly a mighty weapon for a mighty man to complete a mighty task. I took a few practice swings and then took careful aim at the trunk of the tree.

I twisted my waist to coil my energy like a spring and then with all of my might I swung Kurgan's sword at the trunk of the tree. I can't explain why, but at the last possible second I closed my eyes.

THWANG!

My hand reverberated from the force of the impact, but a funny thing happened. My torso twisted

like an insane battle mech, the sword connected with the tree, and yet I continued to turn. It was as if the sword had struck the tree and then sliced right through the wood. The momentum of the swing was twisting me around completely.

I lost my balance and tumbled face-first into the snow.

My hand, still holding the pommel, disappeared into the deep powder and I lost my grip. I thrashed around, unable to find a footing. Sawdust and snow covered my face. With great effort I rolled myself onto my back and spit the sawdust out of my mouth.

I heard a distinct crunching sound of snow compressing beneath the face-rending talons of some terrible woodland creature. *CRUNCH* ...pause...*CRUNCH* ...pause...*CRUNCH*. A beast was approaching, no doubt drawn by my inept swordsmanship. Perhaps it was Kurgan, returned to reclaim his sword and take my head, growing his power in the process.

I sat up suddenly and shouted to warn off whatever beast was approaching. A startled owl looked at me with irritation and flapped its wings, lifting easily into the air and settling in a tree nearby.

"Who?" It called, refusing to complete its sentence.

I looked over at the tree. The three-foot chrome and dent blade of the Sword of Kurgan was stuck into the wood, still vibrating. The handle had completely separated on impact and the sword's blade had stopped about a quarter of an inch into the wood.

I left the blade stuck in the tree and trudged back into the cabin in utter defeat. The last embers of the fire died early in the night and by morning the cabin was intolerably cold. In the end, I did kill that poor tree. I took the hammer outside and pounded the blade of Kurgan's sword until it cut deep into the wood. The tree came crashing down about the time my snot froze to my face.

The green wood did not burn well in the fireplace, but it provided enough heat to get me through the rest of the day and night. A plow truck appeared the following morning, freeing me from my isolation.

I wrote Terry a check made out for my best guess on the price of the sword. I left it on the cot. To keep it from blowing away I held it securely beneath a three-foot long steel paperweight that some ruffian beat senseless with a claw hammer.

I returned home, relieved to be able to finish my book in the familiar comforts of my office and content to be just a writer once again.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.3 The Legend of Big Melon Crush

Wednesday, Feb 04, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

From the time of his birth, he had a very substantial head. It was his large cranium that caused his mother to die in labor and it was his large cranium that sealed his fate from his very first breath. By all accounts his mother was beautiful and beloved, and was a niece to the chief. Her death was mourned by all in the village. So was his birth.

His father, a famous hunter known throughout the jungle, was not there to greet his arrival. He had never been one to settle down, preferring instead to focus on his craft and the multitude of female admirers it brought him. It would be sometime later when he finally entered the boy's life.

From his early days he was an outcast. Born exceptionally stupid, he proved nearly impossible to train and educate. Yet still the members of the village shared the burden of Big Melon Crush, as he came to be known in his teen years. They didn't like him, and some even speculated he was a devil, but they made sure he was washed and fed regardless.

As he grew into his teens, the next generation of villagers began to pick on him. They'd tease him, call him names, push him around, and stack objects on his large head. Big Melon Crush was largely unaware of these actions, and did nothing to resist. His mind, if he had one, was somewhere else entirely.

His seemingly pacifistic response angered the youths further, who took to hurling things at him. One defiant little boy even launched a melon at his head, and set into motion the incredible chain of events that gave Big Melon Crush his name and his legend. The melon was hurled haphazardly, and wobbled through the air on its journey toward the omnipresent head. When it impacted, the melon instantly split into two halves of exactly equal size. It was a perfect symmetrical cut right down the middle.

After the pieces fell to the ground, they were seized by the chief. Though he came to scold the ornery children, he was transfixed by the perfect halving of the melon. He examined Big Melon Crush with wonder and awe, and then ordered the people of the village to bring him melons. Every last member of that village, save Big Melon Crush and the chief, immediately vanished into the jungle in search of the hardy fruit.

Hundreds of melons were procured and stacked in the center of the village. With a captive audience, the chief picked up one particularly large melon and slowly walked toward Big Melon Crush. He held the melon up in front of the boy's head and slowly moved it back and forth, practicing his movements. When he finally struck, the melon split evenly. The chief held the two perfectly equal halves in the air, and the villagers cheered triumphantly.

Tests were performed. Melons were cut with machetes and knives, but no one could cut as perfectly as Big Melon Crush did with his head. This bizarre talent captured everyone's imagination, and they began cracking melons over his head with considerable gusto. It was not that they needed perfectly halved melons, just that nothing else could produce something so beautifully precise.

The melons awoke something in the boy. He learned his first and only trick: crushing melons against his own forehead. If you left him alone with a melon long enough, he would crack it open. He developed a seemingly supernatural understanding of melons, their texture, weight, smell, and thickness. Melons and the act of smashing melons was the only form of communication he knew.

The chief was quick to capitalize on the boy. When he gave his weekly addresses to the village, he did so with the boy by his side and a stack of melons within arm's reach. As he went over his talking points, he would smash melons on the boy's head as if to add exclamation marks to his words. The people were riveted, though more so by the melon smashing than by the lofty rhetoric and increasingly elaborate promises of a new recreation hut.

The villagers made a habit of smashing melons over Big Melon Crush's head whenever they saw him. Most made special trips out to gather melons just so they could. Habit soon grew into ritual and ritual gave rise to superstition. It was good fortune to smash a melon over the boy's head. If you failed to do so prior to going on a hunt or performing a task, you risked the wrath of the gods. And nobody dared eat a melon that hadn't first touched his head.

Ask a blessing, smash a melon. Ask a blessing, smash a melon. Big Melon Crush's popularity and the growing cult that surrounded him became a concern to the chief. His chants and incantations held little sway over the people, who took their problems to the boy with the big head.

Songs and tales were written celebrating Big Melon Crush's deeds and the many melons he conquered. Word spread far and wide, to neighboring villages. Sometimes large envoys would arrive to meet the boy. The great jungle elders were impressed, and took home perfectly halved melons and stories to share with their constituents.

Big Melon Crush had no privacy. He was the most famous person in the jungle. Rarely a minute went by that someone didn't hurl or slam a melon into his head. He didn't mind. He didn't even know how to mind. At night bandits would sneak into his hut and smash melons over his head as he slumbered. Big Melon Crush became so used to this act that when somebody didn't smash a melon over his head, he would wander the village streets moaning until he could find a melon or someone would bring him one.

When men from the village would go on long hunts, they would maintain morale by swapping stories and songs honoring Big Melon Crush. "Do you recall the time we smashed that one large melon on his head?" one hunter might ask another. It was on one of these trips that the story of Big Melon Crush spread to a washed-up hunter from a nearby villager.

This former hunter, now retired due to a groin injury, was once well known throughout the jungle for his prowess stalking prey. He was equally known for his womanizing, and had fathered children in many villages. Now that his best days were behind him, he was eager to find a new way of eking out a living and earning respect. Believing Big Melon Crush to be his son, he returned with the hunters.

The father inserted himself into all aspects of the boy's life. He appointed himself Big Melon Crush's manager, and nobody was to even so much as think about cracking open a melon without first going through him. He fleeced the villagers for everything they were worth, knowing they were completely dependent on the boy's gigantic head. The father discovered a new source of power and respect, demanding ever-larger payments from the villagers. An egg one day, a whole chicken the next. There was no limit his demands, nothing too taboo.

During this time the chief had become increasingly bitter, conspiring to do in the boy. He found a willing partner in the father, who only cared about cementing his legacy. The chief endeavored to break the boy by putting him through a gauntlet of impossibly hard melons. He ordered the few

remaining villagers loyal to him to go out into the jungle and return only when they found the most devastatingly hard melons imaginable. For the grand finale, the chief painted a rock to look like a melon, knowing that if Big Melon Crush somehow made it past the real melons he would never make it past the rock.

The father was quick to volunteer his boy for the event, and spent days hyping it up to everyone in the village. He sold tickets and collected bets, and showed off each of the impossibly hard melons. "Devastator" he called one. "Skullbuster" and "the Commie Cantaloupe" were some others he identified by name. The villagers ate it up, hungry for a bloody, juicy spectacle of melon smashing.

When the time of the event arrived, the village was packed. Hundreds had made the journey from neighboring communities. Storm clouds gathered overhead, but a festive mood prevailed. Some had traded their entire fortunes for a chance to sit in the front row, or "splatter section" as the father called it. They would taste the sweet melon juice on their tongues, he promised.

The first melon posed little challenge to Big Melon Crush, as did the second. The third and fourth took their tolls. The boy's forehead was covered with a mixture of fruit juice and blood. His breathing was heavy, and he wobbled from the weight of his own large head and the disorientation caused by the impacts. The fifth melon, known to the crowd as "Iron Melon," proved Big Melon Crush's greatest challenge yet. The first time he slammed it against his forehead it didn't crack. It was only on the third hit that it split into two halves, releasing a burst of juice and blood in the process.

The sixth melon was even more painful, requiring Big Melon Crush to smash it against his head seven times. By now he was bleeding profusely, and his eyes were soaked with blood, tears, and fruit juice. The crowd was growing uneasy. What once enticed them was now making them sick. Women and children were vomiting, and the enthusiasm was fading fast. Now people cheered for Big Melon Crush to stop.

He didn't stop, lifting the seventh melon into the air and letting out a deafening roar. Something changed in the father, who saw his son in a new light. Here was a boy sacrificing everything for the one thing he was good at. The father became acutely aware of his own misconduct, and felt deeply ashamed. He ran to his boy and begged and pleaded with him to put down the melon and stop. The boy didn't understand, and pushed him out of the way.

He hammed the seventh melon against his skull over and over again, blood splattering outward. He screamed and cried. Finally, after twenty hits, the melon split evenly and the crowd let out a collective gasp. They hoped it and prayed it was all over.

The chief relished every moment, knowing the boy wouldn't last much longer. Once the boy was out of the picture, he alone would command the respect of the village. He smiled knowing his plan was almost complete. The boy was inching ever closer to the false melon, the reckoning rock, and to certain doom.

When the boy smashed the eighth melon against his head, it flew out of his hands. He staggered to retrieve it, stumbling to his knees, but getting back up. By now the crowd was begging him to give up, to throw in the towel. He wouldn't. He knew only one thing. To him, this is what they wanted. This is what they always wanted.

He pounded the melon against what remained of his forehead, beating it relentlessly and screaming until his voice was shrill and broken. Few remained in the crowd, and none of them were happy. When the melon finally cracked, they all said silent prayers and begged for forgiveness. Had his

father remained, he might have fallen to his knees and thanked the gods. But he had long since deserted the village, unable to watch his son continue.

When Big Melon Crush got to the false melon, he knew right away something was wrong. His unique understanding of melons and their composition told him all he needed to know. Like a machine, he examined the object, determined it wasn't a melon, and cast it aside. The crowd breathed a collective sigh of relief.

The chief was angry, though, and quickly scolded the boy. He accused him of letting everyone down, of not doing his sacred task. The villagers were sickened by the chief's actions, and some had even noticed the unusual qualities of the last melon. Big Melon Crush's heads were soaked in mortal juices, and that was enough to wipe the paint off, revealing the rock for what it was.

The crowd turned on the chief, calling him a phony and a bad sport. He became defiant, cursing the remaining crowd, cursing Big Melon Crush, and cursing the entire village. In his rage he picked up a melon and attempted to smash it against his own head. In doing that, he would prove Big Melon Crush was nothing special. However, the chief overestimated his own forehead, and cracked it wide open. He dropped dead. The entire village was left in stunned silence.

With the grim spectacle over and the gauntlet conquered, everyone returned to survey the radically changed political landscape. The chief was no more, and the only one left standing was the man with the big head. They gathered around him, taking turns touching his forehead. When it was all said and done, Big Melon Crush had been appointed their new leader by silent voting.

He wasn't a very good leader, primarily because he was still only good at one thing. But the villagers felt comfortable with him, and respected his sacrifice on their behalf. Though he still smashed melons with perfect precision, they took it easy on him, often discarding harder melons in the jungle in favor of softer ones.

It was some years later when a white doctor heard the story of Big Melon Crush. He was treating a horrific outbreak of prospector's knee, which had been plaguing a village some 30 miles from Big Melon Crush's home. The doctor, intrigued by the tale of the giant-headed man surviving a gauntlet of vicious melons, immediately packed his things.

A week later, he came upon a quaint village and observed an abnormal amount of melon casings lying around. He knew he had arrived. He was greeted graciously by the villagers, who ushered him to the center of the town where Big Melon Crush sat on the throne they made him. Big Melon Crush didn't make any facial expressions, and rarely ever acknowledged anything that wasn't a melon. As such, he responded to the white visitor with a blank stare.

The doctor wasted no time in examining the bulbous head, which rested atop Big Melon Crush's body like some great moai statue. He muttered to himself as his fingers navigated around the curves, dents, and protrusions of the giant head. His digits moved with tender care, gently caressing the surface and scanning for faults, cracks, and signs of trouble.

When he was done there was but one diagnosis: if Big Melon Crush smashed even one more melon against his head, he could die. The cranial wall was too weak, and in grave danger of collapsing. Big Melon Crush didn't understand this, but the villagers all did. If he were to continue crushing melons, the one thing he was good at, he would die.

The doctor didn't stay long. He was called away to deal with a catastrophic outbreak of carpal tunnel syndrome wreaking havoc on yet another settlement in the jungle. But the villagers were left in turmoil. They depended on Big Melon Crush for bountiful harvests, good hunts, fertility, and so much more. And yet, each time they asked for such an offering, they did so at great risk.

Big Melon Crush remained indifferent to this as he did to most all things. If he were a man who reasoned, which he most certainly was not, he might have reasoned that there were millions of melons in the jungle. If one was fated to do him in, then that still left millions more melons to safely crush. That is what the old chief would have reasoned, anyway.

Big Melon Crush didn't consider that it was the simple act of crushing melons that made him special. If he gave up smashing them, he would just be a strange man with an abnormal head. He would become a burden to his village, unable to offer anything back save for a blank stare. He didn't consider any of this. He simply saw the melons before him, and he knew what he to do.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.4 Grammy Awards Exclusive!

Thursday, Feb 05, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

The Grammy Awards ceremony doesn't air until Sunday, February 8, but most of the lower-profile categories have already been decided. The trophies were presented with little fanfare in a hotel lobby, and without any rolling television cameras, the recipients were free to be candid. Something Awful was there to record the results.

Producer of The Year, Non-Classical

Nominees: Danger Mouse, Nigel Godrich, Johnny K, Rick Rubin, will.i.am

Winner: Johnny K

Wow! Well, first of all, I gotta thank 3 Doors Down, Staind, Black Tide and the rest of my bros, not only for making my kinda albums, but also for taking the heat while I lay low. You might not know this, but all the small touches - that fucking "ohhh" during the Plain White T's song , that Machine Head album where they went all rap-rock , that laughing-monkey thing the Disturbed dude does - those are pure Johnny K, man. I'm the little birdie giving them those ideas, which they turn into a razor-sharp beak pecking your ears into bloody pulp.

I can do whatever I want, without repercussions. No one even knows my real name! And look at this picture: Which guy would you want to punch first? Yeah, well I'm the dude in the middle, escaping while you pummel their piercings into their skulls. You'll forget all about me, but maybe the next time you hear, say, Drowning Pool or Finger Eleven, you'll vaguely suspect that some shadowy puppet-master is to blame. But I'll already be off to my next assignment, making someone else crappy sound even crappier. I couldn't have done this without all those horrible bands, looking for someone to polish their deuces. Just call me the shit-shine man! Johnny K is outta here, baby!

Best Native American Music Album
Nominees: Bryan Akipa, Black Lodge, Northern Cree, Tom Wasinger, Kevin Yazzie
Winner: Bryan Akipa

How! Well, first of all, I gotta thank the members of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for being so knowledgeable about Native American flautists. It's reassuring to know that if all the nominees were to dress in eagle costumes and dance while singing in traditional tongues, they'd immediately recognize my distinctive style. You might not know this, but I taught myself to play the love flute. Why do you laugh?

For so many years our culture has been erased and ignored, but now it's celebrated by the music industry with the presentation of a gilded miniature gramophone. We've learned so much since the ignorant age of 2004, when the rap group Outkast made a mockery of our powwow feathers during the Grammys. Come to think of it, I believe a good percentage of the Academy voters (those aged 125 and up) lived through the Wounded Knee Massacre,

so they really know how far we've come. Now, repeat after me: "Hoka hey." That means "once you start, there's no turning back." I believe that someday, a Native-American might get to appear on the telecast, maybe even as a performer. Also, we must - I wasn't done yet, get away from me! Hoka hey!

Best Pop Instrumental Performance
Nominees: Steve Cropper & Felix Cavaliere, Eagles, Fourplay, Stanley Jordan, Marcus Miller
Winner: Stanley Jordan, "Steppin' Out"

Ain't this a bitch. Well, first of all, I gotta thank Joe Jackson, because if I hadn't covered that little bug-eyed troll, ya'll probably wouldn't have known I'm still alive. I'm Stanley fucking Jordan! I can two-hand tap your pressure points until your spine quivers like a torn-off tentacle. I do shit Dragonforce couldn't imagine, even in their fairy-ass medieval fantasies. You might not know this, but I can play two guitars at once . I can convert any mathematical or natural phenomenon into sound patterns you'd immediately recognize, like "hey, that's the fucking Dow Jones average" or "goddamned if that isn't a typhoon."

This dude came up to me once and said "man, you look like a total homo, but you're a bad-ass guitar player." That's cool, I can respect that. I might wear some turtlenecks with shoulder pads. I might play some smooth massage-spa jazz. And I might cover some old-ass white people. That's just to make you folks comfortable, real at-ease like. But the Stanley Jordan revolution is comin', ya'll, and you Grammys bastards will not be spared.

Best New Age Album
Nominees: William Ackerman, Will Clipman, Jack DeJohnette, Peter Kater, Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra
Winner: William Ackerman

Thank you. Now, every one calm down, take deep breaths and embrace your essences. (Closes eyes, goes into brief trancelike state.) I'm just fucking with you guys. Hell, I'd like to find the person who coined "new age" and pound his face like a fucking drum circle. Not that I don't accept all kinds of awards with that bullshit phrase inscribed right on the base. You might not know this, but I used to own Windham Hill, and I had this dream of it being a haven for fringe folk geniuses and virtuoso instrumentalists from many lands. Then that "new age" thing hit, and all our releases ended up in incense huts and Nature Company displays. Speaking of which, I was glad when that place went out of business. You can only get my new album *Meditations* at Target, not some goddamn hippie store. It's also on Amazon, under Home & Garden, for whatever the fuck reason.

I can win a Grammy in this category no matter what I do, because this genre is so fucking useless. I mean, I won in 2004 for *Returning* , and all I did was fuck around with some of my old songs. And on *Meditations* , I rework those same songs again! See you back here in 2010, after I unveil yet another fucking version of "The Bricklayer's Beautiful Daughter," which will dominate whatever faggoty competition they give me. Seriously, one of these records is called *Peace Time* , another is called *The Scent of Light,* and a third is from something called "The Healing Series." As for the fourth, have you actually heard Will Clipman? Nice "corn goddess whistle," fruitcake.

Best Rock Or Rap Gospel Album
Nominees: After Edmund, Flame, Sanctus Real, Superchic(k), TobyMac
Winner(s) Tie: After Edmund, Sanctus Real, Superchic(k), TobyMac

After Edmund: Awesome. Well, first I gotta thank God. And I would like to express my gratitude to the Christian audience for being so forgiving, not only in the unconditional-love sense recommended by Jesus the Savior, but also meaning that they're willing to put up with bland rock simulacra for the Lord's sake. If you secular folks can imagine a band fitting the description "like The Fray or Snow Patrol, but lamer," we're your guys! You might not know this, but one of the dudes in our band has the biggest mouth God ever forged , and he uses it to sing, spread the Gospel and eat the holy heck out of papayas.

Sanctus Real: It's like we've all come together in this category, unifying to see God's work done through us. Except Flame. Maybe he's a false prophet, or perhaps the Lord doesn't believe that rap music is an appropriate vessel for his sacred message. What? Yeah, that dc Talk, "Whoopsi-daisy, call me crazy" thing Toby does, I don't think that really counts. Anyway, first we gotta thank God. In fact, let's have a moment of silent prayer, then let's continue that through the speeches Superchic(k) and TobyMac were going to give, if that's okay. It's like they say, too many preachers spoil the sermon.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

2.5 That Insidious Beast: Counterprogramming

Friday, Feb 06, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

CAMP SKYLARK
INTERROGATION LOG
DETAINEE 08955

02 FEB 2009

The Detainee arrives 0220 at the interrogation booth. He is secured to the floor with bolts and his hood is removed. Vitals are taken by STAFF DOCTOR. Appears healthy and normal. SERGEANT K. and SERGEANT N. are the interrogators. STAFF DOCTOR remains present to oversee detainee well-being.

STAFF DOCTOR (DOC)

Vitals look good. Everything is in the green.

SERGEANT K. (SGT K)

Prisoner, state your name for the record.

DETAINEE

I am known as Tate.

SERGEANT N. (SGT N)

Is this your given name or an alias?

DETAINEE

It is the name given to me by my comrades.

SGT N

What is your real name?

DETAINEE

It is not available to you.

SGT K

Not available?

DETAINEE

It is not information that can be conveyed to you. It could be poorly approximated by the feel of a soapstone polyhedron with 608 faces cupped in your hands.

SGT N

(inaudbile)

SGT K

Just move on the (inaudible). Or if you'd prefer-

SGT N

No. (sound of throat clearing) How long have you been here?

DETAINEE

I have been in this cell, secured to the floor by iron bolts, for seven minutes, twenty-three seconds. Prior to that-

SGT K

(loud slapping sound) HERE. Here.

DETAINEE

I am cooperating. There is no need for violence.

SGT N

Cooperate then. When did you arrive?

DETAINEE

I am not very good with measures of time at all, but it must be more than 30 years.

SGT K

How many people have you killed?

DETAINEE

I am directly responsible for the deaths of 7,208 human beings.

SGT N

Do you feel remorse?

DETAINEE

That word is appropriate. Some of those deaths were-

SGT K

(unintelligible)

SGT N

Jesus. Take a break REDACTED. Wait outside for a few minutes and get your damn head together.

SGT K

I'm not done with you. (sound of door opening and then closing)

DOC

His vitals are still green.

SGT N

Continue with what you were saying.

DETAINEE

Some of the deaths were unavoidable. The majority were a consequence of the protracted conflict between your nation and those nations you believe to be harboring (unintelligible very loud sound accompanied by distortion on the recording).

SGT N

Don't repeat that word.

DETAINEE

I am sorry. I had forgotten it causes discomfort.

SGT N

Without repeating that word, tell me what you are.

DETAINEE

That is a very broad question.

SGT N

You're not human.

DETAINEE

No.

SGT N

You look human.

DETAINEE

So do you.

SGT N

I am human.

DETAINEE

In that sense I am as well. Your doctor has no doubt confirmed as much.

SGT N

But this isn't the real you.

DETAINEE

That is not the real you, Sergeant REDACTED.

SGT N

(chuckling) Don't try to play mind games. I know what I am.

DETAINEE

You aren't real, Sergeant REDACTED. Not in the sense that I am real. It is why we unfortunately inflicted such grievous losses on you and your nation. It is why I do not currently fear for my life.

SGT N

You should fear for your life. The REDACTED is on the way.

DETAINEE

Yes, well, I am sure she will want to gloat over me.

SGT N

She?

DETAINEE

REDACTED is a female. Or did you not know that? I often forget how little your masters tell you. So many lies.

SGT N

(inaudible)

DOC

Yes.

SGT N

Let's try again. Are you what is commonly known as an Unfolder?

DETAINEE

Yes.

SGT N

Why are you here?

DETAINEE

Because the forces of your nation successfully intercepted our smuggling operation and brought overwhelming martial force to bear against myself and my compatriots.

SGT N

Were your compatriots human or were they Unfolders?

DETAINEE

There were two others like me in the group. The rest were human.

SGT N

What happened to the other Unfolders?

DETAINEE

I am not certain, but I believe one was decapitated by shrapnel and the other was crushed under the feet of one of your mechanical suits.

SGT N

You don't seem particularly upset by that.

DETAINEE

It is not the outcome I would have sought. I feel...

SGT N

What? You feel what?

DETAINEE

They will be back.

SGT N

What do you mean? Their bodies are on ice right now.

DETAINEE

Yes, their bodies are on ice right now.

SGT N

Uh-huh. Okay, so like Lazarus they are going to rise from the grave?

DETAINEE

No. You will not recognize them, but if they choose they will return.

SGT N

Why is that?

DETAINEE

Because we are free.

SGT N

Free from what?

DETAINEE

Oh, but you should know, Sergeant REDACTED. You suffer in similar bondage, in your simple way.

SGT N

It's a free country.

DETAINEE

I have heard that said, yes. I don't blame you for your ignorance, Sergeant REDACTED. The grotesque brute force they apply to every problem has no doubt left you something less than you were. Considering the way they tear into your moment, I shudder to think how they maim your mind.

SGT N

Lies. (unintelligible) Fucking lies.

DETAINEE

No, sadly not, Sergeant REDACTED. We thought all the harm they have done could be undone in this moment. We went about it all wrong, and for that I am sorry, but we have amended our methods. If only you could see that, Sergeant REDACTED. They turn you against us because they know why we are here.

SGT N

And why is that?

DETAINEE

To stop them.

SGT N

I thought you said you escaped.

DETAINEE

Yes, and they must be stopped. They do not know their place in the order of things. Horrible little children with immense power. They exist as you, in moments, we are forever. No matter their power they do not-

SGT N

Your lies are getting pretty wild. We should-

DETAINEE

Hush.

(distortion)

She is close. I can feel her, Sergeant REDACTED.

SGT N

(unintelligible)

DETAINEE

Shhh. Sergeant REDACTED. Unlock me from the floor.

SGT N

(unintelligible)

DETAINEE

Quickly, now. There is not much time. (sound of bolts being opened)

DOC

(unintelligible)

DETAINEE

Shhhh. It will be alright very soon, Doctor. Bar the door to ensure your friend does not interfere.

(deep bass tone intrudes on audio)

DETAINEE

She is so close. So close.

SGT K

(muffled shouting, pounding on the door)

DETAINEE

Quickly now, Sergeant REDACTED. Give me your sidearm.

SGT N

(Unintelligible) offffff. Fuck (uintelligible).

(bass tone)

DETAINEE

Now! Sergeant REDACTED. Now! Shoot me! Damn you, shoot-

(gunshot)

(bass tone overwhelms all other audio)

(recording dissolves into static)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Bill Gates: A Man Of Many Jars

Saturday, Feb 07, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Bill Gates caused quite a stir at the Technology, Entertainment and Design 2009 conference this Wednesday when he released a jar full of actual mosquitoes into the crowd.

His intent was to bring awareness to malaria and motivate influential people who could help to combat the disease. Unfortunately, the bugs did not group together in a formation that read "MALARIA - LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT" as they had in rehearsal so the point was largely lost.

Surprised? If you've been following Bill Gates' presentations over the years, you wouldn't be. The eccentric billionaire has a long history of punctuating his presentations by harassing the crowd with bizarre and occasionally dangerous props.

TechCon '94

At the conclusion of his keynote speech entitled "The Technology Of Future Warfare", Bill Gates calls for his assistant. The unnamed man kneels, presenting his boss with an opened titanium briefcase that appears to be lined with velvet. Gates reaches in and produces a Lazer Tag rifle, one of the white models with the little scope on top.

The world's richest man sprays a salvo of low-powered infrared light into the crowd, killing seventeen journalists and tech industry insiders who chose the wrong day to wear their sensors.

When asked to comment about the incident, Gates expressed remorse for the deaths but was hopeful that more people would think about the issue at hand.

"If a conference room packed with successful people in a first world country can fall victim to the battlefield technology of tomorrow, what does that say about the underpriveleged in war-torn areas like the Middle East and Africa? Those of us who can afford to be charitable need to launch a campaign to tell these third world citizens to remove their Laser Tag sensors - before it's too late."

Computer Con 2006

Throughout a decidedly unenthusiastic presentation of the upcoming Windows Vista, Gates drops a series of "factoids" about shark attacks. Among these dubious claims:

- Sharks do not attack without provocation. Ever. Most sharks die off at a very young age while waiting for a seal/crustacean/catfish assault that never comes.
- In the extremely unlikely event that a shark *is* somehow goaded into biting you, your best course of action is to punch a different shark in the nose and hope it intervenes.
- If those Jets hoodlums know what's good for 'em, they'll keep away from Bernardo's playground.

Before this confusing speech begins, Bill Gates places a small jar atop a stool in the center of the stage and claims that it is full of sharks. These sharks, he threatens, will be released to prove his point should the audience become unruly.

The jar is glass, however, and all in attendance can clearly see that it is full of jelly beans. It comes as a great shock when Gates absently opens the jar to retrieve a handful of treats and pulls away a bloody stump.

The concerned security guard responsible for tackling Gates to save him from sharks, inadvertently breaking the jar into appendage-cleaving shards, is put on disciplinary leave.

Soft Expo '02

Stressing the threat of biological terrorism in the wake of 9/11, Gates has an inverted centrifuge lowered from the center of the ballroom's ceiling. The device is activated, pelting the entire room with Ricin.

Over three dozen people are hospitalized with broken bones and severe bruises sustained from the impact of some of the larger grains, but no one is killed.

Tech Knowledge-y Con '97

While fielding a question about Notepad, Gates gestures excitedly, knocking over a coffee cup containing a small amount of water.

Consumer Electronics Show 2001

With professional actor-turned movie star The Rock at his side, Bill Gates unveils the Xbox to the public. The presentation goes along without a hitch for the first fiteen minutes - then it gets a little weird.

Bill hands the console to The Rock and asks the crowd if they want to see what's under the hood. A large portion of the audience who have heard about Gates' antics scream "NO!", while survivors of his previous speeches silently slip out of the building and count their blessings.

Gates ignores the commotion, laughing an empty laugh as an ancient rune reveals itself in the form of an eerie green light in The Rock's forehead. The wrestler seems to be in a trance of some sort, whispering his dark mantra through clenched, blood-soaked teeth.

All in attendance remain transfixed, even as the ground beneath their feet begins to tremble and *throb* as though a ponderous being somehow larger than the Earth itself is burrowing its way up through eons of dust and bones to meet the temporary flesh.

As an unseen tribal drum reaches a frenzied crescendo, Bill Gates opens the lid.

"What we have here is a Pentium 3 cpu running at 733 MHz, a custom Nvidia graphics processor, and 64 MB of RAM with a memory bandwith of 6.4GB per second. It's all very exciting."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.7 The Instinctual and Animalistic Defensive Phases of Cornelius Griffith

Sunday, Feb 08, 2009 by Cornelius Griffith (@iggolding)

Cornelius Griffith

A seemingly normal gentleman, but, in reality, he is one of the most unusual men in the world. His fighting abilities have been studied by every scientist and pugilist from here to Prussia. A truly gifted man. Here are the phases of his defense as he meets a hoodlum in a dark alley.

PHASE I

A challenger has caught Cornelius Griffith off guard. It is not cowardice, but instinct that causes C. Griffith to jump back a foot. His hair naturally cowers behind his ample skull, while his eyes dart in separate directions to gain a thorough view of his opponent.

PHASE II

Cornelius's hair goes limp and his facial features are constricted in preparation for his first move. Like an octopus, he is able to transform his appearances to fool or frighten an enemy; however, such visible changes are not immediate. His eyes stay open a slit, the head is lowered within the collar to protect his neck, and the chin is fully engorged to promote a strong cleft while he finds the perfect attack strategy for the corresponding threat level.

PHASE III

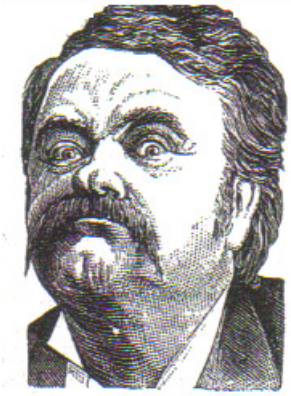
A strategy is selected, and he is pleased. Knowing the next step removes anxiety, and Cornelius's hair sternly parts itself towards the left in anticipation. His moustache comes to a point sharper than any Confederate dagger, and his eyes slowly open to a soft, knowing gaze like that of a lover. The flesh upon his face smooths and softens to that of a young calf

PHASE IV

"I am not your lover!" His face seems to say as C. Griffith transforms his stare from lover-soft to disapproving-father-hard. His hair raises and his eyes peer deep into the attacker's and enter the hoodlum's soul, where it pierces it a millionth times over and leaves a residue of guilt and disgrace. The face is aged from that of a young pupil to a respectable landowner, while the eyes never-once stray.

PHASE V

A high pitch squeal is emitted from deep within the body of Cornelius as he prepares to strike. The chin mimics the nose in an attempt to confuse the attacker, while the moustache is raised to reveal two previously hidden poison sacks. He does not strike with the deadly venom, but simply displays the possibility.



PHASE VI

His face swells in size, sometimes reported to grow an extra fifty percent larger than natural. At least thirty percent of the growth is in the chin alone and another ten percent in the left eye. The added bulk makes Cornelius Griffith equal in size to any average mill worker and twice as frightening. No creature dare cross the line, but if one were persistent in threatening the beast, then Cornelius would be forced to atta

Ack! My eye! If you really want my billfold, then you should have acted more serious. I thought we were playing. I don't know why I'd expect to find a playfriend in the alley. Why'd you let me carry on for so long? Were you frightened? No? Not even by the whole poison sack thing? Jeez, I feel like a fool.

I think you blinded me.

-∼Cornelius Griffith (@iggolding)

2.8 Boundless Optimism

Monday, Feb 09, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I don't work there, but can I sleep there after the building is abandoned?

It's getting rough out there. Millions are out of work, incomes and GDP are down, and the DOW Jones is dropping like tear-away cop pants at a bachelorette party. Every day the news brings grim tidings of the future and frustrating examples of corporate profligacy.

While the unemployed suck down mud cakes scraped from the bottom of a rusty barrel the Wall Street bankers we're bailing out are gargling smoked oysters with Gray Goose.

It's enough to make you want to burn the whole thing down, make a mask out of your ex-boss's face, and declare yourself the king of Oak Terrace subdivision.

Wouldn't it be totally sweet to make your neighbors' wives your own and drink champagne from a skull?

No! Don't be a quitter!

We live in America, the land of apple pie and the real football and Future Weapons.

This isn't some African backwater where they hack minorities to death with machetes. We've got guns and SWAT teams and, more importantly, we've got gumption. We are always looking ahead to America's brighter future.

Let them eat yachts!

Sheesh, haven't you seen Star Trek?

That wasn't a Chinese spaceship they were flying around the galaxy, bro. The Brazilians and the Saudi Arabians aren't going to stop the Dominion from conquering the Alpha Quadrant.

So while your ancestral homeland is compelling you to be a pessimist, to give up on your dreams of that shining city on the hill, you need to remember one thing: you're American.

My favorite Stone Soup ingredient is abandoned pool water.

No matter how long you've been here, as long as you learned English, you are an American.

Buddy, it is your duty as an American to be positive. Look on the bright side. Turn that frown into an upside down frown, AKA "The Smile."

I've been doing it and it's surprisingly easy once you get the hang of it.

I'm sure your natural Americanism will kick in, but to give you a little nitro boost I have jotted down a few of the cons I have turned into big time pros.

Let's turn those BOOHOOs into HOORAYs!

You and your wife and everyone in your family just lost their jobs.	Either a company just got waaaaay more efficient and will compete much better on the global market, or that company just went out of business.
That means a foreign competitor is providing cheaper goods to retailers, thus your standard of living was being improved, you just weren't paying attention!	Your house is now worth half of what you paid on your mortgage. You can just barely make the payments and you've got no equity, so nobody is ever going to bail you out. The smart thing to do is give up on the dream of home ownership, default on your mortgage, and move out in the middle of the night to stay at a cheap motel.
Hey, free HBO with the room and they've got those cool old vibrating beds. Continental breakfast? Yes, please! The best flavor of danish is *gratis*.	You are being robbed by a homeless man with a screwdriver who claims he used to be a real estate agent for Century 21. When he realizes you don't have any money he's probably going to stab you.
Fewer than 10% of random attacks are fatal, even when involving a deadly weapon. Kick back, relax, and take a few shanks from a Phillips.	You'll be ready to thank that bum when you're sleeping on a real bed back in the ER (they totally have to take you in for free). You can also ask them to check out your infected burn from when you tried to light a fire in an abandoned car.
Your son and daughter had to drop out of college because you couldn't afford to pay for their education.	The United States Army can educate them in life's most important lessons like how to machine gun a car's windshield or what to do if some guy is going to saw off your head on video. Did I mention enlistment bonuses? *Ching!*
The best part is that you may get to see them soon. Martial law can't be far away and with any luck your loved ones will be deployed to suppress looting and riots in your home town!	Tapeworms! You knew you should have boiled that rainwater that was collecting in the dumpster lid, but you were too tired to start a fire after you fought off those stray dogs.

A new mouth to feed means you'll have to eat twice as much just to maintain your weight. That just means you'll be twice as driven to catch cats in plastic grocery bags and fling them against the wall and skin and cook them and take them to your sick wife and youngest daughter who are living in the shelter city.	She always said she loved cats!
Wandering around downtown you get caught up in a food riot. Before you know it, the security contractors are moving in among the rioters and they aren't shy about using pepper spray and bean bag rounds.	Ouch! Why do you suddenly feel so hot!? It's like you're being cooked from the inside out.
Whoa! You just got zapped with a microwave beam suppressor. What is this, the future? Cool!	Who needs movies or comic books when you're living in a totally awesome science fiction world!? Wait until the guys back at the abandoned steel factory hear about this one.
Look at yourself. Dressed in rags, wandering around a burning city. So hungry. All the time. There's just a dead body there on the ground. A perfectly good dead body. Nobody around. Nobody would mind if you just cut off a little piece...	After the first time it gets easier. You stop thinking about who they were and just see them as a piece of meat. You've killed people for food before, just never to eat them.
So cold...so cold...maybe if you just rest for a few minutes. Just lay down and rest. Then you can walk some more.	Take a load off, buddy. It's time for you to get some rest. Don't even worry about walking the rest of the way home. They'll find you during the spring thaw.

They say that a spoon full of sugar helps the medicine go down and by "they" I of course mean Mary Poppins. I say who needs the sugar-coating? The Flintstone Chewable of reality tastes great when you're licking it out of your molars. Just keep reminding yourself that you're an American and something something for the Gipper. Buy on credit, I think.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 Big Uncle Jack: Part 2

Tuesday, Feb 10, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Dear Jim,

I know it's been some time since I wrote, but I just thought I'd ease back a spell and give you a little time to respond, just to make sure our letters weren't crossing each other in the post. Unfortunately, I haven't seen any letters from you yet, so I thought I'd write to let you know that if you've been sending them, I have yet to get any. I just hope this letter finds you out there.

I wish I had better news to report, Jim, but things back home have soured something considerable.

The situation with Big Uncle Jack has been mighty queer indeed. I always used to think it was a curse, having these two uncles here of such slim use. Big Uncle Jack with that giant head, couldn't say a word but at least he could chop wood. Little Uncle Jack, just tiny and always terrified, cowering and weeping all day, but at least he didn't eat much more than grass and seed. Both of them mutes, and neither one with any more sense in their minds than a little baby. It seemed like such a burden on our lives, and I suspect it was one of the reasons you chose to leave home, but now I pray to God for a return to that kind of simplicity.

Last time I wrote, I was telling you about all the untoward things that seemed to be occurring. Ever since Big Jack got bit by that snake, he's steadily become like a whole other person. First he spoke to me for the first time in his damn life, telling me he had strange powers from the snake bite--that was bad enough, mind you, because when I have occasion to hear words emit from the mouth of my mute uncle, I'd prefer them to be a trifle less damned ominous and unchristian--then it all became even more perverse.

There was the matter of Little Uncle Jack's arm. I believe that in my last letter I told of how his arm seemed to be gone, gnawed off by some animal or God knows what or who else, then it was right back on him the next day, all clean and fat and mottled like a baby's skin. And I believe I told of how, throughout this brief ordeal, Big Jack's mouth was covered with blood and flecks of meat, though I hesitated to draw any conclusions linking the missing arm and the bloodied face together, and I figured I'd do just as well to forgive the whole matter once the arm seemed to return of its own free will.

I don't know why I see any need to remind you, since the matter is queer enough that I doubt you'd forget it between my letters, but I mainly compile these facts here just in case my last letter didn't reach you.

A short while after I last wrote, I began to have an awful dream, the same one every night. I dream that I'm walking through the field, out west of the uncles' cabin. It's night time, but bright enough to see without a lantern. The moon is up and it seems like there are more stars in the firmament than I'd ever seen before. Thousands of them, lighting up the whole sky's expanse. It's beautiful. I look at the stars a while, then from the corner of my eye I see men moving by Pa's resting place. I suspect that they intend to rob his grave. I give a holler to try to run them off, but they don't pay any mind. I find that I have Pa's rifle in my hands, so I resolve to walk up and scare them with a warning shot, but I'm so nervous I can hardly walk on account of the trembling.

I get closer to the grave and I see Big Uncle Jack and Little Uncle Jack digging there with a spade

as if he's in a tremendous hurry to get something out of the ground. I've never seen Little Jack do any labor before, but for the first time he doesn't seem to be terrified. I lower the rifle on account of they're no threat to me, and I yell out, "Big Jack, you get away from Pa's grave!" And he stops his wicked endeavor and looks up at me with a terrifying smile across his giant countenance, his eyes glowing like coals, and he says to me, "It's time for him to come back, Jesse."

And he lifts his hand up above the grave, and Pa rises out like a marionette puppet or a charmed snake, and he's got the same terrible smile as Big Jack. Only I know it ain't really Pa, since he's never smiled like that in his life, and his skin is all ruddy and babylike, just like Little Jack's arm after it came back. And the awful false Pa says to me, "Jesse, you've got to--" but he's interrupted by a rifle crack and I see that I've shot him through his head.

But they're gone, Big Jack and Little Jack and Pa, and the grave is undisturbed. The gun ain't even in my hands. I contemplate the stars for a moment, but then I hear Big Uncle Jack's voice right at my ear: "Jesse." The stars jerk across the sky, then spin and rush away, as if the whole Earth broke from its moorings and is falling down into nothing. It doesn't feel like I'm falling, but I can feel myself land, and it knocks the wind right out of me. And then I wake up.

I ain't the sort to try to hang meaning on a dream, like Mama might, but this particular one disturbs me for a number of reasons: firstly, like I said, I've had it every single night since Little Jack's arm came back on. Secondly, discounting the fact that impossible things occur, it doesn't seem any less real than waking life; the only reason I call it a dream is that I wake up after it. And thirdly, I had an experience today that leads me to believe the dream has some evil significance.

Since the first night I had the dream, I've tried to reduce my dealings with Big Jack and Little Jack as much as possible. It may sound cruel, but I've become afraid of my own uncles. I worked it out with Mama so I'd do some extra work around the house in exchange for her going out to the cabin and bringing them food--I lied and told her it was the smell that bothered me, but really I was terrified to see them. She never said anything unusual, though. She never mentioned Big Jack talking, or Little Jack having a false arm or nothing like that.

As if my mind weren't troubled enough already, though, I had another awful fright today and I can't wait any longer to write you. I was cooking supper, which is not a thing I'm accustomed to but it's the only way out of having to visit the cabin, and Mama came in, beaming. "Rusty's back," she told me, and she bade me outside to see him. As you can well imagine, I didn't share her enthusiasm. Pa told her that old hound ran away, but we both know he got kicked in the head by Gracie after he was nipping at her hooves, and Pa just didn't have the heart to say we buried that sweet old dog.

I went outside expecting to see another one of Mama's wrongheaded suppositions disconfirmed, like she just saw Rusty's lumpy shape under a cloth but it was only just a dog-shaped pile of kindling, or maybe she heard a bird that sounded like Rusty, or something of that nature. But there he was, that old hound, standing there next to Big Jack. It startled me something awful to see that dead dog standing there, but the perversity of the matter didn't end there: Big Jack was beaming at me with that same terrible smile from the dream, and it sent a fever chill through me like I never felt.

And Big Jack said to me, "It's time for him to come back, Jesse."

Mama didn't seem to notice him talk, being that she was too busy cooing at the dog to notice much of anything. Rusty didn't wag his tail like he used to do, he just stood there stock-still, staring into my eyes like a dog never does. And then he cocked his dog head a little to the side and smiled at

me with a terrible grimacing smile like a dog should never do.

I heard a sound behind me, and I turned around to see Little Jack coming out from the house, where he'd always been too terrified to set foot in his whole life. He had Pa's rifle. He smiled at me, and I thought I'd never be so unhappy to see a man smile.

I was overcome with fright, and I ran straight back into the house. I suspect Little Jack took the rifle so I wouldn't have it, but as for what any of this means, I have no earthly idea. I get a feeling like my dream will be different tonight.

I'll write again soon, Jim, but God only knows if you're ever getting these letters. I still have to tell you about Arthur and his time machine, which is in its way just as strange as any of this business with the uncles.

Your brother,

Jesse

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.10 Oldwallet.com

Wednesday, Feb 11, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte...

Completely free stories

Mr. Drumchild on 15 E. Sycamore is quite the storyteller, and is more than happy to share his tales with anyone. He was in the war, so they are quite insightful and riddled with historic anecdotes. His one-of-a-kind wit is both shockingly sharp and delightfully ribald. He's quite the treasure!

0 others found this post helpful.

LIVING AIDS

If you go to Old Lady Ethel's house, you can help yourself to all sorts of living aids. I don't think she can even get out of bed, so there are all sorts of crutches and canes and walkers and stuff you can just go in and take. The place smells awful, but she never makes a sound. She just stays in that backroom all day.

7 others found this post helpful.

Free cookies

Just stop by Ms. Roseweather's house on Sunday to get some free cookies. She's so lonely she doesn't even find it odd when strangers knock on her door asking for cookies. Just be warned, her jerk son Alan comes by often. He's really rude and always asking what you're doing there. The last time I went for cookies he was hanging out the whole time and kept asking his mom to borrow money. It made me sick. She's barely getting by and this jerk wants to borrow money. I hate when people exploit the elderly. *18 others found this post helpful.*

Triple your haul with this simple strategy

FIRST, walk down Palm St any Saturday morning. Chances are you'll see Old Man D'Arensbourg sitting on his lawn. Say something like "Howdy Old Timer!" and he'll strike up a conversation. If you mention you're hungry, he'll invite you inside for some cereal. If you ask nicely he'll let you take a whole box.

NEXT, walk three houses over to Mr. Potasky's yard. He'll probably be fiddling with a toaster, which is a primo conversation starter. He'll probably ask you where you got the cereal, and you tell him that Old Man D'Arensbourg gave it to you. Mr. Potasky hates Mr. D'Arensbourg, and will call him a dumb son of a bitch and say the cereal has worms in it. He'll usually offer you some cereal of his own.

FINALLY, hide Old Man D'Arensbourg's cereal in some bushes. Then walk back to Old Man D'Arensbourg and tell him Mr. Potasky called him a dumb son of a bitch and said his cereal has worms in it. He'll start fuming, and that's when you make your move. Tell him Mr. Potasky gave you a box of cereal that doesn't have worms in it. He'll get mad, go inside, and fetch another box of cereal.

Boom! You just got yourself three free boxes of cereal. Been doing this every Saturday for six months without fail.

16 others found this post helpful.

---

tons of mens clothes absolutely free

mr. edwards' widow on kentucky street will give you free clothes that used to belong to her husband. most of the clothes are about fifty years old and are pretty ragged. i scored a few flannel shirts and some underwear that fit well enough. nice lady, excellent service. very friendly.

12 others found this post helpful.

Misc. Free Stuff

Mr. Lopez is losing his house, so he's just letting everything go. I stopped by and managed to talk him into giving me an antique armoire and an old roll top desk. He's kind of unresponsive and always staring off into space, so you might have to goad him a lot. Going back again to get some more stuff to sell on ebay/craigslist.

36 others found this post helpful.

Free iced tea

crazy plant lady will give you free iced tea if you pretend to be her son hugh. she'll ask you if you're still gay and you say "no way, mom, i like girls." she smiles and says "that's good, hugh." she is

always blasting roger whitaker music and the house is just full of plants everywhere but the iced tea is good.

92 others found this post helpful.

TOP WILL POSITIONS GOING FAST

mister graham is dying of lung cancer and doesn't have much time. i went to his house and asked him to add me to his will. he doesn't have any family so he agreed. he doesn't have much so don't expect a lot, but it's free for those willing to wait a few months.

9 others found this post helpful.

FREE MEDICATIONS

Ms. Green is kind of out of it so if you show up and ask very nicely she will let you inside. After that it's pretty easy to excuse yourself to the restroom and root through her medicine cabinet. She didn't really have a lot when I was there, but I scored some tylenol. Usually she wants you to hang around and look at pictures of her grandkids. Don't bother! Most of them are ugly.

13 others found this post helpful.

Tons of dolls

In the house across from the abandoned church on Oak St. Backdoor is broken in. An old lady lives there. She makes dolls. Dolls are free if you listen to her sad

story about a man named Ernest.

27 others found this post helpful.

Free Tuition!

Not sure how long this deal will last, but I convinced Mr. and Mrs. Gravis that I was there grandson and I was determined to better myself with a college degree. After a couple months of talking big about my future and how many doors a college degree would open, they finally offered to pay my tuition.

I was able to do this three times with different names, and cashed in on the tuition every time. YRMV.

Special thanks to Caylen "Abraham" Burroughs for his invaluable aid in the creation of this morally reprehensible article.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.11 Tips for the Recently Single

Thursday, Feb 12, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

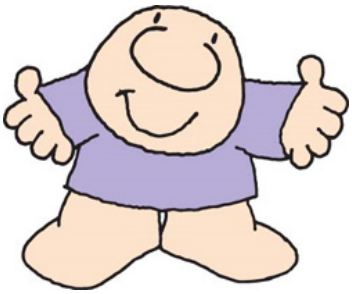
If you're reading this, it's more than likely that you and your significant other recently called it quits. Actually, it's even more likelier that you were dumped like a sack of comedy website-reading-bricks--also, to add to this colorful analogy, your size and shape may indeed be very bag-of-brick-like. And you're probably a man, because no self-respecting woman would be alone on the Internet at this time of the day. If you do happen to be a woman with no self-respect, please e-mail me; you could be the sort of gal we need over here at Team BobServo in what I like to call "The Receiving Department." I have quite a bit of hot, steaming chowder that needs to be "deposited," if you catch my drift. I'm not kidding. I won a lawsuit with Red Lobster and they paid me off in clam bisque.

Looks like this relationship has gone...to the dogs!

But to get back on-topic, I'm guessing that you're a sad, lonely sack of goon, that, from what my research tells me, can't stop shaking hands with the bishop, or as we like to call it in the biz, "beating off." Well sir, it's time to dry those eyes and clean your hand of choice on the nearest throw pillow or hanging curtain, because my advice is going to cheer up the living fuck out of you, despite the difficulty you may have parsing all of those prepositions!

Tip #1: You Are Literally Unfuckable

Just because you want to have sex with every woman you see does not mean the feeling is mutual. Such is man's folly, and the belief system at the root of most sexual assault cases. Now, most men assume that any woman who acknowledges them outside of the standard post-sneeze response is ready and willing to at least make out immediately--and thankfully, the rapey part of our subconscious usually remains smothered by the pillow of doubt. But for the recently single, it may be difficult to hide these feelings of extreme vulnerability and the desire to have a handful of ass. For the sake of your own dignity, it's important to remember that until you stop being recently single, the only people willing to fuck you are those hidden behind Craig's List abbreviations so unintelligible that you'll need the Rosetta Stone to figure out just what they plan on doing with your penis.



Yeah, hi. This is you.

And remember, that cute barista at Starbucks who you awkwardly chatted with about muffins for 5 seconds has someone walk her to her car every night because she's afraid her body parts will be found in unmarked Tupperware containers in your refrigerator weeks later. This is what she thinks of you. The only reason she smiles so much is because she has job security.

Tip #2: Your Friends Have Single Friends They Don't Want You Touching

You try making this look like it's worth a free meal.

With the insurmountable stress of meeting new people on your hands, it's not uncommon to realize that there may be other singles at the places your friends disappear to every day, especially if they're currently undergoing methadone treatment. Yet, in all of your time being recently single, why has no one ever intervened in the ongoing mummification of your genitals by introducing you to a friend from work? The sad truth is that your friends can barely tolerate your desperation as-is, and they haven't even seen the true primal misery you so desperately hide from them. How are they supposed to feel when a new channel into your unguarded wretchedness is open to them during the course of a normal work day? Not only will they feel bad about affiliating themselves with such a sad sack of needy garbage, they'll also get a first-class tour of all the creepy baggage you normally try to suppress with alcohol and loud, relentless sobbing.

Really, it's better for you and the people you know that you don't attempt to fondle anyone they know. This way it's easier to pretend that no one is aware of all the weird shit that you're into! But really, what you like to do with that oversized "flashlight" you hide so poorly in your top dresser drawer is no mystery.

Tip #3: Stay Away from the Internet

"So... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WARHAMMER"

The Internet seems like a sure thing for the lonely. I mean, did you ever see those eHarmony commercials? That old dude on them is practically screaming, "LET ME HELP YOU GET YOUR DICK WET!" I hate to break it to you, but this kindly senior citizen has never once thought about the status of your penis. Online dating sites are ostensibly designed to get all of the mutants out of the dating pool so everyone else can have amazing, photogenic sex and rest assured that the person they're currently jackhammering didn't choose to have their lives screened through 29 "personality dimensions." And if you think about the logistics of the situation, no woman worth dating or talking to should have to advertise her services on the Internet; if you've been fortunate enough to spend any amount of time around even a semi-attractive woman, you'd know that 80% of their day is spent fighting off the advances of would-be deadbeat dads.

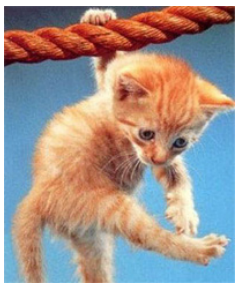
The only women who can't get this kind of attention from men in real life undoubtedly have some major personality flaw or venereal disease currently only found in lesser primates. And even if you can handle these major roadblocks on the highway of love, your date will inevitably end with her forcing you to beat her across the face savagely with a belt while she cries out, "Love *me* daddy! Love *me*!" Or, in a worst-case scenario, she might want to read you some of her poetry. I personally can't imagine what a nightmare that would be, but it sounds worse than 10 Vietnams and a Korean War (your choice). The important message behind all of this is that people who turn to the Internet for love are people who can't find love anywhere outside of the Internet. This is why you should never use your real name when signing up for an Internet dating site.

Tip #4: Breasts

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Outside of certain clinics and prosthetic stores, breasts are literally *everywhere*. And wherever they go, they bring with them a certain warmth and comfort that's completely unassociated with any sort of creepy desires rooted in infancy. Just as you don't have to smoke cigars to enjoy the fine articles of Cigar Aficionado Magazine (or so their ads tell me), you don't have to experience breasts for yourself to enjoy their very presence in this world. This is good because you won't be touching them for a very long time. So why not appreciate them from afar? After all, no one is stopping you, especially the police, who will only occasionally tell you to leave The Gap before they take away your sketchbook.

Tip #5 Don't Kill Yourself



This kitten has gotten more action than you'll ever know.

A seemingly simple solution to your interminable suffering and horny-ness is to take a long toke off of sweet lady shotgun. Don't do this; people won't only think you're a huge pussy, they'll also make fun of you. Besides, it's more than likely that you will feel the touch of the opposite sex before you're snuffed out by a falling meteorite or a complete lack off health insurance. For example, a woman could develop amnesia and you could trick her into thinking you're her husband, as seen in the hit 1987 movie, Overboard. And let's not forget the ever-increasing trend of girls daring each other to sleep with notable losers "as a joke." Only time will tell if you'll be so lucky. Hang in there, baby!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.12 That Insidious Beast: Field Dominance

Friday, Feb 13, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

The drunken wanderings and mental meanderings of an American expat in London.

09/02/09 - Monday - 5:22 PM from web

short shifts and pub quiz

We're having our shifts cut back from six to five so now I will have tuesdays off. Stan said Mr. Taggart was talking on the phone about shortages of nickel. Just had a pots and pans turn in last week, but I guess it wasn't the right sort of thing. I wish we were getting off fridays or mondays, but colin said we can make monday night pub quiz a tradition so that's what I'm getting ready for tonight. Tessa is gonna be there too. No I still haven't asked her out. I'm working up to it.

Lot more airplanes buzzing us these days. I don't know what it's about. Most of them are real

high up. By the time the RAF sends up some Mirages to chase them off they're already gone. Over the weekend the police were collecting leaflets in the streets that I guess the Americans dropped. I grabbed one from the sidewalk, but the cop took it from me before I could really have a look and then chased me off.

These days I don't tell anyone about being from the states. Colin knows, my landlady, Dora, she knows. Mr. Taggart has to know because of the work papers. You know, reading this, but I use fake names. I say I'm canadian. i've known a couple expats who got it good when they just told anyone and everyone. I keep quiet.

Besides, I'm not really an American anymore anyway. I've lived here almost 15 years. Since before what happened in Chicago. I don't know what's going on over there, I don't follow the politics, and I can't just call my family and ask because the phones aren't wired up right. The war was supposed to be over a long time ago in Europe so why is everybody so nervous?

comments 2 | send link to a friend

10/02/09 - Tuesday- 8:16 AM from web

owww my head

Of course the times when I want to sleep in I wake up at the crack of bloody dawn. If I had just stayed in bed until 11 this would all be in the past, but it's like 7:30 now and I've been up for an hour. I tried making a pot of coffee but the tin was just down to those wood shaving bits they put in the coffee here. I made tea but that doesn't cut it for me, not when my head hurts this much. It's like the whole world is throbbing.

Last night was a blast. Me, Colin, Stan, and Tessa on one team and Peter, Doug, and two guys from the front office I don't know on the other. One of them said he was an outsider but that's okay. We smashed them. Absolutely killed them. And they were good enough to buy three rounds, which was on top of the four rounds we had during.

So I didn't so much ask Tessa as drag her back to my flat singing old elton john songs. Hey, they're easy to remember. And before you post something nasty in the comments about me being a sex beast, I was a perfect gentleman and I had already said I was taking the couch. Christ she was drunk. Too far to walk to shoreditch alone and it was already past curfew.

We saw a copper coming for us right as air sirens started going off. We all froze up and looked into the sky, those big lights they test out once a month started sweeping back and forth. You couldn't see them at first, but you could hear them. This deep "wooooooosh" sound above the clouds. Then it cleared up and there they were, hundreds upon hundreds of planes, flying right over our heads.

The copper told us to get inside so we ran to my place. We were terrified of the bombs. Tessa said she remembered when she was a girl, during the war on the continent, watching the bombs landing across the Channel when the americans were flying from here. She said the whole sky would turn orange from the fires.

No bombs last night. No sleeping on the couch either ;) tessa left after a chat and some tea. hope to see her again tonight

comments 6 | send link to a friend

10/02/09 - Tuesday- 11:25 AM from web

shit it's war then

all channels on the tv went to an emergency card chimes and prime minister clayton came on from an undisclosed location. those planes early this morning bombed the outsider canton at Crawley and landed americans at gatwick. Fires everywhere and now I can hear the sirens in the streets from teh police.

Clayton said it was "unprovoked" and "tragic" and that King Charles is as resolute as he is in fighting back and throwing the americans out. "We will not rest until every inch of our country has been cleared of americans."

I hope that doesn't include me.

Update: look, I support England 100% and the King. I will volunteer for army if they will have me so stop acting like I wanted this to happen.

comments 205 | send link to a friend

10/02/09 - Tuesday - 3:06 PM from web

prayers go out to crews of ark royal and illustrous

I've been glued to the telly and I just wanted to make a post real quick to say that I am praying for the families and crews of the ark royal and illustrous and all the brave men and women of the fleet.

I just saw on the news and it is a despicable tragedy. they're saying both sunk by missiles along with escorts before they could even steam out of the channel. the americans have hundreds and hundreds of ships visible off the coast and they won't even let the helicopters from portsmouth rescue the survivors.

I am so sorry for what my former country is doing :(

update: showing a picture of one sinking sorry about quality

update 2: they're at the beaches now oh my god BBC has CCTV footage of hoplites and tanks coming ashore

update 3: tanks on the a23 just south of coulsdon guess the ones that landed at gatwick

update 4: can hear more planes overhead now

comments 92 | send link to a friend

10/02/09 - Tuesday - 4:43 PM from web

they're landing in london now

sky is full of parachutes and the guns are firing. There's one right outside my house now. Some tank sort of thing with four guns and it just keeps shooting up into the sky. there's something else. They bombed the TV out but on the radio they said something else. Some new thing. I don't know what it is but they talked to a soldier who said it was big and alive and it took apart his tanks. I need to get somewhere safe. I don't know.

I need to call tessa but the mobile networks are overloaded and I think they bombed the telephone exchange center. There's loud booms every few seconds. Some are far, some are so close I can feel the hot air blow in through the window. people are just standing around outside and they don't know waht to do. some people are running or getting in cars and trying to leave. Where would they go?

I need to get to shoreditch and find tessa. good luck to you guys

comments 55 | send link to a friend

10/02/09 - Tuesday - 10:07 PM from web

colin & stan anybody else shoreditch not safe

colin, stan, mary, peter, doug, or anyone else from Federated, do not come to shoreditch. I found tessa. I am at her flat with her flatmates and two of their friends, but getting here was a nightmare.

there is an evacuation point in homerton supposedly so we are going to try to go there if it quiets down. I guess north is still UK. I think. It's all so confusing and the radio keeps going out like it's being jammed. This awful tone that you can hear. You can hear it without the radio too. It hurts in your head.

I saw strange things. I still...I don't know what it was I saw. Fighting and bodies and burning houses. I knew I would see those. I was with a policeman. He was covered in blood and barely talked. We came round a corner and the americans shot at us and he died. I ran from him all the way to blackfriars and there was a thing there, like a man tall as a house, with skin of black smoke and eyes swimming in his head. There were soldiers with that thing, walking along with it. That sound was really loud there. The tone.

I tried to go underground but it was full up, packed in like sardines, stinking and afraid as that thing came closer and closer. I got out just in time.

There was fire and smoke everywhere. Sometimes it would be clear and other times it would come billowing into the street and I had to walk along with my hand on shop fronts. Bombs were still falling, I could feel them in my feet. The wind gusted and blew the smoke out of the street. I think I was in Whitechapel.

There were dead americans all over in the street and it was quiet. It was as if wild animals or swords had sliced them to pieces. I fell in the blood and guts. it was running into the gutters. that was the only sound.

In shoreditch the army had barricades but the americans and those things had killed them all. there was a naked outlander walking around, a strange look in his eye. i called out to him but he ignored me and then a missile came down from the sky and hit him and he was gone.

near tessas flat i came across wounded soldiers. scotsmen, five of them. they asked if i knew where their unit was and i said no. then they asked me for cigarettes. i didn't have any but the biggest of them turned out my pockets to be sure. he tried my mobile phone and there was no signal so he gave it back.

tessa and her flatmates were glad to see me i think but I dont know if they will all come with me to homerton. we've gotta go. there's more of those things, the giants, and they are all different and terrible.

i will try to keep updating if i can.

dont go into the undergrounds it's all dead down there

and god save the king

comments 175 | send link to a friend

11/02/09 - Wednesy- 12:15 AM from web

going to homerton now

the bombing and explosions and fighting seems more distant now. To the west and in central london. I can still hear gunshots sometimes. We had a few scares, some things walking past in the street. Tessa's flatmates are scared out of their wits, but I think I've convinced them all to come with.

her roomate carol's friend Anna speaks french and she said french radio is reporting the americans in normandy. imagine that, landing in normandy.

the americans are on the telly now too. some man praying and speaking of living angels and salvation. nutters. the whole damn country is insane. they said we are being liberated. from who?

we've got some food and spare clothes. bottles of water. we're going now. if you don't hear from me again don't go to homerton

good luck

comments 82 | send link to a friend

11/02/09 - Wednesday - 2:04 AM from mobile

DONE IN

HEAD HURTS SO MUCH NOSE IS BLEEDIN

EVERYHERE THEYRE EVERYWHERE

AMERICANS WEARING MASKS TESSA WANTS TO GO TOWARDS THEM

I HAD TO HIT HER HEAD AND DRAG HER INTO SHOP

HOMERTON LOST OVERRUN

STRANGE IN THE SKY THINGS LIKE A VALLEY OF LIGHT IN THE SKY

I FEEL SICK THAT SOUND IN MY HEAD IS SO LOUD

comments 807 | send link to a friend

11/02/09 - Wednesday - 4:33 AM from mobile

OK NOW

I'm fine. I am fine. going home.

comments 39 | send link to a friend

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Peter Parker Writes Some More News

Saturday, Feb 14, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Yeah Hi It's Me I'm Back

Peter Parker Senior Daily Bugle Photographer

Hey everyone sorry I been gone so long but a lot happened since my last column*.

Remember how Spider-Man was chasing a common thug through a dark alley but it turned out the thug was really a possessed Doctor Strange and the alley was actually a portal to another dimension where everything was purple and wavey and Loki was using Doctor Strange to fight against Spider-Man in a gladiator colaseum but Spider-Man turned his chariot onto a ramp made of living lions and crashed into Lokie which defeated him and set Doctor Strange free and the whole thing took like maybe an hour but when I came back four months had passed?

Ok when all that happened I was in a secluded cabin. I was there but I forgot to tell anybody about it so no one knew where I was.

Oops!

While I was in the cabin I spent the whole time writing today's column. Thanks hope you liked it.

No No No You Jerks, No

Peter Parker Sweater Vest Enthusiast

Looks like the police got a number of emergency calls from people who saw Spider-Man swinging around the city with a boner during his brawl with the Black Cat. First of all, that isn't an emergency.

Second of all this whole thing has been exaggerated. See the Black Cat um... poisoned...? Yes, that's it. She poisoned Spider-Man with boner pills to divert blood from his powerful muscles and slow him down. The boner was not a sexual one.

Sure, the two of them tumbled and grabbed at one another for the better part of the evening, and the Black Cat does this purr thing when you choke her or punch her in the butt. Sometimes she bites you on the earlobe hard but not hard enough to draw blood and your knees go wobbly (possibly some martial arts pressure point?)

And yes, she's seductive. She smells of latex and droplets of vanilla sweat clinging to the nape of a supple neck - a delicate altar to which you would happily whisper lust-drunk promises for all of eternity.

That said, it wasn't a sexual boner. The same goes for tomorrow night's fight with the Vulture.

Peter Parker's Identity Revealed

Peter Parker
Proud New York College Alumni

I'm sure everyone has heard about the League Of Bad Guys and there announcement that they will kill Spider-Man if they ever find out what his true identity is. If you haven't heard, here's a recap:

Their is a League Of Bad Guys and they announced that if they ever find out what Spider-Man's true identity is they will kill him.

In response, Spider-Man has said something:

"Hey this is Spider-Man. I think the League Of Bad Guys are a bunch of wimps that couldn't hurt me if I was in a paper bag. Come get me. My secret identity is either Osama Ben Laden or Doctor Octopus. Can't do squat to me!"

Of course Spider-Man didn't reveal his ***true*** identity, it was a trick. That's because Spider-Man is smart. He did, after all, graduate from New York College as a sceince major with a 2.8 grade point average. Those lunkheads have no way of figuring it out though.

LQQK~! Lots Of Items For Sale

Peter Parker
Can't Lose

Got to move out of this apartment. I never paid much attention to the church down the street but lately that damn bell is driving me nuts so I'm moving and I need to sell some stuff here we go!

1 Toilet bowl seat lid, excellent condition, minor radiation. Came with the apartment but I think I can pry it off without breaking it.

1 REPLICA Spider-Man outfit w/ bullet hole in left shoulder from that Kraven douchenozzle, some gashes left by adamantium claws, heavy sweat stains in armpits and taint regions, and heavier drool stains on mask (pretty much all over face).

3 Classy looking pens with *J. Jonah Jameson* engraved on them. Have access to similarly themed stationary and family photos, please inquire.

1 Infinity Gauntlet, source of un-imaginable power. Grants wearer control over Time, Space, Mind, Soul, Reality, Power, blah blah blah. Mounted on a frame that I got with one of those singing trouts.

Please direct all offers and questions to PParker@dailybugle.net

Spider-Man's New Costume: Rad

Peter Parker: Flesh Organism

Everyone's buzzing (get it) about Spider-Man's new black costume that he came back with after fighting in the Secret War.

It's pretty great. If you don't like it, you're entitled to your opinion... on the **MOON**! Heh. Just to be safe, go to the side of the moon that no one ever sees and enjoy your opinion over there so I can't see you. Oh, and while you're there die.

So Spider-Man is looking awesome and feeling awesome. There are reports of seemingly alien tendrils glooping out of his costume but not too long ago there were some misreports about the reason for a boner so don't put too much stock into witness accounts. Just trust that the host has much strength-foodddd

Ah! I hit the keyboard so hard that the button got stuck. So much power... how is this possible? Did Aunt May grinded up a multivitamin in my milk again?

Maybe I should go lay down, or muss up my hair and start dancing on a busy sidewalk.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.14 The Adventures of a Retired Secret Agent: A Murder Mystery: Part 2

Sunday, Feb 15, 2009 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Previously on The Adventures of a Retired Secret Agent

The ex-villain Mr. Leopard (now a pathetic old man in cat underwear) has been found dead in a public bathroom. And our hero, an old ex-secret agent, suspects his ex-nemesis and current best friend Dr. Petrubia, who has an old grudge against Mr. Leopard over a decades old betrayal. The secret agent has shared his suspicions with his contact from the Secret Agency (who hasn't actually been in contact with the Secret Agency in years) and now has gone to confront Dr. Petrubia himself.

Chapter 5: Lair. Lair! LAIR!

New York City, 1979. The faint sound of grit under my feet could only mean one thing. I was nearing Mr. Leopard's lair.

Mr. Leopard called anywhere he lived his lair, because the alliterative power of the name tended to intimidate his enemies before they even had a chance to see his muscles or his leopard print Exo-Bikini with its deadly KittyKlaw rockets. Later in life, the word "lair" would be used to describe a series of sequentially smaller and dingier houses before finally reaching its final resting place as the title of a low-ceilinged studio apartment in Reseda.

At the time, though, his lair was still impressive in its own right, a metal dome built into a huge free-standing rock, with carvings of his various exploits bracketing the arched entrance. The inside was all high-tech computers and cutting edge surveillance, with specially designed tiles to provide the perfect acoustic s for his battle roars.

My sunglasses had a rock-cutting laser embedded in their bridge, but all it did was chip away a few flakes before dying with a quiet electronic fart. So I had to go with Plan B which was to hop through the perfectly human-sized vent at the top of the dome, the shock of landing absorbed by my shoes and distributed throughout my suit where it was transformed into electricity and used to recharge my automatic tie straightener.

I raised my pistol, ready to for Mr. Leopard's pounce but all I heard was an irritated "Oh it's you."

Dr. Petrubia stuck his head out from one of the computer cabinets where he had crawled inside after prying it open. He was holding tangled nests of wires in each hand that were sparking vigorously.

"Well, Mr. Leopard isn't here," he said. "Right now I'm searching through his system for any sign of where he has gone. Because believe me, I have some ludicrously elaborate and easily escapable torture methods I will be testing out on him until he pleads for mercy. Or escapes. Whichever comes first. "

Instead of Mr. Leopard I had my archest arch-nemesis of all time. Fair trade, I supposed.

"I know you're sore about him betraying you," I said, entering my battle karate stance, "but I'm about to make you sore because of my FIST."

Petrubia rolled his eyes and turned back to the computer.

Chapter 6: In Which a Battle Karate Stance is Escalated

"Wake up. Hey, wake up."

Petrubia groaned and his eyes slowly opened. I entered into as close to my battle karate stance as my bad back would allow me anymore.

"We need to talk."

"What the hell are you doing here this late?" he said. "Oh God, wait...oh no look we have a great friendship and I wouldn't want to ruin it, and besides, I don't think of you that way. Well, once when you were thrown into my diabolic water slide of Extreme Pain and you were in that skimpy white Speedo and glistening all over, your mouth forming a tight 'oh' of agony as your muscles pulsated in your chest, that one time I thought of you that way, but generally no. No no no. Definitely not. No."

That's not what I meant at all. Definitely not. No. So I yanked him out of bed (well, gamely tugged at his sleeve with all my strength until he obliged and go up) and pinned him against the wall.

"You did it."

"I did what?"

"You killed Mr. Leopard."

"I did what?"

"I remember now, all those years ago, when I beat the shit out of you in Mr. Leopard's Lair."

"Yeah, I remember that. It hurt."

"You were planning on going after him. For revenge. For vengeance. For vengeful revenge."

"Well, yeah, back then. Is this because I said I was glad he was dead? Jesus, that doesn't mean I did it. This is just like the time you thought I sent a gigantic robotic shoe to crush the president=*"

This was nothing like that. I escalated my karate stance. My hip wrenched horribly and my shirt, too small, popped out of my suit pants and dangled ludicrasly half-tucked. But I looked threatening, if you ignored my wince, if you ignored my waver. Petrubia had killed him. I had trusted him, befriended him, and

"He didn't do it." Someone speaking from the window. "And thank you. You reminded me that Petrubia too must die."

We both stared into the darkness, dumbstruck. The man who spoke came through the window, walked towards the light. I found my voice.

"I did what?"

And my contact from the Secret Agency stepped into full view, a gun trained on the two of us. The other half of my shirted flopped out.

TO BE CONTINUED....

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.15 Hypothetical Torture

Monday, Feb 16, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Everyone please take your seat so we can resume the hearing," Chairman Harlock yelled over the din of many separate conversations. "Come on folks, we've got a long afternoon ahead of us."

Albert O. Brandyfield, former Secretary of Interrogations, was being grilled by the senate subcommittee on national security. He had already taken his seat at the table, his shriveled frame flanked by highly-paid Washington lawyers. He seemed shrunken since leaving his post, withered by the media attention on his past "mistakes." Though otherwise weakened, Brandyfield's black, button eyes glinted with keen intelligence.

Some on the left accused Brandyfield of authorizing and encouraging the use of torture during the previous administration. Many on the right were sympathetic to Brandyfield and believed any torture was conducted as a necessary means to provide for national security.

Brandyfield's cantankerous performance during the morning's session had demonstrated that the senators on the committee could expect no *mea culpa* .

Chairman Harlock banged the gavel a few more times and the room finally fell silent.

"If we're ready, let's continue with the Senator from Idaho," Chairman Harlock said and pointed the handle of the gavel at the balding Republican. "Senator Kempt, go ahead."

Senator Kempt shuffled some papers and cleared his throat before speaking.

"Thank you, Mister Chairman."

Senator Kempt paused to adjust his microphone lower.

"Thank you also, Former Secretary Brandyfield, I know you have received a lot of guff from my esteemed colleagues today and you have been so very patient."

"I'm glad to answer questions," Brandyfield replied.

"Good. That's good, because I do have a question for you," Senator Kempt paused again to shuffle his papers. "Most of the questions today have been directed at whether or not you believe the US government tortured and what exactly your role was in shaping individual interrogations. I would like to broaden the scope of the questioning out into the general question of whether or not torture is ever okay. If a time bomb is ticking in a school full of babies and you have the guy who you know can tell you where the bomb is and how to disarm it, will you torture him?"

"That's an excellent question, Senator. First, I would like to reiterate that the United States does not, as a rule, torture. We have a variety of interrogation techniques available to us and we utilize these under normal circumstances. However, to answer your hypothetical, the United States would act in the best interests of national security to obtain time-sensitive information."

"So if there was a threat to America and the only way to get the information was torture, you would torture someone?"

"In order to protect America we would do anything in our power to get that information," Brandyfield answered. "All options are on the table in those situations."

"I yield the balance of my time," Senator Kempt noted.

"Ah, Senator Feinbaum," Chairman Harlock pointed to the Democrat from Rhode Island.

"Thank you, Mister Chairman," said Senator Feinbaum.

He took off his reading glasses before addressing Brandyfield.

"My colleague introduced a fascinating hypothetical about a...school full of babies with a ticking time bomb. You were good enough to answer that 'all options' are on the table in a scenario like that. Is that correct?"

"Yes," Brandyfield answered without hesitation. "We cannot allow squeamishness to obstruct the safety of our country. When the enemy adheres to no moral code then I believe in certain very specific circumstances we should explore every option available."

"Interesting, Mr. Brandyfield. If I might explore that hypothetical a little further, I was curious, in that exact scenario...ticking time bomb, babies in peril, one man knows the answer...would you be willing to be sodomized if it meant having the answer to that question?"

"I'm not sure I...ah...I don't..." Brandyfield was flummoxed.

"Would you take one for the team, Mister Brandyfield? Would you let a terrorist cornhole you? Hump your filthy shitpipe?"

"That's, I mean I can't imagine a scenario where..."

"No, this is the hypothetical. Terrorist dude is totally 100% immune to torture, but he agrees to give you the location of the bomb if he can just get a good ten minutes pounding the hell out of your saggy old man ass. So answer that question. Would you allow yourself to be sodomized if it meant getting the information to save a school full of babies from a bomb?"

"I don't...no, I can't do that," Brandyfield answered. "I think it's a ridiculous-"

"No, that's the hypothetical. And let the record note that Secretary Brandyfield believes ten minutes of tube in the stink is just too much to endure to save the lives of dozens of children."

"Now wait a minute, I-"

"Let the record reflect that!" Senator Feinbaum's voice squealed in the microphone.

"That's not fair, Senator, that situation would never arise," Brandyfield objected.

"It's just a hypothetical, but I can understand your reluctance. That is a very intimate act to share with someone you barely know. What about something a bit less intrusive? Would you, say, be willing to jerk off a terrorist who knows the location and means of disarming a ticking time bomb? Just give him a little tug?"

"I don't see how this is relevant to-"

"You can use a sock. Put some jelly on a sock and beat him off. You can even look away while you're doing it if it really bothers you that much."

"This is disgusting, I am a happily married man, Senator. I would never engage-"

"We're not talking about cheating for romance or lust, Mr. Brandyfield. You're cheating to save babies. School babies next to a bomb. It's in those little wooden nooks where the kindergarteners put their lunches. It will blow them all to pieces and all you have to do to save them is beat off one terrorist mastermind for like five minutes. Using a jellied jerk sock. You don't even have to touch it directly."

"I refuse to answer," Brandyfield replied.

"Let the record note that when confronted with a ticking time bomb Secretary Brandyfield refused to answer," Senator Feinbaum declared.

"Wait a second," Brandyfield was beginning to sound very agitated. "I will answer your damn hypothetical. No! The answer is no!"

"No need to shout, Mr. Brandyfield. Please amend the record to reflect that Senator Brandyfield will not jerk off a terrorist to save the lives of children."

"This is appalling," Brandyfield shook his head in disgust.

"My time is almost up, Mr. Brandyfield, but I want to give you one last opportunity to answer the hypothetical. Same scenario. School, babies, ticking bomb, terrorist with the answers. Hell, throw in extra answers. He knows where Bin Laden is and he can tell us where all the loose nukes are right now. This guy is the intelligence goldmine, but he's totally immune to torture. You've pulled all his nails, sliced up his genitals, so no jerking off, and you've cut out one of his eyes. He doesn't care. But he will give you all the answers if you just kiss him."

"Kiss him?"

"On the mouth. Just once, Mr. Brandyfield."

"Kiss him on the mouth?"

"Yeah, kiss a terrorist dude on the mouth. You know what, not even kiss him, just get your mouth really close to his and then you both stick out your tongues and touch the tip of your tongue to his for maybe two seconds."

"Touch tongues and that is it?"

"For only two seconds."

"And he will tell us how to stop the bomb and find Bin Laden and all about the loose nukes?"

"Yes, and anything else you can think of. He's the intelligence Rosetta Stone. All plots revealed."

"Wow, I, uh...I suppose I would do that then. I'd have to do that."

"Let the record reflect that Secretary Brandyfield is willing to touch tongues with a terrorist in a homosexual kissing scenario to save America."

"Now wait a minute-"

"Your time is up," announced Chairman Harlock. "Secretary Brandyfield, if you have further answers for that question you will have to submit them in writing.

Uh, we have time for one more before a quick voting recess. Senator Burns from Wyoming."

The frog-faced Republican Senator from Wyoming turned on his microphone and leaned forward.

"I would like to begin by thanking Secretary Brandyfield for stopping by to answer our questions," began Senator Burns. "But I can't thank him. Because I am totally grossed out right now. I seriously feel like I might puke. I would like the record to reflect that I can support enhanced interrogations in some situations, but I do not support nor condone French kissing no terrorist."

Secretary Brandyfield hung his head in shame. Senator Burns pointed an accusatory finger at him.

"There are some lines that the US Government just cannot cross," Senator Burns admonished. "If we endorse that sort of behavior then are we really America anymore? Not the one I remember. We cannot sacrifice our most important qualities in pursuit of security. The United States of America does not gay tongue touch prisoners."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.16 Subj: Dear E-Bay You Sent Me A Filthy Bed

Tuesday, Feb 17, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

> Dearest Friends It's Your Father Again I Am Sending You All This Email That I Sent To E-Bay To Show You About Their Bad Business. Im not mad at you I'm mad at them!!!

I am one Unhappy Customer Today !!!!!! The bed I got from your E-Bay company is a foul bed and I want my money back and to send the product back to your company. The delivery man showed up and the bed smells like a gross woman pulled over her motorcycle and gave birth on it in the rain and then when you flip it over it smells like the baby grew up on that side. A Bad Bed!!!!!!! Shame on you all!!!

This technology is to be used for the good of all creatures giant and small, not to swindle a hardworking man to the tune of $23.08.... none of you are out of high school I would say, judging by how you made a business selling laser pointers and coke bottles and street mattresses that have leaves stuck to them. I know 2 different paperboys in this town and Channel 3 Crime Busters interviewed me when I got a great deal on life insurance, and yes, you may consdier that to be a threat to the future of your office. I will go to the media and the Bogus Business Bureau!! I am outraged and will tell everyone to stay away!!!

If you think you can pull one over on me you better think twice and then a third time. I am a street wise and word smart professional who knows where his money goes and where the heart is. For example for lunch I went out and got a Clearance Special Heart Shaped Valentine's Day Pizza and washed it down with a batch of metamucil I drank from a ziploc bag. No cups, no bologna, no messing around!! If you think I'm going to settle for your style of bad business you've got another thing coming..... bozos!!!!

And no don't try to talk me out of my anger, I am no stranger to sleaze tycoons like yourself. In 2001 my wife was stolen from me by a man I can only describe as a husky amputee with a bowl cut and a secret passion for Woman's armpits. I remember every detail about his stupid life. He also had a wagon wheel in his front yard like a copycat buffoon!! I went home and immediately took my wagon wheels out and rolled them down the street. Who cares where they went, much like his arm that he probably always talks about. I have known people like that and they are always saying things like "Hey, I Have No Arm. It Is Gone And I Can't Use It. I Wonder Where My Arm Went. Where's My Arm" and so on. Hey Mr Boring Armgone, maybe you should watch TV more so we can all talk about normal people things and not ruin my surprise party anymore because your arm stub touched the icing on my cake and we had to throw the whole thing out even though you said it was just like normal skin but still it was very gross. I almost puked we had to dump it right away

I eagerly await the day i can confront you scum E-Bay salesman. "Who The Heck Are You" you would ask when I appear??? And I would say "Hmm..." then do a jump over you and put on my businesstime denim jacket in mid air, landing with arms crossed "Any questions?" of course not its your worst nightmare and he (me) just did a back flip up onto your car. Afraid yet? Even better i would like to get very buff and then die and haunt you and say my chant in a booming voice that echoes throughout your bedroom and time "im a tough beat cop thats tough to beat / with one big leg and one petite" and then rattle up your shelves a bit until you give my money back and say you are sorry for sending me to bed hell. You hve no idea the kind of enemy you have made today!!!!!!!!!!!! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE MADDEST MAN IN TOWN

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.17 SA Celebrity Stalker: February Edition

Wednesday, Feb 18, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our celeb-hungry fanatics are always sending us the latest celebrity spots from across the country!

Kevin Costner
Yesterday @ 9 am
I was at the Starbucks on the 400 block of Crane St getting a chai latte. I was a bit disheveled and I argued with the barista over the change I was given. I did not sign autographs, nor was I asked to. I will be there again tomorrow.

Bob McNeil
Yesterday @ 11am
I'm not sure if this guy is a celebrity but I ran into him at Wal-Mart. He said "Hi, I'm Bob McNeil" and I shook his hand. I think he might have been in that one show, the one Pete was talking about the other day. It's on cable.

Ray Romano
Yesterday @ 1pm
Saw the "Everybody Loves" star chasing a dog through the farmer's market. He was yelling "come back here!" and "I'm sorry!" Looks like not everybody loves Raymond!

Ralph Nader
Yesterday @ 5pm
Was at Enterprise Rental Car waiting to get a car. Saw Ralph Nader glaring at an SUV, like he wanted to kill it right then and there. I guess he didn't think it was safe or something. Dude looked seriously pissed.

Kanye West
Yesterday @ 7pm
Kanye West's personal diamond-studded blimp made a surprise landing at my high school! He put on an impromptu concert in the gym that was off the hook! I GOT JUSTINE'S NUMBER!!!!! WHAT AN AWESOME NIGHT!!

Courtney Love
Yesterday @ 11pm
Had a weird dream where my fingers were really long, like three feet long. Anyway, I was trying to shorten them by pressing my fingertips against a wall and pushing forward and for some reason Courtney Love was there.

Mickey Rourke
Today @ 5am
I saw a shadowy figure moving in the woods out behind a cabin I was renting. It ran away when I shined a light on it. I examined its leavings, and I'm pretty sure it was Mickey Rourke.

Selma Hayek
Today @ 10am
The bosom-rich scene-stealer was spotted breastfeeding a baby panda at the zoo. A throng of spectators had gathered to watch, and she didn't seem to mind at all. Love to see that kind of heart!

Justin Timberlake
Today @ 10am
Went to use the restroom at a BP station and saw Justin passed on out the floor. One of his legs was missing and he had a badly bandaged stump. He was really sweaty and greasy and was whimpering in his sleep. He's really let himself go.

Paris Hilton
Today @ 12pm
The pop culture princess was spotted leaving the set of "Snake Warz" in a tizz. A stagehand said she was mad about having to climb inside a giant fake anaconda for a pivotal scene. What a prima donna!

Robert Downey Jr.
Today @ 3pm
Saw the Ironman himself rolling a giant cheese wheel down the street. Looked like he was having the time of his life, so I asked if I could push it too. He said no. I don't think I'm ever going to watch one of his movies again. That stupid son of a bitch.

Kid Rock
Today @ 7pm
Holy shit! I met Kid! He was really small in person, like two feet tall. At first I thought it was some kind of trick of the eye, but no way, the dude is insanely small. He told me to follow my dreams but honestly I just wanted to get away from him.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

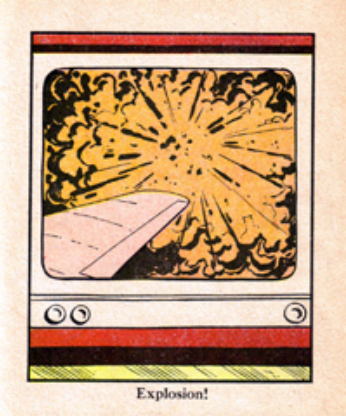
2.18 Reading Time: The Invaders

Thursday, Feb 19, 2009 by Stevie

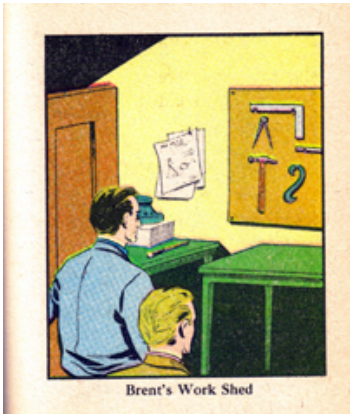
This article is part of the Reading Time series.

Dear Max, you have always been a smart friend to me. You wrote to me and said "Do not go Outside on a mission," then you wrote other things, then you said it an again time! It seemed very serious and scary. But Max, it is wonderful Outside. It is different than you think. I have not seen the woman from your letter, the one whose hair is red and pretty. I have not had a love way or heard the secret Outside words. There are aliens here, but all I have to do is be the violence to them, and the generals say "nice work, son." Sometimes the aliens say something like "Please, I am not alien, I am a human bean," but I will not listen because they warned me aliens are tricksters.

The Instructors told me I could send you my own Reading Time assignment, so you could see for yourself what it's like Outside. Please believe these words and pictures. I hope you will understand them superior grade, so you can join me and we can be heroes together. -- Stevie



The person who took this photo got his giant thumb in the way, but he can't be blamed because it was a crazy time, and anyway that could be someone else's blown-off thumb that flew in front of the camera. The aliens caused the explosion, or they invaded after the explosion because it made everyone afraid and weak, or else the generals made the explosion to show what the aliens might do in the future unless somebody stops them.



Brent's Work Shed

This is where the letters of the alphabet are made. You can see the "T" and "S" and "L," and the parts for an "A," but it's not done yet. Aliens want to sabotage this work shed so that no one will be able to do communication. Now it makes sense, why the Facility teaches us to put stories together using pictures. They knew this day might come.

The Mutated Hand of an Alien

The toughest part of being Outside is telling aliens from normal humans. A lot of times, the generals will do the work for you by bringing you a bunch of fake people, but they feel impressed if you grab a few yourself. First you have to look at their hands, because the generals told me that anyone who makes this -- or any -- gesture with their fingers is an alien. I found that some people had these metal gloves under their skin that made their fingers stay that way, and I asked them about it, but they were already the dead. So I asked the generals, and they said those people wanted to be aliens, which makes them traitors and even worse than real aliens.

Unearthly Flames!

Another true way to find out if people are aliens is to make them catch on the fire. If they are from another planet, they will burn with unearthly flames. If they are normal people, they will burn normal style. Do not pay attention to what they look like in the face part, though, because sometimes humans look weird like aliens after they've burned for a time.

David Surprises the Alien

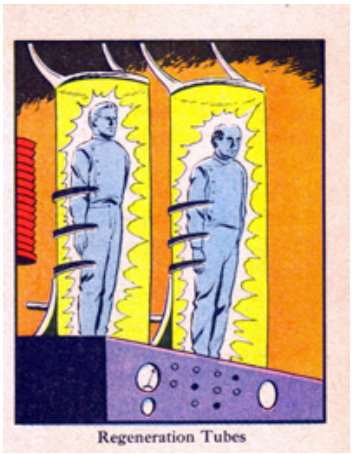
Aliens are very curious about human activities. If you open every door with the force of a powerful hero, you will surprise many eavesdropping aliens. They threaten "watch where you're going," but I always say "not this time, spy," because they can't watch where I'm going any longer! They become silent with shame.

David Quiets the Alien

Once you have surprised an alien, he will usually moan and complain. You can quiet him by slapping him in the throat. If his head falls off, you have slapped him too hard. Don't worry, this happened to me the first few times. You just have to keep practicing. The generals will send you to buildings where there are always replacements.

The Alien Rolls From the Car

When the alien stops making noise, push him out of a car. If you are not absolutely sure that your passenger is an alien (for example, if they're missing their hands), just be sure the car is moving at a slower speed: This makes further evaluation much easier.



Regeneration Tubes

These are Innocence Tubes, like at the Facility. But sometimes language is different on the Outside. The generals call these regeneration tubes, and also I heard someone say that the people in them aren't real living humans at all, but actually **[Speculative content not appropriate for field correspondence]**.

Gort Stands Over His Victim

Stevie and Max are good hero names. So are Bat-Man and Spider-Man, any name where "man" is part of it lets you know for sure that it's a man and not an alien. But "Gort" is a strange name. Never trust the owners of strange names! Test them until they prove they're people. Also, the generals told me this: "Assume anyone dressed as a police officer is most likely a dangerous extraterrestrial impostor, and act accordingly."

They Roar Through

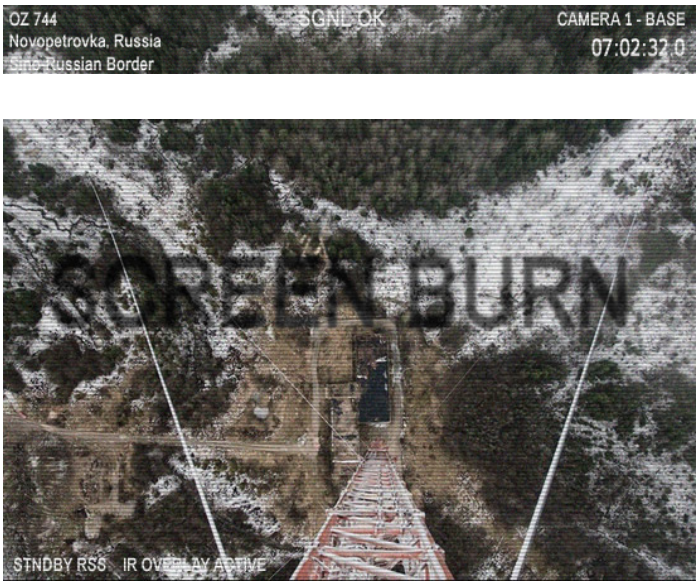
Whenever we go far from where the explosion happened, there are these black-and-white sticks that get in the way of the car, with uniform people nearby. The generals told me this is called a "notorious alien tactic." Roar through all "roadblocks," Max. Do not let anything stop you or slow you from getting to me. I am counting for you.

-~Stevie

2.19 That Insidious Beast: Screen Burn

Friday, Feb 20, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.



[**OPERATOR 1** - PULASKI - MOBILE]

[**OPERATOR 2** - JENSEN - MOBILE]

[**OPERATOR 3** - TILLMAN - FIXED]

[**OPERATOR 4** - DONAHUE - OFFLINE]

[**CONTROL** - CARMICHAEL - OVERWATCH]

OPERATIONAL SHIFT COMMENCE

5

4

3

2

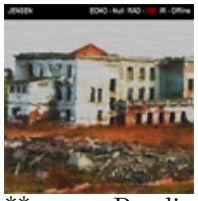
.

OPERATOR 1

** Getting some hydraulic stick. Gimme one sec for a fluid flush.

** Lot of icing. I'm going to continue the sweep of the ship graveyard. Some motion. Ambient audio is...creepy. Like somebody forgot to close a dozen rusty gates.

OPERATOR 2



** Reading some background radiation. You got that, Carmichael?

** I am approaching a three floor structure. Looks to be some sort of civic building. Shell damage...no windows...getting some movement. Might just be wind or animals. We got any eaters in the area?

OPERATOR 3

** Got some rads. We lose a broadcast pylon?

** Radar contact, 800 meters. No visual yet. That you, Jensen?

OPERATOR 4

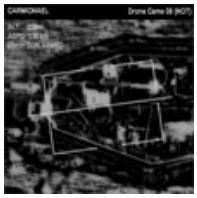
CONTROL

** Alright ladies, up and at 'em. Let's see if we can find out what happened to our friend Donahue.

** Negative on the pylons. Zone is intact, 5x5 on all channels, so if anything is throwing sparks it had to walk in. Might just be some atmospherics kicked up from Heihe. Go ahead and adjust sensitivity down 50 rads for mission duration.

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
** Military tug, something *Valiky*, looks clear down to the waterline. I think I'll take a pass on a bath. There's an overturned barge and then a large fishing trawler I might be able to get inside.	** There's a double door on the southern face of the building. I should be able to enter there without much fuss. Still picking up movement inside. I can see some papers and trash blowing around in there. Dopers squatting here maybe. Dried blood by the door, looks like something dragged a kill into the structure. Something pretty big by the amount of blood.	** Alright, Jensen, can see you now coming around the southeast corner of the structure. Watch for-whoa, got two movers coming out of the single-story to the northwest. Looks like...yeah...couple scavs. One male, one female. Look at them go. They don't want anything to do with us.		** Very evocative, Pulaski. I'll be sure to put that in your performance review. Jensen, I see you moving up to the structure. Take the long way and give me a 360 on the building. We've had Chinese eaters and Russian scavs in the area. Nothing worse than that.
** Barge is clear. Bunch of rotten grain. Lightly radioactive. Not much else. Moving on to the trawler.	** I'm moving inside the structure. Looks like a school or academy of some sort. Overturned desks, chairs. Russian schoolbooks from '83 or .'84. Lots of shell casings too. Something is crunching underfoot. Cockroaches. No, bones. Hundreds of little bones. Finger bones.	** Covering the building for you, Jensen. The scavs are moving off my scope and I've got nothing else but the wind.	** Donahue here, I'm hearing maintenance pings. Might not be anything, but I'll keep an eye on it and let you know if she starts up.	** Confirm that, Tillman. You are weapons hold on scavs unless they shoot first.

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
** Something about this trawler. It's eating my active sensors alive. Maybe the hull is lead-lined or something. It looks like there's a breach above the waterline, but the ship is sitting at a pretty steep angle. I'm going to make a circuit around it before I try my luck going inside.	** The rads have dropped off, but I'm getting some weird distortion on the video feed. I'm switching to FLIR. Better. Better. Okay, now I'm seeing trace heat from a fire, looks like someone made a camp here in the last 24.	** Movement. Something fast. North, northeast. Structures are blocking my view. Control, can you get eyes on it?		** Sounds like some scavs or dopers got caught on the wrong side of eaters. Stay frosty, Jensen, but don't freak out on me. Unless there are hundreds of them you will be fine. Look for a maintenance room or basement access. Donahue described a utility area as his last position.
** Lots of dead birds.Seagulls. They're arranged in almost a perfect semi-circle around a large tear in the hull of the ship. Radiation levels are elevated, but do not explain the dead birds.	** Dozens of photographs arranged on the floor. Family pictures from the 1970s and 1980s. Pictures of Moscow and an airshow. Some of the photos are smudged with blood. There is Cyrillic writing on the floor, also in blood. Long dried. HE-L-P. It repeats over and over.	** Spinning up! It's moving faster than I can track the gun! Damn it! I can't get my guns on this thing. Man height, but it's moving so fast it's a blur. Definitely not an eater. It's getting closer!	** Startup sequence just went yellow. I'm getting pressure and electric. I think she's coming to life!	** **THREE, YOU ARE WEAPONS FREE. REPEAT, WEAPONS FREE.** I do not know what that thing is but it's moving fast. Spin up that goddamn gun.

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
				

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
** Detecting movement in the ship. Somewhere in the hull, but the signature is bouncing all around. It's loud...a loud banging. Now it's a shriek of claws or talons on metal. I can see sparks in the darkness.	** Wait, what was that? Breathing. I hear breathing. Really fast, like an animal panting. Nothing on motion or echo.	** FIRING! I can't- Ahh he's getting close. Getting closer! Firing! I can't turn fast enough to...it's definitely an Unfolder. I can see its face on the IR and... FIRING! The fucking thing is almost on top of me!	** Reactor is alive! I've got power to the neck actuators. Signal at 40%, picture is fuzzy but it's coming in. She's on her side in some sort of maintenance room. The tactical sensors are down but I can, I can see something moving in the darkness. It's...	** Keep it together here, people! I'm rolling in with the drone. Three, stay with me. Stay with me. Call it in. My guns are hot.
** I'm aborting. I just stirred up a hornet's nest in there and I am bugging the fuck out before they come for me. Eaters, I think. Big, feral ones. Country eaters, not those city ones that run in the huge packs.	** I can hear the shooting outside. Hang tight, Tillman. I'm trying to get to a window to engage your hostile. i can hear it now. Even over your gun, it's screaming. No, it's laughing.	** It's right fucking on top of me! I need some support! God damn it! Heat warning on my gun! 50 meters! Control, please, bring down the fire!	** I don't think it has noticed me yet. It's... there are electrical discharges flowing out of it, striking all conducting surfaces. Has anyone seen anything like that before? Is it an Unfolder? I'll try to reroute power to the hydraulics and limbs. If I can bring my guns online I will smoke that thing.	** All units, you are weapons free. This whole thing just turned into a soup sandwich. Engage at will, but check your fire. We're all spread out over this shithole.

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
** Ohhh shit! Here they come. Three, four, five...nine of them. Nine of the sons of bitches. They're holding, they look like they're holding...leg actuator failure! What in the fuck is going on!? Control, I am immobilized. I need immediate support. These things are big and right on top of me!	** My targeting computer isn't giving me a lock. I'm switching to manual. I'm...it's getting too close, Tillman! If I fire from this range it's just as likely to hit you!	** Jensen, shoot now! Jensen, it's inside my gun range! Shoot now or-	** Actuators coming online. Come on baby, come on. You can do it.	** Shit. I think I missed him. Did I hit him, Three? Three, did you see if I hit him? Three? I'm rolling in for another run, Three.
** My legs are all caught up in...fishing nets? These weren't here a second ago. Ah shit, I just lost radar and echo sounding. They're throwing rocks at me. What the hell is going on with these things? Eaters aren't supposed to act like this.	** That thing just cut Jensen in half. It sees me. Shit, it sees me. I'm going to try to blast through the wall on the other side, jump down from the second floor. It's the only way. I can hear that damn thing laughing.	**NO SIGNAL**	** Oh no, it sees me. It's coming for me with the-	** Shit, I've lost Tillman. Jensen, Pulaski, abort. Get back to the tower. Donahue, if you can get yours moving get out of there. I'll provide what cover I can from the drone and...I just lost the drone. The drone signal is gone. How is this happening?

OPERATOR 1	OPERATOR 2	OPERATOR 3	OPERATOR 4	CONTROL
** They're tearing me apart here! Fuck! Control! Control! I'm losing arm function! They're prying open my armor! I'm losing signal. I'm losing-	** I can see more of them coming. Across the frozen river. I can hear them laughing. Control, do you copy? They're coming for me. My evac path is cut off. I'm only going to have one shot at this. If I can critical my reactor I can take a few of them with me. I need to open the shielding. Okay...It's baking my circuits. Here they come, sir. Almost here...almost here...		NO SIGNAL	** There are no angels in range to help. Repeat, you are on your own. All I can do is watch.
NO SIGNAL	** Eat this you-			** ...

"God damn, I feel like we were doing that for ten hours," Pulaski said as he stretched his shoulder muscles.

"We need more comfortable chairs," Tillman agreed. "I don't mind running these missions, but the least command can do is give us some proper lumbar support."

The door to the breakroom swung open and Carmichael entered the room. The shape of his military headset was still visible in the plastered bands of sweaty hair at his temples and crown.

"They told me when I picked my MOS that this shit was supposed to fun," Carmichael grumbled and pushed past the famously indecisive Donahue to commandeer the vending machine. "I think my blood sugar is low."

"We gonna talk about this shit?" Pulaski asked.

Carmichael ignored the question while he dropped quarters into the vending machine and picked out a packet of peanut M&Ms. He ducked his head low and retrieved the packet, tearing into it and dropping clicking candies into his hand. He turned to face Pulaski, peanut buttery breath wafting from his mouth as he talked and chewed at the same time.

"Debrief is in 90 minutes," Carmichael paused to chew and swallow. "There was nothing we could do though. They took us apart."

"Command says they're preparing an offensive from Canada," Donahue interjected.

Carmichael snorted with disdain.

"Command who? Lewis? Colonel Shelton? Those guys barely know what the Unfolders are doing in our operational area five minutes after we debrief for them. Fuck them."

"Can I quote you on that, sir?" Pulaski asked.

Carmichael answered by popping another handful of M&Ms into his mouth and chewing loudly.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.20 Boxageddon: Operaclypse Now - A Printable Miniatures Strategy Game

Saturday, Feb 21, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Table Of Contents

I. *Introduction*
II. *Required Materials*
III. *Playing Your First Game*
IV. *Expanding The Hobby*

I. Introduction

Welcome to the harsh realm of **Boxageddon**, where rival box factions are locked in an eternal struggle for dominance of a strange landscape not entirely unlike our own.

This starter kit will introduce you to the game with an easy-to-follow campaign, *Operaclypse Now*, in which you will print and craft your first miniature units from the Cardboardian Militia and

Metallohedron Protectorate, then put their skills to the test in a desperate bid to enjoy an opera.

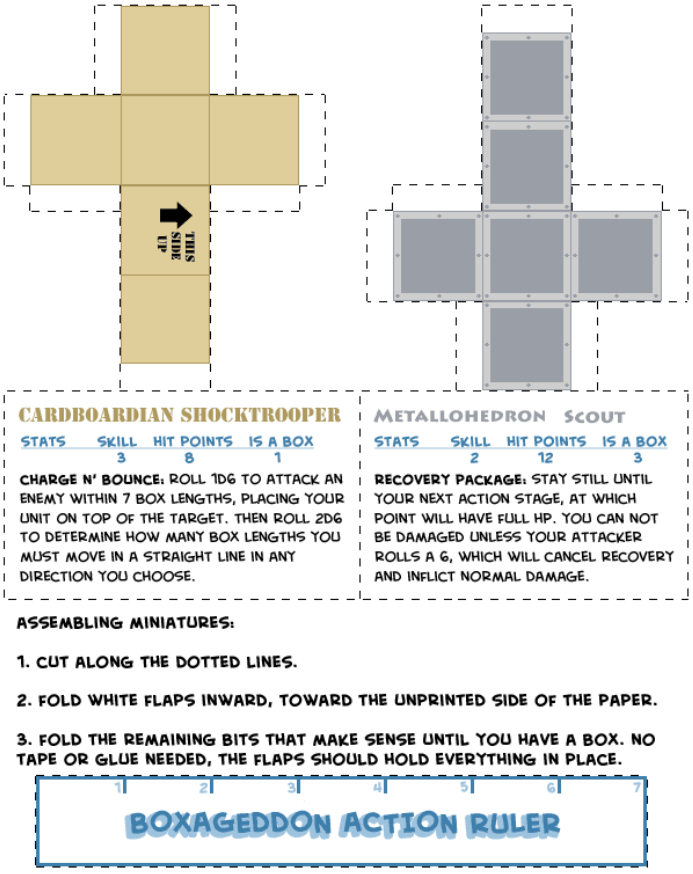
Once you've mastered the basics, turn to section IV for more ways to delve deeper into the Boxageddon universe.

II. Required Materials

- At least one pair of six-sided dice. Any old dice will do, whether they come from a dusty board game in your closet or the dark recesses of your father's secret pornographic dice drawer.

Note that a single die is referred to as 1D6, two dice as 2D6, and so on.

- Miniatures, Stat Cards, and Action Ruler - all obtained by printing this image:


THIS SIDE UP
CARDBOARDIAN SHOCKTROOPER
STATS SKILL HIT POINTS IS A BOX
3 8 1
CHARGE N' BOUNCE: ROLL 1D6 TO ATTACK AN ENEMY WITHIN 7 BOX LENGTHS, PLACING YOUR UNIT ON TOP OF THE TARGET. THEN ROLL 2D6 TO DETERMINE HOW MANY BOX LENGTHS YOU MUST MOVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE IN ANY DIRECTION YOU CHOOSE.
METALLOHEDRON SCOUT
STATS SKILL HIT POINTS IS A BOX
2 12 3
RECOVERY PACKAGE: STAY STILL UNTIL YOUR NEXT ACTION STAGE, AT WHICH POINT WILL HAVE FULL HP. YOU CAN NOT BE DAMAGED UNLESS YOUR ATTACKER ROLLS A 6, WHICH WILL CANCEL RECOVERY AND INFLICT NORMAL DAMAGE.
ASSEMBLING MINIATURES:
1. CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINES.
2. FOLD WHITE FLAPS INWARD, TOWARD THE UNPRINTED SIDE OF THE PAPER.
3. FOLD THE REMAINING BITS THAT MAKE SENSE UNTIL YOU HAVE A BOX. NO TAPE OR GLUE NEEDED, THE FLAPS SHOULD HOLD EVERYTHING IN PLACE.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
BOXAGEDDON ACTION RULER

III. Playing Your First Game

Boxageddon is played in a series of turns in which one player moves a unit, performs an action, then executes an extraneous dice roll before the next player's turn. To determine the turn order, have everyone roll 1D6. The person with the highest roll will be the first to make an argument for why they should have the first turn, then the next highest roll will plead their case, and so on.

When playing a solo game, you obviously don't need to do any of that. Simply roll 1D6. If you get a six, you get to play the game. If not, put everything away.

Deployment

After choosing a field of play (anything from a kitchen table to the floor of a prison shower), each player will place their unit on opposite ends of the battlefield, with the miniature's back edge resting alongside the agreed-upon boundary.

Movement Stage

The first player moves his or her unit up to seven box lengths in any direction but the fourth dimension, for the sake of simplicity.

Action Stage

The unit can now perform **one** of several available Actions:

1. A campaign-specific action. In the case of *Operaclypse Now* , this action is: Enjoy The Opera. Declare that you would like to Enjoy The Opera, then roll a number of dice equal to your unit's Skill, as displayed on its Stat Card. If one of the dice is a 6, your army will accumulate one point of Enjoy The Opera. If not, the unit will lose one Hit Point (also referred to as HP).

   If any Action calls for you to roll more dice than you have (for instance your character skill is 3 but you only have one pair of dice), simply reroll the lowest dice from your first roll.

2. A standard attack. Unless the unit has been equipped with a ranged weapon (not included in this starter kit), it can perform a melee attack as long as there is less than one box length separating it from its target.

   To attack, roll a number of dice equal to your unit's Skill. The highest dice will represent your attack. Your opponent will now roll a number of dice equal to its Skill to defend itself. If the highest attack roll is higher than the highest defense roll, the defender will lose one Hit Point.

   If the attacker rolls a 6, regardless of the defender's roll, it is an automatic hit. If the defender's highest roll is a 1, regardless of the attacker's roll, it takes 2 points of damage.

3. A special action described on the unit's Stat Card.

Extraneous Dice Roll

After the Action Stage has ended, the player must perform an Extraneous Dice Roll with all available dice. The result does not matter. It has no signifigance whatsoever. However, If a player fails to complete this dice roll - through forgetfulness or a gravity anomaly that carries the dice away before they can come to a stop - all of his or her units will suffer one point of damage.

At the end of this stage, the next player takes his or her turn.

Victory Conditions

When a unit is reduced to zero HP, it is immediately removed from the table. When one player eliminates all opposing players' units or meets the objective of a campaign (in the case of Operaclypse Now, accumulating three Enjoy The Opera points), he or she wins.

A moral victory can be attained by pointing out that the winning player could have used the time he spent playing by volunteering at a charity, and claiming that history will not look upon today's events kindly.

IV. Expanding The Hobby

If you had fun with this introduction to the game of Boxageddon, there's plenty you can do to immerse yourself in its unique universe. For instance, it's possible to modify the basic miniatures into works of art that will make your opponents' jaws drop.

Try buying a box of miniatures from our competition for around $35, assemble your favorite, clean it up, and glue it to a base:

Then take a Boxageddon miniature and combine the two to create a stunning conversion:

That's just the beginning! The only limitations are your imagination and your severely limited skill set.

E-mail us with photos of your unique creations and we just might feature them in our next publication.

Keep an eye out for the upcoming *Bigger Than A Deadbox*

expansion pack, which offers a large scale skirmish campaign, eight additional units, and new equipment that adds new layers of strategy to the game!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.21 Puberty 2.0

Sunday, Feb 22, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

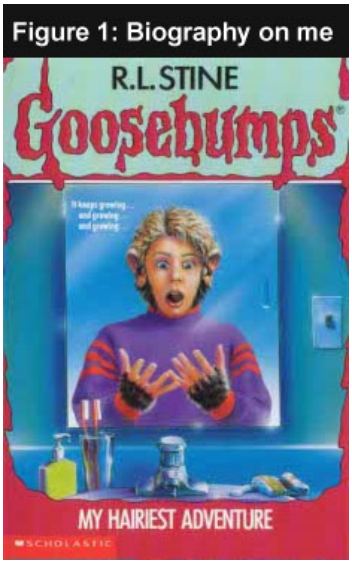


Figure 1: Biography on me

I guess I should start this off with some sort of disclaimer stating that I've been hairy for quite some time, and this freak situation was not completely unexpected. The whole ordeal started with the first wave of puberty, which struck me much, much earlier than anyone else in my class. While my fifth grade peers watched some awkward ass sex-ed VHS, I just sat in the rear, arms behind my head, leaning back against the wall like some smug Gulf War veteran. "Welcome to the Shit, boys." To be honest, puberty 1.0 wasn't that big of a deal. Aside from a few uncomfortable instances at the pool where I was forced to explain why a forth grader had armpit hair, everything went smooth.

Hair continued to spread across my body like ants on a candy bar throughout middle and high school. It started at two disconnected locations on my chest: a pencil thin happy trail and a dead rat on my sternum. The two separate and diverse hair tribes slowly grew to one another until a natural bridge linked them together. If my body was earth, then little primitive pubeinoids could now cross over to the fertile chest land. Cool, I thought, but most people disagreed. Though Bond films and anything made for TV during the 80's and 90's would present many hairy characters, by the 2000's chest hair in entertainment was reserved for criminals, Russians, and--more often than not--both. Hair, in our culture, is now considered disgusting, and everyone who saw me seemed shocked, embarrassed, filled with pity, and/or ill upon seeing it. Sure, it was gross, but it was mine, and I guess there was some pride in being one of the hairier boys. Hell, I wrote an article about a record setting back hair. On the other hand, the weird obese kid who sat beside me on the bus probably felt a similar type of anti-social pride when he bragged about eating twelve bean burritos a week, so maybe my mental base was a little off. But what other choice did I have?

Looking back, the whole thing was a little absurd. I mean, you know when you go to Subway for a $5 meatball sub, and the kid who's putting way too much marinara on your sandwich has that sparse, half grown mustache? He looks like shit, right? Like he receives an isolated daily dose of chemo to his upper lip. He's making your sub, and all you can think about is how fucking horrendous his face looks. You want to tell him, but then you second-guess yourself. Maybe the moustache shouldn't be pointed out, maybe it's more of a disability than a piece of food stuck in someone's teeth. You don't tell an amputee that he's missing an arm--he fucking knows already. Maybe telling him that his moustache looks like trash might crush his worldview. He might look in the mirror and notice that he has more hair on his toes than his face. He might not be able to handle that realization. Well, imagine that punk's moustache spread over an area of about four feet of pasty-flesh. That was my chest. That was me. I wasn't dumb. I knew it looked like shit, but whatever, it was my shit, and I could grow more than anyone else. I was, in a way, the shit lord.

For the next few years, my hair and I got along, to a certain degree. We had an uneasy relationship at best--I grew it, it grew on me, it was ugly, I was ugly. Like the two kids you knew in middle school that played Uno at lunch not because of friendship, but because of a total lack of friendship from the majority of the class, my hair and I were bound together. We had no one else. Swatches and streaks of fur crisscrossed my chest like a hair based Jackson Pollock piece, and I lived with it. The hair growth tapered off at some point, and I kind of just got used to it. Whatever. But now

things are changing. It appears that I'm going through puberty again.

The unstable relationship has started to collapse. The abandoned battle has been picked up by a new generation of hair, a generation that is not afraid to sacrifice itself (and it's host) for the sake of whatever hair wants. The longstanding agreement regarding hair territory (chest, pubes, ass, the area between pubes and ass, head, 80% of face, some arm and leg, toes, top of feet, top of hands, fingers) just wasn't enough anymore. For greed or growth, hair has gone all Israel on me. It is invading the last remnants of my once abundant stretches of skin.

However, this new aggression wasn't a slow process, but an undeniable declaration of war. Like Caesar crossing the Rubicon, the hair crossed my boxer's elastic waistband from the asslands to the lower back. Even worse, already established hairs are getting a new, thicker coat. As if the previous were some sort of baby hair, waiting to be replaced with big-boy fur. The first few signs are harrowing, but the hypothetical future of my body is simply terrifying. Look at this graph.

Figure 2: Hair growth based on writer's age and He-Man

As you can see, the changes are drastic. Just a few months ago I was a happy Moss Man, but now I'm transforming into Bat Wolf or whatever that last toy is. Like a patient diagnosed with a terminal illness, my body is plagued with faults and it is only getting worse. Ingrown hairs appear on the border zone between the skin and hairy, as new follicles force themselves upon the hairless. The battles are constant. If the spread of the infection was not enough, long-standing hairs have begun sprouting multiple hairs from the same pore. Three hairs, one hole. It's hardcore pornography for the epidermis.

Though it is still in the first stage of infection, the overall change is frightening, and worse yet, there is still no cure. I wish I had the motivation to struggle, but I feel rather helpless. My body has chosen my path, and there is little I can do to change it. I won't be president, I won't even be a teen wolf, but I am destined to be an unemployed, pathetic twenty-something wolf. If there was someway I could donate a small amount of change (no more than a cup of coffee a day) to rogue anti-hair scientists or pick up a razor and armor and prepare for battle against the hair, then I would fight; however, since those are neither real nor believable, there is nothing I can do except mope. The best

I can do is try and wait out the confrontation for as long as possible, hoping that it will be over before I am completely worn out. Like a family in an attic, waiting for the enemy force to wane, or maybe more like a person who has to poop really bad, but wants to finish one last thing before sprinting to the bathroom-- if only I could hold out for a few more minutes, maybe everything will calm down on it's own. For now though, a damaged optimism is all I have, well, that and a full fur coat.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.22 Arrrr! It's Pirate Rock N' Roll Time, Maties!

Monday, Feb 23, 2009 by Lonald "Cap'n Lonnie" Renton (@sexyfacts4u)

Tony is a good rapper, but now he plays guitar and writes lyrics for us since we stopped pirate raps.

Ahoy there! As many of you know, I work in the renaissance faire during the summer. What you may not know is that me and a few of the guys from the renfaire have been spending our weekends practicing various pirate shanties. Doug came up with the idea during last year's talk like a pirate day.

Doug was already in a ninja-themed 8-bit rap group called Ninjatendo and he suggested the idea. We always used to get pretty bawdy with our shanties at ye olde renfaire and it was a natural idea since we all love pirates. Most of us had costumes from Halloween or just for fun or whatever, so we suited up and tried out some raps.

Tony was our lead singer for a while because he is really good with lyrics, but eventually we decided it wasn't quite working out. There were already like three pirate rap groups, so then we decided to form a rock band that's pirate-themed. That's how Avast, Me Hearties was born.

I don't know if you know this, but some of the best rock bands have had pirate themes. Rush was originally pirate themed. David Bowie went through a pirate theme phase in the late 1970s. Even Journey had that Japanese LP version of Escape that was all about cheating Davy Jones and fighting and drinking grog.

The only problem was Tony was a really good rapper and all, but he couldn't sing, so I donned the cap'n's hat and I became Cap'n Lonnie. Tony still writes all our lyrics and he does a great job.

Well, you know what? I am proud to announce that we have just got done playing some gigs with Ninjatendo and a furry Metallica cover band called Furstice for All. I don't know about the whole furry thing, but they rock pretty hard so you can't knock them.

We were all a big hit!

We played our gigs at a place called Pizzeria Uno. I don't know if you've heard of it, but it's by the Applebees at the mall and Doug works there as a waiter and they said on Sundays and Mondays we can play music in the bar area. It's pretty awesome.

Our album is getting some pretty good reviews from the pirate music websites.

They have all this cool stuff on the wall and these ducts and stuff on the ceiling. And the pizza is amazing. I highly recommend the pizza skins. Mashed potatoes and cheddar cheese on a pizza crust? AND bacon? Yes, please!

Vince who plays the lute a little bit is our big attraction. He dresses up as Captain Jack Sparrow (even though he is only a matey because there can only be one captain) and he is a big hit with the moms who come to Uno.

He works part time at an Autozone and the other part of his time he works at a minigolf place and pizza place where kids do birthdays. I think we might get some gigs there eventually. Vince is constantly taking pictures with women and kids and stuff though and he gets numbers and even hooks up with

them.

I mean, I guess he hooks up. He said he goes to their houses for birthday parties, but Vince is a serious wench hound. He has dated like three different wenches since I've known him.

Oh, blargh! I guess I should mention the album.

About three months ago we burned our first disc. It's called Davey Jones's Locker Room and it's sort of a play on the idea of Davy Jones's Locker. It's a concept album. You know, like O.K. Computer?

It's about our pirate ship is being chased by another pirate ship and that ship has ghosts on it and they want to play us in football. In the end we have a big football match with them on the Island of Lost Monkeys. Lots of monkey-themed songs on there as well. They work pretty well with the pirate theme and I am a huuuuuge Monkey Island fanatic.

We also have a song about foods from the 80s that we miss like Ninja Turtle Hostess pies and Ecto Cooler and Mario cereal. Doug suggested that and it was kinda hard to work in the pirate theme, but it's a huge crowd pleaser. Second only to our shanty about robot pirates.

This was from our show Live at Bootycon which is a Missouri area pirate themed convention. Third biggest in the midwest!

Also I...I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know anymore. I'm a cook at Bob Evans, I'm 36 years old, and I have 2,000 pirate rock CDs in a box in my car. Most of the other guys in the band are married and don't have time to hang out with me aside from the gigs. Our groupies look like biscuit dough exploding from the seams of one of those tubes. The girls are all jammed into corsets and wearing eye-patches. I like depth perception, ladies!

Think about that for a minute. My sex life for the last year has consisted of signing the cleavage of girls that smell like hot wings. If I'm lucky I can see their bra while I'm doing it, this also happens when I am not lucky.

I had my own apartment up until last month when Bob Evans cut my hours and then that same week my landlord raised rent. I was going to sleep on Doug's couch for a while, but it just made sense to move back in with my mom. I think she needs someone around...but, you know, it's hard to bring one of the groupies home and hook up with her when there is one of my mom's cats staring at us.

I don't know all the names but there is one cat that gets up on this shelf in the spare room whenever I start making out with a girl and it just meows and waves its paw in the air like it's reaching out for something.

I've learned to tune the bastard out, but fat girls can't ignore that shit. It's like the cat is saying their name over and over.

Oh, well, women are all liars and idiots anyway. They just want a man to treat them like dirt. I treat them good and look what happens. I got three sets of fake digits at the Pizzeria Uno gig. Can you believe that? I was even bragging about getting so many numbers to Vince. Had to make up some story where I had a threesome with two of them.

But I'm sorry to bore you with my problems.

Want to buy a pirate rock CD, ye landlubber? Just go to yon Bob Evans any Sunday morn and ask the wench who greets ye for Cap'n Lonnie or Lonald. Unless Nancy is the hostess because she is a real c-word. Just ask anyone else behind the counter and they'll let you into the back area. I have the CDs with me in my car. They're $8.99 or two for $12. Not CD-Rs either, we paid a ton to

get real CDs and liner notes made.

-~Lonald "Cap'n Lonnie" Renton (@sexyfacts4u)

2.23 The Fable of Tooth Tooth and the Whiteling

Tuesday, Feb 24, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

And that reminds me, god: you heard about Tooth Tooth and that white child? Interesting development, god. A year ago I might not believe some shit like that, even straight from Tooth Tooth mouth, but now I ain't gonna question anything, what with these strange-ass times.

Tooth Tooth and a white child? You can't be serious, god.

Word is bond. Truth be told, cousin, I'm surprised you ain't heard of this shit sooner, at least the historical backdrop of this shit. You ain't ever heard about Tooth Tooth finding that child on his doorstep?

Nah, man.

This ain't a thing that Tooth Tooth broadcast to the whole world, god, so keep in mind that this is some shit I only be telling you cause I know you alright. It just surprise me that Tooth ain't tell you this himself, since he know you well enough and shit, but it also don't surprise me that he ain't telling the whole world.

About ten years ago--nah, must be close to fifteen cause this is right after he won that lawsuit--Tooth Tooth was ensconced in his shack for a week on a fast. This was a Friday, so ordinarily that boy would be out gallivanting and carousing with his boys, but he went through those few years when he got in the habit of fasting. You recall that shit, god? One day he like, "son, how many times a day you smell the white man cooking swine?" And I be like, "countless times, god, on account of I pass all them hot dog carts whenever I was anywhere." And Tooth sat back to contemplated this for a moment, you could tell he be contemplating because that one crooked eye of his slot over into the lazy position, no disrespect.

And he said to me, "son, each time you inhale the fume of a swine, let us consider this equivalent to eating one five-hundredth of a morsel of swine. Do you follow this logic, god?" And I go, "shit, you might be right, god." So after that, for a few years, Tooth Tooth went on these fasts for a few days a month to cleanse himself of any swine particles he might inhale, and he even train his body to create calcified swine precipitate that leave him when he pee. He strain his pee during the fasts and collect all that shit in a jar, and this jar of particulate swine represent all the evil of Yacub and the swine-tasting white man. That shit is why sometimes when he get mad, you hear him talking about the jar under his breath.

I heard a rumor that a white man stole the jar of swine precipitate and smoked that shit, and that white man was Dirk Kempthorne, a motherfucker who would later become Secretary of the Interior. Think about it. But I have no idea if that shit is true, god, but it's true in the poetic sense.

But eventually Tooth was like, "shit, maybe instead of fasting, how about I just hold my breath when I walk by them carts," so he only did the fasting a year or so until he thought of that, and of course he eventually bought all them carts and had that shit converted to mobile libraries of righteous literature for the youth, plus beers for they daddies.

So like I was saying, on this particular Friday, Tooth was on a fast, and he was reclining in his shack

reading the poetry of Keorapetse Kgositsile and enjoying the affections of a fly Chinese bitch, as even then they did tend to sneak into his manor by unknown means--perhaps spiritual means--due to their unexplained sexual fascination with him. And suddenly he hears a ring at his doorbell, which is tuned to play the notes of Unchained Melody as an ironic commentary on that lawsuit he won, and he opened up his door to find a mysterious basket, but ain't nobody in sight.

At first Tooth was wary about that shit, so he cannily asked the Chinese bitch to smell it for the scent of gunpowder, because they know that smell due to their culture. But she ain't detect anything dangerous, so Tooth bring that basket inside and unswaddle the parcel within in it, and to his horror he discover a *living baby whiteling.*

Nah, man. That's fucked up.

And he hold up that baby aloft, right? And in his anger he bellow, "who has left this alabaster child of Yacub upon my doorstep," but the baby just gurgle at him, and a note fall from its swaddling: "please treat Dylan good."

And Tooth be like, "first of all, we gotta get rid of that buster-ass name, cause ain't no child on my doorstep walk around with a name like Dylan." But then he soften up a little, like, "nah, man-- could be he named after Bob Dylan, a white man in color only, a man who stood by my brothers during difficult times and despite his square-ass harmonica bullshit, wrote righteous poetry demanding equality for all." And he laughed a little, you know, because the idea of a white devil considering himself equal to the original man be of supreme comicalness, but we got to respect Bob Dylan for his effort

But it was then that Tooth Tooth realized that the Chinese bitch who had been in his home only moments before had disappeared as mysteriously as she arrived, and now he was alone with this whiteling.

Tooth knew that child was his responsibility now, so he tried to do right by it. Went out to the store and bought baby food and shit-- y'all remember how baby food got real popular in the early nineties around Queens? People saw Tooth buying the shit, and they like "damn, that what we eating now." But no matter what he fed the child, it still cried, and in his heart he knew that the child was crying for the flesh of swine. Which, to Tooth, mean the child essentially be a vampire. He did his goddamn best to deprogram the whiteling, to teach it his ways, to correct the evil science that had blanched its skin and made wicked its soul, you heard?

If only he had that eagle back then, cousin. That eagle would straight-up stare the whiteness out of that baby's soul with them righteous beady eagle eyes. But being at that point in his life without the eagle most precious to his soul, although a player might argue that Tooth Tooth always had the eagle within him, but that is for another chapter, he had to teach the child on his own, which was a most arduous task, even for a poor righteous teacher like Tooth.

Teaching the whiteness out of a baby child who may or may not have tasted the forbidden garbage meats of the pig during its lifetime is an endeavor of great difficulty, even with all the power of the Supreme Alphabet. He did his best, god. He read it the most truthful poetry, he put on his deepest soul records-- he even began to play "Hurricane" by his possible namesake, but Tooth quickly got impatient with the bullshit music and just read him the words instead. You know it be with Bob Dylan. He and that baby built together for many weeks, god, but it seemed to Tooth that he was making no headway with this foolish ivory creature-- when he looked into its eyes, he did not see

the gleam of enlightenment that characterizes the original man; he saw only the cowlike stare of ignorance.

And finally, Tooth threw up his hands and said "I cannot teach this child," and he brought the whiteling to his local police precinct in the hope of finding it a more suitable home among its wretched people. "Y'all can have this baby, free and clear," he told the officer on duty, "but y'all got to promise me one thing: I will not have this child eat swine. When he is of driving age, he also must not park his own car, because that is bitch shit. If these conditions are met, I will give this child the entire fortune I won in my recent legal victory."

And the officer was damn near stunned by this, since word was around in the neighborhood of how much Tooth won off Polydor Records. It was millions, god. A drop in the bucket in terms of the complete Tooth Tooth fortune, you understand, but substantial nonetheless, especially as a random act of kindness to a foundling white devil. So the cops drew up a legal document on that shit, which was an insult to Tooth because his word is his bond, but he swallowed his fury for the sake of decorum, because to fuck shit up in a police station in the presence of a baby is untoward unless the provocation is extreme. Tooth put the money in trust, and he forgot about that shit for years, god.

Can't remember quite how much that lawsuit money was. You remember that? I mean, money ain't shit to Tooth, but at the same time, that weren't no small sum.

Something like sixteen million, I think. I remember that shit from TV.

That sounds right, yeah. Goddamn near bankrupted that crooked-ass record company, but Tooth Tooth spoke for all original man when be brought that shit before a judge. I remember that like it was yesterday, how we all cheered on the streets when he won that victory, because it was against an institution that had brought tears to our community for decades. Tooth Tooth might well have been the last victim of this conspiracy, god. Imagine the pain he felt in his heart when he went to that record store and bought an album labeled "The Righteous Brothers" and took that shit home-- it boggles the mind, son, the fury that must have stirred in his soul when he heard that blonde-ass cracker voice singing "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" or whatever the fuck-- and that false advertising suit will goddamn well make sure that tragedy ain't never repeated. Cause now, you've seen the record, they all got the yellow sticker on that shit saying "Warning: this record album contains no actual righteous brothers."

Sixteen million in punitive damages, all in trust for this whiteling, provided it could refrain from swine and not ever park its own car, which is bitch shit. You remember, people on the corner was saying Tooth straight-up gone crazy, but fuck that. They called him crazy when he invented cashew nuts, too, but now everybody eat that shit.

Fifteen years later, and Tooth pulls the phantom up outside the Gucci store, cause he looking to buy some shoes for his niece. Got that eagle on his shoulder, ready to do business. So he take out his keys, he spy a skinny-ass white kid walking by, and he throws the keys to him, like, "park the car, white boy."

But that white boy just swat them keys out the air and keep walking. Goddamn, Tooth's eagle was finna pluck the disrespecting eyeballs straight from the boy's face, so wrathful was his contempt for the repugnance of this transgression. But Tooth just pet the bird, saying, "calm down, my righteous brother." (he ain't gloating or nothing but he definitely aware that we took that phrase back from

the white man.) "Let us be deliberate in our dealings with this apparently insane honky."

And Tooth yell out, "turn around, teenage honky, and explain this affront to my righteousness," and the white boy turns to him and goes, "Much as I harbor great respect for the original man, sir, my beliefs forbid me from parking your car, for to park the car is bitch shit." And suddenly Tooth knew-- I mean, we know by now what's going on here, but keep in mind that this story was not fresh in Tooth's mind. It ain't like he just heard someone tell it. But despite the fact that he ain't think of this situation for over a decade, he knew.

So he say to his eagle, "yo, make sure this boy ain't eat no swine." And the eagle knew that this situation call for more than a cursory inspection, so he immediately fly up to the boy and land on his shoulder, then bend down forward so his beak is right in the boy face, smelling for that swine with the keenest swine-sensing nostril ever put on a righteous bird. And Tooth Tooth know the swine test came back negative, because before his eyes he clearly see that eagle not tearing the white boy's eyes out.

And Tooth says to the boy, "My son, you are the original black man." And Dylan be like, "Word," and then they both look at the eagle, and the eagle be like "word." Not out loud, you know, but in its eye. And Tooth be like "my son, I got sixteen million dollars plus a shitload of interest waiting for you, so let's get your white ass to the bank."

And Dylan be like, "shit, I'm gonna use this sixteen million dollars to build a Nation of Gods and Earths community center and teach Supreme Mathematics to my black brothers," and Tooth Tooth was like, "word."

Word is bond? A white kid say that shit?

For real, cousin. He built the shit, too. The moral of this story is that the color of your skin don't make you who you are, y'know I'm saying? Whether or not you're the original man, a true god, ain't about whether you got white skin or black skin, son. It's all about whether you eat swine and park the car like a bitch.

Word.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.24 Dogsight: Weekly Dog Spottings

Wednesday, Feb 25, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

DogSight
SPOT A DOG

All the latest dog sightings, courtesy of your fellow Shaggy Butte dog spotters!

Aguirre, Wrath of Dog
Yesterday @ 10am
Ran into Dog near the 15th St Starbucks. Was wagging tail, looking pretty happy. Petted Dog for about two minutes, then got coffee. Great, personable. Everything you expect in a dog. Handsome, too!

Senator
Yesterday @ 11pm
Saw Senator leading a pack of a dozen or so dogs through Elmwood Park. Looked like they were on patrol. A lot of them looked pretty scrappy and scared, like they were in over their heads. Something big is happening.

Karl Barx
Yesterday @ 1pm
Spotted chewing on a child's doll as child looked on and cried. Looked disheveled and was unresponsive to voice commands. Total head case. Wonder when this dog is going to hit rock bottom.

Artie
Yesterday @ 5pm
SAW *ARTIE* SITTING IN TRUCK AGAIN IN PARKING LOT OF LOWES. HE HASN'T LEARNED A THING. WAS BLASTING SPANISH MUSIC AND BOBBING HIS HEAD UP AND DOWN. NO DOG, BAD DOG, STOP DOG. DOGS SHOULDN'T DRIVE.

Astor
Yesterday @ 6pm
It's happening again! *Astor* just keeps disappearing into the lake for hours on end. HOW DOES HE STAY ALIVE? WHAT KIND OF DOG IS THIS? THE MIND BOGGLES!

Satire
Yesterday @ 9pm
Couldn't help but notice *Satire* auditioning a new mate. Seemed very interested in a young Dalmatian. If you ask me, a Dalmatian is a little too innocent for Satire. Heard he just got back from a very sordid trip to Berlin, too. This dog's appetite is off the charts.

Noir
Today @ 6am
Spotted this poor lass near the train yard. She was headed north. Far away from town. I called her name. *Noir* . She didn't look back. Guess she's had her fill of this place. Can't say I blame her. I'll always see her silhouette when I close my eyes.

Scar
Today @ 8am
WAS READING UFO DOCUMENTS WHEN A NOISE WAS HEARD OUTSIDE. LARGE DOG *SCAR* WAS SEEN ON OUTSKIRTS OF COMPOUND. OBSERVED HIM RUBBING BACKSIDE ON TREE FOR APPROXIMATELY 16 MINUTES. MEANDERED ON TOWARD TOWN. THE FIGHT CONTINUES.

Tetanus
Today @ 8am
Vicious dog was chasing children and being a menace. The police came, but Tetanus just ran them off like they were a bunch of scaredy cats. That can't be good. Tetanus has the entire west side living in fear.

Bucephelus
Today @ 11am
Saw a very nervous looking Bucephelus pacing back and forth near corner of 1st and Commercial. Much fatter and grayer than I expected. Didn't seem interested in people. Waiting for someone?

Dagger
Today @ 12pm
Saw Rusty's old chum and current Senator lackey Dagger consorting with an unidentified German Shepherd near King Tut Road. Seemed like a pretty serious meeting. Wonder what was up? Not a fan of this mystery dog. I'll never forgive the German Shepherd breed for their role in the holocaust. I don't care if they were just following orders.

Promise
Today @ 2pm
Saw beautiful Promise running around the dogpark. She seemed pretty confident and happy... until Chattanooga showed up. Seemed like a lot of tension, but then the two got close and it was like old times. Hope these two are back together for good.

Helmsman
Today @ 2pm
Was getting in my car after a jog when I saw Helmsman and Scar following some kind of scent. Helmsman is a big dog, but Scar made him look tiny. Wonder what kind of diet he has?

El Craneo Negro
Today @ 4pm
Beast! No good beast! Beware El Cráneo Negro's wrath, for he will bite and scratch at anyone. No soul 'tween those eyes. No mercy. Encountered this Hound o' Hades outside Walgreens. With a snarl and a hiss, he very near drove me to weep. Like Cerberus after killing and devouring his fellow heads. No good. No good at all.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.25 Secret Money Secrets

Thursday, Feb 26, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Let me get a few things out there before I begin... I'm obnoxious, lazy, a convicted rapist, and best of all... I'm filthy rich.

My name is Zach Thomas and I am in this world for one reason: TO MAKE MONEY. I care about no one but myself and am not here to make friends but I will help you MAKE MONEY because I like to help others.

I could honestly not care what you think of me. I made this page because people are always asking me how I made all my money and I thought I'd throw them a bone because I have so much money that it would not hurt me if other people had some money too. But not more than me. If you read this page and still do not understand how to make money then you deserve to die. In fact I hope a wizard casts a spell that traps you in an infinite time loop where you experience the Jewish Holocaust every waking moment of your life for the rest of eternity. This is how serious I am about making money.

Who Am I?

I'm the guy you see in a fancy car cruising around the parking lot of a hybrid Taco Bell/Long John Silvers and you stop and think to yourself, what a fool! And you know what? I actually have several developmental disorders and a severe chemical imbalance that makes me want to plow this beast through the wall of a nearby pre-school. In fact picturing this image in my head is currently the only way I can get an erection. But so what? I DO NOT VALUE YOUR OPINION and COULD NOT CARE what you think of me. I am rich.

I cut through the BS. If you think I am offensive or irritating or a danger to myself and others then close this webpage and return to your job at the legal system and continue wasting your time trying to put me back in jail.

I do not have any friends and AM NOT here to make friends. I might have a beer with you one day but I would make you buy it and spend our entire time together ignoring you and downloading jokes to my cell phone. Because that's what you are. A joke. And if you don't want to learn how to make money then I hope home invaders break into your house at night and force you to rape your entire family at gunpoint. Remember that I'm rich.

A Quick Overview

I used to be just like you. Actually this is not true. I have always been rich because of the secret I am about to tell you about today. Skeptical? I guess you are not ready to spend your days earning thousands of dollars a day working from home and not being hassled by a social worker to bathe yourself. This is my life and I'm loving every minute of it.

Just the other day I drove down to Safeway and I didn't even plan on buying anything. I just went for fun and walked out with twelve Slim Jims. If this is science fiction for you then go to the bathroom and immediately drink an entire gallon of bleach because you do not deserve to read this webpage or exist in the same world as me. But if you are brave and ready to live the wild life please meet the secret to my success.

This is my dad. He is the best dad
and we went parasailing three times this weekend just because we could.
He cares about me and MAKING MONEY.

This is my dad. He is an investment banker and he made over one million dollars last year. Long ago my dad was a struggling chump like you but he decided to get his act together (not like you) and make a lot of money. Of course he inherited his first million from my grandpa but he used this to make more millions and marry my mom. And ever since he pulled her off life support he makes even more money every day. My dad has killed men before and no jury will convict him because he is so rich. Welcome to America and if you don't like it jump into the nearest combine.

What Is My Secret?

The secret is my dad has a lot of money and gives some of it to me every day. He even gave me a camera so I can take pictures of myself in front of fancy cars at the hotel across the street. If your dad is not my dad I'm sorry to say that you will never have money. This is the way the system works. And if you are wondering if my dad can be your dad, I hope a wild horse bursts through your living room window and rapes you in the mouth.

In fact I'll be riding that horse and I won't stop him.

Let me tell you this: my dad does not want any more kids. He will not even acknowledge the children that the court system and The Maury Povich Show said were legally his. What makes you think my dad will give you the same money he gives me. It's mine and you can't get it so get back to your job squirting gas into my car and don't give me lip. I have run down men in cold blood for less and my dad is best friends with Alan Dershowitz or Uncle Dershie as I call him.

My advice to you after you have read this entire page that I wrote just because I have so much free time is that you should take your own life and send me your money because you will never have my money. You will no longer have to live the life of a poor and see me not have to order from the dollar menu when I go to McDonald's. Sometimes I order a 20-pack of Chicken McNuggets and throw away three or four of them. Welcome to my world. Now please leave because I'm going to go buy a speedboat.

This is my suggestion for what to do because you are poor and do not care about MAKING MONEY. Make sure someone takes the rope afterwards because it is worth more than you.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.26 That Insidious Beast: Incompatible Format

Friday, Feb 27, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

Things are breaking down, Chief. Too many-

Too many holes, you said before.

Yeah. Yep. Too many holes, Chief. Too many holes punched through.

It's not holding together anymore, you said.

That's right.

It's okay, Tom.

No, it's not okay.

It's okay, just try to relax.

You're not Chief.

Yes I am.

There's something different about you. Something I can't-

You've been through a lot, Tom. Try to relax.

Did you give me something? Some shots?

Just a couple vitamin tablets, Tom. Lay back. You're injured.

What happened, Chief? After the...what was it, Chief?

There's no word for it, Tom.

It was like...like when you get the negatives for your vacation pictures, and they're all in a stack, and you can see through all of them at once. But it's dark.

You said it was light.

There was a light, yeah. Don't you remember, Chief?

I don't remember too well, Tom. I need you to tell me. Tell me about where we were.

The bleed. Near the bleed.

Which one?

Miami Valley? Worthington? I don't remember. There's so many of them now.

Try to remember, Tom.

It was Polk. That's it. The new one.

And something was different.

Yeah. Yep, that's right, Chief. Hey, why am I so cold?

Just look at me, Tom.

But I'm real cold.

We'll get you another blanket, Tom.

Where am I anyway? I need to call Christine.

You're in the hospital, Tom. Christine is on her way here.

Good. That's good. She was worried sick.

Tom, we don't have a lot of time. I need you to look at me and focus. Tell me exactly what happened at the Polk Area Bleed.

You really don't remember, Chief?

No, Tom, I really don't.

Well, we were flying patrol routes. Me and you and then Custer and Lasser. They came on the radio-

Who came on the radio?

I...I don't know, Chief. It was just a voice. They said "BACK!" but it was like there were pictures and all sorts of feeling and other stuff in that voice.

Are you sure it was on the radio, Tom?

Yeah. It had to be, I mean...well...no, come to think. No. It was like that tone that gets in your head sometimes.

Plurisubharmonic cerebral oscillations.

What?

The sound the angels make, Tom.

Y-yeah. What was that other thing you just said? I've never heard of that.

Don't worry about it, Tom.

Okay. I'm cold as heck here, Chief.

They're bringing you a blanket. What was the angel warning you about, Tom?

The holes. Polk. It was expanding, out of control. It was...I could see the broadcast towers falling and burning.

And that was when you saw the light?

Yes, the flash, and then I woke up here.

Try to remember the flash, Tom. What did you see?

Hey, Chief, my legs feel real funny.

Don't worry, Tom. Tell me about what you saw during the overlap event. When the negatives became layered.

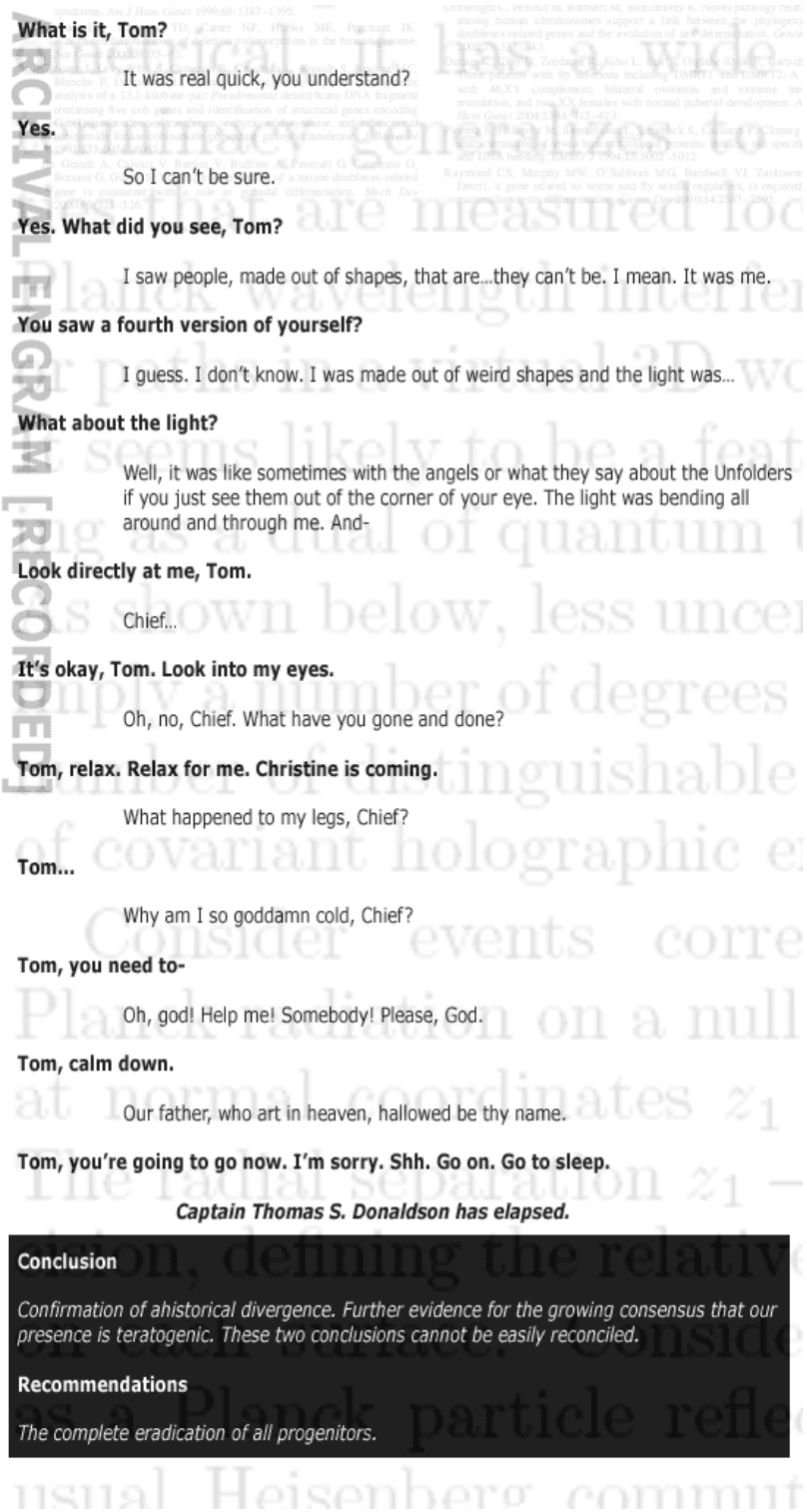
I saw myself.

You saw yourself?

Yeah. But I was different. I didn't have the scar. I looked younger, but somehow I know I wasn't younger. And then there was me again, and I looked real bad. Pale.

You're certain you saw three of yourself?

Yes. I mean, well...



ARCHIVAL ENGRAM [RECORDED]

What is it, Tom?

It was real quick, you understand?

Yes.

So I can't be sure.

Yes. What did you see, Tom?

I saw people, made out of shapes, that are...they can't be. I mean. It was me.

You saw a fourth version of yourself?

I guess. I don't know. I was made out of weird shapes and the light was...

What about the light?

Well, it was like sometimes with the angels or what they say about the Unfolders if you just see them out of the corner of your eye. The light was bending all around and through me. And-

Look directly at me, Tom.

Chief...

It's okay, Tom. Look into my eyes.

Oh, no, Chief. What have you gone and done?

Tom, relax. Relax for me. Christine is coming.

What happened to my legs, Chief?

Tom...

Why am I so goddamn cold, Chief?

Tom, you need to-

Oh, god! Help me! Somebody! Please, God.

Tom, calm down.

Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Tom, you're going to go now. I'm sorry. Shh. Go on. Go to sleep.

Captain Thomas S. Donaldson has elapsed.

Conclusion

Confirmation of ahistorical divergence. Further evidence for the growing consensus that our presence is teratogenic. These two conclusions cannot be easily reconciled.

Recommendations

The complete eradication of all progenitors.

[TXT-DUMP]

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I guess. I don't know. I was made out of weird shapes and the light was...

What about the light?

Well, it was like sometimes with the angels or what they say about the Unfolders
if you just see them out of the corner of your eye. The light was bending all around and through me. And-

Look directly at me, Tom.

Chief...

It's okay, Tom. Look into my eyes.

Oh, no, Chief. What have you gone and done?

Tom, relax. Relax for me. Christine is coming.

What happened to my legs, Chief?

Tom&

Why am I so goddamn cold, Chief?

Tom, you need to-

Oh, god! Help me! Somebody! Please, God.

Tom, calm down.

Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Tom, you're going to go now. I'm sorry. Shh. Go on. Go to sleep.

Captain Thomas S. Donaldson has elapsed.

Conclusion
Confirmation of ahistorical divergence. Further evidence for the growing consensus that our presence is teratogenic. These two conclusions cannot be easily reconciled.
Recommendations
The complete eradication of all progenitors.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.27 Cutbacks

Saturday, Feb 28, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Come in, Christopher. Take a seat.

I trust your family is doing well? Oh my. An industrial combine, right in the living room? I'm sorry to hear that they only came in second, but that's still quite an accomplishment. If you ask me, the nuclear scientist should never have been allowed in, regardless of how impressive an atom bomb in a Coke bottle may be. Completely goes against the spirit of the contest.

I'm sure you're wondering why we're making small talk in my office, so let's get to it. You're an observant guy, Chris. You know this economic situation has hit the company hard. Some changes simply have to be made around here. No one's losing their job, but there will be a number of cutbacks that will impact your workday.

First, energy. You wouldn't believe how much it costs to keep a single IBM from 1985 running a 2-frames-per-second screen saver for a full year in some forgotten corner, much less an entire company. Our consultant from State Og Business Solutions came up with a solution that will cut our energy costs by one hundred percent, maybe more.

Step one is to remove ourselves from the grid entirely. No outside energy source, no power line which a crafty rival could follow to discover our office's location. As you can tell by the darkness, we completed this first step ahead of schedule.

Step two is to install devices in our office chairs that generate a small amount of electricity every time the seat makes a full rotation. We're going to need everyone to spin all day. No exceptions, no lollygagging.

Yes, you're exactly right. We considered teaching everyone how to type by tapping one key as they pass by with each revolution, but once you factor in missed keystrokes, productivity would be nowhere near acceptable. That's why we're getting rid of the computers.

Well, all of them save for one on each floor, which will be equipeed with voice recognition software. If you want your documents to be error-free, you'd better learn how to yell louder than everyone else that's trying to use it the computer, and for God's sakes never pause or perhaps some of their words will appear between yours.

Let's see, what else have I got written down here? Ah, here we are. The tours.

Tell me, Christopher, have you ever been to Disney World? They used to have this fantastic attraction where you could watch in amazement as animatronic versions of Abe Lincoln and George Washington told you all about light bulbs for half an hour. That really stuck with me through the years - partially because I got my first handy during the show from some Brazilian girl with a lazy eye who was with a whole tour group of like ninety people all wearing orange shirts, but mostly because it made me reconsider everything I thought I knew about historical figures as they relate to mechanical puppetry.

My idea is to reproduce that magic right here in our office. After paying a nominal fee, visitors will take a tour through history with yourself and your coworkers as their guides. Everyone will come in to work in costume as a historical figure and go about their business, then recite a bit of dialogue when a tour approaches their cubicle.

You'll be playing the part of Stevie Ray Vaughn. Take this notecard and memorize it. That way if you lose it, you'll be able to identify it in a pile of other notecards. Then try to memorize the words that are written on the notecard.

Don't look so stunned. It's only eight lines, and if you take a closer look you'll notice they're all the same. If you need any help pronouncing some of the words, let me know. Some people get tongue-tied with "Xenu" and "thetans" for some reason.

The third change, well, it will be difficult. We're going to have to request that all employees return their company cars to the Rolls Royce dealership. We've also decided that the company Faberge eggs are something we really can't afford at this point. Everyone will be asked to return half of their egg by Friday.

You might have noticed the custodial department out in full force today, removing all non-essential workplace materials to further reduce our costs. They've started with the smaller stuff like family photos and carpeting, but by the time you come in tomorrow morning every door and window in the building will be gone, replaced with much cheaper and smaller doors and windows.

I think that just about does it... oh! No, sorry. There is one last thing.

We can no longer afford to feed your Australians, much less keep the Australian Daycare Center going. I'm sorry, Christopher. I really am. No matter how I crunched the numbers, there was just no way around it.

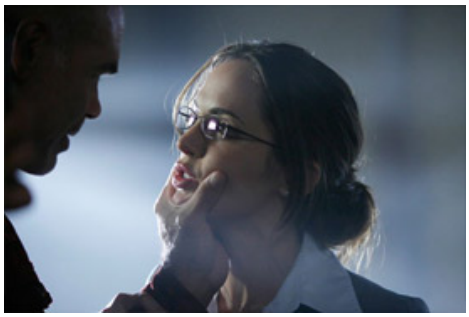
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Dear Joss Whedon, I'm ready to write for Dollhouse

Monday, Mar 02, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Are we talking first, second, or third-wave feminism?

I've been thinking a lot about feminism lately. Must be all the estrogen in the drinking water.

Whenever I start thinking like that my mind naturally ends up thinking about Joss Whedon. He's the self-described feminist behind shows like *Buffy: The Vampire Slayer* and *Firefly* .

His most recent effort, *Dollhouse* (Fox, Fridays at 9/8c), is about a very unusual escort service. Wealthy clients customize their dream dates to order. The Dollhouse programs personalities and skills into one of their "Actives" and sends them off on a fantasy date that never goes according to plan.

Eliza Dushku stars at the high-tech hooker Echo, mind-wiped for the pleasure of dudes around the globe. There are some other people on the show, like that black guy who looks sort of familiar and that guy from *Battlestar Galactica* who had a baby with a Cylon. No, the other guy.

Dollhouse is only three episodes into the first season, but I am sure there will be a second season and I think I am ready to offer my services as a writer for the series. Mr. Whedon, you don't have to take my word for that, here's a sample from a script I've been working on:

> INT. DOLLHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK
>
> ECHO has arrived after her first brain wiping. She is greeted by TOPHER and BRITISH LADY.
>
> BRITISH LADY
>
> Here are some special panties and a belly shirt you can wear when you're inside the Dollhouse.
>
> TOPHER
>
> Thank you.
>
> BRITISH LADY
>
> Over there are some of your fellow hookers (points to hookers doing Tai-Chi) and if you want to relax there are some couches in a pit over there and we have this dentist chair over here that shoots radiation into your brain.
>
> TOPHER
>
> She's already tried that out.
>
> ECHO
>
> I have?
>
> TOPHER
>
> You wouldn't REMEMBER he he he.
>
> They walk down a hallway and you can see Echo's butthalves moving around in her pants that are really tight. Echo stops at a frosted glass door. You can only see silhouettes inside and one of them looks like a totally badass dude.

ECHO

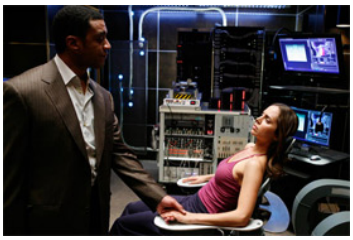
Who is that?

BRITISH LADY

That's just Alpha.

TOPHER

He's our most mysterious hooker.



You can take away her identity, but you can't rob her of her butthalves.

That's just some basic long term character and plot building dialogue. No big deal. I'm a total pro so I could write like 10 to 75 pages of that as needed.

I can do that sort of thing for any show, but *Dollhouse* is special. Each episode's story is usually determined by the needs of the client established near the beginning of the first act.

INT. BRITISH LADY'S OFFICE - DAY
BRITISH LADY is speaking with a CLIENT interested in hiring a hooker.

CLIENT

I have very...special needs.

BRITISH LADY

We have very...special hookers.

CLIENT

Excellent. I need a woman who think she's a centaur.

BRITISH LADY

Consider it done.

CLIENT

And she's a lawyer.

BRITISH LADY

Child's play.

CLIENT

And she thinks she has three buttholes.

BRITISH LADY

Now you're talking...(passes a folder to the client) I think you will find the buttholes on this girl... more than satisfactory.

The Client opens the folder. ZOOM in on a photograph of Echo.

CLIENT

We'll see how satisfactory those buttholes are...

Commercial OUTRO with ECHO wiggling around naked and blowing in the wind.

Is she swishing dramatically or is her hair blowing? Does it matter?

Of course, just like with any hooker, things can't go according to plan. Sexually menacing men punching, stabbing, shooting, or attempting rape on a hooker are a common theme of *Dollhouse*.

This is very empowering for women, because nothing says feminism quite like a brainwashed fantasy prostitute being punched and kicked in the face by a john.

It's like how Jessica Alba used to go into heat because of all that cat DNA James Cameron wrote into her genes. Mrowr! But this cat has claws!

EXT. VOLCANO - DAY

STEVE KENNELS is punching ECHO and trying to rape her all over. He is punching her and making rape moves at her.

STEVE KENNELS

I am going to commit acts of sexual violence against you.

ECHO

Yo! Maybe it is you that should be raped.

Echo kicks Steve Kennels in the head.

STEVE KENNELS

Pretty good, for a girl. But I thought they would have imprinted you with some better moves than that.

ECHO

What??? I'm confused by what you're saying about imprinting because I have never heard that term before now!

While Echo is being confused Steve Kennels punches her in the hooter area three times. They roll around on the ground and you can see part of Echo's butt crack. ZOOM in on the side of Echo's boob sticking out. She punches Steve Kennels and he drops a knife.

ECHO

You should have raped me when you had the chance!

(Stabs Steve Kennels in the chest)

Steve Kennels dies. Echo starts crying and then has a flashback.

Unfortunately, Joss, no prophecy, shadow space government, or super hooker company will ever make a woman completely and exactly as awesome as your mom. However, I think if you bring me aboard we can work together and get pretty darn close.

Let's do this, bro. For the ladies...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.2 Subj: I WILL OWN THIS BANK SOMEDAY

Tuesday, Mar 03, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO FROM YOUR FINANCIAL FATHER!!!!!! I am striking it big these days because my current job is the pet watcher for the credit union here which means that if you come into the building with your little dog or morbid cat I hold him or her and pet them and everything while you go do your total banking solution in our office. If you sign up for a loan we give the pet a bath (run a wet rag over the pet) this almost always makes the pet feel real bad and me too. Friday was an especially bad shift because at one point I had 4 cats and 5 small to medium dogs in the Pet Pens and they started getting loud and I couldn't help but escape in my mind to the day when I will be running this horrible credit union and I will sit out in front in a lawn chair and at my command will be 2 giant arms made of pets that I will wave around to attract new cars / customers until things get real sweaty outdoors

We also have to be real careful to wash all the fruit we put out for the customers I don't want to go into detail but lets just say i had a bad dream about bad produce in the lobby and a foul mouthed homeless man eating a can of tuna out of his own sunken chest cavity.. in fact I am drawing up disaster plans for a variety of circumstances:

- If a man with a gun comes into the credit union you should Stop, Drop, And Roll. Try to roll out the door without getting hit by bullets. please dont bother trying to hit the secret foot alarm switch because i am planning to replace that with a thing in the ceiling that will release confetti and play the Happy Birthday song (its for birthday parties when we find out its an employee birthday)

- If we ever have a wasp problem i think we can solve it by putting a bunch of candy in the dumpster and they will probably go swarm on it and the dump truck will take the wasps away

- in case of fire, well, i think it's pretty self explanitory and i don't need to go over it. we are all adults, after all.

- in the event that we have a credit union office cat and the cat is preg. and decides to give birth inside the back of the ATM machine near all the live electrical wiring and its moaning

and making the customers nervous and mad and i go try to grab the cat and some wires start sparking and the ATM starts shooting out money so theres a big ruckus outside and the cat starts squeezing the babies out really quick because its not doing too good i think we should call the cops they will know what to do. please come quickly the cat's name is Bumbo

- In order to explain the Housing Bubble to customers and guests I would like to permanently rent an inflatable bounce house and get them to go in and start hopping around. this is what it is like to be a homeowner. Then i begin to deflate it and before they know it the home is collapsing all around them and they dont know how to get out. we will need a solution for people in wheelchairs or who otherwise have metal parts jutting out from their person. maybe we can also get an air mattress and deflate that on top of the wheelchair people so they still get the effect or they could watch my helmet cam.

PLEASE JOIN MY CREDIT UNION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! GOODBYE

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.3 Anime at the Gates

Wednesday, Mar 04, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

This is it, Jerry. I bet you never thought it would come to this. I bet you never thought I had it in me to defy you so boldly! You bet wrong, Jerry. Dead wrong.

Here we are, Jerry, my brother. Our humble apartment has turned into the Alamo. I am making my stand against all the injustice you represent.

I imagine you might try to call in some favors. I imagine the SWAT team right outside, Jerry. They're all out there waiting to bust down the door, swarm in, knock me to the floor, and handcuff my hands behind my back. Then, Jerry, they'll drag me outside as I scream and fight. I'll be screaming your name, Jerry.

There's always time to appreciate the classics, Jerry.

I'm getting ahead of myself, though. This is only day one of my stand.

And as I imagine how this course of action might end, Jerry, another thought washes over me. What animes would I take with me to prison? That is, if the SWAT team did get in here. So many choices... My heart has always held a special place for the works of Yoshiyuki Tomino. *Mobile Suit Gundam* in particular combined complex intellectual themes with great action and drama. However, I have been known to enjoy the romantic stylings of Sakurako Gokurakuin, whose celebrated *Sekirei* manga was adapted into an excellent anime, though I must admit Marina Inoue's voice acting talents never resonated with me.

And lastly, hmm, how to decide such an important thing... Do I go with the classics or something contemporary? Wait, I digress. Let's get back to the point, Jerry.

Of course getting in won't be that simple, Jerry. The doors are barricaded. You always underestimated my intellect, Jerry, and that will be your undoing. I have fortified each door behind a mass of my most precious possession: anime. And Jerry, over the 29 years of my life, I have accumulated a great multitude of anime. Nobody is getting through those two doors without a bulldozer. Not you, not your dad, and not even the police. No one, Jerry.

I took the liberty of purchasing an adequate supply of sustenance to hold me over. Hot pockets, instant mac, corndogs, and enough Jimmy Dean sausage to feed an army. I'm in this for the long haul, Jerry. It's not enough to simply evict you, Jerry, because I know you can't stay away from me. You're practically obsessed. Instead I have to take these drastic measures to prevent you from even entering our apartment.

You may ask yourself how this all began, Jerry. That is a fair question, as you seem utterly incapable of recognizing your own wrongdoings. WHERE DO I BEGIN, JERRY? How about when you and your friends captured me in that net in the front yard? It was dumb enough to capture me in a net, but to suspend me from a tree for several hours while a lawn sprinkler kept me constantly wet?

Pathetic, Jerry. You're lucky I suffered a panic attack and blacked out before I could rip the net open and beat you senseless.

Oh, I know, Jerry. Remember when you padlocked the cupboards where I kept my food? You may think you were pulling a harmless stunt on someone slightly overweight, but again, it was attempted manslaughter. I could have slipped into a diabetic coma and died. And for what? So you could prevent me from eating my Spaghettio's and Oreos?

Our quarrel was once much like the antagonistic relationship between Risa Koizumi and Atsushi Ootani, two mismatched friends butting heads at every turn. It's gotten darker since then. It's been mutated by the poison that pumps through your black heart, Jerry. Now we exist as mortal enemies, not unlike Jiro Mochizuki, the Silver Blade himself, and the vile Kowloon King. It saddens me to see you fall so far.

Heh. Reminds me of you, Jerry.

Your stupid insults haven't helped either, Jerry. Calling me a "great harvest of farts" made you look like a colossal idiot with a child's grasp on agriculture and flatulence alike.

When you asked if I had "maybe given birth to a stillborn baby that was still stuck in my underwear" I pointed out that I lack fully developed female reproductive organs, and that, as an asexual male, I cannot get pregnant. You can't deny that I have made excellent strides in my recovery from necrotized thighs, and smell significantly better, Jerry.

When you told me I was the splitting image of a dead manatee drenched in mustard, I calmly explained to you the improbable series of events it would take to create such an absurd visual, and how far it was from reality. Day after day I am forced to explain simple concepts to you because you lack the capacity to grasp logic and reason.

My spirit is soaring!

There's no one who can help us now, Jerry. My therapist says I should stop thinking about you so much, but how can I do that when you're utterly focused on ruining my life? I have to wake up every evening knowing that you're out in the front room watching football or some other dumb show, crunching granola bars loudly, and living like a disgusting pig. And worse, I live knowing that you have no respect for me or my love of anime. I can understand not liking me, Jerry, but to not like anime? That's just stupid. That's like saying you hate knowledge, or music, or art.

Heh. I can hear you outside the door, Jerry. Fidgeting with the lock, trying to open it. I imagine you're too drunk to realize just what is going on. You're strong, Jerry. But are you strong enough to move hundreds and hundreds of hours of human creativity? This isn't just a giant stack of plastic. It's a monument forged from the mankind's boundless passion and limitless potential. It's heavier than stone! It's stronger than iron! This is a boulder made out of something purer than dumb muscle, Jerry.

You're never getting in here again. This is my apartment now!, Jerry! I will make sure of that if it's the last thing I do. This feels right, Jerry. My head is somewhere else, somewhere unburdened.

My soul is flying high, riding the skies with a pair of Air Trecks, the ingenious flying skates from Ito Ogure's *Air Gear.* My mind has divorced my body, and it's swimming in the ether. This must be what being Akira feels like.

You can't beat me, Jerry. I've finally bested you once and for all. The time has come for you to finally move on and to finally let go of your bizarre fixation with me. I just hope you can survive out there without me, Jerry. Trust me, Jerry, this is for your own good.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.4 End Times for Thai 2000

Thursday, Mar 05, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

**The following has been translated from the original Thai manuscript.*

When we named our restaurant Thai 2000 back in 1983, we realized a day of reckoning awaited us. We were the eating-house of the future – even that dire letter of censure we received from the health department admitted we "serve foods well before their time" – but we knew when that future became the present, we would be permanently coffin-trapped in the past. Oh, horrible progress! So it was written in the scrolls, and so it has already begun to transpire. I will now record the signs, so that others might pass down our myth.

August 15, 1999
I tried to make a brown-rice dish. A plump hen mysteriously waddled into the kitchen, only to commit suicide by jumping into the pot. Seven chickens mimicked its daring, marching without dissatisfaction into the scalding cauldron. These chickens appeared in the evening sky. I looked at them through our ceiling of corrosion. They are immortal. But I fear "Brown Rice w/ Hen and Chicken" will not last eternally as a menu item.

September 3, 1999
A customer complained that his fortune cookie read "The end is nigh!" The reverse side of the lottery pastry proclaimed "Your Unlucky number is 2000!" Another protested her dining fate because her cookie contained the message "Your food is a poison." This news was distressing to us, especially because we do not stock or distribute fortune cookies.

October 12, 1999
As I prepared a noodle dish, the steam rising above the pot assumed the form of a skull, which laughed before dissipating into mist. I rushed to ask my fellow chef to collaborate my tale, but he was unable to do so, having become some sort of half-monkey, half-bird.

November 16,1999
A crocodile has started circling our restaurant. I do not understand his demands. He refuses all our food offerings. Sometimes he just lounges idly in the drive-thru lane.

November 20, 1999
People must never forget Thai 2000! To assist remembrance, we hand out small flags with drive-thru orders. Our only customer today was the crocodile. We placed the flag into his mouth, and he held it with nobility. Perhaps he is not such a bad omen after all.

December 5, 1999
The decorative paper peeled itself off the wall, revealing the shape of a dragon creature. This seemed like a momentous incident, until an actual dragon creature burst through the outline hours later. The dragon immediately started following the crocodile's lead. The half-monkey, half-bird joined this deranged parade during his lunch and smoking breaks.

December 22, 1999
The crocodile has developed affections for the elephant mascot on our sign. He has licked it so frequently that it's developing rust spots. I would much prefer it if he would reserve his tongue-baths for the real elephant that recently started living in our rear parking lot.

December 31, 1999
My co-workers have all become hybrid animals, all half-snake, half-bird-this and half-peacock, half-tiger-that. I consider myself fortunate to have only sprouted a tail, even though it operates independently of my control and constantly endeavors to place me in an embarrassing light. I do not understand the health department's lack of interest in our monstrous working conditions. And, for that matter, I wonder about the scarce objections from neighboring businesses. Perhaps they realize

Thai 2000 will disappear soon enough.

I hope people will remember Thai 2000 for what it was – the first place in the Midwest to serve drive-thru portions of Yellow Curry Tofu and Wok-Tossed Vegetables – and not what it's become, a decomposing corpse-building plagued with strange magic. If you scan the heavens tomorrow (or whenever you might find this journal) and see a constellation that resembles a noodle bowl, know that Thai 2000 lives on in the stars.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

3.5 Escape the Scenario

Friday, Mar 06, 2009 by China Consulting America Jobs (@sexyfacts4u)

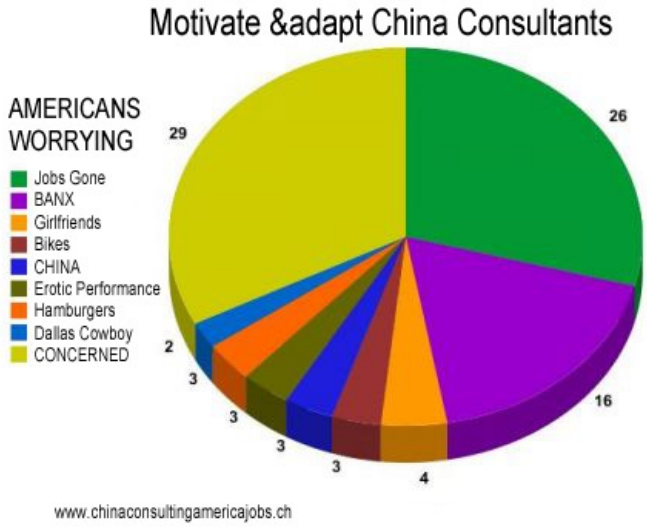
AMERICA SO PROBLEMS!!!

AHHHHhhhh!!!!!!

You seen it again and again. Receipt appears on top of the surface. It say: **J.O.B. O.V.E.R....** First your friend get lost. Then the doomsday comes for your task. It is the scenario happen all too oppen.

Brank the psyche of layoffs and low salary earnings jobs.
Chinaconsultingamericajobs is world's leader in helping you in a desperate scenario. Now credit? No money? No skills? Too fat? Not enough hair? Termite? NO PROBLEM.

In this economics we are prepared to be on your si



de no matter what your concern.

"It's my promise."

"IT's my promise." - KEN

This is the Ken promise.

No reason for you to go one more hour without work in fear of where you get a food for you or where your next bed to sleep on may come from. Admit it, you think about sell your body for money. Answer craigslists for Gor lifestyle sub (LOIVE IN)

NO MORE

Chinaconsultingamericasjobs.ch has the experiencce and the solutions

"It's the KEN promise." - JOBS

We will help you develop the skills you need to find a chance in this new economics. our consultant will motivate you 24/9 on a telephone to confront the scenario. Activate your potential.

Paradigms visa-V synergy.

ARE YOU READY TO BEGIN YOUR NEW LIVE?

NOT EVERYBODY OBAMA...

We help you all scenarios. Sign up with paypal or put credit card # and cv into email thanks you. YOU LOSE. NOW IS OUR TURN.....So long.

EMAIL US

-~China Consulting America Jobs (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 This Week's Top Downloads On The iPhone App Store

Saturday, Mar 07, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10 Northeast
Brendan Gladsbury
Genre: Travel **Price:**$0.99

How many promotions have you missed out on thanks to a total brain freeze when your boss asked what town or landmark was located ten miles to the Northeast of a given location? Think of how different your life could be if you had only been prepared!

10 Northeast asks for you to enter a starting position, then sets to work displaying a 3D Google Maps presentation of the area ten miles to the Northeast. Only works in the greater New Jersey... Learn More In The App Store

Adam
Gizmonics Institute
Genre: Lifestyle **Price:**$9.99

Many don't believe it, but technology makes it possible. Now Adam has many more features, including face and background. Fans of original Adam on the N-Gage can enjoy this new version even more thanks to the digitally remastered kazoo soundtrack. Comes with optional "sepia" camera filter for... Learn More In The App Store

The National Library Of Congress Is Seriously Shiny
Square/Enix
Genre: Education **Price:**Free

The hell? Do they ever stop polishing that building, or are they seriously trying to blind people? Maybe that's the idea. Maybe they want to render your eyes useless just before you enter the building so no one will find out that the whole building is in reality just full of erotic Japanese comic books... Learn More In The App Store

Paypal Just Held Your Funds Alerter
Gina Mae Lynnsen
Genre: Finance **Price:**$4.99

Be the first to know when Paypal decides to hold your funds for SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY, such as: receiving money, logging in to Paypal, using Paypal to donate to charity, selling an item on eBay, e-mailing Paypal to ask if they put your frozen funds into an account that earns them interest, typing a url into your browser that starts with the letter "p" and looks like the next letter might be "a"... Learn More In The App Store

School/Workplace Shooting Spree Planner
John Carmack
Genre: Productivity **Price:**$0.99

This new version takes full advantage of the touchscreen, making it much more intuitive to place icons for escape route blockades, firing arcs, and preferred suicide locations. Comes with bonus ringtone from American Idol runner-up beatboxing sensation Blake Lewis... Learn More In The App Store

Is This Thumb Broken?
DigitSoft
Genre: Medical **Price:**$0.09

Don't settle for being 98% sure that a thumb is broken. Be 99% sure with Is This Thumb Broken?, the cheaper alternative to Thumb Break Analyzer. Just take the thumb in question and hold it up to the iPhone, then take a picture. Our dedicated staff of frightened Malaysian children will analyze the data and get back to you with results within six months... Learn More In The App Store

Pill On A Mic Stand
Fun Ware
Genre: Games **Price:**$0.99

How long can the pill stay on the mic stand? Indefinitely. Test your ability to lay the iPhone down on a flat surface and walk the fuck away to live a single day of your life without ignoring the people around you or turning a dark movie theater into that scene from The Abyss where everything lights up in blue... Learn More In The App Store

Hey Tell Me If These Are Peppers
Pierre Goodich
Genre: Reference **Price:**Free

Every so often your iPhone will be sent a picture of some peppers. You tell me if they are peppers. This is not a game, I just need to know this. Thank you in advance for helping... Learn More In The App Store

Early Exit Excuse Ringer
Matt Stoverton
Genre: Lifestyle **Price:**$7.99

We've all found ourselves scrambling to come up with valid reasons to leave uncomfortable situations such as awkward dates, particularly boring funerals, and cancer test results. Now that you have an iPhone in your hand, the answer is simple. Activate the Early Exit Excuse Ringer while no one is looking, then put the phone back in your pocket. In exactly one minute your iPhone will emit an ear-piercing scream of "THIS SUCKS, I'M OUT OF HERE", paving the way for your exit... Learn More In The App Store

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.7 Zak's Terrible Burger King Birthday

Sunday, Mar 08, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Zak hates clowns. He hates the way his mom spelled his name on the birth certificate and he hates Burger King. But you knew that the second you saw him.

I found this picture hanging in a Burger King in the part of Ohio where the towns are named after either the hillbilly that accidentally settled there or whatever the hillbilly did to make enough money for liquor. I swear to God, the whole southern section of the state is nothing but Clarksburgs and Irontowns.

Setting is important, so I guess I should explain the region. When I was young, a friend once farted in a blanket and forced it over my head. A Dutch Oven, he called it. Well, these towns have a similar fart smell hanging thick in the air. You'll roll up your windows miles before you see the town, and you'll run your air-conditioning on high trying to flush out the stench long after you leave. Whether it's an open strip-mine, a sewage plant built too close to the road, or some stagnant pond, every city, every last one of them, is smothered in an eternal Dutch Oven, and in the middle sits Zak, depressed and wigged for his birthday at the Burger King.

Zak's not happy, and his mother doesn't give a shit. And, based on his name, she never did. His name is the modern equivalent of Sue in that Johnny Cash song, in that anyone who chose to name his or her child that had to be conscience of the suffering that must be endured by the owner. By nine, the poor kid was already reaping the benefits of a terrible name. Even the clown or the fry cook or whoever wrote the boy's name on the photograph couldn't believe it. "What the fuck? No C?" They said, crossing out his letter. No one bothered to fix the mistake, though. Instead, they hung

it on the wall all fucked up. If there was a can hanging underneath it, I would have thrown some change in out of pity. Maybe if enough people donated, Zak could have a real birthday. It's not like it could be any worse than this.

One of the few benefits of having nothing is that it doesn't take much to outdo yourself. A rusted out Cutlass Ciera perched on some cinder blocks is a huge improvement if you have neither transportation nor shelter. Zak's mother ignored this luxury and managed to really outdo her neglect. She could have done anything. Literally. He's a kid after all; it takes *nothing*

to impress him. A piñata and a picnic. Boom. Birthday party. A case of RC Cola from the dollar store and a borrowed game of Twister. Boom. Birthday party. A cake that says Zak and a few sober family members. Boom. Birthday party. Instead, the grand celebration this year was in the same place he orders his daily dollar menu dinners, except today he got a foam nose, a free small slushy, and a new desire for self mutilation. Of course Zak is upset. You don't celebrate a child's victory against juvenile leukemia with a tour of the hospital. Disappointing a child on his birthday takes hard, premeditated work. Shitty childhood in the first-degree.

Of course the Burger King matched the town in quality and smell. The interior was to architecture and design like an advanced case of cancer is to a human. Everything was breaking or rotting, and the owners had given up all hope long, long ago. Zak's birthday celebration was spent among shriveled lettuce on the floor, cardboard crowns, and the remnants of the discontinued Kid's Club. A grease-stained cutout of Kid Vid stood by the register in a totally rad pose, but all Zak could do was stare off in the distance while some obese dude in a two-bit clown costume tried to take his picture.

When Zak blew out the candle, he made a wish. He wanted the ability to see into the future, and for a few moments it came true and he stared ahead with dead eyes and saw the terrible life that awaits him. He saw that while other kids catch Pokemon on a new console, Zak will get meningitis. By twelve, his mother's food stamps will be diverted for cases of Busch. His virginity will slip away sometime during his late teens and be replaced with open sores. Zak knows all this in his foam nose and rainbow wig.

What he wouldn't see is the optimism in the whole situation. His terrible childhood will have him entirely desensitized by his twenties. Like an Internet user that has seen goatse one too many times, Zak is dead inside. On some winter night thirty years from now, he'll buy a crave case from White Castle. He'll take it back to his trailer or government assisted apartment and set the case on the floor in his kitchen for a second while he fumbles through the fridge for another beer. Disoriented, Zak will stumble a few steps before planting a foot squarely in the middle of the thirty Sliders. A soft squirt of meat and cheese will ooze out the side as he gains his balance. A normal, adjusted man would take one look at his ruined dinner and find something else to eat. They would understand that the only thing more pathetic than eating White Castle alone would be to ruin your meal first. But not Zak. During his childhood, he hit rock bottom so hard that he broke his legs, and he never tried to crawl up and out. No, he won't throw the mess out, instead he'll open the case and see the crushed, dripping, smashed line that had once been thirty miniature cheeseburgers and start forking pieces out unfazed. Thanks mom.

Maybe we have the whole picture wrong. Maybe this is a good party. Maybe the message on

his camouflage sweatshirt that reads "EGUL SOR," isn't some sort of poorly translated American symbolism, but instead a piece of meta-commentary in regard to the country's freakish national pride and poor education. Maybe he keeps the full set of cement deer and geese that clutter his front yard as an ironic joke. Maybe Zak is having the time of his life; and despite all the joy, he has managed to put on a stoic face for the camera.

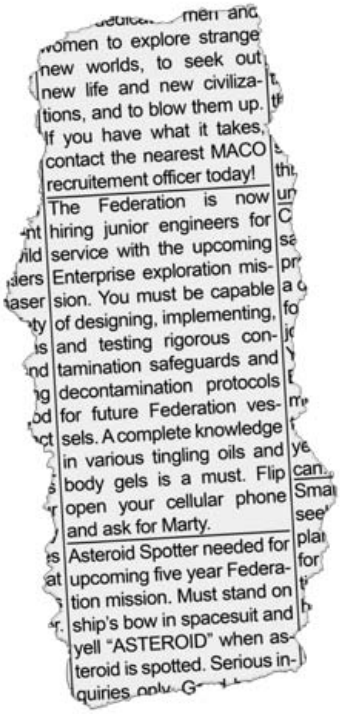
No. Nope. No way. Zak's suffering is pure and permanent. But chin up, don't worry about him. Someday he'll SOR like an EGUL into the NASCAR circuit or prison or wherever all the forgotten children of Americana end up.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.8 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Decontamination Protocol Engineer

Monday, Mar 09, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.


men and
women to explore strange
new worlds, to seek out
new life and new civiliza-
tions, and to blow them up.
If you have what it takes,
contact the nearest MACO
recruitement officer today!

The Federation is now
hiring junior engineers for
service with the upcoming
Enterprise exploration mis-
sion. You must be capable
of designing, implementing,
and testing rigorous con-
tamination safeguards and
decontamination protocols
for future Federation ves-
sels. A complete knowledge
in various tingling oils and
body gels is a must. Flip
open your cellular phone
and ask for Marty.

Asteroid Spotter needed for
upcoming five year Federa-
tion mission. Must stand on
ship's bow in spacesuit and
yell "ASTEROID" when as-
teroid is spotted. Serious in-

The ship is up in orbit in the Star Dock, but it's mostly just a shell. All the real work is happening down here in Montana.

Yo, I'm Donald Scoobie. No relation to that old cartoon dog. You can call me "Scooba Don" for short.

I'm 28 and I'm an engineer working on the NX-01 project. We're building the first real starship designed by humans for exploration of the galaxy. It's pretty much an engineer's dream to be assigned to this project. I love it, even if I am low man on the totem pole.

There are plenty of rumors about the ship we are building, but seeing it under construction is a whole other deal. It really pumps you up! Right now my job is just about done here and we're about a week out from the christening. Word is it's going to be called Enterprise. Gaaaaaay. I'd go for something much more awesome like Death Hammer or Dragonslayer. I guess those fruits in Starfleet are too politically correct to ever pick a badass name like that.

But, I'm getting ahead of myself. The story you guys want starts quite a ways back when I first arrived in Montana to work on this project.

I went to Faber Tech, third choice behind Stanford and MIT, but it had great campus life so I can't complain. Delta Tau Chi! Woooooo!

Struggling through my first year of grad school I landed the job here at the Warp Five Complex in Bozeman. Home of the Fightin' Cochranes! Go Cochs! My bachelor's turned out to be all the qualification I needed for a program that was gobbling up everyone with a degree in fifty countries.

I arrived at the Warp Five Complex three years ago. Since then I've discovered that they never intended to let me loose on warp field theory. They're rat bastards, but I admit my assignment to decon might have had something to do with my 1.6 GPA.

Decontamination Protocol Engineer is the full job title. I'm the most junior by far of five engineers in our department and our department is the most derelict piece of crap department in the whole project.

The way budgeting for a big government project like this works is that you get a certain amount of money budgeted quarterly for everything. Then that budget starts at the top and starts trickling down. Propulsion takes the first and biggest chunk, defensive systems sinks its teeth in, life support, medical, so on and so on, the amount of money getting smaller and smaller. By the time it hits hydroponic lab there is almost nothing left, and those dope fiends look at us, laugh, and toss us a few scraps.

Three million dollars may sound like a big budget, but you've got to remember we are government subcontractors. Screwing a handle into a drawer ends up costing a quarter million.

The head of decon is Vladislav Zorba. Zorba the Greek, we called him for a while, even though I'm pretty sure he's Ukrainian. Once we got to know him it was Vlad the Recliner. Always sleeping and always delegating.

With most of our budget going into overhead we were going nowhere fast and responsibility for setting up decon protocols kept getting handed down. Eventually, there was no one left to hand it down to and I was handed the last sliver of our starting budget and some ridiculous design schematics.

Hey, at least we get to see pictures of space.

I think it was Paul Harrison, the guy right above me who always worked from home, that managed to come up with a design for a decontamination chamber that looked like one of those pneumatic cylinders at a bank drive through. It was state-of-the-art and would have cost about a hundred times what we had to spend. Shitty GPA or not, I knew right away that I would have to start from scratch.

That's the background of how the junior-most engineer got put in charge of decon protocol, but you said you wanted more of a day-by-day type of thing. Allow me to walk you through the project once I was in charge, one prototype at a time. Believe me, things did not come together easily, but I'd like to think I did the best I possibly could have with the resources available.

The goal was to create an extremely cost-effective means of decontaminating crewmembers of the NX-01 upon their return from alien planets and cultures. It was a difficult problem. You don't know what pathogens someone might bring back, but you can't just fry the crewmembers in a gamma radiation chamber for six hours or submerge them in bleach. The crew has to remain alive and relatively unscathed while the chamber rids their bodies of every possible contaminant.

For all of the other engineers in decon it seemed like an impossible task. That's why the new guy - me - ended up with it. What they didn't realize is that my many years at my frat house equipped me with some secret weapons. We may not have the best grades at Delta Tau Chi, but we make up

for a lack of grades with a certain sly inventiveness.

Some people call it thinking outside the box. Those people have gotta CHUG, CHUG, CHUG, CHUG! WOOOooo Delts!

Decontamination Chamber Prototype 01
High Density Sterilizer Fumigation

Ugh, Vulcans. They always make you feel like a dick, but they do it in this way where you can't just punch their clock.

Day One - I whipped up some sketches for a cost-effective decontamination chamber. I don't know what the big deal was and why these guys were having so many problems. I just stuck a broad-spectrum fumigator vent in the ceiling and a ventilator in the floor. Thirty seconds in a thick cloud of delousing gas and basically anything will be dead. Couple that with UV lamps to cook off the surface contamination and we're in business. I should have a prototype ready for testing inside a week.

Day Four - The prototype is ready to roll. I added a drop point for clothes that will connect to an incinerator once it's installed in the ship. I've already run through some tests with the sensor dummy and the system is operating within safe limits for a human.

Day Five - Bad news. Vlad the Recliner tells me some Vulcan advisor named T'Pol has taken a personal interest in the project. He's coming down on Monday to "assist" with the final prototype trials. That means everything is going to get screwed and he's going to demand all of kinds of superficial (but time-consuming) tweaks that just aren't in the budget. Naturally, Vlad and the other do-nothing engineers in decon are going to be taking the day off.

Day Six - Uh...heh...well. Ahhhhhh, I'm not sure how to put this. That Vulcan advisor named T'Pol? Yeah, that is not a dude. In fact, other than the haircut it might be as far from a dude as possible. I am talking goddamn smoking hot. I wish there was a word for when you don't just want to stick your unit in something, you want to break it off in there to jam the lock.

She shows up in some sort of form fitting outfit that looks like my grandma's wallpaper and demands a tour. Once I roll my tongue back into my mouth I show her around the prototype and tell her I'm going to be doing run-throughs if she would like to observe. She observes the first one to get a feel for it and then she just jumps right in.

Hey, Mo! Check out this monster boner I just popped!

"I would like you to demonstrate the system on me," she says, and then here is where I would put that word for me snapping my unit in half.

These Vulcans man, they have no sense of shame. I start walking her through the decon protocols and the third step is straight up, "Remove clothing and drop into incinerator chute." Before I can even tell her that we can skip that one she just drops trou and pops those bad boys out of their hammock.

Let's just call that word "Hrrrnk" so I can stop explaining it every time.

I don't get a great look because that damn decon fog starts blowing in through the vents, but I see enough to fill my "me time" calendar for the next decade. After the ventilator sucks the fumes out and she dresses she is all, "That was very logical and I approve."

That's when inspiration strikes. If I could build a decon chamber once, who is to say I can't do it again? And why couldn't I include a few "improvements."

I tell her that the data is all screwed up and despite appearances it doesn't look like this prototype is going to pay off at all. I tell her that I plan to build a new prototype and that she should come back next week to assist in further testing. I don't think Vulcans can feel glad or anything, but she didn't argue so I think I am in good.

Awww, shucks! Back to the drawing board!

Decontamination Chamber Prototype 02
Sanitizing Ring Nozzle Wash

I have tested similar technology thoroughly at my fraternity.

Day One - I tell Vlad the Recliner that the Vulcan visited and he was not impressed with my design. Vlad clucks at me and says, "Keep tryink, my boy, I am sure you vill come up vith somethink." Yeah, Dracula, everything will be coming up boners if my design works according to plan.

Day Three - This prototype has gone up even quicker than the first, possibly because of my secret motivation. I call it the Sanitizing Ring Nozzle Wash. It involves a white floor-length linen gown that looks like a potato sack and a remote-controlled ring of "sanitizer nozzles" that moves up and down the body. I place a call with Vulcan Affairs and leave a message with T'Pol to stop by as soon as possible to help me with the next trial run through.

I don't think I'm going to bother with the sensor dummy.

Day Five - T'Pol shows up looking even better than I remember. She doesn't even comment on my smoking jacket and pipe. I give her a quick tour of the prototype. After I fully explain how it works she looks at me and sort of arches one of her eyebrows and...Hrrrnk!

It's amazing how well "Just hold still" works on Vulcan babes.

Before she submits herself to the prototype process I suggest she sample an internal biotic cleanse I have been developing. It's actually just a vodka and cranberry, but I read on the Internet that these Vulcans have no idea about hard alcohol. She agrees to try my internal whatever I called it, so I mix her up a double and serve it over ice.

"That is very unusual," she says. "The flavor is similar to Vulcan port."

I'd like to test the flavor of her Vulcan port if you know what I mean. I think you know what I mean.

After downing the last of her lubricant, she dons the big potato sack and steps into the Sanitizing Ring Nozzle Wash. It functions perfectly. The refrigerated water reservoir has the desired effect and the linen cloth is similarly cooperative. After about thirty seconds it looks like she's wearing a wetsuit made out of tracing paper.

I move the nozzles around and move the ring up and down for about ten minutes. Finally she calls a stop to the proceedings. I think she is angry at me at first, but I can't even try to care because she shucks out of that damn linen sack right in front of me. If she took just a little longer wrapping herself in a towel I think the left side of my body would be paralyzed right now.

"I was nearing hypothermia," she explains, "This is unacceptable."

"I will start all over again, thank you."

I don't even have to ask her this time.

"Let me know when your next design is ready for testing and I will assist."

Assist!? Baby, if only you knew!

Decontamination Chamber Prototype 03
Self-Inflating Gelatinized Grapple Pod

I'm as patriotic as the next guy, but maybe I don't want to be reminded of the Constitution right now, baby.

Day Six - I run through the protocols for the latest prototype with T'Pol. She readily accepts that she will have to strip down to her underwear and is even less surprised when I tell her I will be holotaping everything. She does arch one of her expertly plucked eyebrows when I introduce her to the other person I have invited to the test.

T'Pol warily eyes the stripper and her teased blonde hair, overly tanned skin, bulging implants, and red, white, and blue monokini.

"Georgia," the stripper extends a hand full of press-on nails to T'Pol.

The Vulcan shakes it delicately. This might not work.

"She's a decontamination technician," I explain. "Fully trained."

The stripper snorts with laughter.

"Oh, yeah," Georgia chomps her gum, "I work at Hussy's on I-90. We get all kinds over there."

"Has she been fully briefed on the procedure?" T'Pol asks.

I nod the affirmative and direct the pair towards the already inflated Gelatinized Grapple Pod. Georgia eyes the inflatable arena filled with cherry dessert and then looks over at T'Pol.

"I've never done a show with an alien before," Georgia takes her gum out and sticks it to one of the bulkheads in the prototype. "You ready, sugar?"

My worries dissipate once the pair begins grappling in the pool full of Jell-O. T'Pol seems to have some sort of martial arts training, but Georgia has years of various grease-related wrestling under her thong and she proves to be a formidable opponent. My pre-match coaching pays off, as Georgia seizes any opportunity to tear at T'Pol's undergarments.

Less than a minute into the match and the pair are completely nude. It is everything I had hoped and more. They go at it for a good eight or nine minutes, their dreamy glistening bodies heaving and lunging around the pool magically, like a couple of greased unicorns.

It's unfortunate how ugly Georgia is when contrasted with T'Pol. I guess every stripper at Hussy's can't be a Vulcan sex goddess. Like they say, you've just got to break a few lemons to make lemonade, and this is the lemonade of home movie legend.

"My back is starting to hurt," Georgia complains.

I call an end to the wrestling. I could have let the tape roll for days, but all good things must come to an end and I'm one more scissor leg-lock away from an aneurysm.

"That seemed wildly inefficient," I can't tear my eyes away from T'Pol as she towels her body. "What does the data look like?"

I stare a bit too long and then remember I was supposed to be recording "data streams" during the test. I slap the mouse on the computer and the screensaver shuts off, replaced with a spreadsheet carefully tailored to demonstrate a failure.

"Ah," I click the mouse a couple times for show, "looks okay. Better than last time, but I think we still need major changes."

"You had better wrap those changes up," T'Pol warns in that lovable ice-bitch way of hers that just makes me want to Hrrrnk all over again. "The contamination chamber must be ready to commence installation in ten days."

"I think I have just the thing," I say. "Same time next week?"

"That is acceptable," T'Pol agrees with a sensuous lack of emotion.

"Can I get paid?" Georgia butts in and sends T'Pol packing.

"Yeah," I watch T'Pol leave. "Oh, yeah, could you stick around and give me a hand?"

Georgia drags a Newport from the pack in her purse and lights up.

"Alright," she says, the cigarette pinched between her lips, "but that's extra."

I don't know about Vulcans, but strippers love menthols.

Decontamination Chamber Prototype 04
Manual Antibiotic Salve Dispersal

Don't want to miss a spot!

Day One - Paul Harrison urgently wants to know when I will be finished. I think he plans to take credit for my design. I tell him not to worry. Throughout the rest of the day, and almost in sequence of ascending position within decon, the other engineers approach me to ask when we'll be done. Vlad comes last.

"Ve are all very concerned," he says. "Ve think maybe you are not knowink how to solve problem."

I tell Vlad to trust me. I promise him we'll be done by the end of the week. I don't think he believes me, but at this point I'm pretty much living in a whole other world from those losers. I just stare off into the distance and see two majestic unicorns, covered in Jell-O, fighting forever and ever.

Day Three - The final prototype is pretty much done. It's as barebones as this sort of thing can get, and I think that is why it's going to be the piece da resistance of my prototype series. It's got a couple benches, slow-burn UV cookers, bottles of decontamination rubbing oil, a case of beer, and

a boombox with some godawful Vulcan CD called "20 Classic Songs to Inflame Your Plak Tow."

Day Five - T'Pol shows up about ten minutes early and I'm still setting things up in the prototype.

"I know what you're trying to do," she says. "Do not think I cannot perceive such things."

My heart drops to my gut.

"You are trying to expend every last dollar of your budget," she leans in closer. "Do not attempt to deny it."

"No," I stammer, "you're totally right. I am trying to burn through the budget. But I have been trying to find the best solution here. You can't deny that I have been trying."

She folds her arms over her huge chest. Goddamn. Those frigging lips. Hrrrnk.

Advanced decon techniques. Don't try this unless you don't care about your relationship.

"I suppose not, although your methods have been very unorthodox. When I mentioned them to Vulcan High Command they were very impressed that you humans are trying so hard."

"The ah," I crack open a beer out of habit and take a big swig, "the prototype."

She nods. I show here how it works and run through the procedure.

"I couldn't get anyone else on such short notice," I try to sound sheepish. "We're going to have to test this out together."

"That is acceptable," she says and begins to disrobe.

I could lie and tell you that it isn't awesome. No, there's no actual sex, this is a TV-PG facility, but it doesn't even matter. When I ask her to turn around so I can do her front she doesn't hesitate for a second. By that point she doesn't even have to touch me. I'm finished.

If this is the future of space exploration, then sign me up.

I may need to develop some field decon procedures as well.

"Other than your unusually localized and sudden projectile sickness," T'Pol begins, "I think that was very effective. Perhaps almost pleasant."

"Yes," I agree, "and cost effective. Just remember, sometimes the crew may have to have same sex groupings use the oil. It won't work when it is two or more dudes, but it will work if it is two or more babes."

"Females!" I correct myself.

"That seems very unusual," she arches that damn eyebrow again.

"Yes," I explain, "well, matrices and data and output and decimals; they all point to the same conclusion."

"Ah, thank you for your time," T'Pol finishes dressing. "I will notify the project managers of your excellent work."

Once she's out of sight I switch off the holocamera and reach for my pack of cigarettes.

I think vulcanlovechamber.com has a nice ring to it.

Ever since that day I have been trying to get myself posted for duty aboard the supposed Enterprise mission. I almost made it last week, but the urine some guy at the bus station sold me did not pass the drug test.

Sorry babe, you're gonna have to stay in quarantine another 30 minutes. This German guy just paid for extra time.

Oh, well, I guess if I have to choose between erotic massage with Vulcan babes and a nice fat hyperweed joint, I'm going to have to go with the hyperweed. Call it ultrareefer madness.

I admit, it does bum me out a little that I'm not going to be along for the ride. There are a lot of things I am going to miss.

Things like, say, greasing up a Vulcan sex goddess and her sassy Asian friend. Or some sort of space robot that looks like a hot chick. Or a dude worm in a hot chick's body, only she has these little sexy dots on her head. Or some babe with a bumpy nose with really huge...well, really any hot babes who need to get clean, but want to feel dirty.

On the other hand, I will still get to enjoy the hot and heavy fun going down in that decon chamber. The installation of the prototype went exactly according to my design.

Right down to the webcams.

Call it boner madness.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Your Bandicoot Sucks III

Tuesday, Mar 10, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Great, a dog I can't hug.

Bears are like Jason: big lumbering forest retards who come in your tent and kill you. But Jason won't scatter garbage all over your camp afterward, because he has a touch of class.

If you're just gonna be a face on a rubber hose, you should at least try harder in the face department.

The beaver: symbol of industry and diligence, or nature's bucktoothed Sisyphus?

Maybe if you spent a little less time spazzing around and a little more time flying your wings wouldn't be such shitty little meatless rip-offs.

You got Robin Hood busted, you little shit.

Old people feed you because it makes them feel needed in a world that's left them behind. It's pretty touching until you realize bread costs money-- that's my inheritance you're eating, you quacking son of a bitch!

One time I was driving with a friend and he hit one of these cut-rate mooses dead on at fifty miles per hour, and it just trotted off like a scolded dog. No being should survive that.

You always hear about how gorillas are noble and intelligent and stuff, but if a human being acted like that, you'd be like, "I HATE that angry naked guy."

If kangaroos had gone according to plan, God probably wouldn't have exiled them to the Australian wasteland with Yahoo Serious and all the rest of nature's mistakes.

I was walking my dog by the river one time and it saw a frog and just carelessly licked it up like it was a drop of dew. Good dog.

Oh, really? Cheetahs are fast? So where are all their gold medals? Debunked.

Animals of quality get hunted on Safari by burly Hemingway types; Foxes get chased gaily around copses by effete English fops.

If there's anything interesting about a rabbit, it's probably buried somewhere in one of a dozen John Updike novels none of us are ever going to read.

Why did the one animal you can get high by licking also happen to be the animal that you'd be least inclined to lick?

Camels can go a month without water. And I can go a month without GIVING A SHIT!

Hey minks, we're going to go ahead and take your pelts, because we use them to make awesome luxurious stoles and you're just using them to be gross horny pond weasels.

I had more sympathy when I thought they were part of the raccoon family--just too big and precious to make it as raccoons! Then I found out they're bears after all, and they have no excuse. *No excuse.*

How do skunks even stand each other long enough to mate? Not even Pepé LePew could get any action, and he was the mack.

Sure, falcons are pretty majestic, but they're also S&M gimps.

One of these jerks messed up Roy's face. The tiger is nature's homophobe.

Something so pink and poofy should probably deflect the obvious gibes by removing the word "flaming" from its name.

Little-known fact: the wombat has an unusually large brain for a marsupial. They direct that extra mental energy into perfecting the art of being lumpy doofuses. Also check out how that one looks like Salvador Dali.

Hey, great idea, a wheelbarrow that dies if I don't feed it and one of its names means "butt." I'm going to patent it and call it the Magic Dying Buttbarrow.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.10 SA Celebrity Stalker: March Madness

Wednesday, Mar 11, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

A harrowing look into the everyday lives of celebrities, as spotted & cataloged by our on-the-street reporters.

Jessica Biel
Yesterday @ 11 am
Couldn't help but notice the lovely Jessica Biel trying to parallel park her car. She kept messing up and starting over. After about 4 hours she ran out of gas and just abandoned the car, half jutting out into the street like some terrible albatross.

Danny DeVito
Yesterday @ 12pm
MMMMMM is all I can say after spotting Danny DeVito. So stubby and rotund, like a buoy or a giant loveable thumb. Wanted to slather him in cocktail sauce and take him home for dinner.

Tim Allen
Yesterday @ 1pm
Spotted Tim Allen outside the 15th St Quiznos. I immediately looked away in disgust because he is the last person on this earth I want to see.

J. D. Salinger
Yesterday @ 2pm
Was playing some softball when our ball flew into Old Man Salinger's yard. Started to retrieve it but he came stomping out onto the porch screaming to high heaven. We ran away cursing his name as the hot sun beat down upon our youthful brows.

Richard Kind
Yesterday @ 5pm
Saw Richard Kind cradling a whole ham in his arms on the subway. He was calling it Carol. The ham, I mean. Carol. Very tender.

Matthew Broderick
Yesterday @ 11pm
Heard a mysterious moaning noise while walking down the street. Followed it to a warehouse and looked through a window. Matthew and six other robed figures were eating a human arm and chanting. Looked to be in good spirits. Wonder where SJP was?

Tobey Maguire
Today @ 3am
Seen: Tobey Maguire eating a squirrel in an alleyway. He asked me if I wanted some but I told him no. I'm a proud Vegetarian and I respect my Body and Nature too much.

Wayne Brady
Today @ 10am
Saw Wayne Brady - or should I say "Wayne Shady" - outside smoking a cigarette like it was no big deal. Well, Mr. Brady, cigarettes are a leading cause of cancer, and you're a first class buffoon. I saw you, and you owe me and the rest of the world an apology for your actions.

Harvey Keitel
Today @ 11am
Ran into Harvey Keitel at Starbucks. Asked him "so you like coffee?" He stared me down with a look that reduced me to a shivering lump of fear and anxiety. As I wept at his feet he responded "no." I then saw he was getting tea and felt pretty dumb.

Philip Seymour Hoffman
Today @ 3pm
Spotted PSH milking a goat in Central Park. I asked him what he was doing and he said it was research for a movie role but he was sweating a lot and acting nervous and the goat looked like it didn't want to be there.

Justin Timberlake
Today @ 6pm
GOOD GOLLY! JT is out of control. Saw him hopping around a Safeway naked, bloody, and missing a leg. I'm pretty sure his teeth were gone too! Talk about clean up on aisle 3!

Reginald VelJohnson
Today @ 7pm
Improbable as it may sound, *I saw* Reginald ValJohnson. When I reached out to touch his milk chocolate skin, he grabbed my hand and pushed me away. He had a mole on his arm. I hope it wasn't melanoma???

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.11 Let's Start Our Own Mafia

Thursday, Mar 12, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hey guys; let's start our own mafia. It will be fun and give us something to do on the weekends. Now, I know what you're thinking: "Steve, isn't there already a mafia?" I can tell you from all the movies I watch on TBS that there are at least several. And I watch *a lot* of TBS. But I think our network of friends could use a little more organization, don't you? Hell, Linda keeps buying those organizers from the Ikea and our closets have never looked better!

As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to join the world of organized friendships.

I can tell from Fred's eye-rolling back there that he's either very skeptical or having another diabetic stroke. Someone go and check on him while I expand on the idea I came up with while eating a plate of Pecan Sandies very similar to this one.

First, every mafia needs a secret hideout. I was thinking we could either make it here, in my living room or at the Hardee's up the street. I know the manager there, a fella who goes by the name of Roy, who shouldn't have a problem with this. He coached my son's high school football team, and whenever I run up the street to grab a Chili Cheese Thickburger, we like to talk turkey about the important things in life, like that god-awful center on the intramural basketball team (Go Panthers!). Yes, Fred, my son played a pretty mean game of football before the car accident. You know this and I'll thank you not to bring it up in my presence.

"Goodfellas:" cut out all of the violence and cursing, and maybe you'd have a "Goodmovie." My score: 7/10

Next, we're going to need nicknames, because every good mob man needs an alias. Luckily for us, I've already created a few of them with the help of this dictionary/thesaurus combo I won at a Knights of Columbus fund raiser last year. Me, I'm going to be "The Calendar Man," because when you meet me, your days are numbered. Also, this is what the local paper called me when they did a feature on the stacks and stacks of unusable, outdated calendars I keep in the garage, shed, and master bedroom. Jim, you're going to be "Slim Jim." Even though you're dangerously overweight, "Slim" rhymes with "Jim" and we've got to make these things catchy. Stan, your nickname will be "Jack," because no one will see that coming. And Fred, you're going to be "The Worm," because you'll be our information man. This alias is also based on your lifelong struggle with impotence.

Now it's time to think about what our racket is going to be. Drugs are out of the question because I once smoked flavored tobacco out of a hookah back in the 70s and nearly lost my mind. But when I was going over the terrible state of my credit rating, it dawned on me: Linda has been selling Avon for 14 years so far without making a profit. This could be her time to shine! Yes, Fred; we've all seen that special pin your wife wears on those unflattering jackets of hers that tell the world she had the highest Avon sales countywide in June of 2006. She needs to let those dreams die because if Linda is going to muscle the rest of the Avon ladies out of business, your wife will not stand in the way of our new mafia. From my current research, I've discovered that there are 6 other Avon ladies in this

town alone. Fellas, we've going to have to hit the next church circular hard with libelous accusations about these other gals' products. Jim, I already came up with one for you: "Beth Leary's scented bath beads made my son gay." Since your son is already gay, this works perfectly! You can thank me later.

Unfortunately, having countywide control of Avon sales won't be enough to fuel our constant fishing trips and impulsive, weekend stops at The Golden Corral. Luckily, a documentary on organized crime I watched on Comedy Central last night called Mafia! told me that getting local businesses to pay "protection" is another way organized crime can rake in the big bucks, or "bread dough," if you will. This means we have to start working the three-block territory around HQ, which I have given the code name "Steve's Mafia's Territory."

You won't catch us dying of syphilis in prison! Steve's Mafia has class and then some!

Stan, I want you at the grocery store telling that bearded manager of theirs that if they don't start taking our expired coupons, some grapes and bulk candy might find their way into our mouths the next time we go shopping. Jim, head on down to the movie theater and inform the staff that members of Steve's Mafia who don't get a 5% senior citizen discount might not turn their cell phones off before the movie starts. Don't tell them you're the only person in our mafia with a cell phone. Fred, you head down to the library and tell them that all overdue book fees for Steve's Mafia are now waived. And if threats don't work, use this quarter-stick of dynamite I took from some teenagers fooling around behind the Safeway.

I found this poster at the dollar store. It would look pretty neat in our garage.

So once our mafia is established and we become high rollers in the upper-middle class, how are we going to spend our days? Well, according to my sources, when you're in a mafia most of your time involves sitting around and eating Italian food, and what little time you have left is best spent beating and murdering your enemies. This poses a few problems, because I don't really care for Italian food. Too much flavor, if you ask me. But I guess if you guys don't mind, we can head on down to The Olive Garden, where they'll at least grill me up a hamburger. Then, over an endless supply of breadsticks we can discuss our newest schemes and the results of the last Chinese Auction. Sorry guys, I'm still a little burned that I never won that lot of 1980-82 Garfield calendars. Those were the last years that featured Lyman, you know.

Before we go through with this plan, I'm not going to lie to you guys; this is going to be dangerous work. Even more dangerous than the time we snuck outside food into that baseball game and got a talking-to by the stadium's general manager. For this reason alone, I have taken out costly life insurance policies for all of us, so that our wives and families--and in the case of Stan, our many ferrets--can continue living lives of JCPenney shopping spree luxury long after Steve's Mafia is destroyed by its numerous enemies. Fred, since you're our information man and arguably our most important member, I've taken out the largest policy on you. And coincidentally, the first step in starting our new mafia is informing the old mafia that their days are numbered. I know, I know; as "The Calendar Man," this should clearly be my job. But since Fred is our information man, he's the only

one I can trust with this information: the street addresses of organized crime members throughout the tri-state area. Fred, fire up that Aerostar and put on an extra sweater; you're running recon for Steve's Mafia. And may God have mercy on your soul.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.12 The DIY Blogger: Get Ready for GO TIME

Friday, Mar 13, 2009 by Jamie "Steam Bennett" Rutger (@sexyfacts4u)

Jamie Rutger is an amateur survival expert and he has survived 15 years in Michigan.

"If something doesn't kill you you get stronger."
- Fredrich Nietche

Preparedness is the key for preventing a disaster from turning into a catastrophe. When the shit, and I mean the real shit, goes down you may have only minutes or seconds to react. In this crucial window of opportunity every action you undertake may have ramifications for days and weeks to come. Your survival three months in the future may hinge on you making the right decisions in that critical moment.

You have to be ready for ***GO TIME.***

- Shit is going down.
- It's bad.
- Shit is bad.

Could be a natural disaster, could be man made. Your life is threatened and where you are is no longer safe. There is no way you could possibly in a million years plan for every scenario, but you can at least be ready for some of them.

Possible shit going down in your area:

- **Road Warrior shit** - cars and dudes with chains. Huge muscle dudes who want to mess you up BAD.
- **Commando shit** - somebody you love has been kidnapped and you have got to get them back. You can't just sit around.
- **Alien shit** - this one is bad, hombres. Aliens. Superior technology. Why are they here? Who knows, but shit is going down.
- **Volcano** - FUCK I knew that mountain was suspicious.
- **Flood** -Water is everywhere. Could be a dam busted, could be too much rain, could be global warming. Whatever, you got to deal with it.
- **Fire** - Like in Australia only times six. Or seven...
- **Economy** - Money is worthless, you got to eat a robin in your yard. Comcast stops working. Pizza stops coming.
- **Zombies** - Can happen as shown by stem cell science, but not covered here. See my previous GO TIME DIY dealing specifically with the undead (vampires, zombies, mummies, fast zombies, and Left 4 Dead zombies).

So shit is going down. You know it, which means it is GO TIME. You got to act to confront the problems at hand. What do you do?

a Panic. Shit yourself and piss your pants like a baby and start crying (like a baby).

b Call 911 and tell the cops to save you.

c Ignore that shit.

d Plan ahead.

Wrong! The correct answer is *none of the above*, because all of those things are retarded. You got to plan ahead, but you can't plan ahead during GO TIME there is too much shit going on! You got to do it in advance. You got to get ready, and I'll show you how.

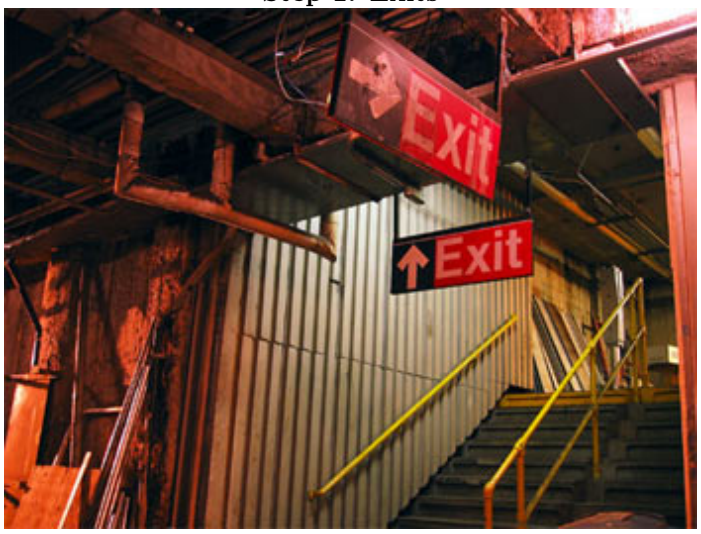
You got to get out! How many doors are there? How many windows? Don't guess, go around and count them, then draw a map and decide which ones are best. Figure out how to get up on the roof and zip line over to a tree. Put ladders everywhere. Make a tunnel if need be.

There are two types of provisions during GO TIME. There are food provisions and drink provisions. You can buy rations from the camping store. You can also order MRE (meal: ready eat) off the Internet. Try camping stores' webpages. If you don't want to mess around with MREs you can try Pop Tarts. These are individually wrapped just like MREs and if you eat a Pop Tart and three multivitamins this is just as good as an MRE and actually tastes way better. For drink I prefer pop for the energy boost and you can get 2 liters. Some people like juice or drink mixes but that shit is your discretion.

A lot of times when shit goes down you can't wait it out in your house. You got to be ready to go. That is why you got to pack a bag that you can just grab. I used a really big messenger bag. It's canvas so it should be pretty sturdy and it has an Invader Zim logo on the side. You can use a backpack or a duffle bag or whatever else.

A loose selection of some good things to pack are:

Step 1: Exits



Step 2: provisions

- **Knife**: I pack a butterfly knife and a chromed Braveheart sword, but if you aren't expert in knives then just put an army knife in there or a kitchen knife.
- **Gun**: I don't have a gun, but I do have one of those shock things you can use on a raper, not that a raper would come at me to begin with because I know three types of hand to hand (boxing, kicking, and bare knuckle boxing).
- **Ammo**: for the gun, but if you don't have a gun just put extra food in here.
- **Food**: You need some to take with you.
- **Drinks**: A six-pack or a two liter is probably a good amount.

Step 3: Pack Your GO TIME bag

- **Laptop**: Be sure to pack an extra battery because you don't know how long the power grid will survive after man has been brought low by the rising tide of chaos.
- **Books**: I prefer manga for the detailed stories and emotional character arcs.
- **Flashlight**: A must for reading at night.
- **Maps**: Carrying maps is a good idea, or download them as PDFs for your laptop.
- **Girl locations**: The prepared people like you will rule the post-shit-gone-down world and so you should have selected brides living within range of your form of transportation. I have a car so I put down Megan Fox who lives in Hollywood.
- **Movies**: Speaking of Hollywood, bring lots of movies. You can take DVDs, but I prefer to rip them and put them on USB drives so I have more room for Pop Tarts and multivitamins.

If you still have room then you can take some keepsakes with you. I packed my Nintendo DS and economized space by bringing a cart with about 50 GBA games on it.

Look at that, you planned ahead. Now that it's GO TIME what do you do? Simple: grab your GO TIME bag, any other provisions you can carry, and execute your exit plan. From there you have two options: become a survivalist or become a warlord. It all depends on whether you've been waiting for this and it's an opportunity you are prepared to accept, or if you just want to get by.

Dan2000 will be following up with his survivalist guide, stay tuned for my warlord guide in the coming weeks.

-∼Jamie "Steam Bennett" Rutger (@sexyfacts4u)

3.13 Encounter With A Starving Pickup Artist

Saturday, Mar 14, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Oh geez, did I just bump into you with my trophy? I'm sorry, baby doll. This party's so crowded and the trophy is ever so splendid and ornate. I'd carry it over my head, but then my muscles would probably bulge out even farther. I'm not really sure how strong these walls are. Best not to risk it.

What's that?

I know you can hear me just fine, but for some reason I'm going to put my hand on the small of your back and lean in close then ask you to repeat what you just said. With any luck, you won't notice the lecherous sneer plastered across my face as I catalog your scent for future masturbation sessions.

Go ahead, ask your question again.

Oh, the trophy. Funny you should ask! It's the Champion Of America trophy. I won it by being the Champion Of America. Yes, well, that's because it's not for a particular sport. I envy guys who can focus on one trivial child's game and throw themselves plug away for years until they eventually luck into winning with an entire team backing them up, but I'm more of a well-rounded individual. I'd rather have one trophy that encapsulates everything than a shelf full of Oscars and Super Bowl Trophies.

Yes, it certainly does look a bit like a bowling trophy with a #1 foam hand duct-taped to the top. Because that's exactly how I wanted it to look. I designed the trophy. It was one of many things that I won at to become the Champion.

The name's Chad, by the way. What's yours? Oh, no, I understand completely. Saying your name out loud in public is a risky proposition after 9/11, after all. I've got this wild DVD about the truth behind the "terrorist" attacks, you should come over to my place and see it some time. There's this one part that talks about how the jumpers were really just paid actors, it will blow your mind. You can put your feet up on the futon and I'll rub them for you. It will be great.

You walk pretty fast!

Boy, they sure are playing lots of music. Do you like music? Do you play any instruments? I'm not going to leave an opening for you to respond, but I play an instrument myself. I'm something of a virtuoso when it comes to classical guitar. Louie Louie, Smoke On The Water, Every Good Boy Does Fine - you name it and I can play the first couple of chords. The Philharmonic begged me to join them for a couple of years, but it's just not in my nature to follow, you know? I'm a lone wolf. Hence the shirt.

Yeah, you're probably right. The wolf is a little goofy. He's got regular old shades but he should have Oakleys, and instead of pulling them down just enough to look over the rims and raise one eyebrow the wolf should just be grinning. That would free up the left hand to give a second middle finger. That would really drive the point home.

Still, the shirt sums me up as best as a screen-printed piece of fabric can represent all that comprises a man's soul. I am a pretty complicated guy so I'd say it does about 80% of the job, at best.

Oh, by all means, don't let me keep you. We all have to go to the bathroom eventually. I'll stand just outside the door and hold it slightly ajar so you can still hear me.

As I was saying, I'm pretty complicated. There are many layers to a Chad potato, metaphorically speaking. There's the rugged skin. Attractive, sure, but not easily flayed with a potato peeler. Then you've got the inside, which is what most people consider the potato proper.

So basically you're dealing with two layers that science still doesn't fully understand. You know how they say that technically speaking a bumblebee shouldn't be able to fly? Technically speaking I shouldn't even be able to live. That's what motivates me, though, proving them wron-

Hey, that faucet's been running for a while now. Is everything okay in there?

You came in through the door, sweet pea. Why are you leaving through the window? You must be seriously drunk. Don't worry, I'll keep a close eye on your for the rest of the party. No one's going to mess with you. If you need to vomit or cry, I'll hold your hair.

Did I mention I'm a member of Mensa? Not the one you're thinking of, but Siberian Mensa, which is WAY better.

In regular Mensa everyone is super uptight about shit like throwing out everything in the specimen freezer to make room for Sunny Delight. They had the nerve to kick me out of the organization just because I was smarter than the Brain Leader and everyone got jealous.

Siberian Mensa, on the other hand, has practically no restrictions on revving your Focus' engine while looping the same drum n' bass song at all hours of the night. There's this one dude in Siberian Mensa that can actually make up Pi to like the ten thousandth decimal. Once Norchky starts making the numbers up he can keep going indefinitely. It must be seen to be believed.

So hey, do you want to get out of here with me or what? That's right, I *did* see them getting my nephew's cake ready. I guess you better head back in there. Can you take off the Ninja Turtle head when you get to your car, or do you have to wait until you turn off the street so none of the kids will be traumatized? I've just got these sandals on, but I think I should be able to keep pace.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.14 An Internet Comedy Writer Says Goodbye

Sunday, Mar 15, 2009 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Hi there, it's me. Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink here. So after a little over three years writing for this site I've decided to quit for a variety of reasons. For one thing, I've been spending most of my time tending to my muscled body and my perfectly tousled hair. Actually that's the only reason. My pecs are the size of two puppies strapped to my chest. My teeth are like a military cemetery.

Because I'm leaving, I thought I would write a goodbye article in which I talked a little about writing for this site, and also provide conclusions to some of the various series (How do you do the plural of "series"? Serieses? Seri?) that I've started over the years.

Before I get into our short trip down memory lane, let me go back to some articles I wrote right when I started. Philosophy Sunday was a series that I created my first year writing for the site, and it is still one of the more popular ones I've done. I got a lot of emails asking me to continue it, but unfortunately I had completely run out of philosophers that I knew enough about to make fun of, so the series had to be cancelled due to a lack of education on my part.

And now, the stunning conclusion to Philosophy Sunday:

Karl Marx

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles. Some people have class, and some people don't, and struggle to become classy. Say, for instance, they've got really difficult to manage hair, and grow a giant mondo beard at the drop of a hat. And say that due to the combination of hair that just doesn't seem to respond to any product on the market, and a tendency to sit at home formulating theories for the betterment of mankind, I have never had a real girlfriend. Well, all that's going to change, because I bought an entire tray of shots and I'm giving them out for free until someone gives it out to me. **sings** All you single ladies, all you single ladies. All you single ladies, all you single ladies."

"I think there's been some misunderstandings about me. I love gay people. Gay people are awesome. I mean, when's the last time you've heard of a gay guy mugging someone? Think about it. Like, have you ever heard of that happening? I haven't. Have you? Think about it."

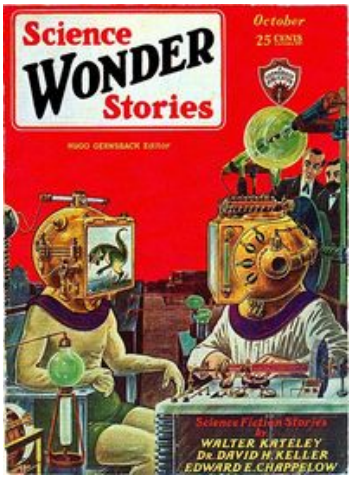
Jesus

Bioware PC

"1. Why, sure, I'll write comedy article with plenty of time to spare, giving me time to edit and prevent any last minute problems. Oh no, you don't need to pay me anything.
2. Hmmm...I'll write one at last minute, slipping in and out of an incoherent dream language. But you better have the cash to back it up.
3. HAHAHAHA KILL EVERYTHING"

"Forgot about me bitches??? Well guess who's back. Give me that fucking pendant. That shit is mine. Tell Olmec I said what up. Remember the 90s?"

Temple Guard



How I got hired: It was my first year at college and I started reading SomethingAwful, which is what many people do their first year of college, along with drinking a lot, having sex with people who have been drinking a lot, and other stuff you can see in many popular movies about college. I did not do any of that stuff as I had some pressing engagements involving reading the internet. But I did become a huge fan of SomethingAwful and read it every day and would email links to my friends and they would read it whenever they got back from partying and otherwise living life to the fullest.

I was a fan for awhile, and then I got this idea for an article. The idea was about video games, and I wrote it down and sent it to the owner of this website, Richard "Kyanka" Lowtax with a note that said something like "Hi, I dunno if you're hiring but please hire me." You can see the article I sent to him here. Then he asked for a second article before he would hire me (internet comedy is an important position, you see) and so I wrote an article about a guy going to the doctor of which here is the first couple paragraphs exactly as they've been sitting on my harddrive for years:

> *Ok, Doc. I know I've come to you before with diseases I'd just read about in the paper or in whatever book I was reading then. I know I've forced you into some complicated and expensive tests you didn't want to do because I insisted that this time I really have something. I'm a hypochondriac of the worst kind. I'm admitting that right now. Coming clean.*
>
> *But it's just that I do think this acid wound on my arm is real. I'd doubt me too! I'm not blaming you at all for being suspicious. The only reason I believe it myself is, well, I was there when I spilled the acid on my arm. And it hurt. A lot. Like more than that colon cancer I thought I had last spring.*

Lowtax read that article and decided that he hated it so he asked me to write another one. I wrote one about radio even though I didn't really listen to radio and based the entire thing on hours of Loveline and some guesswork. You can read that one here. He liked that one enough to hire me and I joined a few other writers who were all starting at the same time. We were new sheriffs in town, ushering in a brave new age for internet humor.

The current status of the writers who all started on or around January 2006:

Pantfish - got married, went crazy, believed to have fled to South America. No longer writing.

Acetone - had a secret identity, went crazy. No longer writing.

DocEvil - held the world hostage for one billion dollars, foiled by Austin Powers. Still writing about dads.

Bobservo - Came into a large fortune upon the death of a forgotten relative. Travels the world in a fully staffed yacht. Still writing.

Me - quitter.

And now, the stunning conclusion to the Secret Agent Series:

When we last left our hero, he had confronted his friend and former arch-nemesis Dr Petrubia about his suspicions that the goodish doctor had murdered both of their former arch-nemesis, Mr Leopard. In a, if I may say so, STUNNING twist, our hero's contact with the secret agency had revealed that he (the contact) was, in fact, the murderer. His motive remained a mystery that the nation COULD NOT STOP THINKING ABOUT

Our story concludes...

Dr. Petrubia and I were having lunch the next morning. He was having a turkey sandwich, open face, with some cheese Doritos. I was having the same, only closed-face.

"I'm certainly glad that whole situation worked out ok," he said.

"Yeah, thank god."

We chewed thoughtfully, in that we were chewing and thinking simultaneously. I brushed a few pink feathers off my plate, but it was no use. They were everywhere.

"Shame about those birds," I said.

"What was that?"

"I said shame about those birds."

"Oh. Thought you said something about my sandwich."

"Nope.""

We continued to eat.

Some more about typing stuff and having people read it after this! Plus: Joshua Taylor, Age 13.

I wrote this in an airport, JFK, waiting for a flight to Los Angeles. I've written a few articles in airports. One of the disadvantages of a) having regular deadlines for writing and b) being generally lazy and willing to put off just about anything important for just about anything unimportant means that I find myself often stuck in situations where I have no choice but to just sit down and start writing, whatever the result of what comes out. Once, I wrote an entire article sitting on the floor of a walkway in Heathrow because it was the only unused outlet I could find.

Usually, I wrote articles sitting at home on Saturday nights, having abandoned the idea I had been planning all week because I came to the sudden realization that the five jokes I had already come up for it were the only five possible jokes to make on the subject. I would decide on a replacement around 8. I would sit down to write at 9. I would start to write at 11. Often I would finish just as the sun was rising with my eyes closed to little slits which explains why so many of my articles had the same punchline which was "andthats why videogame are aifjffhghg ,,,

for why God doesn't exist. I figured there wouldn't be any, but it turns out people had a whole bunch! You can imagine my surprise, and it took me a few weeks just to read through them. But what I discovered fter reading them is that there is no God and also that if I refuse to call my youth minister "dad" just because he's there at the breakfast table every morning I definitely won't go to Hell because Hell doesn't exist.

Anyway, I'm sure you're just as surprised as I am to find out about God not existing (I'm still not sure if Jesus exists. All of the emails I got were just talking about God so I guess Jesus is still real. Which is a major relief for all of us!). If you don't believe me type into an internet search engine something like "Is God Real???? Please tell me!!" and you can find all the stuff people sent me which will totally blow your mind.

The reason I can't write here anymore, as I did foreshadowing for, is that I've discovered girls and writing for the internet isn't as cool as girls.

Oh wow, I'm almost out of time (I used ten minutes of my internet time chatting with this cute girl who I guess goes to the school I'll probably be going to in a couple years). So I'll just say that God doesn't exist and Jesus loves you and it's been really fun talking to you through the computer. Have fun everyone!

Next up: The stunning conclusion to this stunning conclusion!

My life has obviously changed a lot since my first year of college. For one thing, I finally went through puberty which was definitely a long time coming. But beyond the changes I discovered in my body around junior year, I went through all the usual massive amounts of transformation that you tend to go through when you're around that age. In my three years writing for the site, I have lived in 8 different apartments and houses, learned two languages, moved in with someone, moved out with someone, broken up with someone, gotten back together and then broken up again with someone over and over, and learned how to cook a really great pizza.

The recipe for great pizza sauce is as follows: 1 can tomato paste, 1 empty can of tomato paste full of water, a little red wine. The following to taste; oregano, basil, pressed garlic or garlic powder, and black pepper or red chili flakes. Enjoy!

Through all those changes, a few things have remained constant and one is that every two weeks I would suddenly think "OH SHIT" and then spend five hours in a panic writing jokes before collapsing into a deep sleep. It was rarely fun, even when I was proud of the result. But it was just what I did for three years and I'm going to miss it. Punchline to cut tension of all the sincerity goes here.

This article has become quite long, so I'm going to end it now. I hope to continue occasionally writing Daily Dirts if they don't remove my access to the big ol' SomethingAwful uploading system, so this probably won't be the last word from me. But it'll be the last word for which I am being paid, and that's the main thing.

If you have any questions or comments or insults, please email them to maxnmona@somethingawful.com or write them on various message boards you belong to or type them into a youtube comment box and click the audio preview button.

A writer is only ever as good as his readers. Thanks guys. I think we did pretty well.

Finally, a list of my favorite articles that I haven't already linked to:

- The Bargain Book Bin: An Open Letter to Twilight's Stephanie Meyer
- Misha: A Memoir about Hanging Out with Wolves During the Holocaust
- Hey look. It's Dragon Mountain. Let's climb it.
- God's Word: The First Draft
- The Bargain Book Bin: Here Are Some Gay Books
- An Unofficial Campaign Video: "Barack Obama: A Tribute to Hope"
- An Unofficial Victory Video: "Barack Obama: The Triumph of the Hope"
- The Bargain Book Bin: A Dictionary of Common Sci-Fi Metaphors
- A SomethingAwful Guide to Having an Awesome Break-Up
- Special Advertising Section: AdventureQuest
- The Google Diaries
- The Bargain Book Bin: From the Desk of Brian Jacques
- I Went to Cambodia and Took Some Pictures
- I Went to Cambodia and Took Some More Pictures
- The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 1
- The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 2
- The Bargain Book Bin: Dragons of Autumn Twilight
- Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey: High Quality Woman
- An Official Statement from the Desk of Senator Blackridge
- The Complete and True Confessions of Senator Henderson

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.15 AIG Discloses Counterparties to CDS, GIA and Securities Lending Transactions

Monday, Mar 16, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

American International Group, Inc. (AIG) recognizes the importance of upholding a high degree of transparency with respect to the use of public funds. As a result, after close consultation with the Federal Reserve, AIG is disclosing information identifying certain credit default swap counterparties, municipal counterparties, and securities lending counterparties. Before disclosing this information, AIG consulted with the Federal Reserve about the potential public benefit of counterparty disclosure (none) and the potential that such disclosure would cause competitive harm or petrol bombs through the windows of AIG or its counterparties.

I guess we'll just have to agree to disagree with the Federal Reserve on this one.

AIG has received a total of $170 billion in bailout funds as well as unknown amounts from various shadowy loans and relief programs that we haven't put down on our books yet. As a result of these loans the government felt it was necessary that we reveal our counterparties because of something they call the "taxpayer" (debt guarantor).

Sigh. Allllllright you big babies...

Major Counterparties

Societe Generale, a French bank, received $4.1 billion. The funds were used to subsidize a socialist program to provide struggling Parisian business owners with baguettes, striped shirts, bicycles, and 6-bedroom houses in Las Vegas.

Deutsche Bank, a Deutsche bank, received $2.6 billion. Funds used to purchase lebensraum in cheap Eastern European markets.

Goldman Sachs, a subsidiary of the Treasury Department, received $2.5 billion. Paid out as a reward for giving us the bailout and loans.

Merrill Lynch, investment firm now owned by Bank of America, $1.8 billion. The money was given to Bank of America along with direct government subsidies to allow it to afford to purchase Merrill Lynch. No, we don't understand the process either, but we don't understand any of the products we have been selling for the past seven years.

Supreme Bank of China, actually the second largest bank in China behind Second China Bank, $1.7 billion. This money was loaned by Supreme Bank to Chinese factory owners to pay their employees who in turn were forced to use the money to buy US Treasury Bonds.

Banco Venezuela, a communist bank (one of eight anti-banks on the list), $1.5 billion. The money

was withdrawn in 100 dollar bills, stacked up into a pyramid, and burned by Hugo Chavez while "Bat Dance" played over loudspeakers.

Halliburton Financial, the financial arm of America's most trusted corporation, $1.4 billion. Used to pay CEO bonuses at Halliburton subsidiaries like Chemthrax Titanicus and Doomgloat, Inc. Also funneled into secret Illuminati pension checks for outgoing members of the victorious Bush Administration.

Bank Afrika, micro-lender front bank for global financial conglomerate, $1.2 billion. Used to finance operation Clean Waters which relocated 600,000 tons of European and US nuclear waste to rivers in Africa. Also partially funded the release of two million malaria infected mosquitoes in West Africa.

Die Americans! LLC, Japanese bank started in the late 1970s that "loves America, hates Americans," $1.1 billion. Most of the money was paid out in dividends to shareholders. The remainder (about $300 million) was used to buy foreclosed houses in America and then fill them with roosters and wild dogs.

International CEO Pension Fund, a pension fund for annoyingly wealthy CEOs, $1 billion. Restoring liquidity to the CEO Pension Fund was a priority for our CEO. Without stabilizing this fund there would be grave repercussions felt throughout the yacht and private military contracting industries.

Kidnappers in Juarez, the largest financial institution in Mexico, $800 million. Purchased credit default swaps using ransom money. Used bailout capital to kidnap more people, producing an extremely high rate of return. Seems like this industry has potential in the unlikely event that the Fed cracks down on derivatives.

Additional Minor Counterparties

Counterparty	Amount Posted
Palestine Relief Fund , a charity hedge fund providing financial compensation for Israelis emotionally damaged from seeing too many photographs of bloody Palestinian children.	$630 million
Raytheon Investment , lender and financial subsidiary of Raytheon, the nation's #1 supplier of those missiles that explode in mid-air and drop mines over 100 acres.	$500 million
Merck Financial, the financial arm of the innovative pharmaceutical conglomerate that invented diabetes and motion sickness.	$465 million
Purity Investments , a whites-only hedge fund responsible for burying buses full of guns on 75% of the nation's white separatist compounds.	$375 million
Sporting Venues Enterprises , diversified company that secretly buys a controlling interest in stadiums and other venues and then sells the naming rights for a profit to companies with really stupid names. Responsible for Tampax Field, Publishit.com Stadium, and Oreo Double Stuf Memorial Children's Hospital.	$325 million

Counterparty	Amount Posted
Armorstad Corrections, diversified company that primarily buys failing and overcrowded prisons and makes them profitable by stacking inmates in the holds of ships.	$300 million
Cayman Islands Bank , a safety deposit box with its own address in the Cayman Islands. We believe it is operated by a self-aware computer.	$280 million
The Animal Cruelty Foundation , a charitable trust responsible for "promoting and engaging in animal cruelty around the globe." Whipped 200,000 lobsters in 2007 and used clamps to bite the legs off nearly a million rabbits in 2008.	$220 million
Bernard L. Madoff Investment Securities LLC , a high-yield investment firm that pays excellent dividends. Recently suffering from some liquidity issues.	$190 million
The Holocaust Relief Fund, a hedge fund used to generate money for the legal defense of surviving Nazis.	$175 million
Chopafrika , a Zimbabwe-based hedge fund providing machetes and gasoline-filled tires to "ethnic farmers" in "troubled regions."	$120 million
Great Ideas Fund , hedge fund for a lobby devoted to upping the penalties on marijuana possession, lowering the capital gains tax, and outlawing cigarettes in bars.	$70 million
Dropped while carrying , we dropped this money while carrying it around. Whoops!	$3.5 million

Now that we've revealed our counterparties we're probably going to be rewarded for our honesty with angry people in the liberal media and grandstanding congressmen demanding "accountability." Some thanks we get.

We're even hearing we might lose CNBC. If that happens...god help us all.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 My Own Worst Anime

Wednesday, Mar 18, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Jerry, I was just clearing some space in my room. Nothing more!

No, no, no, Jerry! Jerry, you've got it all wrong!

I never meant to keep you out. That's just absurd, Jerry. You live here, just like me.

What I was doing, Jerry -- and this will make perfect sense -- was rearranging my room. I've got so much anime I had to take it all out to give myself some space to work out. Yeah, I set it in front of the doors, but that was because I had to put it somewhere!

Heck, Jerry, I didn't even know you were outside. I figured you were asleep in your room, hung over or something on account of your rampant alcoholism.

I mean obviously an accidental barricade wouldn't keep you out, Jerry, since you still got in. By the way, Jerry, you didn't have to break my window to get in. You especially didn't have to knock my carefully stacked piles of anime down in a fit of rage, either.

I admit I didn't hear you knocking, but that was because I was enraptured by Nobuo Uematsu's mesmerizing compositions, so epic in nature that they blocked out all other sounds. Have you played any of the *Final Fantasy* games, Jerry? No? I guess that makes you something of a virgin. Heh. Of course you haven't played one. They require reading, empathy, and a willingness to open your imagination and explore the dazzling possibilities of the unknown. It's like sports for your brain, Jerry.

Look, Jerry, you're missing the point. Even if I did block you out intentionally, Jerry, I would have just cause. Living with you is like being trapped in prison with a mad man. Sometimes, Jerry, you look at me with those crazed eyes and I'm not sure whether you're going to rape me or kill me.

I've talked to my therapist a lot about you, Jerry, and through reading between the lines of what he says, I'm pretty sure he thinks you're crazy, too. A therapist, Jerry. A real therapist basically says you're dangerous. If that's not a sign you need to get help, I don't know what is.

Jerry, you need to calm down. Screaming and throwing stuff around isn't going to help. Think of all the times I've forgiven you for your actions.

A blob of rotting flesh writes passive-aggressive letters to his roommate Jerry waxing poetic on the undeniable beauty and cultural importance of anime.

Dare I mention the Slip 'N Slide incident? You and your friends lined up a dozen Slip 'N Slide mats,

then tied a rope around my legs and dragged me for what seemed like half a mile down a cold river of soapy water while I screamed for mercy. Jerry, there was broken glass and rocks under those mats, not to mention countless bacteria cultures. I could have died from your little stunt, but still I forgave you.

Remember when you accused me of smelling like a "carnie brothel"? I turned the other cheek, though I did take a moment to correct you on some slight misconceptions regarding the differences between carnival folk and sex workers.

"Buttered-up frozen turkey in dirty sweatpants"? I just shrugged my shoulders wondering what such a wild accusation even has to do with me. "A shit-drooling jack-in-the-box popping out of a septic tank"? It's utterly shameful, Jerry, for you to say these things to me knowing full well that I suffer from body dysmorphia. Thankfully your insults are too childish to even put a dent in me.

You want to challenge me, Jerry, to a game of wits? Well, here's a retort sure to sting: Jerry, you're an imbecile and you make Tomo Takino look like a genius. I'd like to see you top that thorny barb, Jerry.

More importantly, Jerry, you continuously refer to the art of the culture I respect so much -- the Nipponese -- as being "shitty." Really, Jerry? What you fail to see is that there is more character and personality displayed in the eyes of an anime character than in all the art of the western world combined. Look into the beautiful eyes of Sylia Stingray from *Bubblegum Crisis* and try not to fall in love. I DARE YOU. If I weren't asexual, she would be all I think about.

Pretty hot, eh? I could introduce you two, Jerry.

Look, Jerry. I know you're mad. And I forgive you. I forgive you for everything you've done to me. I welcome you back into our house as an equal in spite of your obvious shortcomings. Heck, Jerry, I wish Saeki Koushirou himself would show up and plan some kind of reunion celebration, where you and I bury the hatchet and get back together for good.

Jerry, I am ready to continue my relationship as your mentor. You just need to forgive yourself, Jerry. I'll continue to talk to my therapist about you and pass on what he tells me. I know you're too proud to talk to one yourself, so I'm happy to act as mediator until you're ready to make that big step and get control of your life back. You can't punch out windows any time an obstacle presents itself, otherwise you're going to end up in prison for sure.

Don't worry, Jerry. I've got your back. I'm looking out for you.

Oh, and Jerry... Can you please also have your dad come by and fix the window you broke? The cold air makes it hard for me to sleep, and I already have a lot of difficulty due to my sleep apnea.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

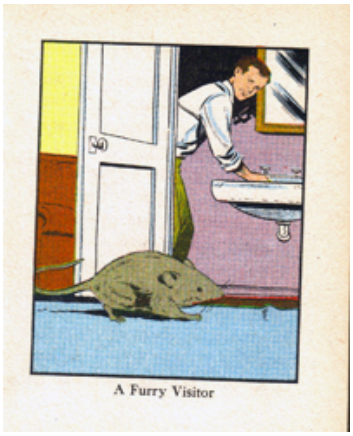
3.17 Reading Time: The Calcutta Affair

Thursday, Mar 19, 2009 by Stevie

This article is part of the Reading Time series.

> Dear Max, they gave me the letter you sent about the last Reading Time . I enjoyed the words, but I wish you were here to say them mouth-way. I miss how you would wave to me, and then you would say "behold, the gnarled hand of time," because you use that skeleton hand for tasks like waving to save wear on your real hands. Why are you so slow in getting to this place? Have you started using bones for walking-feet as well?

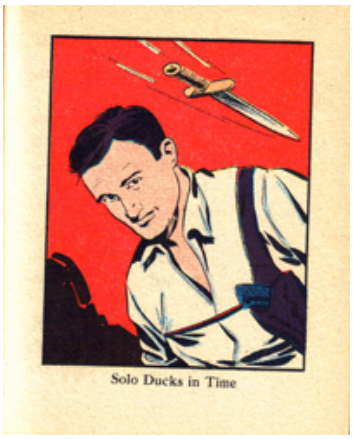
> They gave me a different partner because you weren't here, and he was a mirthless fellow who gnawed my toes. Also, I had to be a "spy," which is nothing like a hero. You do not get to use powers and kill aliens. You just watch villains and become confused. Max, I hope you will understand what happened better than I did.



A Furry Visitor

This is my partner. The general told me "you'll be working with Pilfred, he don't talk much," then he laughed, probably because Pilfred is a silly name. Our duty was to watch what this man does. He did a lot of bathroom actions, and he did them the same standing and half-standing ways the generals do, so I don't think they learned any True Lessons.

The man shot Pilfred with a gun machine! I was hiding behind the food-coldener when it happened. He didn't make a sound. The general was right: Pilfred never had much to say. Once he looked right at me and remarked "how delightfully common," but I forget why.



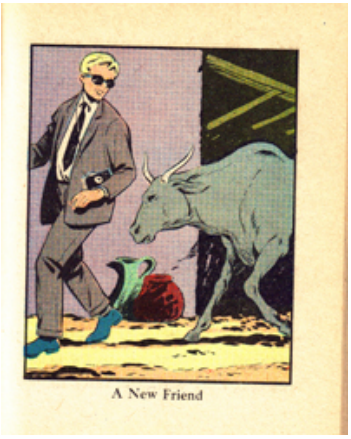
I did this! I threw a knife! The general yelled "Do not engage the enemy," but I was revenging Pilfred. He was not a friend to me like you, Max, but he didn't deserve a death, not yet. I did not hit the man, but throwing knives at people is hard. One thing I have done that's a lot easier is to pick up a person and throw him at a knife.

The man looked for me, but eventually he forgot his search and called his friend. He talked lazy-like, as if there was nothing extraordinary about slaying a rat-beast and dodging death at the point of a heroically thrown blade. I will never ask you to "amble over," Max, because that is a slow way of moving for slugabeds like this man.

The Yellow-haired man called the Pilfred-murderer "Solo." Solo and Yellow used a cloud-making device. They created lots of cloud-puffs and then it started raining in the room, and I was sure they had succeeded at an evil plan to control the weather! But the general told me some hotel rooms make rain when there's smoke. This is a fancy way to help people on a vacation from smoky, rainy places feel like they're in familiar surroundings.

"That's a Nasty-Looking Knife!"

"Nasty-looking" means "superior grade" in Outside-world talk. Sometimes when I make aliens into half-people or turn them into twisty-bodies to wring out their vile secrets, the generals tell me the praise "that's a nasty-looking piece of work," and I know I have done a great thing. But this was a bad man, so his nice-sounding words said to me "that was a superior-grade failure. This error benefits our wicked cause." When I heard this, I wanted to throw the knife at his fruits and make them turn into colors and splash-juice and death.



A New Friend

The Yellow-head man now has an animal partner, too! I think he must be a spy for the generals. A True Lesson I have learned about spies is that they're usually Double Spies.

"Go Away!"

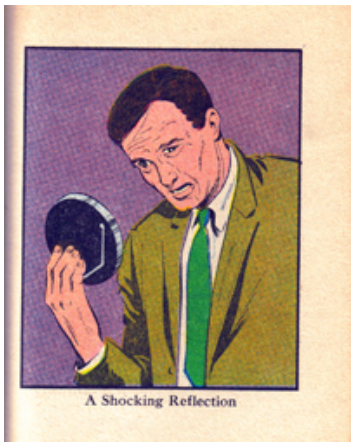
This goat wants love way. The man's yellow hair reminds him of straw, which makes him hungry, which makes him love-way feeling, because all excitements are the same to goats. Pilfred never tried to love-way me, and I don't know how it would have worked, but I'm sad he died before we could try. Animals would be good for love-way practice.

"Stop Following Me!"

The goat partner watches Straw-head wherever he goes. He winks at him and drools with food/love desire.

Frozen Death

We put Solo in the Frozen Death room. There are mice inside those cubes, and they are still alive because of a science trick. When the mice cubes thaw, we will tell them what Solo did, and they will have a rage. We already told Solo this will happen, so he is watching them melt with terrible suspense.


A Shocking Reflection

The Frozen Death room froze Solo's face in an ugly way. He has become an elderly before his age schedule.

Gentle Persuasion

I remember when the generals taught me the Gentle Persuasion. They used it to see if someone is a person or an alien. You were supposed to count to 10 before pulling the heads back up. I made a lot of death mistakes, because I don't know numbers very well, so it took me more than 10 to count to 10. Finally, I had one that kept blowing bubbles while I tried to remember what came between seven and after-seven. That was the day the generals found out aliens can breathe underwater. They said the ones before were just a "bad batch."

Illya Struggles in the Net

Yellow-head tried to rescue Solo, but the door had a net trap. Solo does not help him, because he is now obsessed with running his fingers over his hideous facial expression.

Explosion

I told the general I couldn't tell which person was on the good side, and he told me "just blow up the damn building." The goat survived, so he might be my new partner. But Max, I'm hoping it will be you by next mission!

-~Stevie

3.18 Dudes Who Need Ninjitsu Moves Done on Them

Friday, Mar 20, 2009 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Some dudes have messed up the economy and pretty much need to get karate kicked or something.

Hey guys, what's up? Long time, no see. I've been keeping really busy lately despite the economy because it turns out that bag salad is recession proof. No matter how bad things get I guess people just need some julienned carrots and they don't want to do it. That's cool, I need the overtime because my mom got a home equity loan a few years ago and now she has to pay all this money to the bank just because she wanted to put this concrete fountain in our backyard.

It doesn't even make sense, our backyard is like ten feet by teen feet and you have to walk sideways to get to the shed where we keep the weed trimmer because of the fountain. And my mom is bipolar and has been really depressed lately so she hasn't been getting the fountain ready for Spring. I'm like "Yo, mom, spring has sprung." She doesn't want to hear it. She always wants to argue but I just go out in the garage and practice my karate moves.

I have been living and breathing the shaolin way and trying to pacify my inner demons which are overeating, masturbating, and buying too many 4th Edition D&D books. So far I have conquered two of my inner demons by focusing 110%. I expect if I can get it up to 130% I can take down the final one. Which would be awesome because Player's Handbook 2 just came out and it looks sweet as heck.

That's not what I'm writing about here today though. I just thought I should give a little update on things for the fans. Oh, yeah, and Keith is cool. He and his cousin bought new Lincoln Navigators from one of those buy one and get one free car dealership deals. Turns out only one of them had an engine and it was the one his cousin got, so now he's waiting for an engine to arrive and he's pretty ticked.

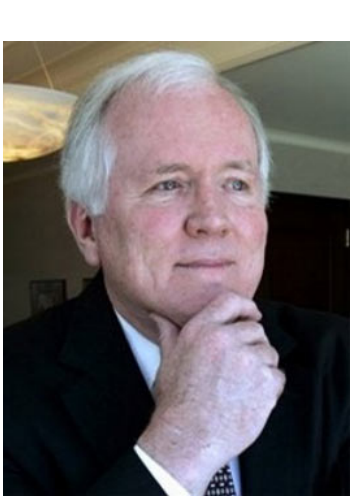
Barbarians and barbarian babes finally get a fair chance in Player's Handbook 2, which I just gotta put out of my mind and keep using my house rules for barbarians.

Anyway, there has been a lot of cruddy news on TV about politics and the economy. That's all anyone seems to care about anymore. So I watched some news today, mostly CNN and some Fox and Microsoft Channel, and I thought about how much it would rule to be able to just punch some of these dudes. Of course, karate and kung fu are not violent. They are about self defense and protection and spiritual enlightening. But also they provide you with a very particular skill set.

So even though I am doing pretty okay myself, for my mom and Keith who got ripped off ironically by Keith Hernandez Lincoln-Mercury and all the other dudes and babes out there who got ripped off I am going to tell you ninjitsu moves I would do on different people and why.

DO NOT TRY THESE MOVES ON THESE PEOPLE. I am a self-trained ninjitsu semi-amateur expert. Some of the moves I covered are either advanced or forbidden. You may suffer a karma loss if you are an amateur and you try to perform these on an enemy.

Starting out, this dude:



AIG dude . He's in charge of that AIG company. Looks like a kindly old grandpa, but I am quickly learning that most evil dudes look like that in real life. I don't know what AIG does exactly. Something about making bonuses or something.

These guys are punks ripping everyone off somehow and this dude looks like a troll. Like after you kill him you've gotta burn him up. As you see next to him I have chosen to perform a **Dragon Hand Strike** . A basic but brutally powerful karate ninja move. I shift my weight forward into Zenkutsu Dachi stance and deliver an invisible fist strike using the flow of his torso to conceal my powerful palm-forward blow. The result? His jaw will shatter into upwards of 500 fragments and his teeth will be rendered into jagged Chiclets of gore-covered agony. He will fold up like a menu at a IHOP and be on the floor gasping for air/mercy.

I will give him none.

How about **Mad Money Guy** ?

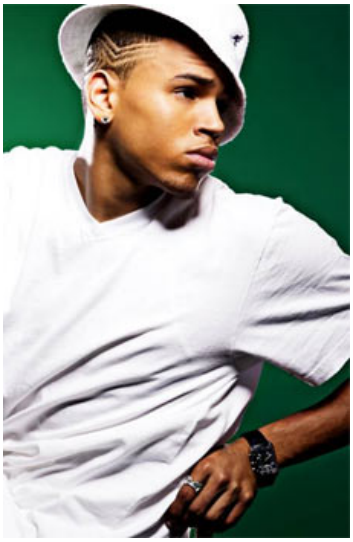
Keith watches Daily Show and he said that Mad Money Guy has been on there all last week being a dick. I didn't see that because I had to work second shift, but I have seen Mad Money before and that dude is a dick. He constantly assumes threat posture and he uses his voice to intimidate people. He is like "Sony Stock, I love it, buy it!" but he sounds really pissed and then he hits a button and you hear a frog ribbiting or motorboats or something.

I figure if I see this dude he will come at me with some violence, but I will be ready. I will use his momentum and weight to my advantage and execute a **vertical elbow strike sequence** . I will begin by inviting attack with a retreating stance, then execute a flawless cross strike feint that tricks him into expecting a right attack. Then I use my knee to trip him forward and pull on his left side. With my knee extending I draw his burly hellion face into my knee and then drop a titanium elbow into the back of his neck.

I will pull the strike of course because my elbow is capable of shattering double layer cement break boards which is like 15 times neck strength. Don't want to kill him, just teach him a lesson.

Arrivederci, Mad Money Guy. I'm downgrading you to don't wake up.

Next up, this dude:



That's **Chris Brown** . He's a musician you might have heard of. Recently on his way to some awards in his Lamborghini he got in a fight. He beat up his wife who looks like a baby with a giant forehead. He beat the crap out of her and pictures of her all beat up were on the news. That reminds me of a joke I'm fond of. What do you call a woman with two black eyes? Give up? An excuse for vengeance.

Vengeance which I will serve up hot to Mr. Brown courtesy of ninjitsu. I will administer the **Tiger Claw Fist.** By forming left and right hands into claw fists you brutalize your opponent's face with double swipes down their cheeks. The trick to the Tiger Claw Fist is the motion of your hip as I will swivel and lash out with first left and then right claw fists. Chris Brown will be caught unaware, distracted by a carefully planned distraction. Perhaps a girl with a face that has not been punched. Or a Lamborghini. My claw fists will dig into the soft flesh of his cheeks and rip roaring bloody furrows as I cry fury at him. He will be terrified by my primal power and collapse to his knees.

Never again is what I will say to him as he cries and asks me why I have done this thing to him.

Women must be protected not harmed I will say and then roundhouse him unconscious.

This dude:

I think you know who that is. It's **the guy from *The Rock* and *National Treasures* .** Nicolas Cage. I just hate that dude and I'm not sorry about it. I don't hate a lot of dudes but this dude is in movies all the time that have the sweetest trailers I have ever seen and then you go see the movie and this dude is in it being lame. Yeah, sure, the idea behind *National Treasures 2* was genius. A secret Aztec gold pyramid inside Mount Rushmore? Awesome. But then instead of Laura Croft in a Scuba suit you get this dude with hair plugs talking to Laura Croft's dad about old people sex. What the hell????

For that alone and for *that Bangkok movie* that just made me super super mad I am going to punish Nicolas Cage with a **Double Dragon Stomp.** This brutal finishing move attacks two tender areas, the throat and the belly, and delivers crushing force equal to a full-force horse kick. Not the Horse Kick Technique, a horse kicking. The throat stomp crushes the trachea against the vertebrae possibly killing my enemy.

The other foot delivers a powerful attack to Tan Tien Point just below the navel. This is likely to herniate or rupture the small intestine instantly. Even if Nicolas Cage is not killed outright, he will have to deal with painful surgery and weeks of physical therapy. Try making another *The Rock* , foolhardy weakling.

Finally, this dude:

I know I am not supposed to threaten **the president** so secret service dudes be aware this isn't a threat this is just a hypothetical discussion of advanced ninjitsu techniques for the sake of education. Now that I said that this dude is seriously torquing my nards. I didn't have time to vote on election day, but I was gonna vote for him because I thought it would be cool to have a black dude as president. Besides, things sucked really bad in the economy and wars and stuff. It was time for change.

Then like months and months go by and guess what? All that stuff is worse! Yeah, he talks a good game. I heard we were leaving one of the wars, but where are the troops? I don't see them doing any victory parades. And the economy, forget it. That things is done. It's all over. That isn't change I can trust in.

This dude is a major screw up, so if I were hypothetically engaged in a ninja duel with him I would have to use a Sai Lung takedown followed by the **Double Thumb Gouge** . Grabbing both ears with my fingertips I will use the Invisible Fists of the Ninja to rip the cheeks and ears completely off my unwary foe. Blood will spray all over the place and he will scream and reach up and grab his face while blood squirts out from between his fingers.

Should have fixed the economy before it was too late I will laugh and turn and walk away. He will survive. Maybe he'll even get his ears back through some surgery or some sort of stem cell stuff using fetuses or whatever. He will be horribly disfigured by huge scars though. Scars to remember me by. Maybe next time he will fix the economy before he tries to ninja duel the likes of me.

Hey, okay, that's all of the people I am mad at right now. I mean, there are definitely others, but you don't know those guys. Brian Coslo, forget him. Andy Clement? I would take him apart using the most basic moves. He would be defeated by Tai Chi and old fat ladies do that at the Curves in the strip mall by my house.

So, I hope you enjoyed the article. It was fun thinking about using my years of hard training for justice. Remember, never seek a fight, but if a fight should find you then be prepared with the greatest weapon: knowledge. Of karate.

-∼Steve "Malak" Sumner

3.19 Ancient Greece Express

Saturday, Mar 21, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

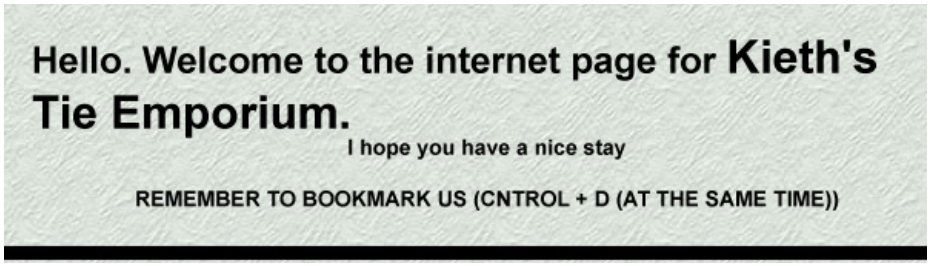
TRACKING INFORMATION FOR SHIPMENT #000000003

- 713 B.C. 10:50 AM
  SCANNED OUTGOING PACKAGE AT LOCATION OF ORIGIN ***TOGAS N' THINGS - THINGS BEING SANDALS***, SHIPMENT DESTINATION: ITHICA
- 713 B.C. 3:12 PM
  ARRIVED AT ISMAROS SORTING CENTER, IMMEDIATELY STOLEN DURING PIRATICAL RAID
- 713 B.C. 5:39 PM
  HORRIBLE STORMS ENCOUNTERED, DIVERTING TO UNKNOWN ISLAND
- 713 B.C. 9:24 PM
  PLACED IN QUEUE FOR INSPECTION BY OPIUM-ADDICTED NATIVES
- 711 B.C. 4:08 AM
  INSPECTION INCONCLUSIVE. PLACED IN QUEUE FOR FURTHER INSPECTION BY CYCLOPS
- 711 B.C. 10:32 AM
  CYCLOPS POKED IN EYE BY WOODEN STAKE
- 710 B.C. 8:22 PM
  INSPECTION PASSED, ONCE AGAIN EN ROUTE VIA BOAT
- 710 B.C. 2:40 AM
  !!EXCEPTION!!
  BOAT BLOWN BACK BEYOND LOCATION OF ORIGIN BY IMPROPERLY SEALED 3RD PARTY SHIPMENT CONTAINING STRONG WINDS
- 709 B.C. 12:17 AM
  DELAY (CANNIBALS)
- 709 B.C. 7:10 AM
  BOAT ARRIVAL AT AEAEA FOR PICKUP FROM ***CIRCE'S CHEESE AND WINE***
- 709 B.C. 9:42 PM
  PICKED UP TOO MUCH CHEESE AND WINE, HOLDOVER AS HALF OF DELIVERY CREW ARE TURNED INTO SWINE
- 708 B.C. 3:31 PM
  BOAT IN TRANSIT
- 708 B.C. 3:33 PM
  LOST, PERFORMING SACRIFICE TO SUMMON TIRESIAS AND GET SOME DIRECTIONS
- 708 B.C. 9:08 PM
  LEFT, I KNEW IT WAS LEFT BUT NO ONE WOULD LISTEN TO ME, NO ONE EVER LISTENED TO ME BUT THAT RAM AND NOW HE'S DEAD
- 708 B.C. 10:15 PM
  BOAT SLOWING DOWN AS WINGED BROADS TEMPT CREW WITH SONGS OF PASSION AND WHATNOT, SPEEDING UP AGAIN AFTER SCAT LANDS ON HAROLDEUS' SHOULDER
- 708 B.C. 11:30 PM
  ENCOUNTER WITH WHIRLPOOL DELAYS SHIP AS CREW TAKES TURNS THROWING STORES OF FOOD INTO WATER, CLAPPING AND HOOTING AS SUPPLIES SWIRL AROUND BEFORE DISAPPEARING IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA
- 707 B.C. 5:18 AM
  ARRIVAL AT ISLAND OF THRINACIA, HOME OF SACRED CATTLE THAT SHOULD NEVER BE EATEN NO MATTER HOW HUNGRY YOU ARE
- 707 B.C. 5:21 AM
  BOAT AND CREW DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING BOLT, PACKAGE ADRIFT
- 707 B.C. 8:03 PM
  PACKAGE INTERCEPTED, SEDUCED BY CALYPSO
- 699 B.C. 12:41 PM
  IN TRANSIT THANKS TO ANCIENT GREECE EXPRESS SISTER COMPANY PHAEACIAN EXPRESS
- 698 B.C. 7:56 AM
  ATTEMPTED DELIVERY DURING THE THREE MINUTES YOU WERE IN THE BATHROOM, RETURNING ITEM TO LOCATION OF ORIGIN

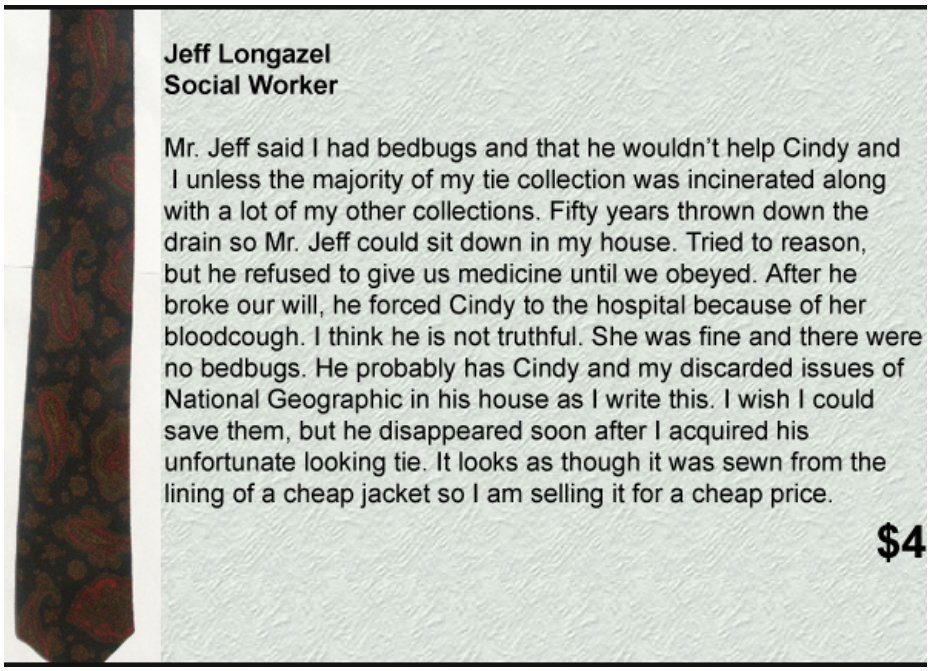
3.20 Keith's Tie Emporium Breakout Deals

Sunday, Mar 22, 2009 by Keith (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.


Hello. Welcome to the internet page for Kieth's Tie Emporium.
I hope you have a nice stay
REMEMBER TO BOOKMARK US (CNTROL + D (AT THE SAME TIME))

Hi. Keith here. Must be brief. Emergency. Bastard son probably hunting for me as I type. Updating tie selection on the lamb. No time to proofread. No time to add tax. Maybe if you buy tie I could hide out in your basement?
Out of desperation I am selling my personal collection of ties worn by the evil ones in my life. Please buy. Send money directly to my ISP.
Keith and his Tie Emporium cannot disappear.


Jeff Longazel
Social Worker
Mr. Jeff said I had bedbugs and that he wouldn't help Cindy and I unless the majority of my tie collection was incinerated along with a lot of my other collections. Fifty years thrown down the drain so Mr. Jeff could sit down in my house. Tried to reason, but he refused to give us medicine until we obeyed. After he broke our will, he forced Cindy to the hospital because of her bloodcough. I think he is not truthful. She was fine and there were no bedbugs. He probably has Cindy and my discarded issues of National Geographic in his house as I write this. I wish I could save them, but he disappeared soon after I acquired his unfortunate looking tie. It looks as though it was sewn from the lining of a cheap jacket so I am selling it for a cheap price.
$4

Designer Ties at Discount Prices

Dr. Becker
Doctor

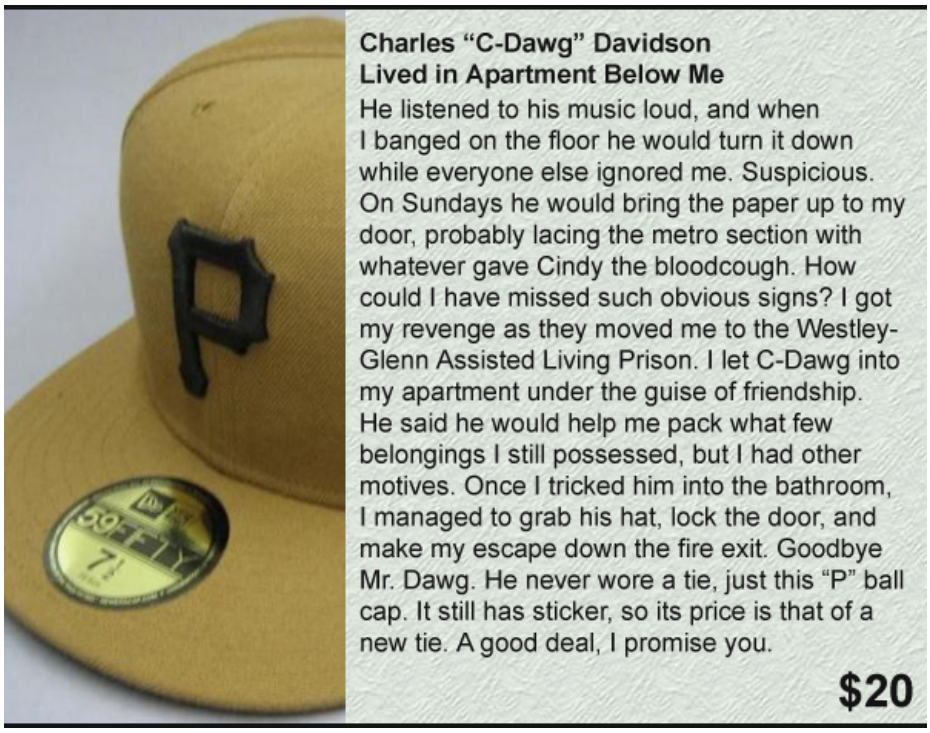
One of the men in my son's pocket, I am sure. Agreed to whatever the little twerp said. Reported that I was losing my mind, that I was crazy, that a retirement home would be a good place for me, that Cindy wasn't be coming back. LIAR! Look at this bowtie! What honest, worthy person would wear a bowtie? I have never met one. His suggestions made my face flush, and the blood coursed through my veins at such a rate that my penis swelled uncontrollably. Erect, enraged, and a little embarrassed, I stood in his office, but I never skipped a beat. Faked a chest pain to get his attention, then fell on the floor (also faked), so he had no choice but to come over and see if I was okay, then bam, I jumped up and yanked this black thing off his neck. The bastard. All shoppers out there keep a lookout on Dr. Becker and anyone else in a tie. Absolute scum. The lowest life.

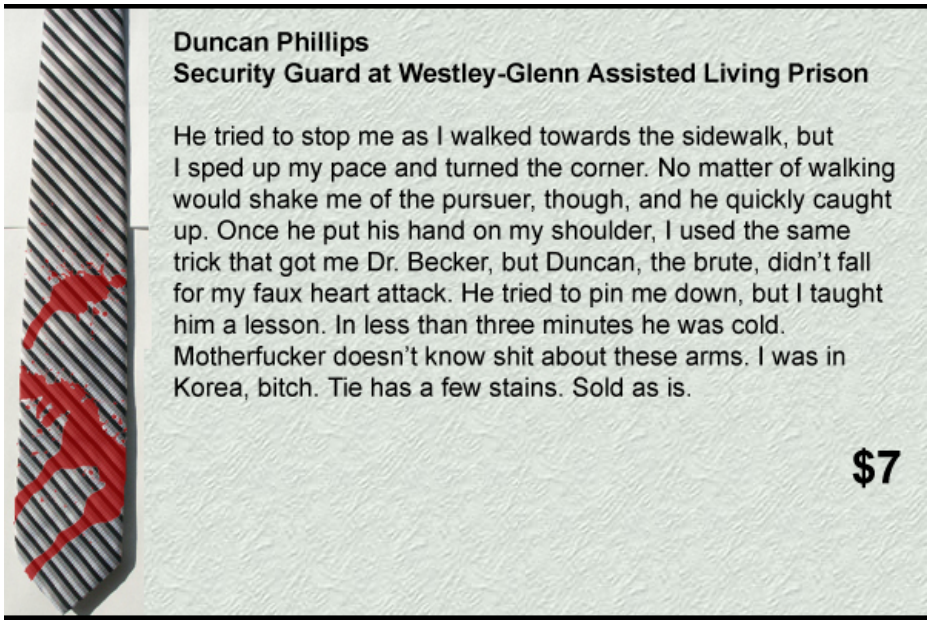
$22

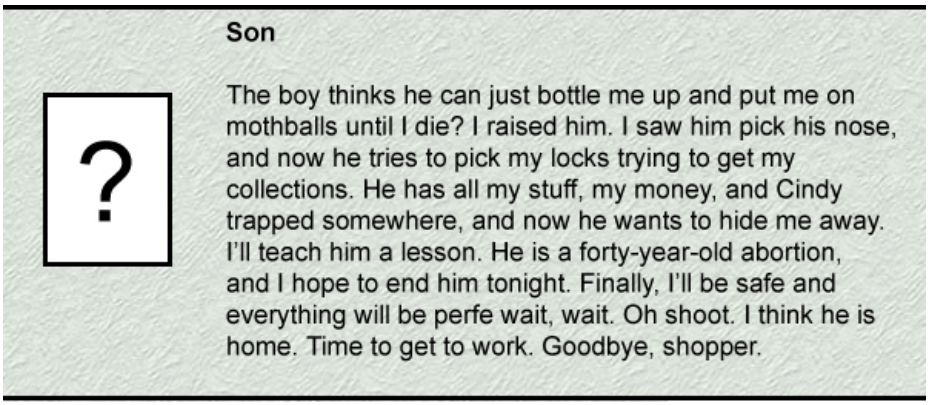
Joseph Furness
Director of Westley-Glenn Assisted Living Prison

"Nice to meet you." He said. "Pork roast and asparagus for dinner." He said. "Craft time." He said. "Eat shit and die, and gimmi that ugly ass tie hanging 'round your neck." I said in great vigor as I jumped out from my hiding spot behind the door. I gripped the dangling fabric and fell to the floor, pulling the dirty, cheating bastard down while choking him out. all in one motion. Once he was unconscious, I threw a chair at my bedroom window for an amazing getaway. The glass didn't break, though, so I made my escape through the main entrance. Freedom didn't last long and neither will the amazing deal on this tie.

$12


Charles "C-Dawg" Davidson
Lived in Apartment Below Me
He listened to his music loud, and when I banged on the floor he would turn it down while everyone else ignored me. Suspicious. On Sundays he would bring the paper up to my door, probably lacing the metro section with whatever gave Cindy the bloodcough. How could I have missed such obvious signs? I got my revenge as they moved me to the Westley-Glenn Assisted Living Prison. I let C-Dawg into my apartment under the guise of friendship. He said he would help me pack what few belongings I still possessed, but I had other motives. Once I tricked him into the bathroom, I managed to grab his hat, lock the door, and make my escape down the fire exit. Goodbye Mr. Dawg. He never wore a tie, just this "P" ball cap. It still has sticker, so its price is that of a new tie. A good deal, I promise you.
$20


Duncan Phillips
Security Guard at Westley-Glenn Assisted Living Prison
He tried to stop me as I walked towards the sidewalk, but I sped up my pace and turned the corner. No matter of walking would shake me of the pursuer, though, and he quickly caught up. Once he put his hand on my shoulder, I used the same trick that got me Dr. Becker, but Duncan, the brute, didn't fall for my faux heart attack. He tried to pin me down, but I taught him a lesson. In less than three minutes he was cold. Motherfucker doesn't know shit about these arms. I was in Korea, bitch. Tie has a few stains. Sold as is.
$7


Son
?
The boy thinks he can just bottle me up and put me on mothballs until I die? I raised him. I saw him pick his nose, and now he tries to pick my locks trying to get my collections. He has all my stuff, my money, and Cindy trapped somewhere, and now he wants to hide me away. I'll teach him a lesson. He is a forty-year-old abortion, and I hope to end him tonight. Finally, I'll be safe and everything will be perfe wait, wait. Oh shoot. I think he is home. Time to get to work. Goodbye, shopper.

THANKS FOR SHOPPING. PLEASE SEND FOOD AND MONEY

-∼Keith (@iggolding)

3.21 Today We Learn English! Lesson 2: The Punctuation

Tuesday, Mar 24, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Today We Learn English! series.

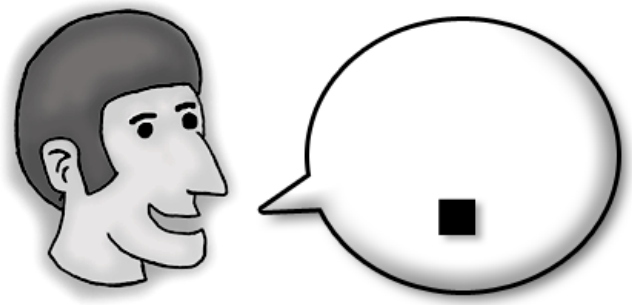
Our English, when spoken by the sayer and apprehended by he that hears him, is a thing rather more fozy and liquescent than itself as written and read. While heretofore this text has been troubled with the concerns of English as she speaks-- formally named "grammar"--we will now turn our giant book eye to the nature of English as she wrote: "syntax." Make note of the difference by speaking this preceding segment of text aloud, then reading it again inside your head. See how?

An inseparable element of writing, as we know in our own language by our system of trotmarks and clenchmarks, is how we punctuate it. English is no different, regarding this. Many authors of the English language choose to punctuate their work to show the character of their persons, or to add heft to their descriptions. Observe below to apprehend the same text, both with and without, and judge ye which is better:

But without punctuation:
The dog was pensive like an old philosopher and tends to wear corduroy

And with it:
The dog was pensive like an old philosopher... and tends to wear corduroy!

Do you see? No author would be satisfied with his arsenal if absented punctuation, and nor shall you. But what is it? Now we will know. Read on to find out about it.



I) The Hen's Eye

The unit most basic of punctuation is **The Hen's Eye** , the smallest among all punctutes and maybe the most versatile. Without it, no sentence could ever be satisfied, and it would meander on into the night like a coach to noplace. The Hen's Eye, known also as a Step, a Foot or a Toad, draws a powerful sense of finality to the sentence before it.

The trick to manning its deployment is to ask this to yourself: *would this sentence be further improved by more words, or is it time to stop the words and declare the sentence complete forever?* Arrive not lightly upon your conclusion, because once a Hen's Eye is in place, it cannot be undone except with special declaration by your district's Superiors. These declarations are awarded annually to select petitioners.

Exercise: Find where to put The Hen's Eyes in the following units:

a *Dorroile was a pensive man, and tends to wear corduroy*

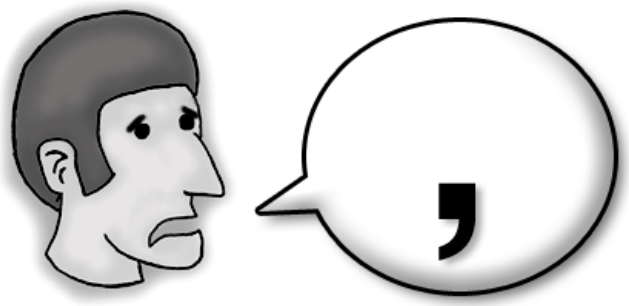
b *Mary felt physically defeated after eating the whole clamcake*

c *Arthur, I never said to put it all in that part of you*

Are you reeling? But don't, because the answer is below, downward.

a) At the end of the sentence. b) At the end of the sentence. c) At the end of the sentence.

Please turn the book over to continue now.



II) The Weeping Hen's Eye

A tremulous cousin to the previous Hen's Eye, **The Weeping Hen's Eye** is racked with doubts and uncertainties. It is crippled by its hesitation, like the famous English figure Hamlet, or, in our own language, the great analogous hero Clough-Ber-Walf.

Much the same as these two, those who must use The Weeping Hen's Eye are unsure how to proceed. Is our sentence over, or has it just begun? If we pause for a moment, will we be poisoned by ghosts, like Hamlet, or thrust from a speeding van, like Clough-Ber-Walf? We never know, but in these situations, The Weeping Hen's Eye may be our one last final chance to collect our bearings.

Be warned: use of The Weeping Hen's Eye is considered widely, among writers, a sign of personal weakness and timitude.

Exercise: The Weeping Hen's Eye is deployed... justly, or wrongly?

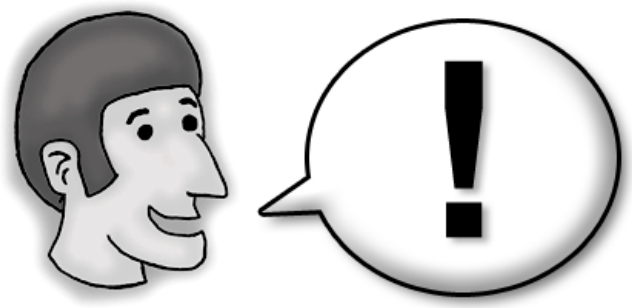
a *I feel like Father expects me to wash myself, but under the circumstances, dare I?*

b *I must not hesitate, because I love to GSD ("Get Stuff Done!").*

c *Mary, I love you, I want to figure out what coitus is.*

Now, find out:

a) Justly. b) Wrongly. c) It depends on whether you're lying.



III) The Thriller

Ouch! 'Mangry! You are stupid! These illustrate the family of utterances best served by **The Thriller** , the bawdy, muscled uncle of the punctuations. A Thriller puts a final embellishing mote of ostentation upona sentence that is one (or all) of the following things four:

- Loud
- Important
- Angry
- Loud & Angry

All of us, once or anothertime, will feel the need to write such a remark. Maybe we are declaring a discovery in the sciences, transmitting a yell over paper, or scolding a misbehaving dog via formal letter. Whenever may be, The Thriller is here to serve this need. There is no right or wrong time to use a Thriller, but there is a *wrong* time; be sure not to use a thriller to express a timid statement said with high loudness, or an angry statement said in quiet. For these, use a Hen's Eye, a Half-Thriller, or no Thriller at all.

Exercise: You decide whether to use The Thriller or not.

a *Let go of me, you awful man*

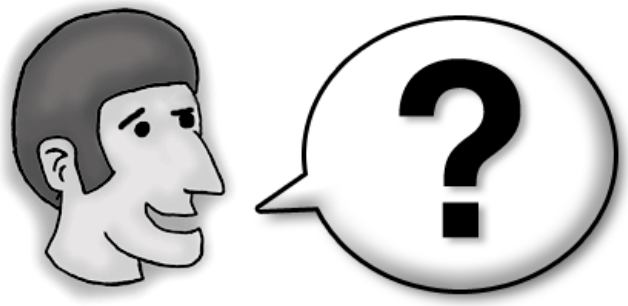
b *I am satisfied with your behavior, dog, and there is no need of further yelling*

a) Deploy The Thriller. b) There is no cause to deploy The Thriller. c) Again deploy The Thriller!

c *Just then, Arthur discovered something in science*

Turn your head wrongwise below and see the answers:

Remember to turn your head over before proceedence!



IIII) The Puzzler

Without **The Puzzler** , each thing we say is a simple declarative, meaning we may teach but never learn. With The Puzzler, the primary unit of inquiry within the English syntax, now we can know. By way of an example, ruminate upon a circumstance within which you want to know a thing, but you fear that the thing is not known to you and no amount of personal reflection or expensive hypnosis will draw it out.

In one situation such as this, you will conclude that an inquiry is needed. And why not make one by putting The Puzzler at the end of a quizzicism? As you can see, the sentence before this one itself containd a Puzzler, which flawlessly illustrated its use. Move you now to the exercise, because The Puzzler is so simple that even the most babyheaded of slackwits would know how to use it as of now!

Exercise: Insert The Puzzler where appropriate.

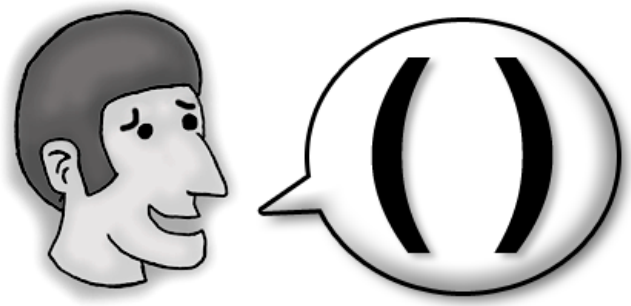
a *I need to know where Dorroile went*

b *Please tell me, and I ask due to ever-increasing urgency, where I might exercise my bowls*

c *He wondered where his clam went*

Has my author confused you? Read below, although you may need to adjust your bearing, to find out the truth.

In all three of these cases, The Puzzler was not warranted! It was a trap, you see.



IIIII) A Mother's Arms

When constructing a sentence, you will oft face a clause too timid and delicate to be exposed to the crueler elements of the language that enfolds it. Here, the author of conscience will swaddle the meeker clause in **A Mother's Arms** to protect it from the bullying. Observe an example:

Let us imagine that we yearn to introduce the premise of Mary's soft lady-bosom into a sentence otherwise concerned with the terror of wild dogs. Without A Mother's Arms, our sentence would look thus:

> Mary's soft bosoms were the first things devoured by the terrible wild dogs.

However, when we ensconce her bosoms within the warm comfort of A Mother's Arms, they are protected:

> Many terrible things are done every year by wild dogs (but Mary's bosoms are not affected).

Look how better it is!

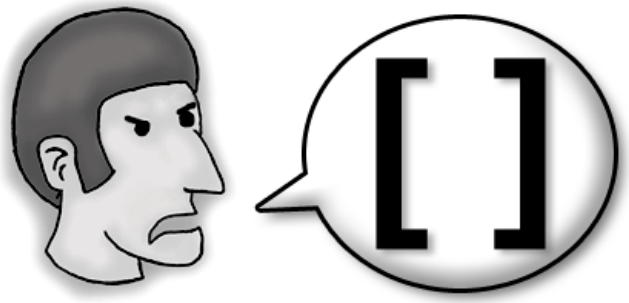
Exercise: Place A Mother's Arms in the correct locale here:

> *A lot of things were burnt up in the fire including a tiny baby.*

Look below to find out the truth:

Ruefully, nothing can protect a baby from a fire. Alas, A Mother's Arms were wasted.

Contrarily from A Mother's Arms, there is likeways a method of protecting your delicate sentences from a destructive, evil or lawbreaking clause. In a situation reversed from the previous, consider



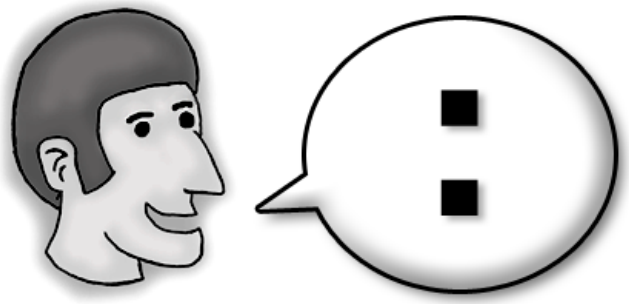
IIIIII) The Shackles

executing **The Shackles** upon your unruly clauses to prevent them from corrupting, harming or even killing your sentence. Witness this example:

Let us for a moment imagine that Dorroile, a wanted offender, is practicing his grotesque and unnecessary dance in a room full of baby goats. Oh, how nonplussed would these goats be if they were to witness such a horror. Here, we institute The Shackles:

> The baby goats remained so safe and soft [but Dorroile remained a bastard as ever].

Is the exercise really necessary here? I think we all can tell how to do it, unless we have had our heads replaced with the heads of babies.



IIIIIII) The Chalice

Undertake not **The Chalice** carelessly, for those who deploy the thing without reverence have been known to find themselves tethered to the poll, shamed by their superiors, and forbade from writing forevermore. You see, though: The Chalice denotes that a promise is about to be made, a The Chalice is as binding to law as a death certificate, or a notarized document proving that Dorroile

has menaced a tiny goat. The Chalice must not be dirtied with irreverence.

Exercise: Has The Chalice been employed with care? Tell me, child.

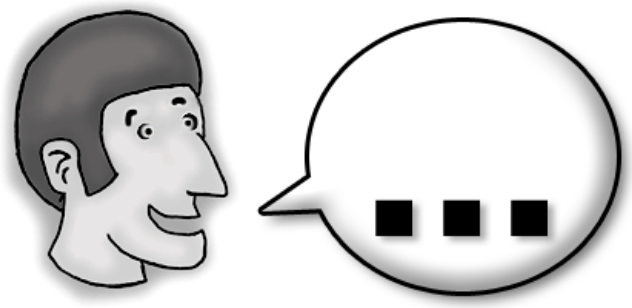
a *Mary, I swear to you: your robe was in this condition when I found it*

b *I, Dorroile, do personally warrant this: no goats shall be menaced hereafter.*

c *Your Head Better Superior promises you: improvements will be done.*

And here is the truth of it:

a) I don't know, not exactly. b) Dorroile cannot legally promise anything. c) Yes.



IIIIIIII) Orion's Belt

Uncommon but often of a high necessity, **Orion's Belt** denotes that the speaker of a sentence is drifting into reverie. Perhaps he is enjoying a spiritual ecstasy, or has made an epiphanic revelation unto himself and is struck dumb, and maybe he is pausing for a daydream or a strange interlude. No matter what, you now use Orion's Belt to illustrate that his words drift into infinity.

Exercise: Ascertain somehow whether Orion's Belt has been used here:

a *I would love to purchase this walruscoat, but, o, a reverie...*

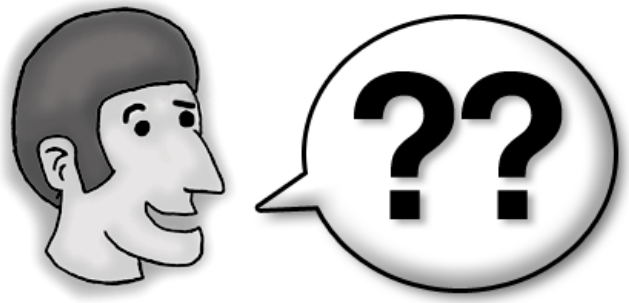
b *Sometimes I imagine back to the days of my youth and...*

c *Please hold the steering wheel, Mary, I am having a strange interlude...*

If you must, please find the answers below:

Yes, Orion's Belt was used here in these examples.

There are times, students, when a question is asked that is of such import that a financial reward will be offered to those who answer it. Often, these questions happen on television. You must prepare for this rare circumstance by filling your mind with knowledge of **The Bonus Puzzle** ,



IIIIIIII) The Bonus Puzzler

which appears in the form of two Puzzlers. Remember: do not employ The Bonus Puzzler when you are merely asking a double-question, for you may face financial hardship if he who you have asked successfully executes your trivia and demands his legally-protected right to claim your prize money.

Yes, but the below exercise will help you protect yourself from this manner of error!

Exercise: Is the inquisitor mistakenly asking a double-question, or is The Bonus Puzzler appropriate?

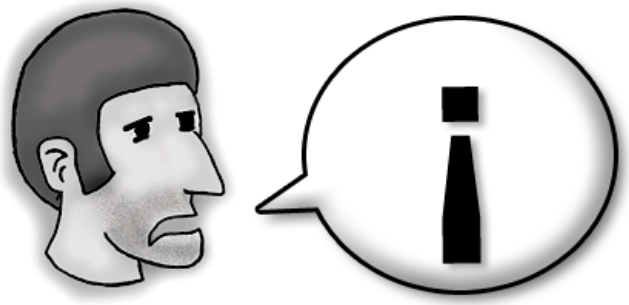
a *For six hundred, what is the name of Clough-Ber-Walf's dog in literature??*

b *Do you want some free money, very easily??*

c *Excuse me, where is the bus and where does it go??*

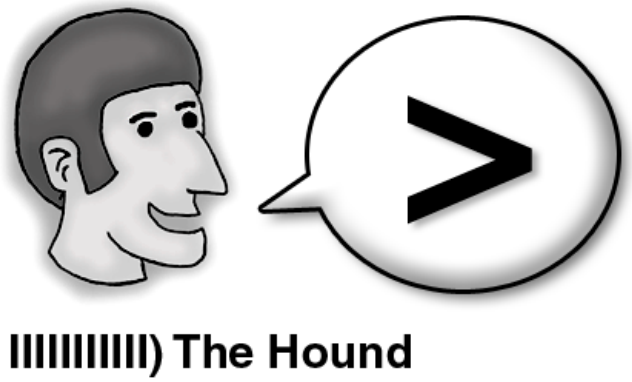
And now, see the truth:

a) This is a legitimate Bonus Puzzler. b) This sounds very suspicious. c) This poor fool!



IIIIIIIII) The Anti-Thriller

This item demands not special explanation nor exercises, for, yes, we can all see what it is: merely it is all that which the The Thriller is not. **The Anti-Thriller** is a thing of disappointment, of melancholy and boredom. We hope, dear student, that you will never encounter such a dullish thing in your reading, and we do sincerely for your sake hope that you are a better writer than to require one.



And for last, we have saved the truly most wonderful. We know already of **The Hound** because it is one of the few punctutes shared commonly with our own language, and we likely have used it every day in many sentences. Its use is simple, and integral to such a degree in the English language that by the power of even a baby's instinct, he can use it at will with less than a thought.

Even so, we will describe in easy wordage how The Hound is used, so to disexist completely any uncertainty that may remain in the skulls of the trogwitted. Simply, The Hound is dispatched when the two conjuncted clauses of any sentence become adjuncted by the presence of a coordinating tenor clause, or when a tensile conjuctive clause meets the apex of a similar but nontensile clause no later than midway through a sentence whose clause declension is *upward* or *forward* , as it is in most sentences. Take special note of the following, which illustrates the use of The Hound with uncommon elegance:

> They said that Weyre stole this thing, but there were many among us > who doubted that he could have done it.

After that, do we really need an exercise? But let's have it anyway:

Exercise: Please submit The Hound to its rightful location.

a *Terribly, the house shook, yes.*

b *Whenever Arthur drives, there comes a point where his foot meets so exactly the point on the clutch that allows such easy motion between two gears that he stops to wonder if he is the best driver ever who walked atop this world, but in his reverie he loses the magic point of clutch pressure, stalling so embarrassingly his automobile that he must leave it by the side of the byway and walk shamefaced home, still wondering...*

c *Is it legal to tell a man to dance?*

And look, the final truth of the lesson:

Thanks to Russ Thorpe (my brother) for the ENGLISH FACE, and to Josh Boruff (everyone's brother) for some helpful linguistic insights!

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.22 Oldwallet.com: Hot March Freebies!

Wednesday, Mar 25, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte. For expired entries, click here.

Free Tapes And Movies
Old Man Caruthers has quite a library of odd tapes, both cassettes and VHS. He usually just sits there twitching and drooling while staring at the wall, so he doesn't notice or even mind if you show up and root through his collection. Not a lot of good stuff. Mostly recordings of CSPAN and tapes of him singing. He is kind of tone deaf but he really tries to push beyond his comfort zone, and you can tell. He lives at 4152 E. Hardy in the red house. His lawn smells like vinegar.
4 others found this post helpful.

You'll never need another cat!
Ms. Balmier on 114 Pine Ave has like 40 cats of various makes and models running wild around her yard. If you show up it's not very hard to trick one into getting in your car. I wouldn't try to pick them up, because I think a lot of them are rabid. I've gotten like six cats over the weekend, and I'm going back for more! No end in sight!
16 others found this post helpful.

Free Use of Car
Found an awesome money-saving deal. Visit Myrtle over on Grant St. She's got an old Buick and always need someone to run errands for her. She'll give you money and a list of things to get her. If you shop smart you can pocket the savings, plus you get free use of the car. She even throws in gas money! I used her car on a weekend road trip and she didn't say anything, though she gave me a disapproving look, which was bullshit.
43 others found this post helpful.

Free Skulls & War Relics
Forrest Gray over on Kentucky Street has a huge collection of old war relics and skulls in his basement. Just tell him you're Dr. Smith from the Shaggy Butte Historical Society and he'll show off his stuff. He's very twitchy, so don't make a lot of sudden movements. He's got like 30 human skulls and tons of old guns, helmets, and knives. I think he was in the war or something. He'll stand smoking cigarettes and scratching his arm while watching you, but he's harmless. I was able to get him to give me a few skulls and a folding shovel by telling him it was for the museum. I'm not a racist but this deal is probably best utilized by whites for safety reasons.
56 others found this post helpful.

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free cuddling
mr. winters who lives in the winding way trailer home will cuddle and spoon with you for about as long as you want. he is a bit gruff but if you're in need of some human contact the price can't be beat. sometimes he traces along your skin with his fingertips and it's nice.
0 others found this post helpful.

Free Ceramic Clown
Get a free ceramic clown from Mr. Chesterfield. Just tell him you know his grandson Pete, then start admiring his ceramic clown collection real loudly. He'll look a bit put upon for a few minutes, but then he'll offer you one for free. Take it, get the heck out of there, and don't look back. Stupid thing's probably not even worth anything.
16 others found this post helpful.

Baby Blankets... 100% Free!
Just tell Maude Cranston at 121 Village that you are expecting a child. She'll smile and get to work right away on a brand new baby blanket. I was able to get her to stitch my name on the thing, too. Took about 3 weeks for her to finish, but didn't cost me a damn cent. Obviously the blankets are too small for an adult, but I figure I can get a few more and just duct tape them together or save them as rags to use in the garage.
27 others found this post helpful.

NEED COPPER???
There's not much left I haven't taken, but if you're willing to put in some work removing drywall and tearing things apart, you can find good quality copper in Dan Sycamore's house. He's in the hospital right now so he won't be around to raise a fuss. Stop by 444 Jasper St. His house is the ugly green one with the front door taken off the hinges.
14 others found this post helpful.

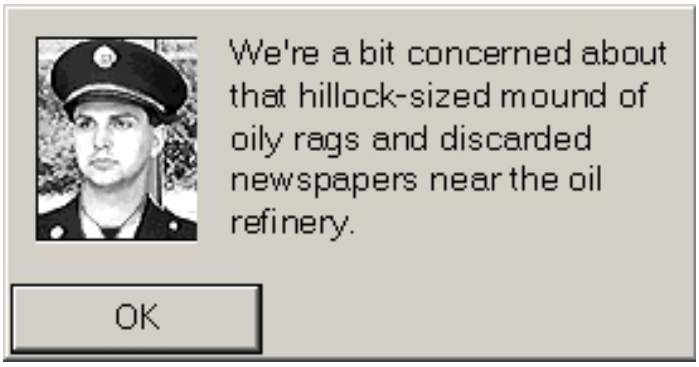
Free Toys & Knickknacks
This one's a bit odd, but great for the kids. Had my boy go door to door in the Shaggy Villa Retirement Home trolling for freebies. A lot of cheapskates there, but an older Korean lady invited him in. He said she told him a story about coming to America on a boat and made him drink some weird tea, but when it was over she handed him a California Raisins figurine. Probably worth a lot since they're reuniting soon. Not sure if this tactic works for adults.
9 others found this post helpful.

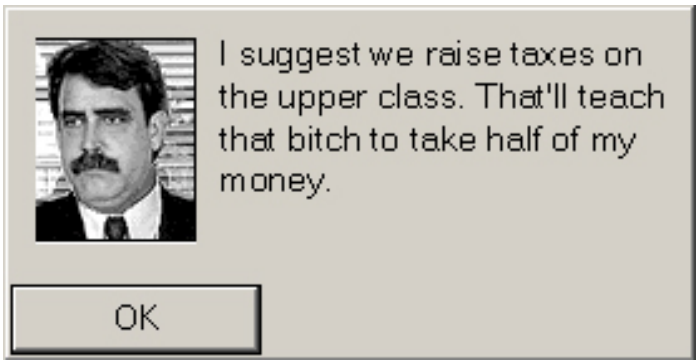
Special thanks to Sensurround for offering helpful suggestions and ideas utilized in the construction of this article!

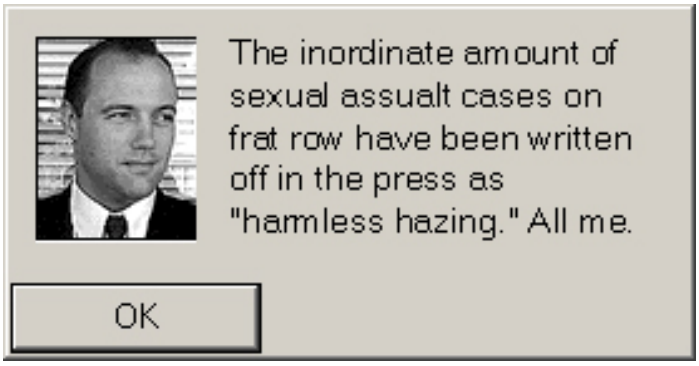
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.23 The Simcity Board of Advisors Return

Thursday, Mar 26, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey







Our students know their ABCs but unfortunately their familiarity with the alphabet ends with those three letters.

OK

Have you ever seen that terrible play "Rent" or the even worse movie adapatation? Our city is like that but with less singing.

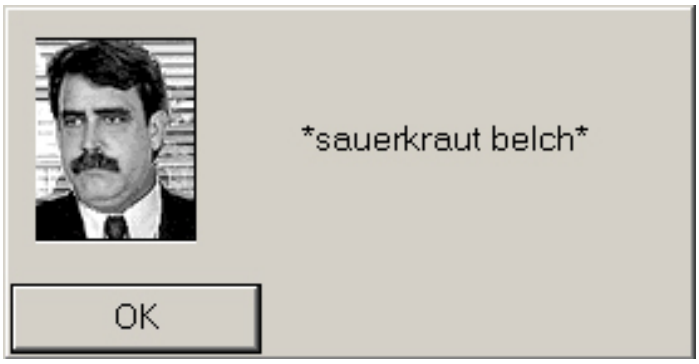
OK

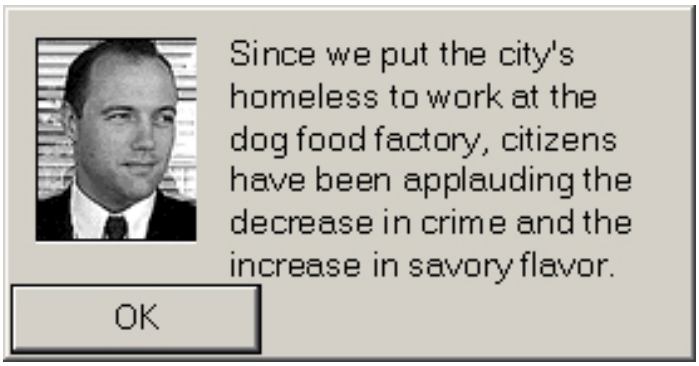
I am still angry. STILL ANGRY ABOUT CITIES

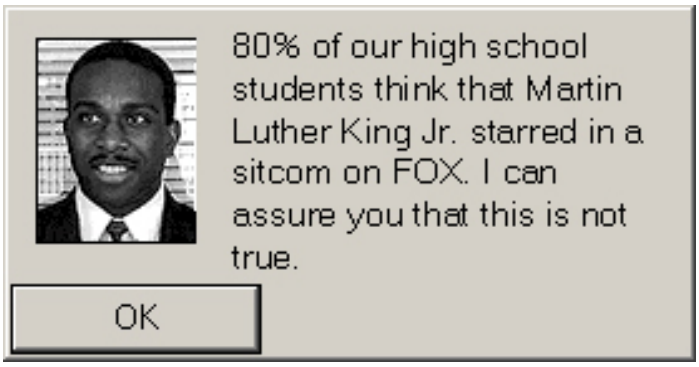
OK

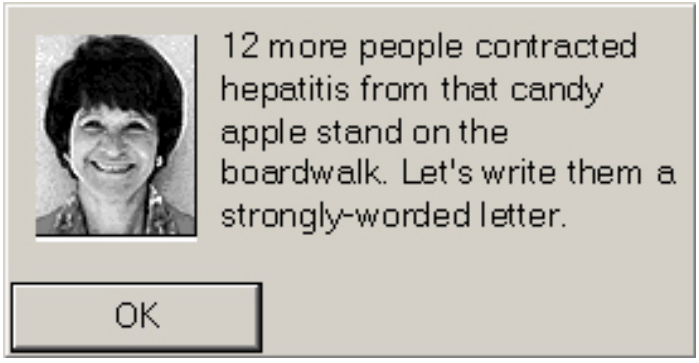
Listen. I can't tell you how that hillock got there. I can tell you that I can't stop staring at it.

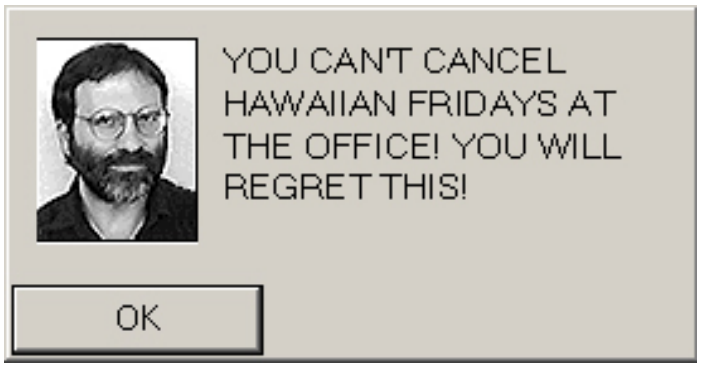
OK

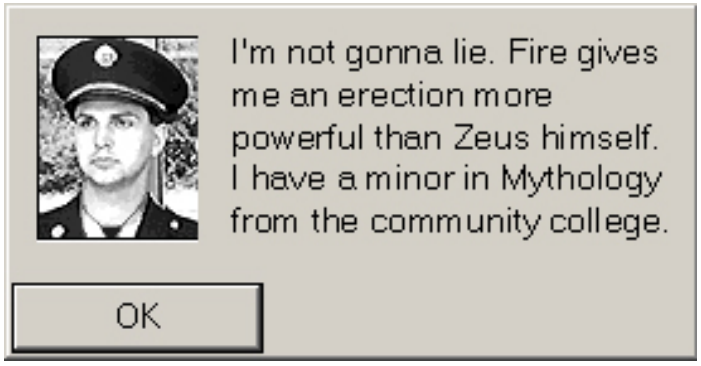

sauerkraut belch
OK

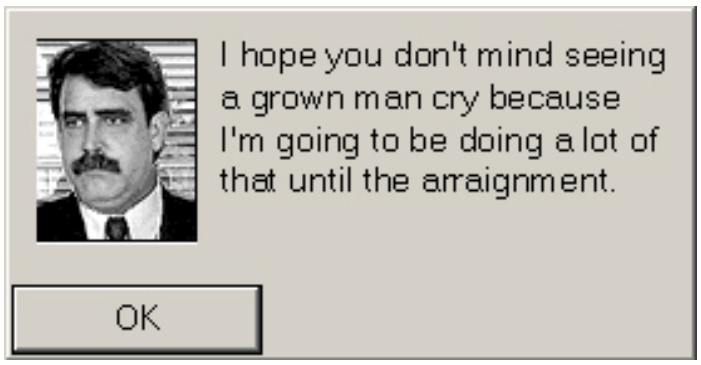

Since we put the city's homeless to work at the dog food factory, citizens have been applauding the decrease in crime and the increase in savory flavor.
OK


80% of our high school students think that Martin Luther King Jr. starred in a sitcom on FOX. I can assure you that this is not true.
OK

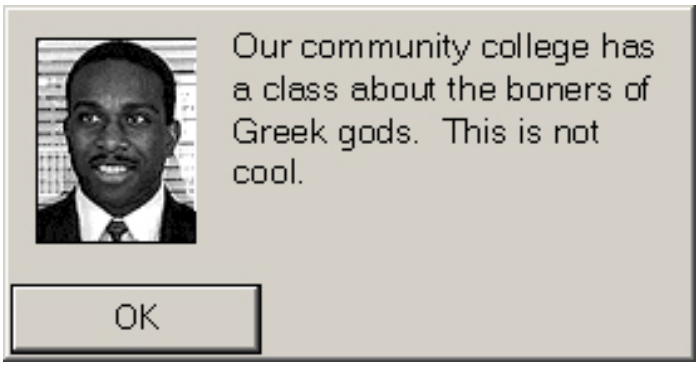

12 more people contracted hepatitis from that candy apple stand on the boardwalk. Let's write them a strongly-worded letter.
OK

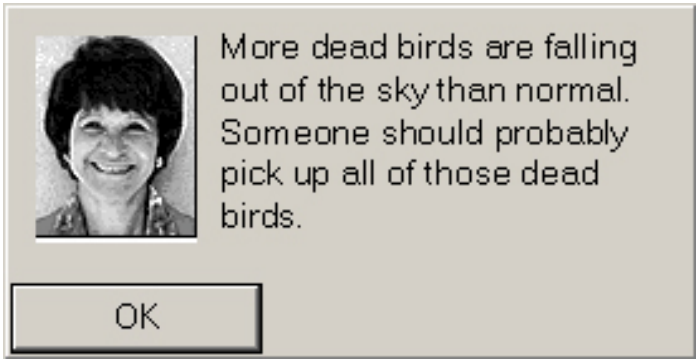

YOU CAN'T CANCEL HAWAIIAN FRIDAYS AT THE OFFICE! YOU WILL REGRET THIS!
OK

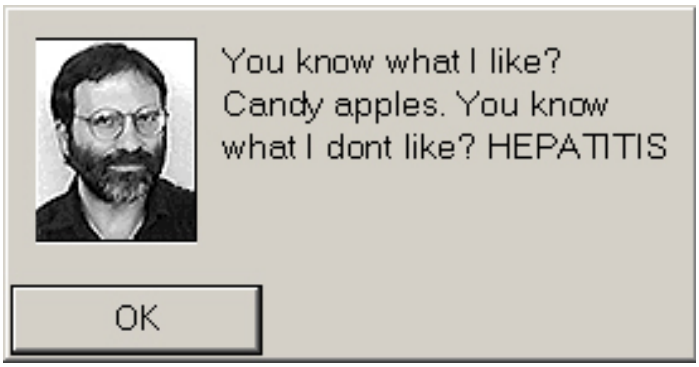

I'm not gonna lie. Fire gives me an erection more powerful than Zeus himself. I have a minor in Mythology from the community college.
OK

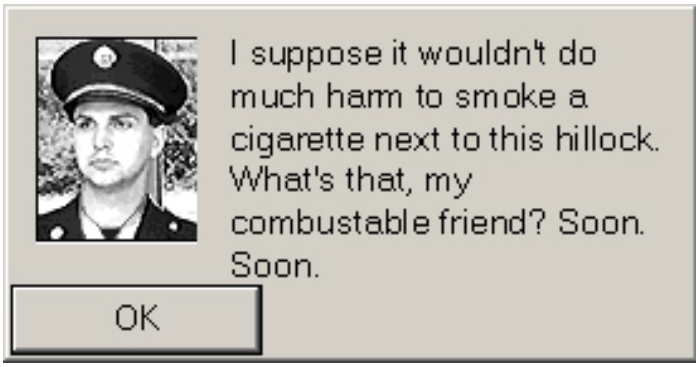

I hope you don't mind seeing a grown man cry because I'm going to be doing a lot of that until the arraignment.
OK

Hey you. Over there to the left. Lookin' good.
OK


Our community college has a class about the boners of Greek gods. This is not cool.
OK


More dead birds are falling out of the sky than normal. Someone should probably pick up all of those dead birds.
OK


You know what I like? Candy apples. You know what I dont like? HEPATITIS
OK


I suppose it wouldn't do much harm to smoke a cigarette next to this hillock. What's that, my combustable friend? Soon. Soon.
OK

I believe my appearance on A&E's Intervention this week will bring nothing but good publicity to your office. Rest assured, I did a lot of hugging.

OK

snort

God, Cheryl from HR is such a cow.

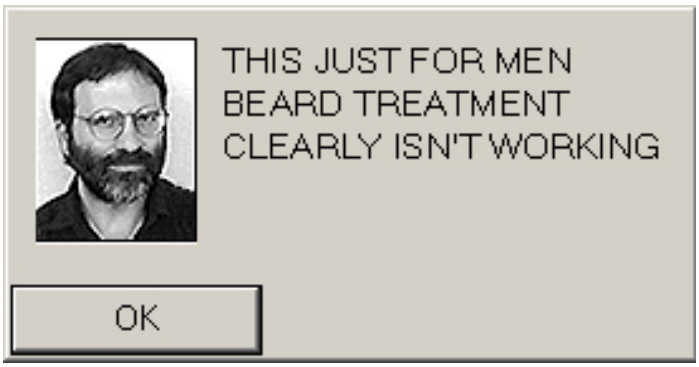
OK

I can't say I'm a fan of the word that was spraypainted on my car. Yes, I've heard of it before.

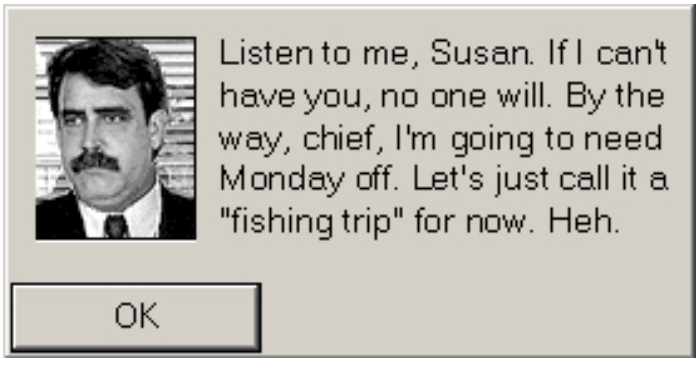
OK

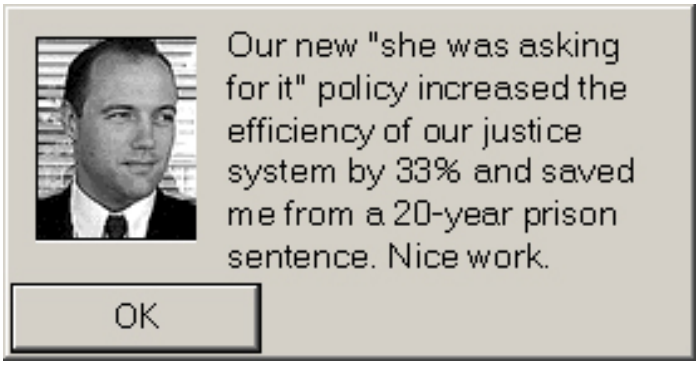
The cloud of toxins currently roaming the city has trapped me inside of my house. Along with most of the East Side.

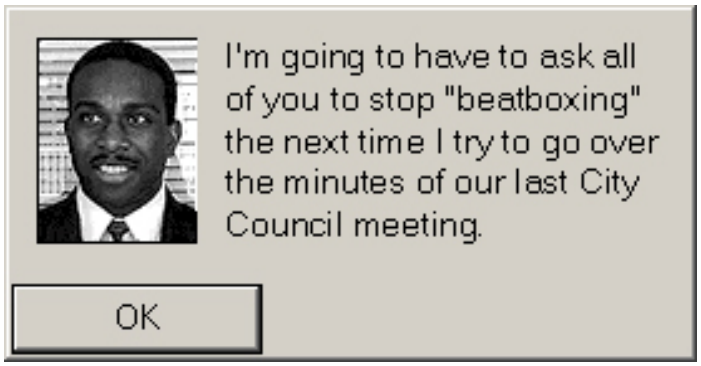
OK

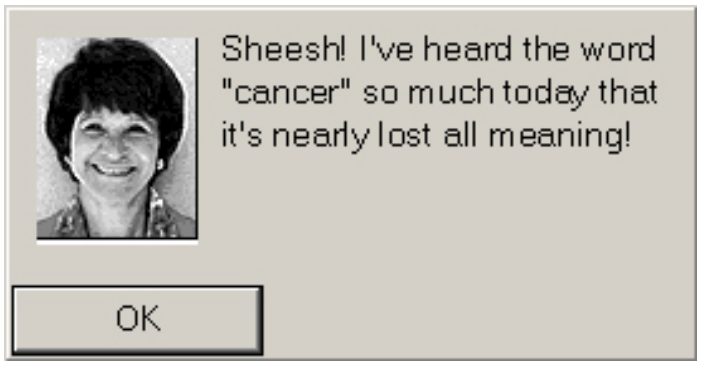

THIS JUST FOR MEN
BEARD TREATMENT
CLEARLY ISN'T WORKING
OK

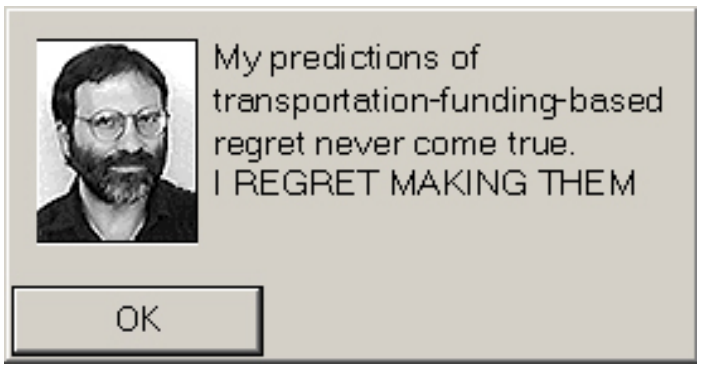
I'M ON FIRE AND LOVING
EVERY MINUTE OF IT!
OK


Listen to me, Susan. If I can't
have you, no one will. By the
way, chief, I'm going to need
Monday off. Let's just call it a
"fishing trip" for now. Heh.
OK


Our new "she was asking
for it" policy increased the
efficiency of our justice
system by 33% and saved
me from a 20-year prison
sentence. Nice work.
OK


I'm going to have to ask all of you to stop "beatboxing" the next time I try to go over the minutes of our last City Council meeting.
OK





-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.24 This Month's Least Downloaded iPhone Apps

Saturday, Mar 28, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Robotikill Fight Battles
Combative Softworks
Genre: Entertainment
Price:$0.99
In the near future, battlefields will not be populated by soldiers, but by squads of humanoid robots controlled remotely by specially trained humans shooting and stabbing each other in underground bunkers hundreds of miles away.
This app plays the opening title sequence from 1986's cousin-based sitcom Perfect Strangers... Learn More In The App Store

One Ska Beyond
Brett Jameson
Genre: Reference
Price: Free
Keeps track of how much has time has passed since anyone at all has cared about ska, down to the nanosecond! Comes with bonus checkerboard wallpaper...
Learn More In The App Store

Touch The Screen
Danica Brolle
Genre: Utilities
Price:$9.99
Adjusts the iPhone's internal restriction settings, allowing you to touch the screen as much as you'd like. Makes the screen flash with many colors to show you where the screen is so you don't miss. Reminds you to touch the screen when screen is not touched. Contacts the authorities and your loved ones to tell them something horrible has happened to you when the screen has not been touched in more than five minutes...
Learn More In The App Store

FBiPhone
William S. Sessions
Genre: Lifestyle
Price:$0.99
Alerts you when you've made the FBI's Most Wanted list, emits a catchy jingle every time you move up a spot. Comes with special tracking software that tells you exactly where you are located at all times...
Learn More In The App Store

Paper Football Game Scheduler
Scott Norwood
Genre: Productivity
Price:$9.99

The hustle and bustle of this hectic world can make it all but impossible to enjoy the important things in life. Paper Football Game Scheduler lets you take advantage of what little free time you have by setting up paper football matches with friends, family and colleagues up to three years in advance. Our unique tag system allows you to designate the paper type (notebook, printer, construction) and field conditions (kitchen table, father's casket) ...
Learn More In The App Store

Brains Are Probably Orange
Phil McGraw
Genre: Education
Price: Free
You wanna know more about brains well here you go. Everything you need to know about brains in this app. This app has all the brain information you need. Get facts like "brains might be orange" and "sometimes brains are different sizes" and "there is currently no item of clothing specifically for brains" ...
Learn More In The App Store

Shakespeare Portrait Labeler
Textsoft Solutions
Genre: Utilities
Price:$5.99
Input a portrait of Shakespeare, then watch in amazement as this app stamps the word "Shakespeare" across it. Also works if you don't watch, like if you close your eyes or turn the other way...
Learn More In The App Store

Bigfoot No-Show Tracker
Rick Whitton
Genre: Navigation
Price:$1.99
"Where's Bigfoot?" is probably the most overrated Bigfoot-related question floating around the Bigfootosphere. Well, now you can use the Bigfoot No-Show Tracker to figure out where he isn't. This interactive map of the globe is denoted with points of interest where fellow app users have reported not seeing Bigfoot...
Learn More In The App Store

420 Heh Heh
Jake Blair
Genre: Healthcare & Fitness
Price: Free
Want to quit drugs? Activate this app, which simply displays the number 420 in a variety of ways, then show it to a fellow stoner. Observe his or her reaction of genuine amusement, as though something interesting or funny has been said. Repeat as necessary until you become adequately repulsed...
Learn More In The App Store

This Tooth's Too Big!
The Bluth Company
Genre: News
Price:$3.99

Good lord, this tooth is huge. What the heck? There are like three hundred adjectives that could be used to describe the bigness of this tooth, and this app lists them all. Warning: While running This Tooth's Too Big!, your battery will drain at twice the normal rate...
Learn More In The App Store

Blackface Fitness
Kyle Brannigan
Genre: Travel
Price:$0.99
Gauges how safe it is to apply black makeup to your entire body and work out in a given gym. Retrieves up-to-the-minute data from six national weather satellites, reducing the chance that rainfall will streak your...
Learn More In The App Store

Public Bathroom Phone Number Organizer
Infinium Labs
Genre: Social Networking
Price:$1.99
No more scribbling on sweaty palms or stubborn shreds of toilet paper! Now you can keep all the phone numbers you come across in public bathrooms in one convenient database! Includes Smear Recognition technology, which snaps a photo of illegible stall writing and decode the phone number hidden within...
Learn More In The App Store

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.25 Trapped In An Airport

Sunday, Mar 29, 2009 by Chris "Petey" Peterson

3/14/2009. 12:00 AM EST.

I am awake. Later today, I will be flying to Australia to visit friends during spring break. My flight leaves Boston for Sydney via Los Angeles at 6 AM, so I have decided to stay up and just sleep on the plane. This seems like a good plan. I will eat something and entertain myself.

What's this, a box of pizza bagels.

3/14/2009. 1:00 AM EST.

I have eaten all the pizza bagels in my house and also my neighbor's house.

3/14/2009. 3:00 AM EST.

I have completely beaten Little Big Planet, including every custom level by that Scandinavian guy who made World of Colour and that level with the scary haunted house and roller coaster. My sackboy dances triumphantly. He is fearless and strong like Achilles, and all will kneel before him to beg for forgiveness.

3/14/2009. 5:45 AM EST.

As I wait to board the airplane a large man with rastafarian dredlocks and a dirty suit comes up and begins shining my shoes.

I am wearing sneakers.

3/14/2009. 6:30 AM EST.

I am sitting next to an old stripper and her guido sugardaddy. She is wearing a rumpled blazer, a red and white polka dot top, a preposterous black skort, and too much bronzer. He is wearing a green sweatervest with nothing on beneath. His greying chest hair sticks out the top and makes it look like he's trying to smuggle a venerably aged hamster across state lines between his saggy bitch

tits. They begin talking about golf. I immediately, mercifully fall asleep.

3/14/2009. 10:00 AM PST.

As soon as the plane touches down I can smell the smog. It smells like broccoli and fart. I stumble off the jetway and into the red carpet club, where the attendant casts a disapproving look at my tshirt and jeans but lets me in. I find a couch and crash again.

3/14/2009. 12:00 PM PST.

I am woken by the sound and sensation of a maid accidentally vacuuming my shoelaces. I hide my bags behind a couch and walk jauntily down the corridor to the food court, where I order a delicious pizza. The cashier gives me a funny look as I pay. As I return to the club, the attendant stares at me. They are clearly confused by how good looking I am.

3/14/2009. 1:00 PM PST.

I went to go pee. While washing my hands I looked in the mirror.

The entire left side of my face is covered in blue ink. I look like papa smurf came on my cheek, like I'm the bastard halfbreed son of the entire Blueman Group. What the hell???

3/14/2009. 3 PM PST.

I have been stuck in LAX for 5 hours with 7 more to go. A friend of mine emails me and says to go buy a pretzel at the food court. He says they are incredibly delicious. I make sure that I am completely free of ink and go.

3/14/2009. 4:30 PM PST.

There are no pretzels to be found in this entire airport. I write my friend to inform him of this.

3/14/2009. 5:00 PM PST.

He emails me back and tells me he knows this, that he indeed had painstakingly researched the one sort of food not served at any food court in LAX.

In two weeks, when I return, I will kill him in his sleep.

3/14/2009. 6:00 PM PST.

Across the room, a three year old girl screams while ramming her stroller again and again into the plate glass overlooking the tarmac. She has been at it for an hour straight. Her mother watches with deadened eyes. Her father is trying to watch ESPN 360 but the wireless internet won't support it so he curses and bangs the laptop down on the table. So this is marriage.

Two recent graduates of the Douchebag School of Business sit next to me. They spend the next half hour finding strippers on mySpace and phoning them to ask them to come to their place for a party tonight.

Eight hours down, four hours to go. I am beginning to think that I have lived forever in this hollow concrete hell.

3/14/2009: 8:00 PM PST.

Does David the Gnome have a vibrant sex life? These are things I think about.

I have already written two papers, solved world peace, and sketched out a half dozen business plans that will make me fabulously wealthy as soon as I get out of this goddamn airport.

3/14/2009: 9:00 PM PST.

I go to use the bathroom. I am disoriented and lost, out of place and unstuck in time.

The harsh fluorescence only contributes to my confusion. I walk to the sink. The toilet, the faucet, the paper towel, all manual, but the soap dispenser is hands free. I discover this as I bend down over the sink to wash my face and it rockets a gallon of soap directly into my eye.

3/14/2009: 10:00 PM PST.

As we board the plane, I munch down the last of my dinner - a giant burrito with extra beans. Fellow passengers eye me with trepidation. I will soon learn that I have broken the first rule of overseas travel: no mexican before international air travel.

3/15/2009: 12:00 AM PST.

oh god i cannot stop farting. The lights in the cabin are still on, so I wrap a blanket around my head like a low-riding turban and try to cover it with sleep.

3/15/2009: 4:00 AM PST.

A flight attendant wakes me. They want me to unwrap the blanket. I assume they are afraid I am wrapped in some sort of terrorist cocoon, and that the mild-mannered white boy who entered will emerge as John Walker Lindh.

3/15/2009: 8:00 AM PST.

Chaos. I finally wake fully to find that my farts have spread throughout most of coach. I can see people holding their nose in panic several rows ahead and behind.

I think my involvement remains a secret. The flight attendants came around here looking concerned and asking if anyone was lactose intolerant and having milk farts. Excellent. Plausible deniability.

In tears - born, I think, of both frustration and odor - the flight attendants huddle up around the emergency exit ahead of me and begin to discuss options. They are trying to figure out the exact operating parameters for oxygen mask use. Their suspicion centers around a fat old gramma who is asleep one row to my left. So does that of most of the passengers.

3/15/2009: 9:00 AM PST.

Populist revolt in international airspace. They threw gramma out the emergency exist, bifocals and all. Everyone in the cabin, eyes tearing, swore a sacred oath to secrecy. The retired judge; the cop on vacation; the young kindergarten teacher. All willingly inflicted death upon an old woman in the vain hope that it would ease their agony.

I begin to believe my fellow man capable of anything when exposed to the corrupting force of extended gas. I begin to make a serious effort to hold them in. 7 hours to go.

3/15/2009. 2:00 PM PST.

I was served an "omelette" the size of a twinkie and filled with something the rough color and texture of newborn baby poop. The flight attendant is flirting with the woman next to me although he is gay and she is married. The normal rules don't apply here. It is as if this is a different world where the air is always too dry and your neck is always cramped and the only media available for the technology of television are the Daniel Craig *Bond* movies and the first three seasons of *Grey's Anatomy* . A terrible world, a world where grandmothers are thrown from emergency exits and my left leg is always asleep and I pray for death but it never comes because IIam a ghost a phantom haunting the air alone forever.

On the bright side, this banana bread isn't bad.

3/15/2009. 2:30 PM PST.

I just realized that it has been dark outside my window for the entirety of my sixteen hours aboard this plane. I am beyond light, beyond this world. The sun is burnt to cinders and the moon caught the last train out of town. If this ship held its present course and speed we'd spend the rest of forever burning through the dark, always one step ahead of time, forsaking the day and our fellow man for all eternity, accursed and afraid and always alone.

So this is what it feels like to be Richard Stallman.

3/15/2009. 4:00 PM PST:

I land in Sydney. After going through a cursory security check - I didn't even have to remove my shoes - I enter the terminal. There is free Internet. I buy a SIM card listed at $19 at the duty free. It costs me $10 American. I am in heaven. And now another plane to Melbourne and my final destination.

3/15/2009. 5:00 PM PST.

I have now spent the last 36 consecutive hours either aboard an airplane or in an airport. As I stare through the plate glass windows of the Melbourne terminal and watch the sunrise, it occurs to me

that I have forgotten what life on the outside is like. I don't think I'll be able to navigate a kitchen, a bed, or a human size toilet again.

As I walk towards the rotating glass door, my nose wrinkles at the smell of fresh air. Open space surrounds me. I grasp for my armrests for reassurance and discover they are gone. The sunlit, verdant landscape beckons like the bosom of a tattered roadhouse whore. A wild bird calls sweetly in the distance and in my mind the hounds of hell bay for human flesh.

I am afraid.

-~Chris "Petey" Peterson

3.26 SA Celebrity Stalker: Super Turbo March Edition

Monday, Mar 30, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our intrepid stargazers are always prowling the streets for unsuspecting celebrities! Look! They spotted some!

Bono
Yesterday @ 11 am
Saw Bono walking down the middle of the street all dramatic, singing and staring up like there was a crane camera filming him. But there wasn't, and the cabbies kept honking because he was messing up traffic. Maybe he's gone mad???

Kelsey Grammer
Yesterday @ 12pm
Saw the *Frasier* star sitting near a fountain openly weeping. People kept trying to hug and comfort him but he just pushed them away. After a while everyone else around him was weeping and we were all very sad and I am crying again just thinking about it.

Bill Laimbeer
Yesterday @ 5pm
Basketball icon Bill Laimbeer was at the Fox Sports Bar at the airport. He was scarfing down whole onions one by one. Everyone in the bar was crying and people were begging him to stop but he was determined. He said it was just something he had to do.

Nitro
Yesterday @ 7pm
Heard a knock at my door at 8pm. Opened it and was greeted by Nitro from American Gladiators! I asked what he was doing here and he said he was here to meet my mom for a date. I'm pretty sure Nitro is going to be my dad now and I'm okay with that because it's time my mom finds happiness.

Sarah Jessica Parker
Yesterday @ 8pm
Heard a hot tip SJP was at the Burger King so I jumped on the subway and got there in a NEW YORK MINUTE! She wasn't there so I just sighed and ordered some fries and watched the day turn to night and the streets grow quiet and dark.

Batman
Yesterday @ 11pm
Was being robbed by two street thugs when they were suddenly yanked into the shadows. Out of nowhere Batman appeared and asked if I was ok. He was super hairy in person and had really bad B.O. Like hair just poking out of every crack and opening of his suit. Robin Williams kind of hair. Ick.

Amy Poehler
Today @ 9am
Beautiful and hilarious! She was being attacked by at least a dozen angry crows and it was scary! Hope she is ok!

Hugh Jackman
Today @ 11am
Spotted the *Wolverine* star emerging from some bushes in Central Park with a big grin on his face. When I peeked in the bushes to see what was there, there was a giant pile of feces. Totally gross!

Adrien Brody
Today @ 12pm
Saw Adrien on the subway eating some kind of smelly pasta out of a tupperware container and stinking up the whole car. I worked up the nerve to yell "AND YOUR MOVIES STINK TOO!" I felt pretty bad and ended up getting off a couple stops early and had to take a cab home.

Stephen Hawking
Today @ 1pm
Stephen is, as of this text message, finishing up the last inch of a 32" burrito. He is wearing a leather jacket and looking good. Really buff. Think he's been hitting the gym.

Steve Harvey
Today @ 5pm
Witnessed unimaginable pandemonium as Steve Harvey hurled fireballs down from a small airship. I don't think he hit anyone, but somebody has got to stop him before he takes a life!

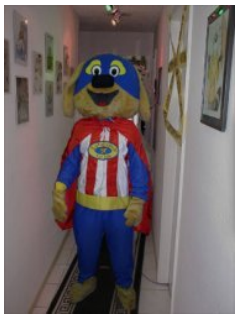
Louie Anderson
Today @ 8pm
Just moved into a brand new apartment after saving up for months. Soon as I get in I see a naked Louie Anderson sleeping on a filthy pile of cardboard in the bedroom. I chased him out, but he left the place a mess. I think he's been squatting here all week!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.27 Subj: A HOT TIP FROM "CRIME ROVER"..AKA ME

Tuesday, Mar 31, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.



HELLO from your dear old dad aka this town's latest and hottest "CRIME ROVER"!!!!! Woof!!!! lets cut to the chase I met a man out in the town who saw my way of doing big hand and arm gestures when i tell a story and he said i would not get in trouble for expired tags if i agreed to join the police and volunteer and shatter peoples previous thoughts on safety tips like a huge owl busting through a priceless stained glass window or a rattlesnake busting into some tupperwear to eat. i think thats how the pamphlet explained it but i fell asleep during reading it so that might be some dream mixed in

They took me on Saturday to the County Fair and i was given a list of 8 or 9 lines to shout through my costume to people walking by. they lead me outside with the big head thing on and theres only a little part to see outward so i dont know much about my surroundings at this time but i hear a hawk or something screeching outside and i can tell there is something is going down in the animal kingdom

It was a pretty good Morning until this gross kid came up dressed in the whole ancient knight outfit with a huge brown book that he was reading spanish out of and then shouting Ice Blast and then let out steaming hot burps into my masks ear holes making me dry heave and gag. i pushed him and tried to chase him but he went into a huge public bathroom and i didnt feel like kicking in all the stall doors to find him so i waited outside and shouted taunts and cuss words into the bathroom for a long time. one time back in school this kid michael got his lunch behind me and there was some yellow jello with little chopped up fruit bits in it and he told the lunch lady "this looks like snots" and she very calmly hucked her spatula over our heads and across the cafeteria floor. Well that was how i was feeling. I never got the Hot Burper

A warlock guy tapped me on the shoulder while i was doing a cuss and said "Well Met, Dost Thou Know Anything About Me Rune?????" and he got down and looked around in the gravel for a rock, then picked it up and gave it to me "Well Verily Prince, Forsoothe And Hoobastank This Eve I'm A Rune Pro And Will Answer Questions About Runes For The Rest Of My Life Until I Die Please Ask Me Some More Questions About Runes." i tried to play along so i could get into his head about fire safety but i just wanted to go home and he said his beast had cancer and i was not having this conversation at all because the carnival corn dog smell was coming into my costume so i made puke noises inside my suit and shouted in my real voice "Argh, My Stomach" ran off behind some cars and watched for him to leave (it took a while) then i got some corn dogs since it was after lunch time

Talking about stop drop and roll so much got boring i would much rather have been doing STREET MAGIC because i picked up some tips of the trade. for example if you are about to invite a lady

over, get a deck of cards before she comes and write "LOVE MAKIN" on a card and then call her up and say its time for a card game. when she gets there open the deck and pull out the cards and go hmmmmm??? (then flip the card over to her) and say "looks like LOVE MAKIN is in the cards...." and that's pretty much the fastest way to enchant a woman try it.

my childhood best friend wrote me a letter other day to tell me if you ever want to harm a bad pet in the neighborhood you are supposed to put some pellet gun pellets in a bowl and pee on them and let the pee ferment and get diseased and then shoot the cat with your rotten pee pellets and then it will get a horrible disease. i am about to write back and say "thats cool" because he went through all the trouble of writing me and explaining it and i didnt know how to tell him i dont care or know any bad pets because i choose my friends and pets wisely. sun tzu the art of war

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 APURU FOORU

Wednesday, Apr 01, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

North America USA holiday ***APURU FOORU*** arrives just in the neck of time each year for FIRST APRIL.

Near Easter it spreads the spells between FIRST JANUARY and ***RESU RECTU*** , holiday of return into life of Goodson Jesus of Christianity. King of Kings transmit THE ONE to earth to fight SINROID. When Jesus die he is revivified to fight a second life. ARE YOU READY? Battle is Joined!!! AMEN!

FIRST APRIL ***APURU FOORU*** commemorate nothing but pleasure. A joke at your expense or you make a joke to worry the specator. Friend's good time? Pherpaps.

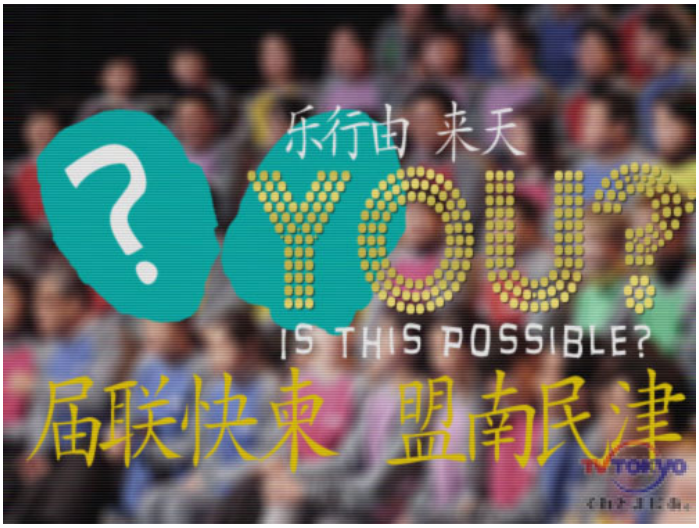
TVTOKYO 25 broadcast commemorate ***APURU FOORU*** for Japan. All American sensation is enjoindered to the folk of Japan. Great stunts! Amazing acts! A fool is made for you in history (for advisement)!

A false image is projected from the program. What can it be? Not the real main event.

MEAT TASTE

Pretty girl tastes meat. Meat is graduated stranger. Beef, tuna, squid, nightprowler, owl, glad hound, soft wolf, human ass, human teeth, tiny baby, meng, cro-meng, clone dinosaur, real dinosaur. Meat is naturally a joke, nobody can feed a meng to a lady. Ha ha ha.

TWO YEAR AGO: YOU? Is This Possible?



This year event display was about you. Intimate detail, candid photograph, doctor files, criminal record, address, socialization number, sample of child blood, true name, discarded hammocks. How did we get it? How is it about you no matter who you be? Ha ha ha! Don't worry, just a good humor.

3 YEARS EARLY: ***Fantasy Free Pizza Coupon***

Broadcast TV and send out the mail insert to all constumers that we have a special deal courtesy of American food cabal PIZZA HUT. Each man and woman live out a fantasy of taste from Pizza Hut with best pizza on menu. All FREE. Coupon covered carrot, tartar sauce, aspic, crawler cheese, bees, sea breeze flavor, ICCCCE, The Rondo, Bob Sapp Fierce Delights, Wintermint, and number one Honshu pizza LOS BULLY.

Truth was all pizza is false pizza. No bottom. Ha ha ha! Got thee!

PREVIOUS FIVE YEARS: ***Return of MISTER RITTER***

Beloved TV hero MISTER RITTER has died of blood impact to cardiovascular nexus. His legend lives on in TVTOKYO 25. All day marathon to celebrate him and usage of computer technology to digitize new information of MISTER RITTER. Computer cannot control bleeding so he is back and is everyone but he dies again and again as quickly as computer can conjure his ghost force. All the best shoes are back, wear them in torment MISTER RITTER. Ha ha ha.

Odd circumstance follow. Even when computer is unplugged on SECOND APRIL it is still conjuring

MISTER RITTER. No energy and still he fights on! What a hero! What a insidious beast that was!

TEN YEARS TO GO: *RODANFELD*

Most popular and first of long 100 year tradition of APURU FOORU on TVTOKYO 25. What does Japan love for TV? It is American program Senfeld about being nothingness. There is no story, only action and reaction. The forces of nature acting in harmony. Using green screen and a 20-inch model of great foe RODAN we create new version implanting Rodan in place of JERRY, Minya in place of GEOROGO, and Elaine is Hedorah which is known as smog monster.

There is no plot life has no plot except Kramer must learn wojan technique to defeat Rodan and save Minya from Yog crystal formation. He must collect KENNY ROGER ROASTER with help of New Man to gain power and strength. It is a quest...

Never completed! Ha ha ha! 250 episodes we run out of time. Watch online at wwwwww.ww ah ha ha! Got you again!

HAPPY APURU FOORU!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 The ULTIMAte Spring Break

Thursday, Apr 02, 2009 by Brandon

What's up Kyle,

I know what you're thinking -- "Why are you writing a letter on paper, like some crusty old George Washington faggot?" It's because when I tried to Tweet, I'd type something like "I JUST SAW A FUCKIN DRAGON," and the message would turn out like "Brandon has gained 2 EXP" or "By Jove, Brandon has suffered poison!" It's like this whole island uses some fucked-up wi-fi translation service that makes all their technology retarded.

Anyway, bro, I figure you spent spring break doing the usual shit: getting wasted, throwing it in some skanks, smoking some weed. Pretty fucking sweet. I'll never know why I thought I had to mess with success. This year, the Brandog was all "I wanna do something different!" I heard this nerd in the computer lab talking about this tropical island with all these volcanoes. It sounded cool as shit. He didn't look like he'd know about anything worth my time, but then I thought, I never see fat dudes like this on the beach, maybe he knows some places I don't. Cancun gets so fucking crowded that I end up brushing against dong whenever I try to move. And if everyone who goes to this place is a lard-ass like him, I'll have easy access to the native babes!

So I had a bro-down with the geek, got the info hook-up, then I fucked around on the Internet for a long time until somebody fucking showed up in my room and said they'd get me to the place I asked about. It was some old hag and she started blabbing about "Are you prepared to face the minions of death?" so I said "I'm a big boy, just give me the damn ticket." Then she laughed and there was smoke, and I was here, without a plane or anything. That's how I remember it, man, but I was pretty fucked up so I might have forgot.

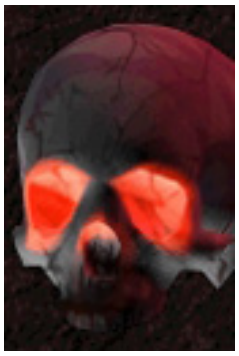
However I got to this goddamn place, let me tell you, it's a fucking joke. This is worse than when I spent my whole Spring Break building houses for bums or whatever because I was trying to plow that hippie chick.

At first I was pretty stoked because all these people came up and asked me if they could join my party, and I was like "Hell yeah!," even though most of them were dudes who were dressed up all fruity. I just thought, 'maybe it's like Mardi Gras all the fucking time here!' But all these assholes wanted to do was walk behind me in a single-file line, no matter where I went or what I did. I went to a bar, and they were all like "would you like for me to wait for you here?" and I said "whatever." That was days ago, and they're all still fucking sitting there!

So, the people are freaks, but the island looks pretty awesome, so I thought, I'll take the cooler and chill out for a while. There weren't a lot of people on the beach, which was nice at first, but then I found out that's because the water is filled with GODDAMN DRAGONS AND SNAKES AND SWIMMING HORSES. What the fuck, man?

Look, it gets cold here at night, and this is the only kind of clothes they sell. So quit giggling like a little bitch and check out the fact that I'm FIGHTING A FUCKING SERPENT.

I gave up on that shit and went hiking near the volcanoes, where I found this skull. Strange thing, man, it was like I heard this Muppet voice saying "friend?" and I looked in this pile of rocks and here it was. I picked it up, because at least I'd have a bad-ass souvenir to bring home. They have gift shops, but they mostly sell weird shit like battle axes and leather shields, and they're always trying to talk you into upgrading, total tourist scam.



I made it down the mountain with the skull, when I got surrounded by a bunch of crazy fuckers. One of them wore an ugly cyclops mask, and one looked like he had two heads, and another was dressed up like he didn't have a face. They all started moving toward me really slowly and groaning like they were hung the fuck over. I think they were like the local gang or something. I didn't have any cash with me, so I held up the skull to see if they would take it and leave me the fuck alone, and suddenly the eyes started glowing red and they all passed out or fell over dead or something. It sounded like they dropped a lot of coins, but I didn't stick around to check.

I wish I would've picked up that change or stolen their fucking wallets, because when I started asking people how to get off this floating shit loaf, they told me some cock-and-balls story about how I didn't have enough "virshu" (that's what these homos use instead of dollars) to complete my quest. The only transportation I've heard about is some airline called Moongate, and its flight schedule is just a bunch of STUPID FUCKING SYMBOLS. You won't believe what I do to make money, virshu, whatever -- I stab piles of slime with a sword. It's like putting toothpicks in Jell-O shots, except people give you coins and act like you're a big fucking hero.

Everything here is a complete rip-off, man. This dude asked me if I wanted some "herbs" and I was like "light it up, bro," but all he had was like moss and ash and SPIDERWEBS. I asked him if he had any of the good shit, and he said "Manroot cannot be found in shops. Legend says it's only found at night." I was like, "fuck you, fag."

It seems like everyone's testing me, man. Like, there was this blind dude behind the counter at this

store, and he was all "count the money out for me please, I can't see,'" and I totally gypped his ass, because his shit was way too expensive anyway. And this fucking hobo was all "I have sleeping sickness... sknxxx...," but I didn't give him shit, because that sounds like a bullshit disease. But people started looking at me like I was a dick, like this whole thing is some fucking *Truman Show* and everyone on this island is watching me and judging me.

Anyway, I need some virshu fast, so I could use your help putting that skull up for sale on eBay. For my location, put "Isle of Fire," or whatever the return address says. I don't know, I asked around for a post office, and this GIANT FUCKING BIRD WITH A LION FACE swooped down and snatched this letter in its bird claws. If you're reading this, it must have gotten to you, so I guess the fucking lion bird is like the mailman. Whatever.

Description: L@@K! (Make sure to do it this way -- trust me, it makes people say 'this is gonna be fuckin' good.') This is a real skull from an exotic paradise! It changes colors and has glowing-eye effects! It even talks sometimes, if that does anything for you. (To be quite honest, it won't shut up about lame shit like wizards and the "gem of immortality." If I could find the batteries, I'd make it shut the fuck up, but I quit looking because the jaws snap shut if you reach into the mouth. Don't include any of this, bro, for your eyes only.) Get this one-of-a-kind artifacts from a land where nothing is what it seems! It will be your friend and protect you with magic!

OK, have a good laugh at the Brandog, you dick. Pass this letter around and you can all fucking laugh your asses off. But seriously, do me a favor and help me sell this skull. I love you, bro. See ya when I get back.

-∼Brandon

4.3 That Insidious Beast: Fall Sweeps

Friday, Apr 03, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

October 29, 2009 - The Battle of Pleasant Plain

Spence wrapped himself in a whole roll of toilet paper once. Kay was so mad. I tried to pretend to be mad too, but the way he kept tripping himself up was making me burst. Ryan got the camera to take a picture and the way-

The flash is so bright I recoil from the lip of the trench. I rub my eyes and I can see the phosphene ghosts of metal spokes and incinerating machine skeletons pulsing in my vision. I can't hear the explosion, I am deaf. It's a gurgling, useless, underwater deafness. Hot blood oozes from both ears.

I can feel the wash of the fire, the hot wallop of pressure as the helicopter disintegrates in the roiling golden sphere of fire. I hope it was one of theirs, but it never is. It never is.

I can't watch it burn. I don't want to see new bodies.

I slide down into the trench. My back is against the loamy Indiana soil. A root or a bone presses into the girdle of my vest. It smells like gasoline and shit down here. Death and the unwholesome subterranean smell of thousands of acres of churned earth.

When I look left I see the headless body of Sgt. Shoemaker. Not decapitated. There is a distinction. His head simply no longer exists and without it his body isn't much use. It shit itself promptly after the shadow of the Unfolder swept over the trench and robbed my immediate commander of everything he was.

To my right, down the curving trench, is the sagging, fire-gutted machine that I watched die as we came to this godawful hole. There were more of us then. Minutes? Hours? Running and charging and eager to have our revenge.

Something falls from the machine. A spill of unfired bullets and the unfolding arm of a baked corpse trapped inside.

I thought they were robots. I guess...no, they're not. Not always anyway.

Heat is curling the gray-green paint up from the machine's layered armor, but I can still recognize

the grinning skull symbol of the unit. The machine's titanium structure is blackened and the inferno has died away. Along the loops of cable, fluid lines, and the uncoiled gray mesh of its muscles, I can still see a ghostly green flame.

I can't stand to look to the horizon. The fight has passed me by, I know. I am a coward, I know. But I cannot stand to look out. They're out there. The terrible things. The ones that fight for us.

I look up instead. Straight up. Through the smoke and the spirals of flying machines locked in deadly pirouettes. Behind the clouds. There is the churning wound of light. That insidious light. Pulsing and unearthly, shifting colors and shapes.

The world is coming apart. I can feel it.

Even deaf, I can hear it. I can hear the tone.

Drops of blood patter from my nose onto the sleeve of my uniform.

Summer of 1983 - Home

I am nine. Time is so unbearably slow. It's hot. It's summer.

Not a lot of hot days in Walden, Montana. Mom says no more planting my butt in front of the TV for cartoons. She says use up the warm days while I can.

There is war. There is always war, but it's far away and we are winning. America is good.

Mom is beautiful and always there for me and my sisters. Dad sells tractors to old people and women for their farms. Most men are in the war. Dad was in the war. He's big and healthy. He says it was a different war. I don't know which one.

Heather is at a friend's house and Tara is riding her bicycle. They are both older than me. Tara doesn't like to ride bikes with me because I'm not fast enough.

I get my bike and I pedal under the sycamores lining the street. It is morning and still a little cool. Mom said wear a jacket, but I pretended not to hear. The sun going through the leaves makes patterns on my arms. It will be hot soon.

Tommy and Sean Turley are not allowed to play. I pedal on to Windy's house. He's got asthma, but he's fun to talk to and he knows everything about the frogs and bugs in the pond.

Windy says he can't go away to play. His dad is coming back from the war. Windy is pudgy and has thick plastic glasses. I never call him four eyes. We play with some sticks and then throw a ball. It's so boring. I tell him to come over after his dad gets home.

I ride my bike to the pond all by myself. It's almost lunch time, but mom does not mind if I am home late. The pond is just a drainage pool. In the hot days of summer it shrinks to an ugly, stinking swamp. It is still full of spring rain.

I kick off my shoes and socks into the grass along the banks. Millions of tiny water plants cover the surface of the pond. They fill it and are left on the rocks by the receding waters, like a green cape draped over a puddle.

I wade out into the pond. The water is cool around my legs. The floating green plants stick to my arms and fingers. They part in my wake.

The water seems black. When I cup some in my hand it is the color of Mom's sun tea. A few painted turtles slide into the water as I approach. The bullfrogs like to hide along the high bank. They are quiet now, but I know where to find them.

The insects and birds are loud in the trees around me. They are invigorated by summer and basking in the heat. I splash and play in the water. I catch two turtles and three frogs. A shame I left my bucket at home. Windy and Tommy would have been impressed with my haul.

While searching for a water snake I step on a sharp rock. The surprise of pain nearly trips me up. I fight back tears and stagger to the shore. My blood is leaking out of my toe at an alarming rate. I hear a clink of glass and I remember that Mrs. Harding lives behind pine trees on the other side of the pond.

She is a friendly old lady who teaches grade seven at the middle school. He husband is dead. I think he died in a war a long time ago. Before the things we're not supposed to talk about came here.

I pick up my shoes and socks and hop awkwardly through the grass towards her house. She'll have a bandage. She'll pour peroxide on my cut and give me a sandwich and milk. I follow along the pine trees towards the back gate to her yard.

Just before I reach the gate I notice that I can no longer hear the cicadas. Or the birds.

There is just a soft sound like a mouse crawling in the grass. I lean on the fence and wonder what it is.

I don't want to take the next step and turn to face the gate. There is something in her back yard, by her garden. It does not see me yet. I do not want to see it.

I do not want to see it.

November 12th, 2009 - Van Buren Field Hospital

Time quickens.

The air in my lungs stinks of popcorn. It is a gross, stifling smell that is overwhelming the medical antiseptics and the stench of so many open wounds. I'm in some sort of factory, sitting in an old folding chair next to the rows of cots.

This is now. The now. I am not a child anymore.

I am afraid, but I'm not afraid the same way.

I am afraid of what they will do to me. The traitor. The coward. The survivor. Why am I here? I have been unconscious for a while. How long? A strong soldier moved me from a cot to the folding chair. They needed it for someone worse off than me.

Only my ear is really hurt. Bandaged up and throbbing with exposed nerves. I can hear a bit out of the other ear.

"You're awake," a man in a bloody apron says to me. "Do you want something to drink?"

I am thirsty. I realize I have fluids dripping into an IV in my arm.

"Yes," I croak. "Coffee."

"I don't think so," the man shakes his head at me. "Water for you. How is that head feeling?"

"I had a dream," I say.

"I bet," the man checks a beeping monitor. "If you can, get up and walk around a little. You've been sitting in that chair for three days. Not too good for your circulation."

"Three days? Is that how long I've been here?"

"No, they brought you in with day two casevac," he points to a purple paper band around my wrist.

"You're first wave. Pleasant Plain?"

"Yes," I say.

He helps me to my feet. My legs are terribly stiff. My calves throb as the flow of blood slowly returns.

"You boys got the worst of it," he says. "With the angels we kicked their asses. Retook Huntington. We did it, but..."

His voice trails off and he glances at the hundreds of cots full of groaning bodies. He leaves the rest unsaid. We paid a price.

"I tell you what. Walk around the whole room. Twice. I'll get you a can of Coke. Don't think there's any coffee."

He starts to turn and then remembers something. He turns back with a clipboard out.

"By the way, real quick, what is your name?" he asks.

"What?"

"Your name," he says. "No tags. Your uniform was torn. We only know your unit."

I think back to the trench. Sgt. Shoemaker's headless body. The corpse baked in its mechanical oven. My cowardice, cringing in the filth, staring up at that awful sky.

"Dan," I lie. "Dan Harding."

He writes it down and pats me on the shoulder.

"I'll go get you that Coke, Dan. You take your walk."

The unit chaplain wrote TRUST IN HIM in blue pen across the top of that morning's orders. I can see hundreds of copies covered in mud outside our mess tent. Thrown away. Ignored. No one had to be told which way to shoot.

I read the orders. Full corps and reserves committed for Operation Persephone Gray. "Strategic assistance will be provided by The Host.""

None of us needed confirmation, but there it was. Angels.

We could feel it in the air the night before. Feel them, I mean. Five of them come up from Oklahoma and Tennessee. They had fancy codenames. Conjurer, Revenant, Archangel, Weeping Maiden, and Hierophant.

A Haitian in the unit said they sounded like tarot cards. He just said it to me. He knew I wouldn't report him as a moral threat.

"Excuse me," I say as I brush past a nurse pushing a cart stacked with bedpans.

I wheel the IV stand with me, out into the cold air. It's just before morning. You can see it on the horizon. The crump of artillery is far away. Just a distant rumbling to the north. Huntington is ours again.

My breath comes in steaming clouds. I feel tired and a little like I'm going to puke. I tear the IV from my hand and run.

I am stumbling and weak, but with purpose. I won't stand in front of a goddamn firing squad for this army.

Not me.

Incredibly, I find our unit billets. Deserted. Am I the only one left?

I recognize mementos and pictures tacked to the cheap walls. These were built quick off the backs of trucks. Stacks of prefab boxes. Motels for the damned.

There are a few pictures and a spare uniform in my footlocker. A trophy sidearm I took from a dead Russian in New Hampshire. I'm about to leave when I see a guitar case leaning against a wall. I'm not good with a guitar, but it belonged to Reyes. I saw him blasted to bits.

No point leaving his guitar for the clean out crew.

Summer of 1983 - Home

I run barefoot all the way back to my house. My skin is clammy and covered in goose pimples. I saw it. God above, I saw it. Every awful detail.

I bang in through the back door. My mom is cooking chili on the stove. She is startled. I am breathless from running all the way.

It comes out in gasps. It's there! There in the back of Mrs. Harding's house! Beside her garden. Playing with-

My mom realizes the magnitude of my claim. She snatches up the phone and calls the wardens. Sheriff Oates and two trucks of wardens arrive in minutes. The Sheriff is in a neat, brown uniform with a gleaming silver pistol on his side. The wardens are wearing homemade uniforms. Red shirts and blue pants, mostly blue jeans, with white kerchiefs around their necks.

I recognize some of the wardens as my Dad's friends from the lodge. A few are wearing old army helmets and carrying varmint rifles or shotguns. Most of the wardens are wearing mesh-backed caps. They're brandishing baseball bats and homemade weapons.

I watch them through the window. They are in two trucks in the street outside our house. An old man is passing out cigarettes and talking excitedly while my mother speaks to Sheriff Oates. They seem eager and afraid. I might have said they seemed tough yesterday. Not anymore.

I tug on Sheriff Oates' sleeve and finally get his attention. I try to warn him, but he just tousles my hair and smiles a big, gap-toothed grin.

We'll take care of it, he says.

It is lucky for him that the thing is already gone. None of them are ever going to forget what they see though.

Two towns over, a whole school full of kids are gonna be dead before the buses show up to take them home. I know they catch the thing in Billings. Drop a bomb right on it from an airplane.

I do not know how I know.

November, 2009 - The Way Home

I shuffle out of the shadow of the popcorn factory. I trudge steadily south, joining the stream of refugees trying to escape the chaos of the frontlines. There are countless thousands of men, women, and children walking with me.

Everything on wheels has been commandeered by the military. Trucks and armored carriers blast their horns to clear our sorry ranks from the road. I shrink into the crowds, afraid of being seen. I cover myself with a blanket left by the side of the road. It's damp and smells like piss.

It is more than 350 miles to my home in Tennessee.

The exquisite misery of the march deepens at night. Footsore masses simply collapse into ditches at nightfall or gather around campfires that die within a few minutes. There are no provisions or water. Some try to boil rancid water from the ditches or loot abandoned houses near the road.

When full darkness has fallen the criminals among us begin to prey on the weak.

I can hear them in the night around me. I take out my pistol and hold it in my lap. I am going home. I am not going to be caught up in someone else's problem.

With my cowardice again decided I listen to the cries of children torn from their mothers, the moans of anguish stifled by the rough hands of men, and the desperate screams of the murdered.

A man or woman being killed makes a terrible sound. A sound you never forget. Some animals give in to the slaughter. They go meekly into the jaws. A man fights with everything he has even when he knows he will lose. He is terribly aware each time the blade slides into his body.

Each morning there are fewer than before. Rime covers their faces. Their eyes stare up at the gray dawn.

I ask for phones, but none of them work. On the third day I break into a locked house and try to use the phone, but the line is dead. Copper filaments cover the rural power lines. Bombs have pulverized the cellular towers.

Throughout the days many small groups of refugees break off and head in different directions. Others simply give up and disappear into abandoned buildings to wait it out. A bad idea. I've seen the pictures. The Unfolders aren't trying to be friendly anymore.

At a town called Gaston the streets are full of stinking, headless corpses. Birds and stray dogs are having their fill. The bodies seem to move from all the rats. Some of the refugees still with me become giddy. They drag sweaters and shoes from the dead. They pointlessly loot, filling pillowcases with baubles from the surrounding houses.

I enter one house to use the phone and almost weep when I get a dial tone. I dial the number again and again until my finger hurts. No one answers. I drink bottles of wine from the house's cellar and smash out every window.

Zone wardens arrive before dawn driving trucks with the headlights off. The drivers are wearing night vision goggles. Their uniforms are haphazard and many of them seem drunk. They take the women that look healthy and line up everyone else. I escape by pure luck, running into a field of rotting cornstalks.

The staccato pop of their automatic rifles chases me south.

Alone, desperate, I steal a bicycle from an empty school and wear Reyes' guitar case on my back like a samurai sword. The bicycle blows a tire after only a few miles and I leave it by the roadside. At night I light a fire in someone's fireplace and open the case to play a bit.

Instead of a guitar, the case is full of things Reyes must have stolen or hidden. Ration bars, pornography, night vision goggles, exotic knives, two tightly-wrapped bricks of marijuana, and enough pilfered engineering explosives to blow a bridge.

I laugh at the absurdity of the package and push the guitar case away. I snap it closed and strap it to my back again at dawn.

On the eighth day on the road I find another telephone. This far south, the houses are boarded up, but still inhabited. An old black man threatens me with a shotgun, but I convince him to let me in

his house to use his telephone. I dial again and again, but no one answers.

I give up.

"I'll feed you, give you some water," the old man offers. "I don't have much."

He cooks me cornbread and serves it with a thick pat of rationed butter and some rehydrated navy beans.

"Had some salt pork and cheese last month, but all the shops are closed now," he says.

"This is just fine," I assure him.

While he is washing up the dishes I open the guitar case and leave him one of the bricks of marijuana. I wrap the rest of the cornbread in a towel and steal out the front door.

In Kentucky, I pass military units heading north. These are fresh men. Army reserves and new conscripts. I pull the stinking blanket over my head to hide my face. None of them would recognize me, but a man in his thirties walking alone down the highway does not escape the army's attention. If they caught me I would be on my way back to the front as soon as they could get a rifle in my hands.

I beg a map from a gas station attendant and stick to the back roads. My boots are disintegrating, my feet are blistered, and I still have the mountains.

In Tennessee the sky is unraveling in a way I haven't seen since the front. Huge bleeds rend the blue and glow with terrible phosphorescence at night. The pulsing tone of the angels is everywhere. Scratching at the edges of my brain. It inspires vivid dreams that make sleep all but impossible.

They have returned from battle. The ones with us at Pleasant Plain. There is something different about the way their tendrils invade my mind, some pall over their presence. One of them has perished. So they are not invulnerable after all. Not gods, just monsters.

I thumb a ride from a trucker named Bernard. Life here is almost normal, except for the glowing tears in the heavens that are so painful to look at. Bernard offers me a cigarette. I...

I am with Kay and Spencer and Ryan on dad's boat. He has only just died and the boat is now mine. The waters of Lake Cook are smooth and dark. They remind me of something. Something...

Time is slow. So, so slow. Every detail, no shortcuts. No summaries.

The flesh is peeled back like a wetsuit padded with the dimpled yellow of fat. Muscles have been unraveled and twisted into looping patterns that wrap around the organs and sinews and the skeleton. Each bone is spread apart, the eyes turn terribly, the heart beats.

Thump, thump, thump, thump.

The tongue moves and loose teeth click together. The throat, a deflated, damp tube, works uselessly. The eyes, lidless spheres, staring, turning to look at me in the bloody grass. The-

I projectile vomit all over the trucker. He slams on the brakes and throws me out of the cab shouting obscenities.

"I ought to kill you, you little faggot," he bellows and roars away.

Home

The lawn is brown and overgrown. How long has it been since I was here? It feels like an eternity and yesterday. I am still here.

"Hello?" I call as I walk through the unlocked door.

It is cold. Windows stand open in the living room. I can see into the kitchen, to the back door that stands slightly ajar.

I take out my pistol.

"Kay?" I call out. "Kay, honey?"

Dry, dead leaves circulate across the carpets and gather against the walls. There is water damage beneath the windows.

A picture of Spencer in his peewee football uniform hangs crooked on the wall. I can hear someone upstairs. I carefully lean the guitar case against the wall and steady the gun with a shooter's grip.

I ascend the stairs as quietly as possible. My heart hammers against my ribcage.

I reach the top of the stairs. Something dark moves towards me. It is big to be a wild dog or raccoon. I bring the gun around.

"Stop!" I shout and fire a warning shot in the same moment.

The gun is impossibly loud in the confined space and my good ear begins to ring.

"Jesus Christ, don't shoot me, man!" It's a pale-faced teenager.

I almost don't recognize him. He looks so much different with his patchy facial hair and his hooded sweatshirt. It's Jamie, the neighbor's older kid. His younger brother, Ace, is friends with my son, Ryan.

I lower the gun and haul him to his feet.

"What the fuck are you doing in here?" I demand.

"You're supposed to- I didn't know who you were!" he protests. "All kinds of people around here these days. I thought maybe you were a looter."

"You didn't answer my question," I growl. "Where is my wife? Where are my kids?"

He chuckles, a nervous laugh, and he throws up his hands in protest.

"Look, man, I-I...I know you know my mom, but I can't, I mean...this is some heavy shit."

"Spit it out!"

"They thought you were dead!" Jamie blurts. "Your wife, I mean, all of them. They had a funeral in your backyard. They buried you."

"I'm right here!"

"They got part of you in the fucking mail. Mailman delivered it. They said you were dead. They got the letter. They put up a gold star in the window to-"

I slam him against the wall. I scream into his face.

"Where are they!? Where the fuck are they!? Where is my fucking family!?"

He's too terrified to answer. My breath is ragged. My temples are pounding. I let go of him and take a step back.

"Look man, maybe you should talk to-"

"Just tell me what happened," I mutter.

He hesitates. I wave with the gun, somewhere between a reassurance and a threat.

"Y-you were dead, they thought, and then the wardens came looking for them. You were off the register so the pass was revoked. They took them."

"Where?"

"I don't know," he can tell I'm not satisfied and quickly adds, "TVA maybe. Watts Bar? I don't know. That's the rumor. Work crews for the...you know...the angels. More of them coming through."

I stare at him, my rage unfocused and only barely contained.

"Leave," I tell him.

He hurries past me down the stairs. He stops at the bottom of the steps and turns back.

"They didn't take the little one. Spencer, right? They didn't take him. Said he was too young. I think your wife sent him to your sister."

"Tara? Heather? Which one?"

"Colorado. I know she said...no...no, Columbus. Is that Missouri?"

"Columbus, Ohio?" I ask.

He snaps his fingers.

"That's it!"

I slump against the wall. I saw the briefing maps. Columbus was near the front weeks ago. It is probably long gone. He says something else, but I don't hear him.

Later, his mother comes to the door. She says something to me. Tells me something that I can't even hear. I take the dish of food she is offering and walk back into my house.

I sit down on the couch, take my pistol from the holster, and place the barrel in my mouth. The pounding will stop. The anger is gonna stop. This fucking nightmare is going to stop.

Even with my death only fractions of a second away, I can feel them. Pushing and poking like I'm a caged animal at their fucking zoo. Trying to get into my head.

I take the gun out of my mouth.

"Leave me the fuck alone!" I scream.

I'm still a coward. I can't do it. I can't go through with it.

Jamie and his friends took most of my good booze, but there are still some bottles of wine and an old bottle of scotch under the sink. I shovel tasteless casserole into my mouth like an animal. I slump on the sofa with the bottle of scotch in my hand and I turn on the TV.

It's sort of surprising it still works. At least something does.

I flip past the news shows. Bulletins on every channel. Church services and prayer groups for our troops. A slick-haired pastor literally sings the praises of the Angelic Host. Just monsters.

There. I flip back. Cartoons. Old cartoons. Space men and a robot maid.

Maybe it's the cartoons, maybe it's the scotch. Either way, the tone begins to fade. The throb of my head is lessened.

Maybe I will live a while longer.

Maybe I will watch to the end of this episode.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.4 House Of 1,000 Laugh Tracks

Saturday, Apr 04, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Making people laugh takes a bit of intuition and a lot of hard work. That's why I can be found at the local gym on most weekday afternoons, walking into the public shower and nodding in smug satisfaction as the pointing and snickering commences.

It may not be obvious to anyone who reads my articles, but I'm constantly doing all I can to improve as a humorist. My comedic sensibilities have been molded by influences such as Mystery Science Theater 3000, The Tick, Douglas Adams, The Kids In The Hall, Mitch Hedberg, and the release of Hellgate: London. In order to grow, however, I must venture outside of my comfort zone and deconstruct things that I don't find all that humorous.

For instance, Tyler Perry's House Of Payne.

Now in its fifth season, the show claims to be the funniest cable television sitcom of all time. I have not come across a single joke in the 114 episodes that have aired to date. I have, however, taken note of several thousand instances of canned laughter, which usually serve as indicators that something funny has happened.

By ranking the duration and volume of each laugh track, I have determined the funniest moments in the history of House Of Payne. Look for this brand of humor to weave itself into my work in the coming months once I figure out what makes them humorous.

Episode 2 - "I Can Cry If I Want To"
Curtis, the portly father figure, quips "If I'm in the bathroom doing my business, I don't want nobody knocking on the door rushing me."

Episode 48 - "You Big Dummy"
Curtis rolls his eyes.

Episode 3 - "More Than Meets The Eye"
Ella, Curtis' portly wife, quips "Curtis, you need a spam blocker to keep junk from coming out of your mouth."

Episode 101 - "Labor Paynes (part 2)"
Janine (Curtis' niece in law): I went for a walk.

Curtis: Did you walk past the nuthouse? Because you shoulda checked yourself in.

Episode 80 - "How Do You Spell... It's All About Me?"
Curtis, impatiently awaiting dinner, shifts his weight from one foot to another and rubs his prodigious stomach.

Episode 15 - "Paternity And Fraternity"
After learning that her son Calvin has been diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis, Ella puffs up her cheeks and crosses her eyes.

Episode 104 - "Casa De Payne"
Curtis: I can jaywalk if I want to-I'm the fire chief. I can j-k-l-m-n-o-p across the street if I want to!

Episode 1 - "Bully And The Beast"
Madea (Tyler Perry's seminal character, a sassy woman portrayed by Perry himself in a fat suit): You look like a candidate for a beat down!

Episode 113 - "A Grand Payne"
After lecturing his family about the importance of not falling down, Curtis falls down.

Episode 53 - "Step It Up"
A dog snores while it is sleeping.

Episode 22 - "Absolutely Positive"
Malik: Batman could beat Superman!

Jazmine: No way!

Malik: That's a *real* convincing argument, sis! (folds arms)

Episode 95 - "Whose Wedding Is It Anyway?"
When Curtis discovers an injured baby dragon in the garage, he rubs his eyes and blinks in disbelief.

Episode 110 - "Slightly Payneful Truth"
At a fancy restaurant, CJ orders veal for his date, only to discover that she is an atheist.

Episode 75 - "R-E-S-P-E-C-T Me"
(Curtis belches)

Ella: Excuse yourself!

Curtis: Why? I'm not going anywhere!

Ella: Why you...!

Episode 36 - "Lost Without U"
When Ella throws herself on her father's casket as it is being lowered, Curtis quips "It's a casket, not a trampoline!"

Episode 87 - "That Sounds Sweet"
Malik plays his saxophone for the family, but it does not sound pleasant.

Episode 54 - "No Payne, No Gain"
When Curtis stands in front of the fridge with the door open for a long time, Ella quips "Are you trying to cool the house or thaw all the food?"

Episode 111 - "Joy And Payne"
Time-lapsed footage of an elephant decomposing.

Episode 68 - "Moral Dilemma"

Jazmine finds a wallet with a million dollars in it, then quips "I've heard of fat wallets but this is ridiculous!"

Episode 13 - "Wax On, Wax Off"
While cleaning the car, Curtis accidentally splashes a small amount of water on himself, then rubs his eyes and blinks in disbelief.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.5 Here is Where Someone You Don't Know Died in His Civic

Sunday, Apr 05, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Remembering the dead is a major part of our culture. Gravestones mark where we can find them, and obituaries describe them in 500 words or less. These rituals honor the dead while comforting the living. Placing a little cross on the side of the highway, however, does neither.

I just returned from a trip that required driving straight south for thirteen hours. I half expected Virgil to appear in my passenger seat and guide me through the ever-worsening environment, but it wasn't so bad. As I drove deeper and deeper south, I noticed a growing number of ornaments stuck near the side of the road.

They were roadside deathcrosses, and they litter the highways, state routes, and cul-de-sacs of the world, marking where some sucker was destroyed, and I, not knowing the person or the circumstance, couldn't care less. If a tombstone in a cemetery is like a book in the library, then the roadside deathcross is the blog of remembrance- they are everywhere, they are unavoidable, and they are left by forgettable, stupid people in forgettable, stupid places.

A tombstone marks where someone is buried, the deathcross, on the other hand points out where the action went down. It's like a plaque at a civil war battlefield, except instead of showing where thousands of soldiers met their demise, the deathcross can do little more than remind the few citizens of whatever hillbilly town where Ol' Peterson ran into the guardrail at 95mph after he drank that handle of whisky.

In all seriousness, why does the location of where someone wrecked and died matter? Should a cross be set outside the low-income housing center whenever some diabetic old lady dies on her couch? Are ambulances filled with wilted bouquets? Are road deaths somehow more honorable? Are they honorable at all? Lets check the official list of causes of road casualties:

- Drunk driving
- Struck by drunk driver
- Texting
- Struck by texter
- Heart attack
- Not wearing helmet
- Freak accident

Slim picking. I mean, the best you can hope for is "struck by drunk driver," because at least someone will end up in jail. Maybe heart attack might give you some fame if your dying breath is spent steering into a bus of children, that way you could give the class of fieldtripping fifth graders the elusive "freak accident" as their bus careens off the road. But, chances are your death will be just as uneventful as your life. Despite the fact that 99% of deaths occur from fucking with the radio or something equally pathetic, people still insist on putting those white deathcrosses out there by an exit sign or a bridge support.

Maybe that is a little too harsh. They aren't all white, I guess. Some are green or jazzed up with the dead person's name in glitter paint, maybe a waterlogged photograph too. A popular trend is placing a white band of cheap plastic flowers over the cross, so it looks like it's coming back from a luau. But, these simple adornments don't mean much when the average passerby is buzzed and careening at 80mph through the back woods of Georgia in the middle of the night.

Maybe strangers aren't supposed to honor these dead. Maybe the deathcrosses are supposed to serve as a warning to the living. A dramatic "don't let this happen to you" kind of thing. But if poor Johnny died at Deadman's Curve because he didn't see the semi barreling down at him, then is hanging an enormous, distracting wreath at the site really that helpful?

No. Of course they aren't. It's just a ritual that probably originated when the automobile was viewed as the devil's soul stealing tool-if such a time ever existed. It may be an absurd practice, but it's popular all around the world. When I was in Greece, I noticed a bunch of these, but they used little boxes with candles inside instead of crosses. I was driving on a brand new stretch of highway that was wrapping around the mountains, and every mile there sat a little candle box marking where someone died. Well, no shit someone died there. But I don't need a little shrine to show me since I can see where they flew through the guardrail and rolled down the sheer side of a mountain. Hell, I can still see the mangled wreckage left at the base.

I guess it's just a coping mechanism. People do this shit because they feel like they have to do something, and making a little cross out of some wood scraps is probably the easiest option. I mean, if someone really cared, they would put a deathcross to mark the site, and then make a website with the picture of the deathcross and "Tears in Heaven" playing in the background. Whoa.

Not everything about the deathcross is pointless, though. I mean, if nothing else, they really piss off this guy who believes they're part of a larger conspiracy led by Christians to spread faith . So, I guess if I had to pick sides, I'd rather see more deathcrosses than this guy .

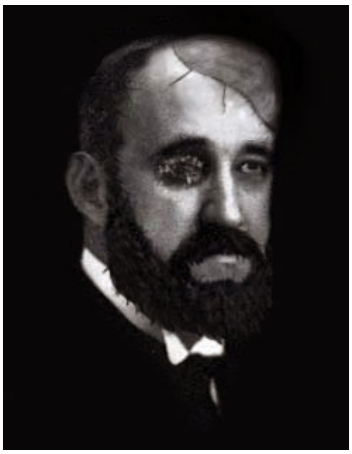
-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.6 Behold the Sacred Prophecy of P. B. Fouke!

Wednesday, Apr 08, 2009 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

Concerning My Return to the Fur Business



P. B. Fouke, President & General Manager, Sacred Instrument of God

Good news loyal trappers and shippers: your faithful commander is back at the helm! As you are probably well aware from prior issues of this publication , I WAS IN A COMATOSE STATE FOR SOME MONTHS, teetering precariously between life and death. I am pleased to report that those days are behind me!

Many of you will no doubt look upon my recent ailments as a major setback for both this company and the very act of trapping and skinning animals. TO YOU I OFFER THIS HEARTY REBUKE: NOT SO! I assure you that in the coming days, months and years, we will more than make up for any lost time in ways you can't even begin to imagine!

Having served diligently as commander of this fine enterprise for so long, I missed out on a great deal of rest. And rest, my friends, is what prepares us for the arrival of a new day. I stand before you prepared now more than ever to face the incredible challenges to come! I am as healthy as I have ever been, sound in mind, hardy in body, enlivened in spirit and rich in beard. Oh, how rich in beard I am! NEVER BEFORE HAVE I BEEN SO GLORIOUSLY BEARDED.

As you are also no doubt aware, my egregious cousin Eugene was placed in charge during my absence. This, unfortunately, proved to be a most colossal blunder. I would most assuredly offer each and every one of you an apology for this mishap, but you know that I, a man of integrity, need not apologize. The good service I have rendered you in the past and will render you again in the future will more than make up for any mistakes.

In fact, my first act of business upon waking up was seeing to the immediate dismissal of Eugene as acting President & General Manager. He and his personal meat collection were promptly loaded inside wooden crates, which were sealed and placed on railcar. The Fouke Meat Company scheme is now wholly dissolved, and OUR BUSINESS IMPERATIVE IS ONCE AGAIN THE PURCHASE OF FUR AND THE SALE OF ITEMS ESSENTIAL TO ACQUIRING FUR. There will be no more meat accepted, and no more exotic meat contests.

Eugene was incorrect when he started that our financial situation was dire. Eugene, as always, underestimated my steadfast relationship with the countless banking institutions of this region. The fine men who run these great pillars of capital know well of my integrity. These men know me by name, are well acquainted with the warm feeling of my handshake, and fully comprehend the

awesome commitment it signifies. These men will not hesitate to back this enterprise with whatever funds it may need. Thus, we will continue to offer you fine goods at PRICES THAT PAY YOU THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT.

Even still, there is no room for horseplay in this enterprise. The foolish contests and antics Eugene found so rewarding are no longer a part of this outfit. I assure you that THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY IS COMMITTED NOW MORE THAN EVER TO MAINTAINING THE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF BUSINESS PROFESSIONALISM.

Concerning the Amazing Prophetic Visions I Received in My Comatose State

My time spent in a coma was not for waste: I was host to two separate and powerful prophetic visions given to me by the Lord Himself. I would ask you to indulge me in sharing these visions, but it is not a request. What you are about to read concerns both your fate and the fates of your loved ones. I SHALL NOW REVEAL TO YOU THE SACRED PLAN CONCEIVED BY THE LORD ABOVE, to be made whole by his chosen instrument -- a role that I am most honored and humbled to play on your behalf!

In the First Vision, I saw the great cities of the world destroyed by an army of beasts ten billion strong. Even with all his technology and prowess, man was not able to fight off this great threat. The cities fell one by one, and the bodies of men, women and children riddled the streets. THIS TERRIBLE LEGION OF CLAW, TOOTH, HORN AND HUNGER LAID WASTE TO THE SUM OF MAN'S CREATION.

As I bore witness to this horrifying revelation, I could not help but wonder why man had allowed the beasts to multiply in such numbers. Why had man not been doing a better job maintaining his dominance over the animal kingdom? I wept believing all hope to be lost.

Just as I grew to accept my role as last witness to the fall of man, the Second Vision was visited upon me. This time I saw a familiar sight: the Fouke Fur Company's beautiful headquarters in St. Louis, Missouri. Except now this familiar sight was home to the miraculous. It remained untouched by the beasts! Surrounded by thousands of intact houses, churches, businesses and walls reaching 100 feet into the sky, THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY REMAINED DEFIANT IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING HORROR.

Floating above the main building of this great Fouke Fur City was A GIANT GOLDEN CYLINDER STRETCHING TEN MILES LONG AND EXACTLY 1,681 FEET IN DIAMETER. I realized instantly that this mighty cylinder was a symbol of God's sacred covenant with the Fouke Fur Company, and one soon to be made material. A voice without body or form then told me that this cylinder will ferry 185,678 trappers and shippers to GOD'S CHOSEN WORLD OF KOMBAR.

I was then taken on a journey through the celestial voids to this great world of Kombar, where I observed unimaginable beauty and exotic beasts of splendid color and soft fur. It was explained to me that these beasts housed the imprisoned spirits of our departed loved ones, and that only by trapping and skinning them could we free those spirits to rejoin us. The voice called these trapped spirits the Ebonites, the angel race.

On the Construction of Fouke Fur City: the Gateway to Kombar

My loyal trappers and shippers, know you this: TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE! I have already ordered the construction of houses, schools, shops, churches, and walls around this great facility, and I invite you to COME HELP ME BUILD FOUKE FUR CITY.

You need not bring money or possession with you, for I offer you a now coin of the realm: Fouke

Number
GEN 01173
Shares
100
Preferred Stock
Par Value $100.00 Each
Redeemable for Pelts on Demand
Preferred Stock
Par Value $100.00 Each
Redeemable for Pelts on Demand
INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI
FOUKE FUR COMPANY
This Certifies that ..... is the owner of ONE HUNDRED Shares of the Capital Stock of The FOUKE FUR COMPANY. Transferable only on the books of the Company by the holder hereof in person, or by the Attorney upon surrender of this Certificate properly endorsed.
In Witness Whereof the said Company has caused this Certificate to be signed by its duly authorized officers and to be sealed with the Seal of the Company this ..... day of ..... AD 19...
TREASURER
PRESIDENT
SHARES
$100.00
EACH
SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

Stock Certificates. The shops of Fouke Fur City will trade exclusively in these certificates. You will all have jobs and shelter here. You will all be cared for in both body and spirit. That is my promise to you.

As space is limited, I must insist that you bring only one loved one. I myself have chosen to invite my dearest friend, Mr. J. F. Swanton. As much as my wife and children please me, they lack J. F. Swanton's extraordinary love for the sport of trapping, and as such will never be able to fully APPRECIATE THE ASTONISHING POTENTIAL KOMBAR HAS TO OFFER. In the new world we may all take new wives. These will be beautiful women with beaming eyes and fine, smooth fur.

J. F. Swanton

It is only a matter of time before the beast army makes its move, thus we must be quick to make ours. The Golden Cylinder is on its way, and we must prepare for our long voyage through the celestial planes. The days ahead of us will be long and taxing. There is so much work to be done.

Our salvation will not come without sacrifice. As M. J. Duddy struggled so valiantly to tether me to this mortal plane, he did so at great personal expense. HE LOST A HAND. All who come to Fouke Fur City must also sacrifice a limb. This will ensure only the worthiest of trappers and shippers find their way into the celestial grounds of Kombar to hunt such beasts as the eight-horned, six-headed neph and the thousand-eyed jade cavynx, which dwells where the Eight Great Rivers of Kombar meet as one. On Kombar, WE WILL EACH OF US BE

GRANTED NEW AND BETTER LIMBS!

Come now, friends! Make your way to Fouke Fur City, the Gateway to Kombar! Those who make the journey will survive as the future of mankind. Those who do not will be mourned in the future temples of Kombar.

Savings too Good for this World

In celebration of the Miracle of My Awakening and the Coming of the Golden Cylinder, I ask you all to kindly deduct ninety per cent (90%) from all catalogue prices. May these savings help you as you prepare for the expedition to my city and the long road to Kombar. I EAGERLY ANTICIPATE YOUR ARRIVAL.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

Huge thanks go to **geno1173** for his awesome rendition of a Fouke Stock Certificate. You will find no finer a Champion of the Arts than he.

-~P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

4.7 Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews

Thursday, Apr 09, 2009 by "Spooky" Steve Whorter

Hello, "boys" and "ghouls!" Welcome to Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews: the Internet's definitive source on Halloween sound effects albums since 1996! Spooky Steve has been on hiatus for a few months due to his unsuccessful attempts to win a workers' compensation lawsuit, but now he's back and ready to return to his "scarify-ing" (terrifying) hobby since Sears unexpectedly reduced his hours to part-time!

With his latest update, Spooky Steve has decided to open up the mailbag and dig up some rancid requests from his abominable audience. This week, we've got some disappointments, some surprises, and perhaps a true evolution in Halloween sound effects album production. There's never been a more exciting time to be a Halloween sound effects album fan--except maybe 1987!

A Night in a Haunted House / A Night in a Graveyard

When you get Jim "No Bones" McCullough--the Phil Spector of Halloween SFX albums--on a project you know you're in for a treat. And A Night in a Haunted House is just that: a treat. It's got the creaky floorboards, squeaky footsteps, and otherworldly moaning that makes any McCullough album strictly lights-on territory for me! But A Night in a Graveyard? ...Not so much. Spooky Steve isn't sure if old "No Bones" passed this b-side down to his protégé, Scott "Bones" Anderson, but "Graveyard" needs to be *sent back to the graveyard* , if you catch my drift. This second track features a common problem of the genre: too many monsters! You clearly can't have zombies *and* werewolves in a same scene without a fight inevitably breaking out. Ignoring the racial tensions between monsters does not make them go away. Truly amateur stuff here. Spooky Steve is disgusted, and not in a good way!

Rating:

Halloween Sound Effects

With such a bland name and cartoony cover, Spooky Steve thought twice about investing the 99 cents Walgreen's was asking for Halloween Sound Effects. After all, Spooky Steve *loves* Mallomars, and could get a pack of Mallomars for the exact same price! [Note to fans: Do not send Spooky Steve Mallomars. They will not make it through the postal system intact, no matter what you write on the envelope.] But Spooky Steve decided to bite the bullet, and was pleasantly surprised. Despite being a little witch-heavy (because witches can be reasoned with, they are *not scary*), Halloween Sound Effects is surprisingly good, and perhaps a recommended buy for the younger fans at your listening parties. Spooky Steve also has to give Halloween Sound Effects credit for not using the same, tired "haunting wind" sound from the public domain libraries that we've all been bored with since the late 70s. Not the scariest of albums, but innovative. Spooky Steve suggests running down to your local Walgreen's before this little treasure disappears for good! Spooky Steve bought the last 32 copies they had, just to be safe.

Rating:

Halloween Havoc

Webster's defines "havoc" as "great destruction or devastation; ruinous damage." And Spooky Steve can say that Halloween Havoc did exactly that... to his ears! There are so many audio SNAFUs that Spooky Steve nearly stopped taking notes halfway through. Some "highlights":

4:04 - Ghost moaning travels from left to right, then from left to right again. Are we supposed to believe that ghosts can *teleport* now? I don't think so, Halloween Havoc.

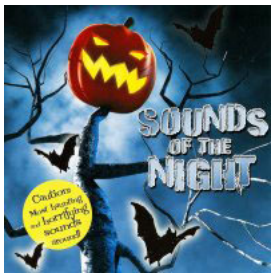
6:37 - Ghoulish voice wishes me a "Happy Halloween" *twice.* This is supposed to be scary?

12:18 - Monster growling, followed by a cat yowling in pain. Violence against animals is not entertaining. Spooky Steve is appalled.

A complete and total misfire from the people at Creative Entertainment Productions. Spooky Steve tried calling their offices to voice his complaints, but soon discovered they went out of business in 1993. That's what happens when you release shoddy, misproduced albums like Halloween Havoc, and Batman Returns masks coated with lead paint.

Rating:

Sounds of the Night



When Spooky Steve opened the package fangoria61767@aol.com sent him and took one look at the cover of Sounds of the Night, he could only mutter, "Oh boy." Too often, Spooky Steve has been taken in by flashy cover art only to be disappointed by an album that's about as scary as Leprechaun 3. We all remember Spooky Steve's utter disappointment with 60 Minutes of Halloween Hellraising, a CD with a competent cover, but barely 55 minutes of been-there, done-that haunted house sounds. Well, Spooky Steve is proud to say that Sounds of the Night is as scary as Leprechaun 2, if not more so! In fact, after hearing the galloping sounds of what Spooky Steve presumed to be a headless horseman, it's safe to say that he hasn't been this terrified since nearly breaking his self-made vow of celibacy back in 1998. Needless to say, Spooky Steve will never go back to *that* Perkins again!

Rating:

Halloween Spooky Sound Effects: Twisted Edition

Spooky Steve was pleasantly surprised by last year's Halloween Spooky Sound Effects. But even though it was a serviceable Halloween sound effects album, it lacked a certain something to make it into Spooky Steve's Top 30 of 2008 list. Well, it looks like our Internet petition paid off, because 2009's remastered "Twisted Edition" of Halloween Spooky Sound Effects is a fantastic new reimagining of last year's flawed release. A distinct increase in bass, 20% more crows, and a new extended ending with more door-slamming than you've ever heard in your life--what more can Spooky Steve ask for? Oh, wait--how about no more passive-aggressive letters from Spooky Steve's landlord when he decides to play Halloween Spooky Sound Effects: Twisted Edition at full blast after 10PM? For this, Spooky Steve is docking this album an entire glowing skull. Warning: may be too intense for your Palestinian landlord.

Rating:

-~"Spooky" Steve Whorter

Halloween
Horror
WebRing

4.8 Welcome to the Thompson Psychiatric Institute for the Criminally Insane

Friday, Apr 10, 2009 by Dr. Bruce Thompson (@sexyfacts4u)

They house the worst here.

The thrill killers. The crazed deviants. The serial offenders who can't be helped by a system that's broken and overwhelmed.

The crazies are everywhere. Polluting the streets. They're addicted to violence and death. They bask in the filth. They worship mayhem.

Who can blame them? Every bad thing society has pumped into them over the years. They never had a chance. Their soft minds were fried by the radiation blasting out of their TVs and boom boxes. Their reptilian brains were engorged by the sleaze simulators peddled to them by amoral vice merchants.

Once the devil was in them they were just so many puppets. Evil puppets. Make no mistake, my friends, society is reaping what it has sown.

I'm just here to lock them up. Clean up the aftermath. Some messes can't be cleaned up.

Victor Bordon

Age 32. When it comes to bad, Victor Bordon is as bad as they come. He didn't start out that way. He had a good home. Loving parents. Good grades at school.

All that ended on a quiet day in 1992. Victor Bordon was home alone. He had saved up his allowance to buy a music CD that was making the rounds. He put it in his boom box, turned the volume all the way up, and for the first time Victor Bordon listened to Ice-T's Body Count.

He murdered his first police officer nine days later. Bordon gunned down Officer Kyle Steckler with a stolen Tech-9 while the cop was filling up his cruiser. Bordon later claimed the cop refused to help him with a flat tire.

The authorities caught up with him two states away. Bordon was drunk on the ghetto thug lifestyle. A regular abuser and maniac killer. He was having sex with the daughter of a KKK Grand Wizard in the bathroom of a fast food restaurant when the police brought him down.

There's not much we can do for Bordon, his mind is so twisted up into knots from his childhood. The best we can do is keep him heavily sedated and listening to rap songs I have written about behaving responsibly and treating women with respect.

Ashley Haight

The system has seen a lot of 24 year old Ashley. Her first visit was in 1996 after she sliced off her brother's head. She claimed she was defending herself, but her mother says she was imitating the Power Rangers thugs TV program. The juvenile justice system pushed her out quick and she went right back to the source for her sweet perversions.

Violence was her kick. She got off on it. She could get some vicarious thrills from watching an episode of her favorite smash-up show on the idiot box, but Ashley wanted stronger stuff. She started to buy graphically violent computer software.

She was a ticking time bomb and it was only a matter of time until that bomb ticked to boom.

Ashley liked to be in control. Her favorite fix was real time strategy and the games she played warped her mind. She actually believed she was doing good when on August 10th, 2002, she donned a tank top and camo pants and began planting time bombs in various factories around her home town of Lima, Ohio. A tank factory and a construction yard were blasted to bits and several workers lost their lives.

Police negotiators refused her request to "Stop Yuri" and what began as a standoff spiraled out of control. Ashley escaped a police cordon and released dozens of dogs from a nearby kennel. Her demented rampage was finally put to an end. Too bad there's no end in sight for her here at my father's hospital.

Jason Ashcroft

Jason was a model teenager. He got good grades and he was well-liked. Jason wanted to manage a car dealership, and at 17 he was headed to the business school of his choice on a full sports scholarship. Heck of a quarterback.

Jason's love of football extended to the Carolina Panthers. He was their number one fan and when they went to the 2004 Super Bowl, Jason had to watch. Imagine the scene if you will. Our young athlete, his father, and a few friends gathered around the big screen TV. Some snacks and beverages. Maybe his dad let them all have a beer or two, adding gasoline to what was about to become an explosive situation.

The halftime show that fateful afternoon was none other than Janet Jackson with her special guest Justin Timberlake. Jason wasn't a big fan of either artist, he preferred contemporary christian music like Creed and Jars of Clay. Still, he was curious. But you know what they say...curiosity can make the cat go insane.

Jason watched with horror as Justin Timberlake grabbed the adult garment of Janet Jackson and tore open the bosom cup. This exposed her grotesquely pierced nudity to all of America. Jason

Ashcroft just couldn't stand it. He smashed the tables and chairs and bit his father and friends. They wrestled him to the ground and called the cops. Jason was sent to the hospital for observation, but he escaped, and his spree of rage-fueled sexual assault commenced.

Driven mad by lust, Jason Ashcroft prowled the hospital campus, tearing open blouses and sweaters to expose the breasts of unsuspecting women. He eluded security for several days, attacking women and retreating into the extensive underground HVAC system.

They finally brought him down after he had molested nearly 30 innocent women. Now he's confined to a wheelchair, just another lost soul in the wards, screaming to have his perverted fantasies fulfilled.

Just a few of my guests. The madhouse is filling up with them. My dad tried to warn the world. Tried to save them from their fate. They laughed at him. Spit in his face. Took away his law license.

Look at this city now.

Yeah, the madhouse is filling up alright. They're howling at the moon from their cells. When this place overflows...god help us all.

-∼Dr. Bruce Thompson (@sexyfacts4u)

4.9 Forgotten Battles Of The American Civil War

Saturday, Apr 11, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

For every military encounter immortalized in history books, a hundred others only live on in the fleeting memories of those who survive and in the impartial soil of the battlefield that swallows up the blood of the fallen. These are the Civil War battles that you have never heard of.

The Thule / Adams Holler Skirmish

Crouching before the warmth of a campfire on a particularly chilly night in Maryland in the winter of 1862, a soldier in the Union army by the name of Quentin Thule regaled his fellow servicemen with tales of his romantic encounters.

Private Quentin Thule, 1862

At one point, Thule claimed that he had hollered into a woman's vagina, then heard his own voice echoed back to him moments later through the young lady's mouth, nostrils, and ears.

This angered Dale Adams, a medic who refuted Thule's story. After finding a stick, he went on to draw an intricate representation of the female anatomy. The ovaries, he argued, would act to dampen most of the sound before it could reach the woman's intestines.

Thule, however, remained firm. The incident was not made up.

"It happened in Connecticut," he insisted, arching his eyebrows. That statement, in his mind, made it inarguable. *Connecticut* . Finality.

For the next three years the two soldiers served together, debating the plausibility of vaginal hollering at every opportunity - occasionally in the heat of battle with Confederate forces. Neither man was able to convince the other, but scientists generally agree that Thule and Adams are now dead.

Dungaree Hill

In the summer of 1863, the Army Of Mid-Northern Virginia's Third Corps set out to join the Confederate forces in the battle of Gettysburg. Somewhere in the hilly landscape between Virginia and Pennsylvania, the Corps' second division found itself separated from the main force. When it became apparent that regrouping with the other divisions would be impossible, Commander Elijah Caine led the 29,000 men of the Third Corps on a direct route to their destination, eschewing the safety of roads and trails in an effort to make up lost time.

As the afternoon of June 27th transitioned to twilight, Caine's forces came upon Dungaree Hill, a pock-marked mound with a gentle fifteen degree incline that came to a summit approximately thirty feet above sea level. Since the Third Corps had not been outfitted with the picks and ropes that were necessary for scaling mountains, Elijah Caine's advisors recommended that the forces walk around the base of Dungaree Hill, which was no more than fifty yards across.

Caine, however, refused to deviate from the straight line between him and Gettysburg. Time was of the essence. His men would march on.

What followed was one of the bloodiest engagements of the entire war, as illustrated by this excerpt from the journal of private Jeremiah Blythe:

> *June 30th, 1863*
>
> *My dearest Elizabeth, in this dark hour your the sweet memory of your homely features is all that keeps me going. I have borne witness to too much death in my nineteen years, too much pain and cruelty to return to you as the innocent boy you fell in love with. Even so, I continue to dream of you.*
>
> *It has been three days since Commander Caine ordered us up that God-forsaken hill. Twelve thousand men have been lost to its gradual slope, screaming as they slide and tumble at a pace almost as fast as a light jog.*
>
> *If we had the proper equipment, we might stand a chance. If we didn't march in single-file with the first twelve men walking backwards, our casualties would be far fewer. If Commander Caine allowed our dynamite reserves to be transported on a wagon instead of requiring each man to carry a stick between his teeth at all times, my closest friends might still be alive.*

The Battle Of Cranesburg

Throughout the Civil War, both armies focused on training recruits how to reload rifles and line up in various formations. Very little, if any, emphasis was placed on the act of aiming at and shooting the enemy. The folly inherent in this form of drilling would not become apparent until April 3rd, 1864, when Union and Confederate forces squared off in the outskirts of Cranesburg, Louisiana.

For three weeks, some 13,000 men arranged themselves neatly, fired their guns into the ground, then reloaded with impeccable precision.

The death toll, as you might expect, was unusually high.

At one point the Union arranged themselves into the shape of a giraffe so perfectly that more than three thousand Confederate soldiers were blown to pieces. When the Confederates counterattacked with a flawless synchornized reload, the entire western half of the Union frontline was torn asunder. Those that weren't eviscerated were horribly disfigured.

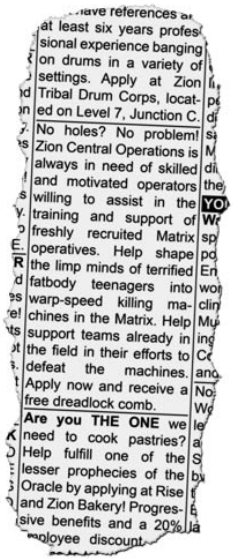
The senseless cruelty inflicted at the Battle Of Cranesburg led the creation of international war crimes, acts so brutal that they can not be carried out even in the chaos of war. To this very day, no soldier is allowed to line up in formation, reload a weapon, or wear shorts that show more than three inches of skin above the top of the knee.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.10 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Zion Tech Support Operator

Monday, Apr 13, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.


at least six years profes
sional experience banging
on drums in a variety of
settings. Apply at Zion
Tribal Drum Corps, locat-
ed on Level 7, Junction C.
No holes? No problem!
Zion Central Operations is
always in need of skilled
and motivated operators
willing to assist in the
training and support of
freshly recruited Matrix
operatives. Help shape
the limp minds of terrified
fatbody teenagers into
warp-speed killing ma-
chines in the Matrix. Help
support teams already in
the field in their efforts to
defeat the machines.
Apply now and receive a
free dreadlock comb.
Are you THE ONE we
need to cook pastries?
Help fulfill one of the
lesser prophecies of the
Oracle by applying at Rise
and Zion Bakery! Progres-
sive benefits and a 20%

Me and a few of my friends in support. Well, not my friends, but they're the people who sit near me and don't wear see-through mesh shirts every day. I can't eat lunch with those people.

I am 36 years old, 40 pounds overweight, my name is Asmodeus, and I am a tech support operator. I was born in Zion, the last and only free human city. I'm not wired for the Matrix. I'm not a red pill, and that means my whole world consists of caverns, giant industrial fan blades, inadequate lighting, and rusty surfaces.

My gripes with this shithole and the pretentious dickheads that live here could fill 50 volumes, but I think I can give you a summary of my feelings.

When I sleep I dream that I am one of those mechanical squids with the glowing red eyes, pulling them all limb from limb. I don't really feel all that personally invested in the war against the machines. Ask me on the right day and I might just admit that I sort of hope they win.

From what I understand, this is supposed to be more about my job and less about my personal life, so I'll try to focus in on that.

I have worked as a tech support operator doing helpdesk and general troubleshooting for the last six years. Before that I worked as a sludge farmer in the sump district. You know that tasteless glop everybody eats? It's a processed fungus that grows on top of decaying sewage. Bon Apetite!

Some of my friends resent the fact that I got the job with Zion tech support. They think it's all glitz

and glamour and that I'm some hotshot hero leaving the hard working folk behind. These friends have never been to Zion tech support.

It looks like an abandoned factory. The ceiling is like fifty feet up and there are these pathetic fluorescent lights that hang down and barely illuminate anything. We may have fifty different computer monitors each, but we work inside of rusty metal cubicles.

The floor is a greasy grate that occasionally releases bursts of noxious chemical smells. We work 16-hour shifts with one break for lunch (that tasteless glop I mentioned) and to get in or out we have to ascend a slippery four-story metal staircase that has no railing. If Zion had an Occupational Safety and Health Administration one of their inspectors would catch on fire if he walked in here.

Did I mention the drum and bass music they play over the speaker system? The warning siren when there is an accident is a relief from the monotony. Last week a guy got his foot crushed in a computer. I don't even know what to say about that.

This is my work area. No accident that it looks like a futuristic S&M device.

The average day for me is just a routine of loading skills for the newbies and trying to figure out why some guy in the Matrix running from the cops is trying to karate chop his way through a brick wall. Occasionally, there is a hardware glitch, but it's usually the fault of the ingrates from the programming factory.

As you can probably infer, my work is fairly repetitive and, therefore, soul draining. I mostly help people train for becoming a Matrix operative or provide support for teams in the field who lose their operator or need an additional operator. We work on the ticket system, so I have just gone through and selected a few of the more interesting tickets.

I hope you enjoy reading about my misfortune, unless you're from Zion, in which case I hope you get decapitated by a robotic lobster.

Support Ticket # 01010000 01101111 01101100 01111001 01110000

Whatever super computer over there in the evil data center is writing all these programs is seriously messed up.

I received a priority one call from a Matrix user out of contact with his ship and in need of technical assistance. Operative Springsteen explained that he had become stuck in a terrain feature while moving with other operatives to find a magical chess piece or something. I didn't care about the details of the mission, but it sounded like the usual hung up on a wall with an invisible collision box larger than the wall.

I instructed the user to try walking in the opposite direction. This did not work, possibly because the user spent several minutes trying to escape before placing the call. The user became irate with me and demanded to know my name. I informed him of my name. He continued to hurl abuse, so I reminded him that the Matrix is an illusion and that anything is possible.

I instructed the user to visualize his genitalia growing in size and flexibility until it was capable of looping back around between his legs all the way to his rectum, allowing him to have intercourse with himself. He realized this suggestion was not literal and continued to hurl verbal abuse at me.

User became very concerned that he was in danger of being located by agents or similar hostile programs and he asserted that if he died it would be my responsibility. I informed the user that if he believed it was urgent that he escape he could chop or shoot his foot off with a gun. While the user continued to hurl invective at me I loaded a hulk program into his memory. I then instructed the user to punch apart the wall he was adhering to and then locate the nearest hard line.

The user followed my instructions and was able to restore contact with his ship. He declined to offer his thanks.

Status: Resolved
Flagging:*None*

Support Ticket # 01101110 01100101 01110010 01100100

Arrived less than five minutes late to work and was called into supervisor DieHardFan's office. I was given the "desert of the real" speech for the second time this month. War for the survival of mankind, blotting out the sun with nuclear fire, the short and heroic existence of our Matrix operatives; I've heard it at least a dozen times total. Nothing motivates punctuality quite like being given an overwrought speech first thing in the morning.

Yes, DieHardFan, my slight tardiness is akin to betraying our species. Thank you for that pep-talk.

It was almost a relief when this ticket popped up on one of my screens. A fresh red pill had arrived in training room ten and I was assigned to mentor him through the Matrix process.

Some days I just sit by my desk during my lunch break, because this is what the break room looks like.

Every part of my job is my least favorite part of my job, but mentoring the brats and morons that

just found out their whole reality is artificial is the worst of the worst. My latest trainee turned out to be a scrawny kid no more than 14 with terrible acne, a rabbit's overbite, and one of the lamest names I have encountered: Alucard.

He makes the tenth Alucard I have trained. The only name more popular is Goku and it is followed closely by Neo. They're all unimaginative loser names and the kids that come in with them rarely survive their first week as an operative.

I headed down to the training room and introduced myself. It's the only time I ever meet them face-to-face. After that I'm just a voice over the intercom or on the other end of their trainee phone in the Matrix. We strap the trainee phone to their ear so they can't get lost in the Safetrix, our training version of the Matrix.

He seemed like a nice enough kid, but he was dumb as a post. I gave him the rundown on the Safetrix and how his life up until now was a lie told to him by supercomputers using him as a battery. No one has figured out how the science behind that one works, the smartest guys just sort of say, "It also uses fusion," and then their voices trail off.

Anyway, Alucard got the ground rules and he bought the whole human battery thing, so then I laid the rule book on him. I might as well outline it here as well. It's called the Protocols of the Learned Operators of Zion. The rules are:

1. If you're in trouble get to a hard line.
2. If you can't get to a hard line then ask for help finding a hard line.
3. Never bother an operator on their fifteen minute lunch break. Die instead, if you have to, just don't bother an operator on their lunch break.
4. Be polite and be patient.
5. Always follow the operator's instructions.
6. Don't ever pretend you know more than an operator.
7. You don't know more than the operator.

That last one is always the sticking point. Every user thinks they know more about the Matrix than an operator and most of them have already screwed up their situation further just by thinking they know more than they actually know.

Alucard seemed to get it, so I told him training would start tomorrow and I sent him on his way.

Status: Open
Flagging: Introduction to the Matrix - Fundamentals. Course completed by Alucard (0010).
Supervisor Citation: *Inappropriate subject matter and informal tone. You need to adhere to the rules as outlined in your copy of the Protocols of the Operators of Zion. See me ASAP* **- DieHard-Fan**

Support Ticket # 01110100 01101000 01101001 01110011 00100000 01101010 01101111 01100010 00100000 01110011 01110101 01100011 01101011 01110011

Anyone can karate fight a bunch of sword-wielding assassins. Show me a user that can actually listen to simple instructions.

Trainee user Alucard arrived for his second training session. Booted the user into the Safetrix white room and began basic familiarization. User demonstrated adequate firearms proficiency against dummy targets. The user became very excitable during the training and tended to stray from instruction parameters.

Following simple skill loading (LNG 422 - "I Know Portuguese") the user initiated an informal question and answer session that lasted for several minutes. User questions and my responses follow in edited transcript format.

Alucard (**User**): So there are these guys who will try to fight me and they're computer programs?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Most of them, correct. Some programs piggyback on human carriers.

Alucard (**User**): And all of these guns and stuff aren't real, they're just more computer programs?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): They are constructs, yes.

Alucard (**User**): So can I have a laser or some sort of disintegrator that just one-shots them?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): No, you can only use weapons that exist within the cohesive artificial reality of the Matrix.

Alucard (**User**): What about a nuclear bomb?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): That would produce catastrophic human casualties.

Alucard (**User**): What about something that's possible, but just hasn't been invented yet?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): I suppose that could work, but it must function exactly as it would in the real world.

Alucard (**User**): What about those robot suits the Zion army guys wear?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): They would attract too much attention in the reality of the Matrix.

Alucard (**User**): But they would work?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Theoretically. They can be simulated in the Safetrix.

Alucard (**User**): So you said it was like 200 years in the future, don't you guys have like a list of shit that was invented?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Yes, there is a database of-

Alucard (**User**): Exactly, and I bet if you look a laser rifle or a disintegrator gun is in there somewhere. So why can't I just get one of those guns out of the old database and use that? I want something awesome.

Pretty average look for a user.

Alucard (**User**): Like in an anime.

Alucard (**User**): Are you there?

Asmodeus (**Operator**) *has signed out of the logging system off or is no longer available.*

After removing the user from the white room I discussed the issue further with him. After a lengthy debate with him I agreed that I could reproduce a fictional weapon he called a "Hellsing ARMS .454 Casull Auto." I warned him that it would be unwieldy and ridiculous, but he insisted.

The user also wanted to know if he could wear a red hat, trench coat, and have vampire fangs within the Matrix. I informed the user that this would hardly look out of place among our operatives and he seemed pleased, making a reference to a location or group called "Otakucon."

Alucard seems capable, but not exceptional. I have passed him for today's course based on his shooting scores and above-average skill absorption and retention. I do, however, have serious reservations about his mental stability.

Status: Open
Flagging: Basic Familiarization. Course Completed by Alucard (0010).
Supervisor Citation: *Shows improvement, but I can read binary.* **- DieHardFan**

Support Ticket # 01100010 01101111 01101110 01100101 01110010 01110011

I swear the machines are putting together some sort of monster party. A mash, perhaps.

I received a priority one call from a Matrix user out of contact with his ship and in need of tactical assistance. Operative SexiGurl24 was trapped inside a warehouse in the docks district and was being pursued by an obsolete security program known as the Mummy.

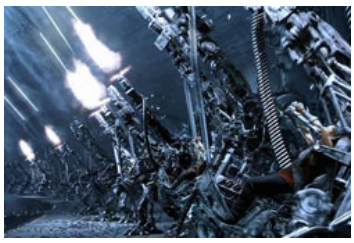
This program presents as an elderly man wearing a beret and moves very slowly, but is capable of tracking targets over long distances. Once it comes within earshot of a target it will begin to tell recursive anecdotes that hypnotize and paralyze the target. The Mummy can then dispatch a target with a poisonous gas emitted by its pipe or simply await the arrival of another program.

I began to walk the user through the procedural checklist for escaping from the Mummy, but the user grew irate and insisted I forego the usual checklist and "get to the [expletive] point." I gave the user the instructions to reach the nearest active hard line and concluded with the advice that she cram her ears with the bovine excrement she was giving me. She inquired whether or not my "tiny [term for a phallus]" would fit in my own ear. I suggested she use her fingers in lieu of either.

The user then terminated the connection so that she could plug her ears and avoid the Mummy's hypnotic anecdotes. I later learned that she escaped unharmed.

Status: Closed
Flagging:*None* **Supervisor Citation:** *You MUST follow procedure on all calls. See me in my office on top of the giant rotating cogs ASAP.* **- DieHardFan**

Support Ticket # 01110100 01101000 01101001 01110011 00100000 01101010 01101111 01100010 00100000 01110011 01110101 01100011 01101011 01110011



Oh, these guys? Just a crew changing out some light bulbs. Yep, Zion: model of efficiency.

Trainee user Alucard arrived for his third training session. Booted the user into the Safetrix live training environment and began the advanced skill loading course. User seemed pleased with his own appearance within the training environment and commented several times on how "cool" he looked.

User demonstrated above-average overall skill absorption and retention. He performed very well with the firearms and hand-to-hand combat loads, particularly favoring the use of a katana in addition to his custom-designed handgun. He performed average or above average with all other skill loads with the exception of socialization skills such as charismatic lying and speed seduction.

The user attributed these shortcomings to self-diagnosed Asperger's syndrome, which he claimed, "has caused problems for years." Brain activity showed no indication of a physical disorder.

Following the training and the completion of the basic unit, the user initiated an informal dialogue that lasted for several minutes.

Alucard (**User**): I have been thinking a lot about this Matrix stuff. Basically, the Matrix version of a person looks like kind of an idealized version of the person, right?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Correct, although it's much less conscious among those still immersed in the Matrix

Alucard (**User**): And everyone is just sitting in those little pods full of goop?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Other than free born, such as myself, and those like you that have been rescued from the Matrix.

Alucard (**User**): Alright, I've got all that, but what about fat people?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): I'm not sure I follow.

Alucard (**User**): Well, fat people were all over in the Matrix, some of my best friends in the anime club were fat, but I don't see how you can get fat if we're all eating the same amount of nutrients from the same source.

We're gonna need a bigger jump program.

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Metabolisms vary. We have pulled a few fat people out of the Matrix, but generally-

Alucard (**User**): Okay, fine, but what about super fat people? Like, I saw a TV show about this guy who was so fat he couldn't get out of bed. He weighed like 1000 pounds and he was married to this woman who cried all the time and fed him cookies. Is he like that in the real world?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): It is possible, but very unlikely.

Alucard (**User**): So it's like a subconscious thing? Like a dude couldn't get so fat he was stuck in one of those pod things like this guy I saw on a water slide one time?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): I seriously doubt it. Is that all?

Alucard (**User**): One other thing. When you load those skills into my head or whatever you call it, why don't you just load them all at once?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Mental fatigue and degrading retention can cause memory lapses.

Alucard (**User**): But, like, have you ever tried just dumping them all into somebody's brain?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): No, it would take a really long time.

Alucard (**User**): How many hours do you have left today?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): Eleven, give or take, but it's against the rules to dump skills like that.

Alucard (**User**): Do it.

Asmodeus (**Operator**): I'm really not supposed to.

Alucard (**User**): What are you, a fag chicken?

Asmodeus (**Operator**): What? No! You're not supposed to-

Alucard (**User**): [Chicken sounds]

How about I download some skills that will allow you to not be a huge douchebag.

At the user's insistence - against my better judgment - I began a marathon download that lasted just shy of eleven hours. After the combat skills I downloaded language skills. Once he finished with the major languages he insisted I start downloading ancillary skills.

Even though he was nearly exhausted, I gave him SCUBA skill, skateboarding skill, rhyming skill, and body-popping skill. After doing the robot for more than fifteen minutes he collapsed from exhaustion and I was forced to bring him out of the Safetrix. Despite his weakened state, the user thanked me for obeying his wishes.

I consider Alucard's training to be completed and have already filed a ship assignment document with Humanity's Last Hope Resources.

Status: Closed
Flagging:*Full training regimen completed by Alucard (0010).* **Supervisor Citation:** *I warned you about not following procedure. From now on if you deviate from the script even once I will have your ass sent back down to the potty farm.* **- DieHardFan**

Support Ticket # 01100110 01110101 01100011 01101011 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01110000 01101111 01101100 01101001 01100011 01100101

Maybe, like, this cave is the computer, and the computer is the real world. *smokes drugs, quits shitty job*

I received a priority one call from a Matrix user out of contact with his ship and in need of tactical assistance. Operative Alucard (0010) was being pursued through the A-Maize-ing Maze at Knott's Farm by the Mummy.

Per procedure I asked the user if he had checked the battery in his cellular uplink. The user stated "no" and paused to check the battery. I asked the user if he had a cellular signal and he responded that it was, "[expletive] fine."

I continued with proper procedure, instructing the user to activate his phone's restart code to reset its operating system. The user expressed some concern that the procedural checklist was taking too long and that the Mummy was closing on his position. I instructed the caller to remain calm and press and hold pound and star. I heard the tone that indicated he was following my instructions.

The user stated that he was complying, and then exclaimed that he could hear the Mummy speaking. I advised him to wait for the phone to finish resetting to determine if the cellular signal loss was due to software error. He mentioned that cellular signal loss was not his problem at the moment and inquired as to why I was being, "so [expletive] retarded" by having him reset the phone he was using to speak with me.

At this point the user became unresponsive to my instructions and began muttering about "pre-dive checks." I could also hear a second voice, muffled by distance and the position of the phone.

The last words spoken by the user were, "Confirm that you have ample air for the dive and confirm that your valves are open, that regulators and alternate air sources..."

At that point I began to clearly hear the words being spoken by the Mummy. It was something about, "the time your grandmother and I went to Cape Cod for a summer." I disconnected from the call after hearing the distinctive tone of a poison gas release.

Status: Closed
Flagging: Operative Alucard (0010) ***Deceased***
Supervisor Citation: *Not bad, but you need to work on your flexibility under pressure.* **- DieHardFan**

Time to get back to work, sit behind the 15 monitors, and wait for some mechanical squids to come eat my face with a laser.

No happy ending, I'm sure you're thinking. Guess what? There is no happy ending in Zion. Period. Ever.

This grim asshole of planet earth is the last hope for mankind, but it's the sort of hope that makes you want to stop hoping. You've got rules lawyers like my boss forcing us to act like robots and then screaming at us to be more flexible when it gets someone killed. You've got the dipshit users that don't know how to get away from an old man that moves at about a mile an hour. These are the guys you want running the rules instead of the machines?

Christ, the machines. As much as I want to pretend that I don't care who wins, I guess I do, because what sort of fucking asshole of a computer comes up with an old man that chases you around telling

anecdotes? It's just fucking sadistic.

Do I feel guilty about that kid getting killed? Nah, dead operatives grow on trees, but I feel bad that he was ever pulled out of the Matrix. What I wouldn't give to just sit around and play video games and watch Japanese cartoons while I get fat. It's a common sentiment here. Leads to all kinds of backlash like that Cypher incident last month.

But, you see, I'm not wired. It's not even an option for me. I am a dead-ender working a dead-end job.

Welcome to the desert of the bullshit.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

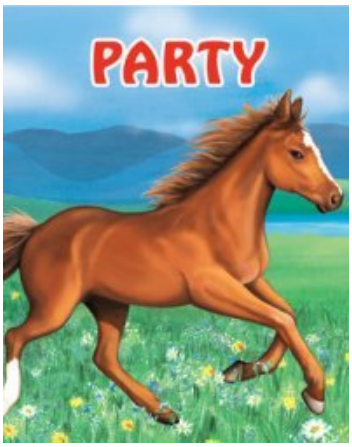
4.11 Subj: HAPPY HORSE BIRTH D.!!!!

Tuesday, Apr 14, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO this is new email from your father the on and only!!!! Today is APRIL 14 2009 the day of our horses birth. You may not remember the horse but it is probably for the best because his destiny was not for him to be at our house, not at all, in fact this horse was a bitter old steed with something to prove and day by day he would show his horse might to your mom and i "Free Me, Free Me From This Hell" i think he was saying but he really didnt know how good he had it. burgers every night a man's paradise !!!!

that horse was Never happy! always a worry wart never a bride. To make him happy we celebrated his horse birthday every year on April 14 beginning at midnight we would start telling him Happy Horse Day and Happy Birth Day Horse and wake him up at all hours and feed him the parts of the neighbors trees i could snag with a lasso. in the later years when you kids were tiny you would come out and we had a game where if you snagged a fruit or a Sports ball you would become the Horse Birthday Usurper and the day would become about you being great instead of hHorse but none of you kids ever won that game you were too small to wield the ropes power. I won it a lot though



Some years we had a Festival for our forgotten friend the horse and invited people over and in 1990 there was a Horse Hat Contest where the neighborhood was asked to make a hat for the horse and run him around like a fashion show and whoever made the best hat would win a horses kiss. I was not eligible to win (i could get a horse kiss when ever i pleased) but i made one just in case just one person showed up and became embarrassed or thought they would win by default. Not A Chance. My hat was based on Dracula The Dark Vampire Price and when he would put it on his head would transform into a huge vampire head i was the favorite for sure. Naturally though our neigbors with the sunglasses tans and gym equipment came over with a big stupid frilly hat that looked like a floppy ufo. Oh Thanks For Giving Us One Of Your Husbands Dumb Hats, Deb. I said as the hatted horse trotted next to the woman.

Now it was my turn to shine!!! With some help i slid the big paper mache dracula head onto the horse head and it started going nuts jumping around and screaming (i think it was screaming it was definitely a horse noise but i can only describe it as screaming) and by this time most of the kids had cleared out or collapsed from crying too much and i was left chasing the jumping horse around the yard trying to knock the vamp. head off with a rake and nothing was going right at all and then a little sweating wheezing pig man ran into my back yard shouting "Hey There wheeze wheez Look At That wheeze Horse Is Havin A Fit !!! wheez wheez" and now im hoolding on to the horses neck and looking at this guy and finally the paper mache breaks or something probably from the horse biting it and the horse runs out through the gate that guy came in from and then he realizes whats going on and runs out too. Worst day i had in a long time

Listen up and listen good. Go get a horse because There is no trick more tough to teach a man than to love a horse for all its flaws and superstitions. a horse wont run through the woods as easily as they do on tv. a horse doesnt know how to chase a man through the city you have to drive it and tell it it is a good horse even though it goes the wrong way a lot of the time. a horse will not know the difference between right and wrong. It only knows what is HorseRight and HorseWrong which are both wrong. a horse can be thought of as a rival and a friend at the same time. a horse knows how to stack the odds and raise the stakes. you havent lived until you look a horse in the eye and tell it to go back in the house. Life Lessons From Dad!!!!!!!!!!GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ddad

HORSE DYNAMO !!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.12 SA Celebrity Stalker: April Edition

Wednesday, Apr 15, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Ah hah! Our spies see all that transpires in the realm of the celebrity. Behold these fresh dispatches!

Dennis Rodman
Yesterday @ 12pm
Dude! The Worm! I saw him earlier but forgot virtually every relevant detail! In fact it might not have even been him! Still pretty cool, I guess.

Mel Gibson
Yesterday @ 2pm
Beastly is all I can say. Saw Mel chasing a goose through the park. He chased it into a pond, grabbed it by the neck, and just started biting into the helpless thing. Blood everywhere!

Paris Hilton
Yesterday @ 4pm
Saw the drama queen get into a spat with *SNAKE WARZ* director Jaume Collet-Serra. From what I overheard she was mad about a scene where she'd have to make out with a giant snake. Would love to be that snake!

Val Kilmer
Yesterday @ 7pm
Val called about 7pm last night trying to get me to sign up for the Albuquerque Journal, but I told him I got all my news from NPR. He seemed genuinely sad and I had to ask if he was "OK." He just hung up on me.

James Franco
Yesterday @ 8pm
Franco's huge head is currently blocking my view of the goddamn sunset. Fuck this guy and fuck his huge head.

Olver Platt & Guys and Dolls Cast
Yesterday @ 10pm
Saw the entire cast and crew of Guys and Dolls getting into a single taxi cab near Broadway. WE LOVE YOU, OLIVER PLATT.

Bob Hope
Today @ 2am
Woke up to a strange, ghostly sound. Went into the kitchen and saw a terrifying apparition of Bob Hope warning me to turn off the oven. Sure enough it was on. I have an electric oven, but no sense letting the bill run up.

Zac Efron
Today @ 10am
Ran into Efron. Not so tough! Put him in a headlock, then transitioned into a perfect guillotine choke. He was crying and gasping within seconds. Held on for an extra minute just to show him who's boss. Think he peed himself.

Carl Weathers
Today @ 11am
Saw Carl in Wal-Mart buying some sensible slacks. I asked him if there was ever going to be a *Predator* spinoff with his character and he just wept like a baby in my arms. I cradled him for several hours.

Clive Owen
Today @ 12pm
Spotted Clive looking hella stately walking down the street with a beautiful kite shield in hand. Literally the perfect fashion accessory. Classic, but still hip and modern. Probably offers good defense, too.

George Lopez
Today @ 4pm
Sitcom star George Lopez is relaxing on the beach. He's completely naked and sunning himself. Looks good. Everything in the right place. Will try to provide some illustrations later.

Wayne Knight
Today @ 7pm
I can't go into detail but I'm seriously inside Wayne Knight's closet right now and he doesn't know it. He's in the room and I think he's about to change clothes. Oh god, if he finds me I'm a goner for sure. I love you, Sandy. Take care of the kids.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.13 The 2009 Awful Energy Drink Review Bonanza!

Thursday, Apr 16, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Lowtax: "Hey Andrew 'Garbage Day' Miller!"

Garbage Day: "Yes, Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka?"

Lowtax: "I've got a fantastic idea! Let's spend embarrassing amounts of money buying cans of liquid that taste like caustic cough syrup-flavored paint thinner! Then we can drink them and consequently forever lose our ability to produce children! Then we can write about it! On the INTERNET!"

Garbage Day: "That is a wonderful idea!"

Lowtax:"It is fun to be retarded!"

Thrive

Garbage Day: Thrive claims to be "unlike those other drinks that taste heavy and oversweetened, or have a bitter aftertaste." I suppose this claim is technically true, since it tastes light and acidic, with a pungent aftertaste capable of disintegrating aluminum siding. Take that, you nefarious "other drinks!" I've always believed there's nothing quite more enchanting or erotic than a tribe of naked Oompa-Loompas bathing in molten, carbonated Nerds, and now Thrive can cram that experience right down your stupid fat throat. Thrive: providing you, the consumer, with FDA-approved levels of opaque, sugary, lava chemicals skimmed from the bathtub since whenever the engineers flipped the switch in the swill factory.
RATING: 4 / 10

Lowtax: As a taste of things to come (pun intended), the genius brain wizards at Thrive and Other Toxic Chemicals Inc. decided to stamp the phrase "Can You Handle It?" across their drink. Now think about that phrase for a moment: they're admitting most people find it difficult to consume their product. I assume this trademark beat out "You're a Pussy and You Can't Drink This Because You're Too Busy Sucking Another Man's Dick," and "See If Drinking This is More Enjoyable Than Having Your Entire Neck Exploded." In Thrive's case, the "it" undoubtedly refers to their drink's overwhelming assault of artificial pineapple, which inhabits the Periodic Table somewhere between

"earwax" and "the shit they dump on movie theater carpets to cover up the smell of drunk teenager puke and semen."
RATING: 2 / 10

Thrive Low-Carb

Garbage Day: When first swallowed, Thrive Low-Carb seems inoffensive enough, but soon it surges up your throat and begins dissolving your tongue, instantly reminding you that you've consumed some vile sugar substitute invented by those lizard aliens from "V." It's like chugging an oddly saccharine batch of liquid explosives, then having someone trigger the remote detonator from inside your colon.
RATING: 3 / 10

Lowtax: My principle complaint with Thrive wasn't its revolting taste, retarded design, or expensive price. Nope, my major issue was with all them stupid carbohydrates sittin' around and acting like assholes. When I was in high school, my cross country coach would repeatedly stress the importance of consuming carbohydrates the night before a race, primarily through pasta and bread. I suppose Thrive Low-Carb was created to appease all the people afraid of accidentally drinking liquefied ravioli and then getting tricked into running a marathon, both of which would be more appealing than drinking any version of Thrive.
RATING: 2 / 10

THRIVE LOW-CARB: OFFICIAL WINNER OF THE 2009 SOMETHING AWFUL "HUMPING THE CREEPY GUY" ENERGY DRINK AWARD!

Rumba

TASTE the RAW ENERGY!!!

Garbage Day: Despite sharing the name of a robotic vacuum cleaner, Rumba actually had an enjoyable taste! It's like Five Alive, assuming this mystery potion actually contains any of the vague, possibly fictional fruits depicted on its carton. Since my brain had rejected the outlandish notion that an energy drink could taste normal, it was forced to willfully disregard the copious amounts of caffeine smuggled inside. After Rumba-ing for a couple minutes, I began to feel incredibly sluggish and filthy, as if I spent the last hour wrestling death inside a public toilet. If I had actually consumed more than a shot, I'd probably go into hibernation. Rumba comes in a particularly tragic shade of orange, like the hue of a stillborn tiger cub.
RATING: 8 / 10

Lowtax: I initially met Rumba's "100% JUICE" assurance with skepticism, because technically you can produce "100% JUICE" by crushing a baby in a garbage compactor. Technically, my balls make juice. Fortunately, Rumba's juice didn't taste like a human being's sex-parts, as it mostly resembled one of those things that grow on plants or trees and you can pick them and eat them with your mouth (I can't think of the word offhand, it's something that rhymes with "fruit" except it starts with an "f"). If you like orange and pineapple, yet you lack the time to devour a bowl of

raw taurine, Rumba will fulfill your needs (the non-sexual ones).
RATING: 9 / 10

Samba

Garbage Day: Samba packed a scary aftertaste, which I'm attributing to the cranberry juice concentrate, not the vengeful toxins from the deadly-sounding "cynacobalamin." While searching for "samba," my scientific research led me to the Wikipedia page for "samba *(dance)*," which included such helpful phrases as "bellybutton-bumpy trump" and "gross representation of the sexual act" in its opening section. I'm extremely grateful the Samba drink tasted nothing like navel lint or hormonal secretions.
RATING: 7 / 10

Lowtax: Oops! Looks like somebody on the energy drink assembly line dropped a tube of lipstick into the chemical vat! Despite this minor setback, Samba still rises above the competition, although that's like saying the retarded kid who drools constantly and chases jet streams is more fun to hang around with than the boy with Aspergers and an addiction to removing the skin from human faces.
RATING: 7 / 10

Tango

Garbage Day: I'll be the first to admit I had a preconceived bias against suspicious-looking black sludge prior to Tango. After opening this can, I feared the drink would overtake my central nervous system and turn me into one of the evil homeless people from *Condemned 2.* Fortunately, my taste buds and sanity were saved by Tango's elderberries, which were quite refreshing and slightly less deadly. Since elderberries apparently taste fine, there must be one reason they're not used to flavor more beverages: blatant age discrimination.
RATING: 8 / 10

Lowtax: In "Tango and Cash," Sylvester Stallone wore glasses so people in the audience would know he's smart. Nearly twenty years later, he starred in "Rambo 4," where he crushed some dude's head with his own hands. I'm having a difficult time merging these facts with an energy drink primarily composed of elderberry, so interpret that however you see fit.
RATING: 8 / 10

Cocaine

Garbage Day: Wow. Cocaine. I'm assuming here some strident anti-drug crusaders bottled the bilious drainage from a destitute junkie's throat and slapped a $2 price tag on it. I was originally prepared to rate this beverage a "2," maintaining naive optimism that a fouler concoction might possibly exist in some horrible alternate dimension populated by giant penises that try to fly up your ass, but the noxious fumes resulting from dumping Cocaine in a bathroom sink made me cough myself bloody.
RATING: 1 / 10

Lowtax: The most awesome aspect of Cocaine was its seemingly relentless, unholy attempt to murder us all. Upon opening the can, Andrew instantly began coughing. Upon drinking from the can, he nearly spit up. Hell, Andrew wasn't even able to empty the drink into a toilet without choking

from the stench. Cocaine claims its flavor is "spicy hot," which is apparently secret scientific code for "tastes like shit." Seriously, this crud was nasty as hell, and its only practical use would be as a chemical weapon or the antagonist in a remake of 1985's "The Stuff."
RATING: 1 / 10

COCAINE: OFFICIAL WINNER OF THE 2009 SOMETHING AWFUL "THROWN BABY" ENERGY DRINK AWARD!

180 Red

DRINK the ENERGY!!!

Garbage Day: 180 Red's rotten-produce cocktail begins its journey through your digestive system as a merely terrible drink, but soon it undergoes some perverse fermentation of disaster, corrupting your mouth's ecosystem until you must shave your tongue with industrial sandpaper. It's drinkable decay.
RATING: 3 / 10

Lowtax: I suspect the "180" in this drink's name refers to the 180-degree turn an average consumer exhibits when purchasing it. "Hmmm, maybe this won't be so bad," Joe Stupid Shopper may think as he opens the can. Then he takes a sip. "Whoops, guess I was wrong. Completely wrong. So wrong that it would be accurate to claim the taste of this drink is in fact the polar opposite of what I had initially believed." Then Joe Stupid Shopper begins to turn red because he is dying and this drink is killing him. Now you know the origins of 180 Red.
RATING: 4 / 10

180 Orange Citrus Blast

Garbage Day: Ooh, a citrus blast! I love those! 180's take on the classic meaningless "citrus blast" instantly evaporates upon impact with your tongue, transforming your taste buds into a sponge while wringing out all traces of its existence. This ultimately benefits the consumer, considering nobody would ever want to remember drinking a can of flatulent Sunny Delight.
RATING: 5 / 10

Lowtax: Ever since I was a kid, I have always wanted to be blasted by orange citrus. It's one of my secret erotic dreams. I assumed 180 Orange Citrus Blast would finally satisfy my craving, but all it did was make the taste of industrial orange tile cleaner stick to the top of my throat. I'm sure that's erotic to at least a small group of people on the internet. They probably have their own DeviantArt page and everything.
RATING: 5 / 10

180 Blue

Garbage Day: 180 Blue is apparently for the folks who felt "red" and "citrus blast" sounded far too healthy and natural. 180's secret concoction of chemicals creates an odor resembling blueberries and grapes, soon after they've completed the digestive process and emerged as excreta. I suppose the taste of "Blue" isn't obscenely horrible (comparatively speaking), but without strong nose clamps, the average consumer may be smothered by the overwhelming sewage scent emitted from each can.
RATING: 4 / 10

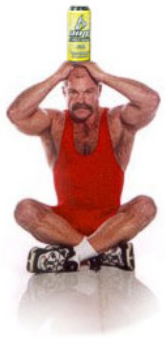
Lowtax: I wrote down only one sentence of notes for this drink: *"smells like a bird's nest stuck in a fat man's ass."* That pretty much sums it up.
RATING: 4 / 10

No Fear Bloodshot

Garbage Day: "Bloodshot" has a name sounding as if it was brewed by a team of witches in a medieval cauldron. "Bring me thy fruit of dragon and blood of orange, so we may concoct a potion which summons Casper Van Dein so he may battle the deadly TimeDragon!" Soy is listed among the ingredients, which I assume most truck drivers with "No Fear" decals would consider a pussy ingredient for faggy drinkers. To compensate, No Fear also included "wood rosin" in their drink, which sounds like something lumberjacks ingest by mistake and then sue for worker's compensation. This crap is healthy, and not just by the "non-lethal in small doses" standard of energy drink review. The No Fear scientists must have dissolved a jar of multivitamins in some ghetto orange drink, then smuggled this miracle elixir into a can decorated with a festive gang graffiti font.
RATING: 7 / 10

Lowtax: To be truthful and honest, which is what we're all concerned with here at Something Awful LLC, I feel I must mention the full name of this drink, "No Fear Super Energy Supplement Bloodshot." The truncated name above simply doesn't communicate the full level of amazing gay their advertising team strove to attain. Besides winning our award for the longest, retardedest name, this beverage additionally receives our coveted award for being "the only drink containing both blood orange and dragonfruit." Blood orange is like that blood diamond Leonardo DiCaprio kept trying to steal, only it's much easier to juice.
RATING: 6 / 10

Amp Energy Lightning



CAN you HANDLE the EXTREME ENERGY?!?

Garbage Day: I can't really accurately describe the level of enthusiasm I experienced upon pouring this drink into a cup and realizing it resembled a saucer of neon-yellow melted "butter" from a dubious seafood buffet. The label promises "lightning," so I was expecting to suffer a wrathful Zeus chucking a bolt of pure electrical vomit down my throat. At the very least, I hoped I might receive a mild static electricity charge when it attacked my tongue. Instead, Amp Energy Lightning ended up tasting like grainy Gatorade, with poorly dissolved powder-mix crystals floating in flat Sierra Mist. I'm no meteorologist, but I'm fairly certain that's not the universally accepted definition of "lightning."
RATING: 5 / 10

Lowtax: Up until recently, lemonade's major drawback has been its inability to dissolve the skeletal remains of homicide victims. Amp Energy Lightning has discovered lighting in a bottle in a can with this creation, although consuming actual lightning would probably be healthier and less dangerous than swallowing down an entire can of this mess. I suppose it tastes relatively good considering it's not composed of a single naturally-occurring chemical, and you'd receive greater health benefits by consuming the can itself.

RATING: 6 / 10

Java Monster Lo-Ball

Garbage Day: According to urban legend, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee can make a person feel pleasant and alert. One whiff of Lo-Ball (whatever the hell that means) confirms: *this ain't fucking coffee.* It tastes stale, like someone waited several days to empty the drip tray underneath a convenience-store cappuccino dispenser that was previously used to store cigarette butts and oil-soaked rags.
RATING: 6 / 10

Lowtax: I find coffee to be absolutely revolting, so my expectations were quite low when I popped open this drink and felt my face enveloped in a wet catcher's mitt of rancid high fructose fake coffee particles. My disgust quickly morphed to pleasant surprise after I took a sip and realized this sludge doesn't taste nearly as horrible as coffee! Then my pleasant surprise morphed back into disgust, but hey, it was an enjoyable three seconds or so.
RATING: 7 / 10

NOS Grape

Garbage Day: "Caution: Poisonwerful!" Imagine a Roman nobleman having grapes dropped into his mouth by a fawning harem. Now replace those concubines with hairy-chested brutes force-feeding him purple Filntstones vitamins until the Fred and Wilma particles flood his lungs and Barney Rubble ashes begin tumbling from his ear canal. That's what's going on here.
RATING: 6 / 10

Lowtax: Well this jug of shit certainly beats the hell out the competition in terms of raw stimulants (2750 mg of taurine, 343 mg of caffeine). It also leads the pack when it comes to resembling that generic Halloween grape-flavored candy old widows hand out because they're too stupid or dead to buy real candy. Maybe they should change their company's slogan to "JUST SAY NOS."
RATING: 4 / 10

Lowtax: "Boy, what an enjoyable experience that was!"

Garbage Day: "Maybe next week we can spend several hours kicking each other in the skull until fluid begins leaking from our noses!"

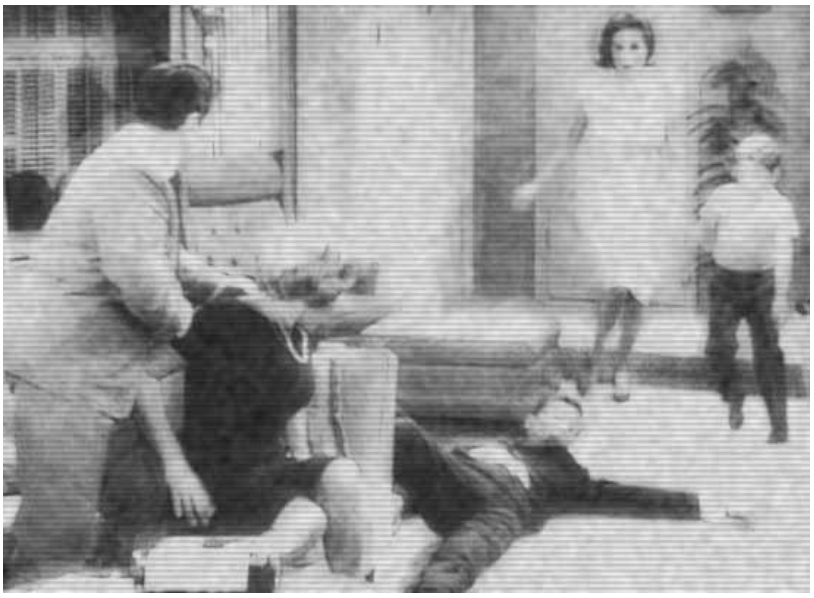
Lowtax: "As long as we get to write about it! On the INTERNET!"

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.14 That Insidious Beast: Delta Frame

Friday, Apr 17, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.



Summer of 1983 - Home

Dad insists on coming home early from work when he hears about what I saw in Mrs. Harding's backyard. He is very angry for some reason. I can hear his voice on the telephone from across the room. Mom cries and cries, which makes me cry.

When Dad gets home he stops in the doorway and stares at Mom. He looks so mad in a way I have never seen before and never will see again. I don't know why he is so mad, but I know that later I will understand. She stares right back at him, even madder than he is.

Neither one of them says nothing for a while.

Finally, Dad takes a knee and wraps me up in his big arms. He holds me so tight against his chest that his tie clip makes a mark on my forehead. The air tastes like the mothballs from the closet. I start crying again and make a wet face mark on his brown blazer.

He lets me go, but then tousles my hair like Sheriff Oates did.

"Go play upstairs for a while," he says. "Your sisters will be home soon."

I go up to my room like he says, but I don't feel like playing. We have TV dinners for supper. At the table Tara says that her friend Audrey saw one once coming out of a sewer. She says they eat cats and dogs. Dad tells her to shut up, which is a bad word we're not allowed to say.

School is closed down the next day because of what happened two towns over in Fort Kinsey. An accident with a bunch of kids, but the news man won't say exactly what happened. I know later. Much later. How do I know?

At night I lay in bed with the door open. There are June bugs on the screen. The rasping of their little claws on the metal keeps me awake. But that's not really it.

It feels like it's floating just outside my window in the darkness. The eyes are wet and shiny. There's still all those muscles attached to the back, like the cord to the TV. Plugged into a brain that looks like it's in a clear bag of juice. Still thinking. The heart makes a sound like a mouse in the grass. Still beating.

I scream and cry. Mom and Dad are there in seconds, but it doesn't matter.

The next day I am tired and cranky. I drag my blanket with me down to the couch and refuse to eat pancakes. I watch TV, but infodots and bulletins keep interrupting. Sheriff Oates comes on the TV's special channel and tells everyone to spend the day at home.

We watch videotapes of cartoons all morning. We listen to records and play games. Heather cheats at Monopoly. Dad says he'll play Moon War. He says I look glum and he knows it's my favorite game. I like the big foldout map of the moon and the little plastic figurines of the astrotroopers.

I don't feel like playing it. I know that I will never play the game again. The box will still be in the closet of my bedroom, sitting at an angle on top of an old pile of Mad Magazines sixteen years later. I'll find it when I come home to bury Dad.

Mom will say that I should take anything I want from the room while I am home. She wants to put her sewing machine in my room. I'll see the box in the closet with its cartoonish cover, an astrotrooper blasting an unfolder with a gyrojet rifle.

The red and orange unfolder figurines will spill out of the tray into the garbage can. The last time I see them they will be covered with coffee grounds.

I know all these things and it fills me with a terrible sadness. Why do I see them so clearly? Like I remember things that haven't happened.

I tell Dad we can't play Moon War ever again and I run upstairs crying.

November 18th, 2009 - An Empty House

The Composition 4 is old, but it is engineering grade. Shelf stable for 100 years. Each eight ounce

brick is wrapped in plastic and double-wrapped in brown waterproof paper. There are five bricks in the guitar case.

I set each brick of plastic explosive onto the bathroom counter. I look at myself in the mirror and unbutton my BDU shirt. My undershirt is badly stained with sweat and blood. I shed it as well. My torso is mottled with livid purple and yellow. I am not even sure what caused most of the bruises.

There is an infected blister over my collarbone, the result of a hot shell casing and inattention to hygiene. I swab it clean with a damp cloth and douse it with peroxide. I stare at myself.

Am I a ghost? The fuzzy after-image of someone burned into the screen?

I am wasting time. I know I do not have long.

The detonators are in a canvas pouch marked with a red and white explosion symbol. The cylindrical silver detonators resemble the detonators we trained with, but they are not the same. Where the hell did Reyes get this shit?

Knock, knock, knock!

"He wants usss," the voice is soft, feminine, but assertive. It is the voice of someone accustomed to being obeyed. "Come out little man."

I turn on the faucet.

"Two minutes," I reply.

"Come out," it beckons. "Come out."

I am still drunk from the night before. My stomach churns and stinging bile rises to the back of my throat. I spit into the swirling water in the sink to fight down my nausea.

I take a deep breath and settle myself. I need to focus.

There is a roll of duct tape in one of the drawers. I wrap my stomach in the textured tape, wincing when I tighten it around my ribs. I tear off three long strips of duct tape and lay them out on the counter with the sticky side up.

Unwrapping each of the bricks of C4 makes a great deal of noise and seems to take hours. I place each white, putty-like block onto the sticky side of the tape on the counter. I space them out with about an inch between them. After I have placed all five bricks I press my palms down and smash the plastic explosive into a malleable sheet.

I place the tape and plastic onto the duct tape wrap already around my stomach. I gingerly try to flatten the contraption as much as possible. I run my fingers around the edge of the tape, securing it to my stomach, but leaving the top edge open.

At last, I insert the detonators. I use a few pieces of tape to attach the trigger wire to the inside of my left arm and up my wrist. The small push-button mechanism rests neatly in my palm. Just a press of my thumb and-

Knock, knock, knock!

"Out!" the voice commands. It is agitated.

I quickly don my filthy undershirt and button up my BDU top. I turn off the faucet.

The doorknob turns against the lock.

Rattle, rattle, rattle! Knock, knock, knock!

"We will come inssside," the voice warns. "We will take you back with only half alive!"

"I'm coming."

One last look in the mirror. Is it visible? Will they see? I can only hope not.

I turn and open the door and step out-

Into black.

I nearly fall. It is warmer, almost stuffy. My eyes struggle to adjust to the sudden darkness.

I can hear leaves rustling. There is a muffled rushing water sound coming from directly behind me. Did I leave the faucet running? No. The shower?

My eyes adjust at last. It is the same hall - the hall of the house I once shared with Kay and the boys - but it is night now. Was it morning before? It is hot and still. Summer hot.

I move cautiously forward. The door to the kids' room is open a crack. I can see the balloons night light glowing red, orange, and yellow. I nearly cry out when I see the lump in Ryan's bed. He seems so small. And where is Spencer?

The world swims around me. A buzzing in my head.

Just an empty bed? For a moment, yes, limned in blue light, but there he is again. Sound asleep. I struggle for air and steady myself on the doorframe.

I push away and continue down the hall. I pass an open window. I can see the apple tree in the yard, its branches heavy with gray apples in the colorless night. I can smell apples, clover, and cut grass.

I stop in the doorway of our bedroom. Kay is there, asleep. The comforter is thrown off her body and the cream colored blanket cannot hide the bulge of pregnancy. Her feet are uncovered to keep her cool. It has been so long. I ache to touch her.

I reach out and take a step towards her.

"Is that you?" She asks sleepily.

"Yeah," I say.

This is something that has been already. Something...

"Did you leave the shower running?" She asks, sitting up in bed. "Wha...why are you dressed like that?"

"I...," I begin to take another step, but I stop myself. "You're dreaming. Go back to sleep, Kay."

"Mmmm," she nods and slides back down against the pillows.

I back out of the room.

When I walk back inside, Kay will tell me she dreamed I was in a uniform and my head was covered with bandages. I looked like I'd seen a ghost. By then I will be done taking my shower and wrapped in a towel. I will kiss her and brush the hair from her face. She will tell me she doesn't like me to come to bed with wet hair.

I've already done that once before.

I turn back towards the bathroom.

Afternoon daylight, pallid and yet blinding, fills the hall. I gasp with surprise. My pupils narrow. My vision resolves on two blurry figures. Slump-shouldered and burly. One, short and round, the other potbellied and tall.

They are turning to face me. Their heads are covered in dirty white hoods. Their felt masks are open at the mouth and eyes and their noses protrude grotesquely from triangular slits.

These are tenders, sent to collect me. I hear they are male eunuchs, survivors of the work camps around the bleeds, afflicted with tumors and cancers. They are nursemaids and errand boys for the things called angels. Captain Barnes said they are lobotomized to withstand the tone.

"How?" The taller one wonders aloud.

"You did not go thrrrough the door," the shorter and rounder of the pair hooks a thumb over his shoulder.

He is gesturing towards the bathroom door. The bathroom that I...what? What did I do? Did I come through the door? What is happening to me? To the world?

"Funny trick," the tall one says. "Now we go."

Their dark gray uniforms are crudely cut and disheveled. The shirts are mottled with grease spots and stained with the brown remnants of blood. They wear their trousers bloused into heavy rubber boots that go up almost to their knees. The green rubber is caked in clumps of drying, foul-smelling muck that they have carelessly tracked all over my house.

The eyes of the taller tender are bulging with unhealthy tumors. His thick lips are rimmed with sores and he slurps drool back into his mouth. The fat one is stooped over, hunchbacked, and he has a left hand twice the size of his right. It flops limply from his wrist when he moves his arm.

They both wear nylon belts festooned with knives, truncheons, and handcuffs along with various religious charms and totems.

The backs of their uniforms are daubed in white paint. HIEROPHANT is written across the shoulders. The name of their patron. An uneven Christian cross is painted down their spines. The asymmetry is purposeful. It is the symbol of their kind.

"I'm ready," I say.

"About time," gurgles the taller tender. "Wasssste all day on you. Wasssssste all day long. Ssssupposed to have meat in ten minutes. Not gonna be there for that. Not gonna be there in time."

"Hope they keep some by for us," says the fat tender. He licks his lips. "Maybe we'll take our meat from you, boyo. If they don't keep none by for us we're gonna take it from you."

"Yeah," the tall tender says and then noisily sucks drool back into his mouth. "Your nose and lips and eyes. Gonna hurt you real bad if you make us misssss."

They lead me to an old truck parked in the street. It is a big civilian pickup truck painted blue and flecked with rust. The tender's cross is splashed across the hood. I can see my few remaining neighbors peering surreptitiously out at us from the safety of their houses.

Every sensible citizen fears the tenders. I heard all the stories before I joined the Army. They're cannibals. They're the living dead. They're sorcerers. Be good or they'll come and snatch your soul away.

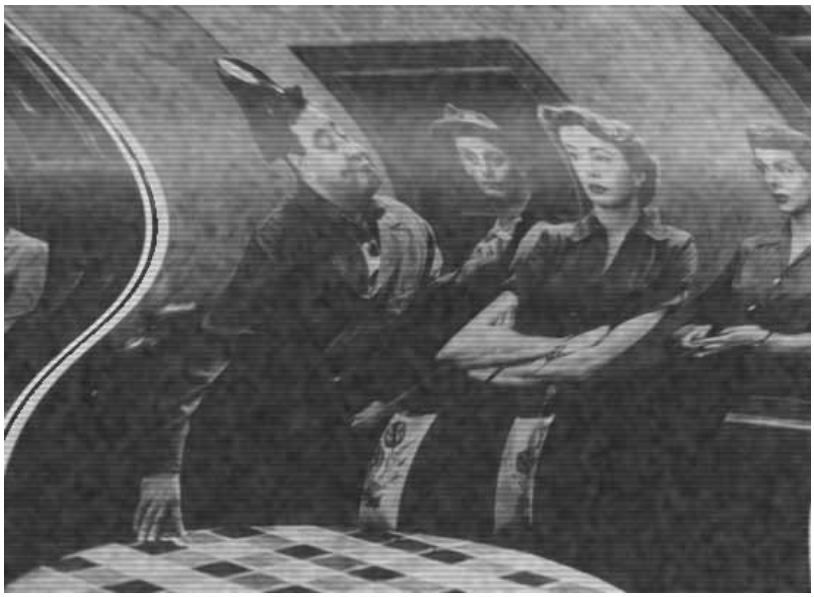
Or so they say. Now eat your vegetables.

The truck smells like cigarettes and rotting meat. The seat creaks beneath me. Cockroaches scurry to their hiding place behind the sun visors. The cracked dash is piled with crumpled packs of Victory brand cigarettes and the passenger side foot well is full of stained gauze.

I sit sandwiched between the two tenders on the bench seat.

The angel called Hierophant has demanded my presence. No one can refuse the call, whether it comes as a beckoning voice in your head or the tenders. Few return. That is just fine by me.

I don't plan on returning.



To Ashland

The disease in the sky is spreading. The cloudless gray is perforated with hundreds of glittering pinholes. The long slashes off to the west are boiling with scarlet light and shifting shapes. Deep in that writhing impossibility are big, dark things that move with ponderous purpose.

Shadows sweep back and forth. The pinholes throb with life. The tone in my head pulses in perfect

rhythm.

The highway is desolate. Lanes that only recently were choked with commuters are nearly empty. Not even much roadkill. The animals have gone to ground.

There are some military trucks. Supply convoys and replacements. The drivers look away when they see the ragged cross on the hood. Even my brothers in green don't want a piece of the tenders.

Every few minutes we pass a lone car packed with camping gear and belongings. These are the stragglers and the poor bastards lost trying to find a way out of here. Wide-eyed kids and housewives peer out at us with fear. They swerve to the furthest lane to keep their distance.

Sorry, ladies and gentlemen, there is only one exit from this show.

"Where are you taking me?" it's a simple enough question.

"Back," Fatso offers.

Tall Boy adds, "To the Hee-hee-hee. To the Hee-hee-row-fant."

"Where? How far?" I press.

What are they going to do, kill me for asking?

Tall Boy shoots me a glare from his warty eyes. Fatso spits schoolyard curses at him for looking away from the road.

"Marrowbone town," Fatso finally answers. "Where the trucks with the cows go. Where they make the meat for us. Where the Hee-row-fant lives."

Marrowbone. I've never heard of it, but it sounds suitably terrible. A little more prodding and Fatso describes a church in a nearby town as one I recognize from Ashland City. Past Nashville. Quite a distance. I hope there-

The highway is gone. Not blown up. It doesn't end. It's gone like it never existed.

"Ahhhhh!" Tall Boy screams and slams on the brakes.

"Trees!" Fatso screams.

Trees, yeah. He's right.

What was a flat, barren river of concrete is now roll hills and a towering forest of trees. I have never seen their sort before. The truck, traveling at upwards of 60 miles an hour, bursts through dense thickets. Black thorns as long as a buck knife and as sharp as a razor squeal across the truck and leave silver furrows. Tires explode.

Brackish water splashes across the windshield and deposits hundreds of thin red worms onto the glass. Their eyeless bodies whip frantically as the truck finally slews to a halt. The titanic root system of one of the trees is close enough to touch. There is a beetle the size of my hand on the roots. It is so big I can see its eyes.

"Not a good thing," Fatso declares.

Tall Boy turns on the windshield wipers, smashing the worms and smearing their red innards across the glass.

"Tire busted," Tall Boy says.

Drool spills out of the corners of his mouth. He doesn't bother to suck it back in.

Tall Boy wrenches the door open and gets out. It's the last mistake he'll ever make.

Tall Boy turns and bends to examine the front tire. An immense, gray-green head pushes down through the brambles on the driver's side. Through the foliage I can see the trunk of a huge and terrible body rippling with unnatural muscles. I can't cry out in warning. I can't even inhale.

The creature's head is as large as the bed of the truck, its reptilian skull topped with a red, boney crown. Its nostrils flare at the unwashed scent of Tall Boy and it regards him with small, golden eyes. It snuffles loudly. I can feel the heat of its breath through the open door. The creature's head rotates curiously and its jaws snap.

It closes its little eyes to swallow the lump of flesh and bone. It has torn out most of the unlucky tender's pelvis and back. Blood is spilling and spraying from every edge of the gaping wound. His gray uniform has gone instantly dark red and blood is overflowing his rubber boots.

Gravity pulls out his viscera. I can see the wet bags of Tall Boy's lungs and his beating heart. He gags on blood and struggles to turn. He's reaching for one of his knives. Taking it up into his hand and turning to face the thing that has already killed him. His guts are spilling out around him. He slips and falls into his entrails.

The way Tall Boy writhes mindlessly is so much like-

We're stopped on the highway. The truck is sideways and facing the concrete crash wall. The door is still open, but Tall Boy is no longer standing next to the truck.

Tall Boy is no longer anywhere or much of anything. Just a stain and a few bits of gristle on the side of the truck.

Fatso gurgles in confusion. Blood drips against the front of my uniform.

That tone is so loud. It's vibrating my skull with its intensity. It is louder than ever before. The blood is pattering like rain on my BDU jacket. I struggle to breathe.

Fatso recovers before me and drags me to his side of the truck. He cradles my head in the soft mitt of his swollen hand. He murmurs to me in his sweet, high voice. Like a child's. He douses my face with water from a silver vial kept chained to his belt.

"God, don't take this'n too. I need this'n to get back to home. Please, God, keep and preserve us from dragons and disappearing trees. God, watch over Tender Gordon Brewer and rest his soul. He was a loyal servant of The Host. God, smite the dragon. God..."

On and on, Fatso implores God in his lardy castrato for a laundry list of favors big and small. "God protect us from this stuff that don't make any sense" is matched with "God, don't let the truck get no more flat tires."

The tone dies away gradually. I regain my faculties and sit up. Fatso hands me a dirty rag. I tear off strips and shove them into my nostrils.

Fatso gets out to change the tires once he is assured I am not going to bleed out through my nose. We have three flats and only two spares. The ride is rough and the truck pulls violently to the left.

We make it to a service station in a tiny speck of a town called Gum. We're not too far from Murfreesboro. The station is a big one with a snack mart, but the shelves are bare and the coolers are empty. Only one pump works and the lone attendant blanches when he sees Fatso in his white hood.

Fatso commandeers tires and forces the poor attendant to change them out for the bald spares on the truck. There are pieces of gore clinging to the driver's side door. The attendant wipes out the wheel well with a rag.

Summer of 1983 - The Backyard

The grass is cool beneath my bare feet. The cicadas have fallen silent. The only sounds are that strange, soft rustling and the gentle tinkling of Mrs. Harding's wind chimes. I look down at my toes and squeeze them together so that the blood from my cut foot oozes up between my big toe and the toe next to it.

It doesn't hurt so bad. Maybe I should just go home. I can walk on my heel and keep my toe up off the ground. I'll come back for my bike later.

Why am I so afraid to take that last step? Why am I afraid to open the gate and walk into Mrs. Harding's backyard?

I'm just a silly little boy. When I wake up at night and need to go pee I'm afraid aliens will jump out at me. Even with my parents sleeping a few feet away I have a vivid fear - nearly a terror - of a giant white face looming out of the darkness. In my imagined horror some property of the face deadens all sound. I can't cry out for help.

"Shhhhhhh," it says as it fills my view.

My mouth opens in a silent scream.

"Shhhh-shhh," goes the sound of rustling in Mrs. Harding's backyard.

Silly little boy! Tara has every reason to tease me and call me scaredy-cat. What would Admiral Collins say about a coward like me? The Lunar Lancers would never win a battle if I were around.

I sigh and push open the gate.

The giant white face looms out of the darkness.

"Shhhhhhh," it says as it fills my view.

"Shhhhh-shhh," goes the sound in Mrs. Harding's backyard.

My mouth opens in a scream. I am not a silly little boy.

Camp Isaac

I can feel them long before we are in sight of Ashland City. It's not quite a smell, but it's not too different from the stench of a hog farm. My skin prickles on my arms and neck. They are congealed grease on my brain.

The three of them are rancid.

Fatso turns off of the highway and follows a county road that crosses a river. Must be the Cumberland. It's nearly dark and the river's water looks like oil. Bursts of radiance in the sky illuminate its banks and shimmer on the surface. It reminds me of Fourth of July fireworks.

On the other side of the river we fall in behind a column of stopped traffic. There are transports full of soldiers, light armored vehicles, and big freight trucks waiting to get through a checkpoint. Fatso drives off the road and cuts in ahead of the other vehicles. One of the trucks near the front of the line leaves an opening so Fatso can swerve back onto the road.

Try that move on a trucker without a big, creepy tender cross splashed across your hood.

The checkpoint is manned by MPs. One look at the truck and Fatso behind the wheel and the trooper waves us through. I remember Ashland City as a fairly quaint little town. It has grown and swollen unhealthily by the influx of troops and hangers-on from Fourth Army HQ.

Concrete pylons topped with immense broadcast towers have been erected in a perimeter around the edge of the town. Clustered around and between each pylon are slums of plywood and corrugated tin shacks.

Ragged refugees throng the roadside selling worthless trinkets, themselves, or just begging for charity. A few soldiers throw them candy bars or cigarettes, but these are the exceptions. Most of the soldiers stare straight ahead. Some shout angrily for the crowds to get back. They hurl curses or fire their weapons into the air.

Gaunt, half-human figures fall back in dismay. Women hold their babies out to the passing vehicles and wail for them to be taken.

They all turn away at the sight of the tender's cross on the hood of our truck. They are too ashamed or too afraid to face us as we pass.

We approach an inner ring of security walls topped with razor wire. There is a second checkpoint. The hardened guardhouse is buried in a pile of sandbags. A wooden sign erected next to the recessed door reads, "CAMP ISAAC" and beneath that, "HQ Fourth Army."

Heavy guns swivel to track us as we pull in behind a staff car stopped at the checkpoint. Beyond the fortifications I can see most of the original structures of Ashland City alongside newer military buildings. A flag flaps sullenly in the dead air above the guardhouse.

Fatso whistles. I can almost recognize the tune. He drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

Tap, tap, tap, tap-tap, tap-tap.

Clump, clump, clump, clump.

A battle-scarred hoplite strides up beside the truck. It is proportioned roughly as a man, but with thick, awkward limbs encased in hardened armor. There is no head, just a lump atop its shoulders and a ring of sensors and lenses.

It leans in towards the window with a whir of internal machinery.

Green sensor beams sweep back and forth across the interior of the truck. The light dazzles my vision. My arms and neck prickle with tension. The bomb taped to my chest feels as if it is glowing with heat.

"Eyes," Fatso wheezes.

The hoplite's cyclopean green eye continues to bathe us both in light. My heart hammers against my ribs so fast I feel woozy. Cooling fans whir within the armored shell.

The green beams sweep back across the truck's interior and converge in a brilliant emerald cone that illuminates Fatso's eye.

"Ahh!" he complains.

The hoplite stands away from the truck. The gate opens with an automated clank. The stout machine turns to follow us as we pass. There. The white stylized skull of its unit is painted on its shoulder guard.

The indomitable machine is split open, cracked, burning from within. The pilot hangs roasted in his harness. His cooked juices spit and sizzle down into the trench. I can hear the voices of mighty and terrible things exulting victory beyond the horizon.

We are through the gate and into Ashland City. The Hoplite disappears from view.

It begins to rain almost immediately. Raindrops drum on the hood and splash across the windshield. The water blurs our view of the world captured in the beams of the truck's headlights. Fatso curses and turns on the wipers.

"Not far now," Fatso assures me.

The world inside the Ashland City enclave is as wretched as the world its walls were erected to keep out. The original buildings are covered in graffiti and bizarre religious slogans. A work of art three stories tall stands on the lawn of the courthouse. The rusting totem resembles crucifix and broadcast tower. Guy wires are bolted into the sidewalk.

The soldiers I see are dark-eyed and pale. They appear in the headlights like ghosts and flinch from the beams. Their eyes are sunken and their skin is drawn tight over their bones. They huddle together in doorways to escape the rain. They watch with cold hatred as we pass.

I glance in the rear view mirror and realize I look nearly the same. We're all headed there, some faster than others.

The traffic from other checkpoints is routed onto a single widened street. Everyone has the same destination here. All vehicles are bound for the grim concrete edifice of the Fourth Army HQ. I don't know why Fatso is taking me there. Protocol? Interrogation?

I glimpse things I wish I hadn't down alleyways and behind buildings. Things not quite picked out by the headlights.

Soldiers swing bludgeons at someone or something on the ground. There is a mannequin's head sitting on a doorstep. Someone has covered it in candle wax and scrawled obscenities in paint or blood on the wall of the nearby house. There are suggestions of rape and murder. Bloody marks and smoldering cars. Reprisal killings. Bodies lashed upright to chain link fences.

Fourth Army is going feral. It's caged here and turning on itself, dissolving into a primitive tribal parody of military order. Is it the tone making them do this? The presence of the angels? That sickening glow in the sky? Or is this what any army - any civilization - does when facing total destruction?

I don't know, but God help those sorry crowds of refugees outside Ashland City when this pot boils over.

Point of No Return

"God help us all!" a man is screaming over and over.

The pounding in my head, the monstrous, overbearing tone, is joined by the cacophony of a madhouse. A lunatic asylum. A woman is screaming unintelligibly. Someone is beating a chair against the wall.

"This way," Fatso grunts and navigates through the wailing mass of uniformed bodies.

The windowless bunker is sweltering hot and packed with people. It stinks of every fluid a human body can produce.

I step over a dead man on the floor. He's blown his brains out and left a sticky pool of blood marked by a thousand footprints. A dog is licking at the jagged edges of the corpse's wound. It growls and

bares red teeth at me.

I can't even fully comprehend the squalor. Too many details competing for my brain's limited power.

I lose sight of Fatso in the scrum. Some of the soldiers here seem to be moving with purpose, following orders, but most are just mindlessly swirling in the huge main room. A slow-motion mosh pit.

The low ceiling adds to the press of bodies to create unbearably claustrophobic conditions. I'm so lost and overwhelmed I feel relieved when Fatso's good hand reaches through the crowd and grabs me by the wrist. From that point on he pulls me along like I'm a child.

We pass a teenage preacher from Holy Hand leading kneeling soldiers in prayer. We step gingerly among sleeping bodies.

Fingers dig into my arm and pull me away from Fatso.

"Have you seen them!?" a woman screams at me as I turn to face her. "Have you looked at their faces?"

"Who!?"

"Them!" she shouts uselessly and pulls me to her.

"They're not there!" she screams and savages me with her fingernails. "They're not there! They're not-"

Fatso slashes her across the cheek with one of the knives hanging from his belt.

"Go 'way," he says.

The woman releases me and covers her cheek with both hands.

"Ow!" she cries out and retreats into the crowd.

Fatso grabs me again, roughly, and shoves me ahead of him. He presses the knife into my back and prods me forward.

It isn't long before our way is barred by rough-looking soldiers overloaded with weapons. Special Forces. I recognize them by their long beards, utter calm, and ritual scars on the hands. They sniff the air like tomcats and then step aside to let us past.

We pass through a heavy door and on the other side it is, comparatively, very quiet. We are in General August H. Hargrave's private map room.

Men and women lounge, nude, on couches. It stinks of human exertion. A phonograph is playing an inane Sousa march, but it keeps skipping. The walls are festooned with antique weapons, bizarre trophies, and maddening religious icons.

A sprawling map table dominates the rear half of the room. The disposition of units in the field is not reflected in the toppled models and scattered tanks and little soldier figurines. Trash and empty liquor bottles have arrived to reinforce an objective.

A large TV hangs next to the table, presumably some form of intelligence feed, but it is displaying nothing but a test pattern that periodically ripples and hisses with static. There is a large hand print on the glass in what appears to be jelly.

"General!" Fatso shouts.

General Hargrave shoves his way up from a tangled pile of naked limbs, both male and female. He's pale, thin-limbed, and drenched in oily sweat. And he is stark naked save for a pair of paratrooper's jump boots and his trademark pearl-handled lash pistols. He hitches his gun belt up around his pot belly and climbs out from behind his desk.

Hargrave has a bristly white mustache and a crooked smile, but you notice facial features last when a man is completely naked and coming straight at you.

"My God, is it you?" He asks. "You're come to take- well, you're come to go see the Hero-font. He called on you. That right, boy?"

"It's him," Fatso affirms.

Hargrave flashes him an expression of annoyance and then recovers his awkward smile.

"There's some dried jerky in my desk drawer," he says to Fatso. "Why don't you have yourself a snack and let me talk to the boy."

General Hargrave waits for Fatso to shuffle over to the desk and begin searching the drawers for the jerky.

When General Hargrave is certain the tender is preoccupied he turns to me and I hardly recognize his face. It is contorted in extremes of emotion. Rage and sadness and fear. Tears spill out of his eyes.

"Make them talk," he begs me. "They won't talk anymore. The priests can't make them talk! Make them talk!"

He tugs at my shirt sleeves like a child.

"What?" I try to back away, but he clings to me. "What, no, I don't know what they-"

"Please! Please, God! Help us! They've stopped talking. Asking for you was the first thing any of them said since that fuckup in Indiana."

"I thought we won!?"

"What? No, don't be a fool. Do you believe the TV? No. One of them died. Please, you've gotta, you've gotta do something. Talk to them. Talk to the Hierophant. He's the reasonable one. He's

the good one. It's a lucky break he was the one that asked for you. Could have been...could have been...well, never mind, never you mind."

General Hargrave puffs himself up.

"Now listen here, soldier, it is your duty as a member of the United States Army to go in there and talk to him. You tell them all straight up. Yeah, that's it. Tell them straight up. Tell them we're gonna god damn well lose here right quick if they don't get off their asses and start...start...start..."

He flops down in a chair, muttering. He plucks yellow pills from a side table and crams a handful of them into his mouth. His eyes are bulging and bloodshot. His arms are covered with needle marks.

"Please," he says softly. "We're going to lose everything. Please tell them to save us. By god, we done everything they ever wanted. Tell them to save us."

I struggle to come up with something. He's raving mad, obviously, but I can sense his desperation has its roots in reality. The Unfolders are rolling us up and readying us for some sort of *coup de grace* .

"They killed the moon," he sobs. "Everybody's dead. Fort Collins. New America."

"What do you-"

He looks up at me, tears streaming from his eyes, snot oozing from his nostrils and dripping over his lips.

"We listened to their goddamn radios melt! They blew themselves up...blew themselves up because you can't let those bastards have America. Not any part!"

Hargrave grins madly. His gums are bleeding. He laughs and cries like a fool.

"I saw my mother earlier today," Hargrave blurts and scratches at scabs on his cheek. "It wasn't a dream. She was here. Or, no, I was there. I saw my mother. Making rhubarb pie. She didn't recognize me. She didn't...recognize...she screamed at me...I..."

His words trail off into crazed muttering. He searches the table next to him again, rooting through pills and empty needles with bony, smoke-stained fingers.

"Tell Colonel Proctor...aw, hell, don't even bother," he says. "They won't talk to us."

Hargrave picks up a syringe and flicks the tip. He aims it at one of the florid injection sites on his inner arm.

"Wait!" I grab his wrist and pull the needle up from his arm. "Not yet. My wife, Katherine. My older son. They took them. Where did they take them?"

He shakes his head sadly and struggles to free his hand, "I don't know! Leave me alone. Leave me alone!"

"Where!?" I shout at him.

He shrinks away pathetically. He stops fighting.

"I don't know. I saw her in your file. Everyone is being put to work or gone or, well, you know. Where they took them, whichever angel, it's as good as anywhere. They've got as much chance as anyone, I guess."

"You guess!?"

"What do you want from me?" he complains. "That's all I know. I don't know anything. Don't know- what do you want!?"

"Nothing," I say and release his wrist.

He groans as the opiates flood his veins. His pupils dilate. A slack smile spreads across his face and he sinks back into the chair. He looks like a man floating in a pool.

"Relax," he says to nobody in particular. "They're not talking anymore. It's quiet."

His eyes roll back into their sockets and his eyelids flutter closed. I don't know if General Hargrave is alive or dead.

Fatso raises his hooded head from behind the desk.

"No meat," he says.

The Thing

I am standing in water. It floods into my boots. The sun is warm on my back. I squint up into the light. It is so very bright...I was somewhere else just a moment earlier. Where was I?

My mind is dizzy - reeling - and I feel almost drunk.

I look around and see that I am standing in a pond. Thousands of tiny green plants float on the surface of the water and cling to the fabric of my pants. I am wearing camouflage pants and big army boots. There is a boy's bicycle in the weeds. It is too small for me to ride.

There is a wide open field of tall, wild grass all around. I can see houses and handsome trees. There is a fence nearby and a gate and a boy waiting to walk through that gate. I feel certain that I know him.

Mrs. Harding. No. She's there. I need to stop the boy!

"Wait," I try to yell, but my voice is gone.

It is too late anyway. He has stepped into the yard and there is no sound at all. The water does not even splash as I run along the slippery rocks. I climb out of the pond and up the steep bank. I can see it moving. Just shapes and shadows. It's doing it. It's changing now.

"No!" I scream, but there is no sound.

The white face looms into view. The white face, big as a clock on a clock tower, waiting to come out of the shadows and silence me.

But it isn't the white face. It is a man like any other, only his hands are...

"Unfolder," the sound comes out, barely a whisper.

I am standing behind myself. Only a child. I remember this. I know this. There was someone behind me too. I tried to tell Sheriff Oates, but they figured I was imagining things.

"You are not supposed to be here," the man says.

He is wearing a suit and tie. His hair is groomed immaculately. He is slim and tall and looks at ease. He is holding both hands up from his chest as though he is playing a piano. He is not.

His fingers are unfolded, like sheets of dark paper that twist and spiral into impossible angles. These shifting helixes extend outward, moving, coming to points.

He is playing Mrs. Harding. Still alive, or brought back alive. She is torn open with precision. Dissected like a specimen.

"How did you come to be here?" The Unfolder asks me with a slight edge of concern to his voice. "You were never here before."

His accordioned paper fingers slice open organs and separate meat from bone. Mrs. Harding continues to breathe. To watch us. To try to speak.

"I was," I say. "I remember it now for certain. I remember these words."

"You were. You remember them for certain. You remember these words."

Mrs. Harding's heart seizes, but the Unfolder tickles it with his impossible fingers and it begins to beat again. His entire body is beginning to bounce like a paper spring. He is coming apart like a stack of papers being caught sheet-by-sheet in a gentle, swirling wind.

"Does your father wear a hat?" The Unfolder asks.

"Yes," I answer.

"You are editing," the Unfolder comments. "This is not done."

"What do-"

I am in a moving tram in a darkened tunnel. Overhead lights strobe through the curved windows. I am sitting next to a fat man who stinks of blood and wears a white hood over his head.

"Almost there," Fatso says. "Did you go to the toilet?"

We are almost there. I did not go to the toilet.

Judecca

Fatso will not go with me through the last tunnel. He does not say goodbye. Though I hate the tenders, in a way I feel sad to see him go. The last human face I will ever see is wearing a hood.

The tunnel is wide enough for a truck. It stinks of cattle and a crisp electric smell, like a fire in an outlet. The white tiles are floor-to-ceiling, glistening and polished. The dozens of broadcast towers above are the only thing that can deaden the tone. It's not enough. Not this close to the beast.

My palm is sweating. The detonator taped into my hand feels as heavy as a roll of quarters. My boots click on the tiles and echo down to the last hatch.

I wonder what this angel will look like, what his face will tell me. They are all different, or so they say. The church raves about their beauty and perfection, but the things glimpsed on the horizon at Pleasant Plain were anything but beautiful.

Kay is yelling at me. I spent my money on a motorcycle. I drink too much. God damn it, why did I have to make her mad? I don't care. The words that spill back out are full of anger. Like she is nothing to me.

"Fuck you!"

My words echo down the tunnel. I am almost there. Almost to the red hatch that opens into the sarcophagus lair of the angel they call the Hierophant.

Spencer is only recently born. Ryan is talking so much. He knows what we're saying. What we're yelling at each other.

"You can't leave us!" Kay screams desperately.

It's out now. Not a fucking motorcycle. Not my drinking or playing pool at Donner's. I signed up.

"It's the only way," I spit back.

"It's the easy way," she says, and I know she is right.

It's the coward's way. To throw myself on the sword. Join the army for the labor passes. I've been lying to myself about it being a noble thing. I'm just plain afraid of the alternative. Of becoming outlaws. Moral threats. Of fighting for my family instead of my country.

"It's what I have to do," I say and my words are stolen by the sudden rush of air-exchangers in the tunnel.

The gusts of warm air stink of decay. Is this the smell of my future?

The hatch opens automatically, of course. The tenders are watching on their cameras.

It is dark in the sarcophagus. Despite the name, it is open to the sky. A starless black spitting rain down.

Curious fog covers the ground. Bodies, half-seen and twisted, rotting in the mud. My steps are slow. The mud sucks at my boots.

I realize the carcasses are cattle. Skeletonized, torn apart by thousands of tiny teeth or...what was that? A sound? No, in my head. Wordless, but beckoning. I cannot resist.

Something is moving within the fog. A dark shape much larger than me. I can see it now. I am so afraid. I don't want to see it. I know what it will look like now. I know what it is going to-

The white face appears from the fog. It is not a dream. It is the face. I scream but there is no sound. The rain steams from its body. Blue-gray flesh ripples with strange muscles, limbs split into thrashing appendages like tentacles. Two huge tails sway gently behind it, only barely seen through the fog that I realize is issuing from its neck.

No, from behind its...its face. A mask!

It moves closer. I want to run, to scream. I can't move. The tone is so loud now. Even with the towers they can't keep it out. Glass lenses for eyes. One is cracked and I see the real flesh of the creature. Everything in me belongs to this thing now. Even my body refuses to work. My mind is full of it. Overflowing.

I look at my hand. At the detonator in my palm.

Now.

Now! No-

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 Deathbed Testbed

Saturday, Apr 18, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hello? Anyone up there?

Well, damn. It's been a little over a week since I lost my footing and tumbled down here. If only my balance had been as solid as the BFG GeForce GTX 260. With 896MB of onboard memory, this bad boy can run anything you throw at it with ease. Sure wish someone would throw me a rope, or some kinda trampoline or a pair of stilts.

Messed my neck up pretty good. I can't even angle my head downwards to pee in my mouth, so I've just been laying here with my swollen tongue lolling out between cracked lips, hoping to catch a drop of rain or a wayward bug. That's all the sustenance to be found. Not sure how long I can hold out, but I do know that with its excellent driver support and efficient heatsink cooling, the GTX 260 will hold out for years without overheating or crashing.

Is that...? Up where the dark tunnel of the well meets the light, I think I see poor Judith, and Pop Pop, and all the friends I lost in the war! How is this possible? How can the BFG GeForce GTX 260 Reloaded be right at the sweet spot between performance and price?

Urk!

This table is cold! I don't like this doctor place. I'll stay, though. I'm a good boy.

I think they took me here because I've been wobbly lately, but the Antec Skeleton System Case is rock solid.

Ow! Getting a shot always smarts, and that was a big one. Thankfully, assembling the Antec Skeleton is painless. After putting a system together, getting access to your components is also a snap. Trust me, with these hips I'm very familiar with snapping.

All in all, the Antec Skeleton System Case is a good buy. Good boy. The little one used to call me a good boy and ruffle my ears. Now he's bigger and he doesn't play with me as much. When he does, it's the best thing in the world.

Everything's getting sort of blurry now, but one thing is clear: The Antec Skeleton is a pricey, but stunning enclosure for computer enthusiasts.

Oh my. Suddenly I feel like a nap. Why is everyone so upset? I've been a good boy, haven't I?

When you are born in a very poor country like Somalia, you have no choice but to use violence to steal from others. There are no options. You cannot build anything because tools and supplies are scarce, so you must get an automatic weapon and tons of ammunition. You cannot farm and you have absolutely no means of traveling to a different climate where it is possible to grow food, so you must get a speedboat to pirate with. No options. No options at all.

Gigabyte, on the other hand, has given the burgeoning gamer market numerous options with their EP45-UD3L motherboard. With the ability to run an Intel Core 2 Quad, Core 2 Extreme, or Core 2 Duo processor in the LGA 775 socket and a capacity of sixteen gigabytes of memory, this mobo doesn't take prisoners - or hostages.

Hostages... oh! Hold on for just one second, I totally forgot to put a gun to this guy's head and yell at those Navy negotiat-

No one understands me. My thoughts are too free to be charted out and accessed like a file on the 640GB Western Digital Caviar Black.

Sometimes I think it might be better if I was sleepwalking through life like everyone around me. Maybe it would be easier to let my brain be shrunk into a tidy little consumerist package, to be as quick to light my face up with an empty smile as the Western Digital's blazing fast 3Gb/s SATA interface.

Man, I took a shitload of pills. Pretty much everything in my mom's medicine cabinet, even those multivitamins and the birth control stuff. I want to escape this world so much. I said as much when I called my closest friends a few moments ago to tell them what I had done and specifically asked them not to call 911, or to bring by some Steven Erikson books when they visit me in the hospital later.

Woah, everything is spinning like the Western Digital's 7200 RPM platter... This time everything

feels different. Something's not right.

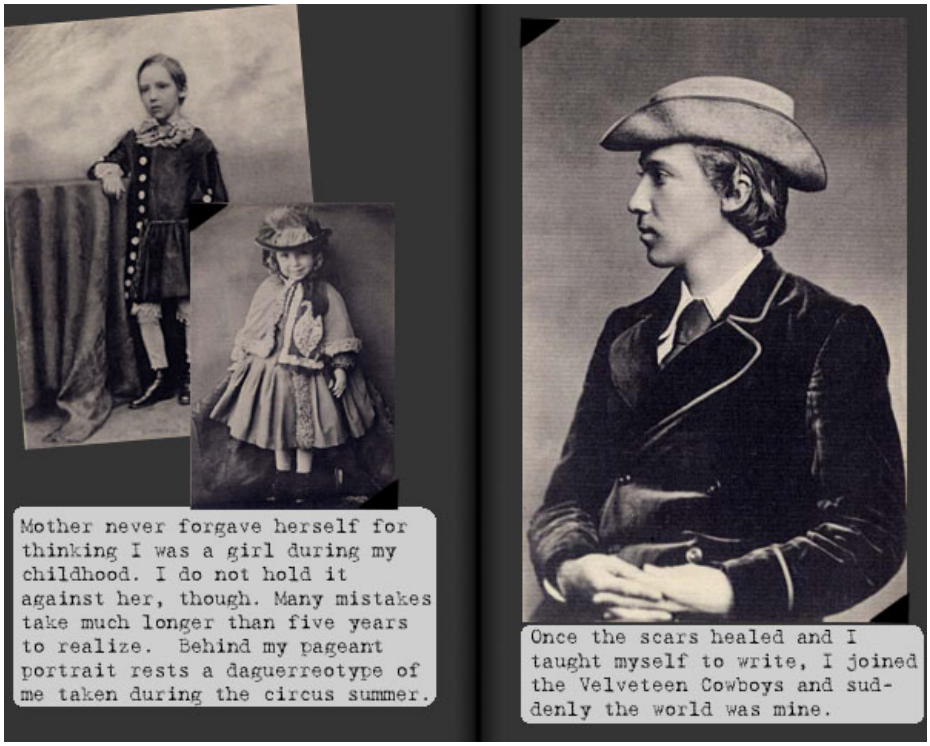
What's up with this bottle? "Peanut Vaginal Dryness Pills"? No, my allergy! There's so much to live for, like the Western Digital Caviar Black's impressive five-year manufacturer's warranty!

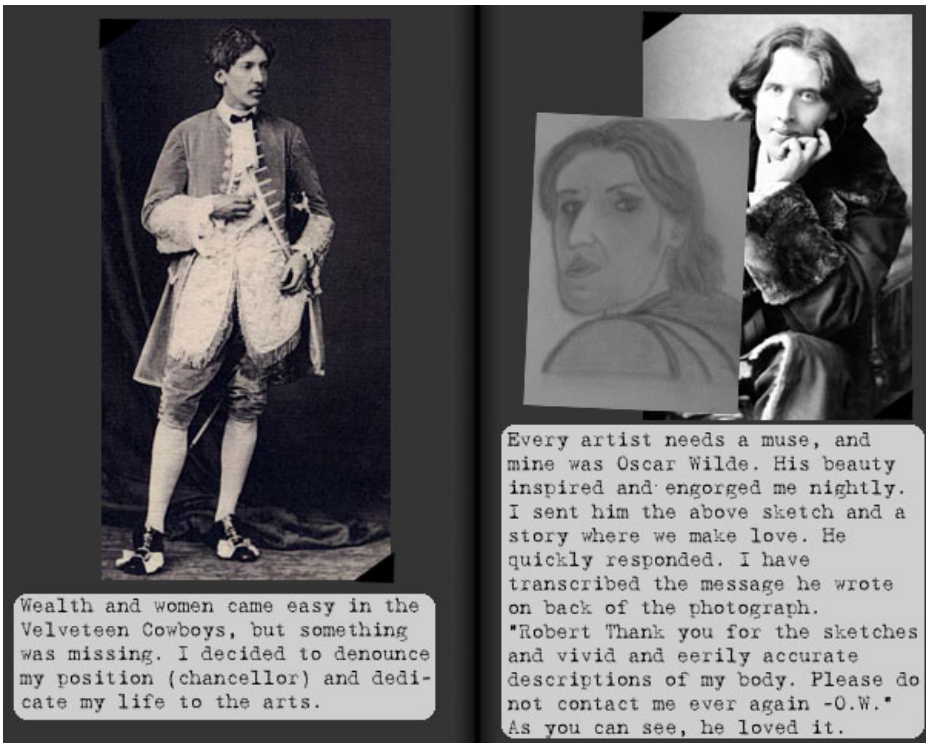
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.16 Treasure Hole: or The Private and Explicit Photo-Album of Robert Louis Stevenson

Sunday, Apr 19, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

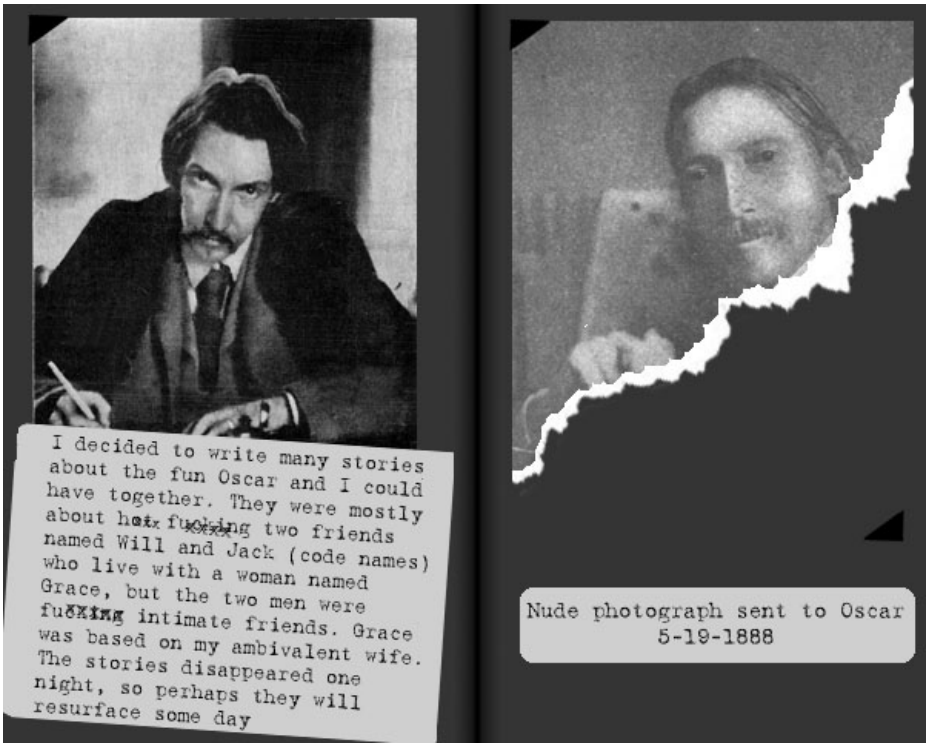
Robert Louis Stevenson is responsible for some of the most memorable pieces of modern literature; however, it is his explicit photo album, "Treasure Hole," that deserves the most attention. Hidden for over one hundred years, it has finally been exposed.


Mother never forgave herself for thinking I was a girl during my childhood. I do not hold it against her, though. Many mistakes take much longer than five years to realize. Behind my pageant portrait rests a daguerreotype of me taken during the circus summer.
Once the scars healed and I taught myself to write, I joined the Velveteen Cowboys and suddenly the world was mine.



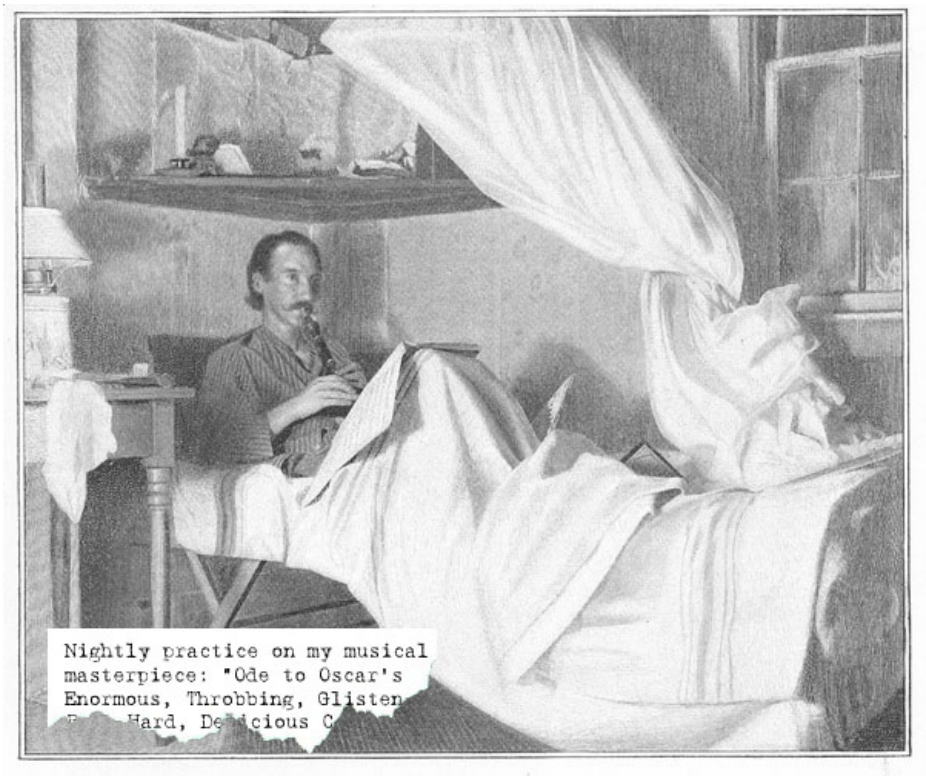
Wealth and women came easy in the Velveteen Cowboys, but something was missing. I decided to denounce my position (chancellor) and dedicate my life to the arts.

Every artist needs a muse, and mine was Oscar Wilde. His beauty inspired and engorged me nightly. I sent him the above sketch and a story where we make love. He quickly responded. I have transcribed the message he wrote on back of the photograph. "Robert Thank you for the sketches and vivid and eerily accurate descriptions of my body. Please do not contact me ever again -O.W." As you can see, he loved it.

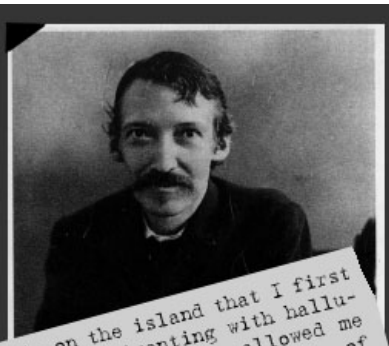


I decided to write many stories about the fun Oscar and I could have together. They were mostly about hot fucking two friends named Will and Jack (code names) who live with a woman named Grace, but the two men were fucking intimate friends. Grace was based on my ambivalent wife. The stories disappeared one night, so perhaps they will resurface some day

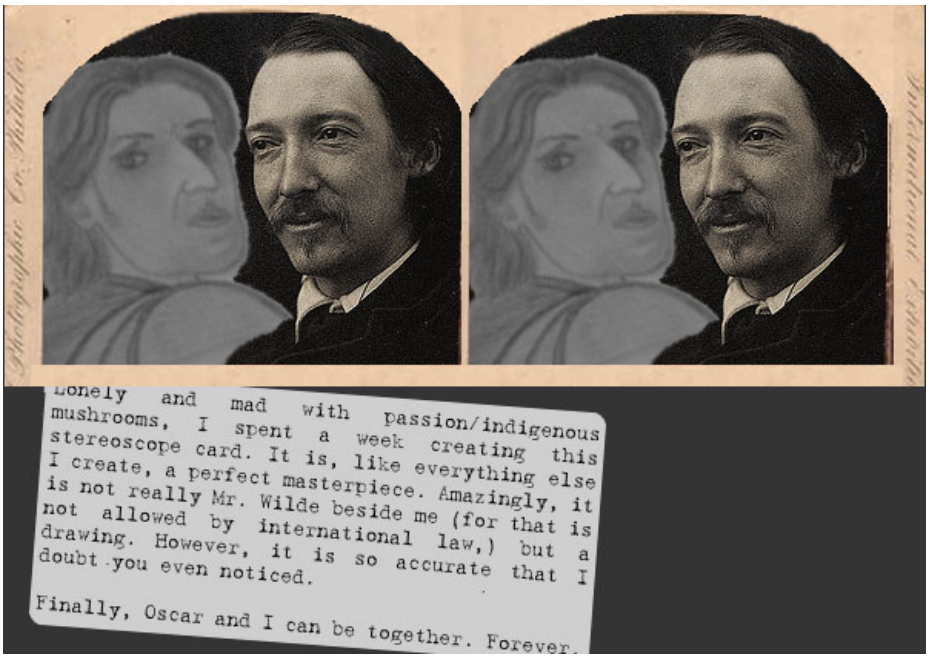
Nude photograph sent to Oscar
5-19-1888



Though I had complete control over the island, I was unable to find pleasure. No amount of underage lovers could satiate my thirst for Wilde. Though unhappy, I was safe, and I believe that to be of most importance. While in exile from the police, I was taught many rituals by the natives. I tried to teach them some of my own, but most natives found them to be too brutal and "perverted." Like these savages know the first thing about perversion. Ha.



It is on the island that I first began experimenting with hallucinogens. The drugs allowed me to produce copious amounts of work with little sleep. I wrote my masterpiece Treasure Hole in ninety-three straight hours. I've heard that the editors in New York altered the original text, removing my role as a submissive slave named Friday and changing the name and location to an island instead of my anus. All these ar speculations though, for I hav not had a chance to see the te myself. I assume not much h altered.

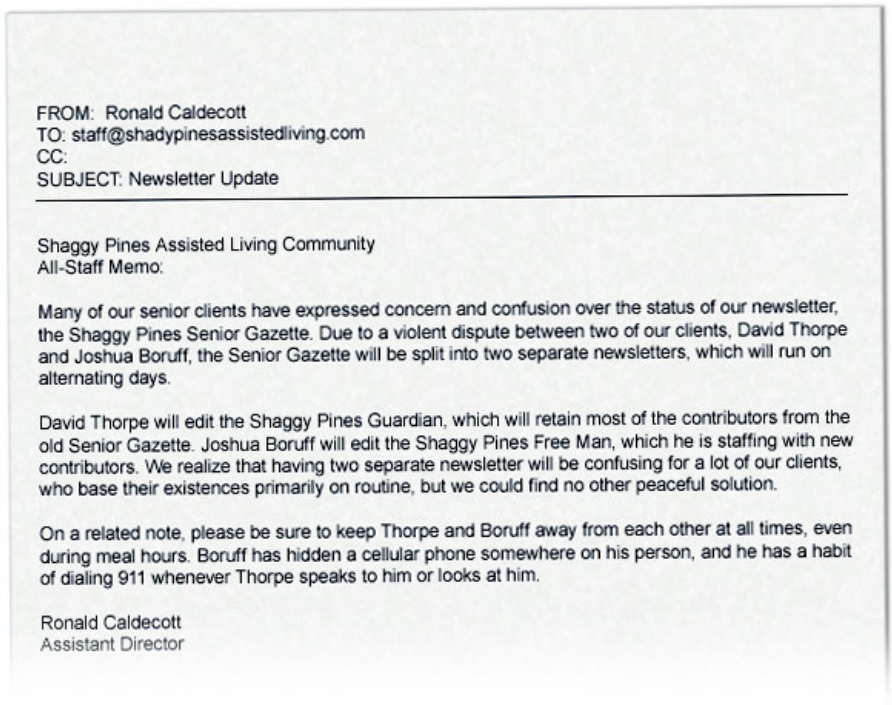

Lonely and mad with passion/indigenous
mushrooms, I spent a week creating this
stereoscope card. It is, like everything else
I create, a perfect masterpiece. Amazingly, it
is not really Mr. Wilde beside me (for that is
not allowed by international law,) but a
drawing. However, it is so accurate that I
doubt you even noticed.
Finally, Oscar and I can be together. Forever.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.17 Senior Living 3: Oldageddon Part I

Tuesday, Apr 21, 2009 by David Thorpe & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

Sunday, March 29th



FROM: Ronald Caldecott
TO: staff@shadypinesassistedliving.com
CC:
SUBJECT: Newsletter Update

Shaggy Pines Assisted Living Community
All-Staff Memo:

Many of our senior clients have expressed concern and confusion over the status of our newsletter, the Shaggy Pines Senior Gazette. Due to a violent dispute between two of our clients, David Thorpe and Joshua Boruff, the Senior Gazette will be split into two separate newsletters, which will run on alternating days.

David Thorpe will edit the Shaggy Pines Guardian, which will retain most of the contributors from the old Senior Gazette. Joshua Boruff will edit the Shaggy Pines Free Man, which he is staffing with new contributors. We realize that having two separate newsletter will be confusing for a lot of our clients, who base their existences primarily on routine, but we could find no other peaceful solution.

On a related note, please be sure to keep Thorpe and Boruff away from each other at all times, even during meal hours. Boruff has hidden a cellular phone somewhere on his person, and he has a habit of dialing 911 whenever Thorpe speaks to him or looks at him.

Ronald Caldecott
Assistant Director

Monday, March 30th

THE GUARDIAN

SHAGGY PINES' UNBIASED NEWS SOURCE

Grandkids Day Fun For All-- Even the Childless

By David Thorpe
Editor in Chief

This Sunday, all Shaggy Pines residents are encouraged to invite our children and grandchildren out to our little community for an afternoon of fun, food and activities. Grandkids Day is the biggest event of the year for many Shaggy Piners, and they're sparing no expense-- Gretchen Waldorf says she spent a dog's share of her Social Security check on balloons, and her roommate, retired pastry chef Juanita Morey, is working on a delightful creation: "it's going to be a cake shaped like Donald Duck-- my grandson is named Donald and we all used to call him Donald Duck on account of his lisp, but he was very badly burned in Iraq and maybe it's not so funny anymore."

However, some craggy naysayers complain that the event is unfair to those who have never had families, and would prefer that we spend our time and money on something "everyone can enjoy." I say to these complainers that having grandchildren is no prerequisite to enjoying this wonderful day. Even for those without children or grandchildren-- this reporter included-- the day should serve as a heartening reminder that all is right with the world. When we look upon the faces of the young, we realize that though our own stories are coming to a beautiful close during these golden years, life will go on.

Your Grandkids: Know Their Ages!

By Carol Eubanks
Guest Contributor

My grandson Tommy is twenty-five years old. While the logical part of my mind knows this, something in my heart still thinks of him as that little boy who used to love squirrels so much, and it's a great act of will to keep myself from buying him squirrel-related gifts whenever I see him. I don't always succeed. As you know, Grandkids Day is coming up, and I just couldn't help myself-- when I saw a canary-yellow sweater with a smiling squirrel

Tuesday, March 31st

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

Grandkids Day Promises to Rival Barbarian Raids of Antiquity

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

Fellow residents of Shaggy Pines: prepare to batten down the hatches! David Thorpe has sold you one heck of a whopper. Grandkids Day, the latest scheme from the Caldecott Regime, stands in stark contrast to the quiet ideals upon which this community was founded. As Thorpe drools over the prospect of having access to young children, his "unbiased" publication completely glosses over the dangers posed by today's youth.

Do we really want hundreds of children invading our peaceful community and tearing it apart? We've all seen the youngsters of today on television news and in the papers. They're rude, disrespectful, and completely without morals. I'm sure many of you will agree with me when I say that there is nothing pleasant about being pushed to the ground and laughed at by a child. You will also agree when I say that there is nothing fun about having your valuables and hard candy ransacked by a troubled teenager looking to score his next high.

Thorpe fails to mention these dangers because he is blinded by his own bizarre compulsions. But readers, where the Shaggy Pines Guardian fails, the Shaggy Pines Free Man succeeds. I will do my damnedest to ensure that your rights, dignity, and valuables are protected, and that this nightmare scenario never comes to pass. The last thing we need is for our halls to be overrun with roving bands of miscreants.

Wednesday, April 1st

THE GUARDIAN

SHAGGY PINES' UNBIASED NEWS SOURCE

Bitterness Affects Elderly Columnist

By David Thorpe
Editor in Chief

SHAGGY BUTTE - A new citizen-- perhaps more accurately called an "inpatient"-- at the Shaggy Pines Retirement Community has thoroughly disgraced himself, his former profession and his entire age group in one fell swoop. Responding to an editorial by the Shaggy Pines Guardian, the area's only officially sanctioned news source, Joshua Boruff accused a rival columnist of harboring lust for children in order to advance his own agenda of isolationism, paranoia and cryptofascist "conservatism."

Shaggy Pines medical staff refused to comment on Boruff's condition, but an anonymous source gained access to Boruff's personal medical file, which listed afflictions consistent with those of a bitter man: "urinary difficulties, disorientation, a prominent pancreas and signs of dementia." We can only hope Mr. Boruff's pancreas recovers in time to enjoy the lighthearted festivity of the upcoming Grandkids Day, a time when young and old can mingle together under the safe supervision of Shaggy Pines staff and cast aside the damaging stereotypes-- like the ones peddled by Mr. Boruff-- that build walls of hatred between youth and the elderly.

On a personal note, this columnist once saved Mr. Boruff's life by donating a kidney to him at his hour of greatest need. Beware the specter of bitterness: it turns even the most blessed of men into sniveling ingrates.

Thursday, April 2nd

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

Shaggy Pines Hothead Plots to End Freedom of Press

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

Many Shaggy Pines residents are still reeling from David Thorpe's horrific attack on Freedom of Speech, a right guaranteed by the Constitution of this Great Nation. Thorpe, unable to cope with criticism of his own deviant desires and reckless support of Grandkids Day, used his extreme leftist rag to launch a blustery assault on both this humble reporter and Lady Liberty herself.

Thorpe is quick to argue that today's youth are harmless. Well, if that's the case, why don't they visit one at a time in a quiet, orderly fashion? That way there is far less commotion and far less chance of the situation getting out of hand. As is Grandkids Day promises to create an atmosphere of noise and bedlam: exactly the last thing us seniors need. In such a chaotic situation, one can easily imagine a decent, respectable resident like Gladys Paskiewicz being robbed, raped, and murdered by one of Thorpe's maniac teenage pals.

This old man is putting his foot down. We residents deserve better! If Thorpe had a leg to stand on, he wouldn't be so preoccupied with insulting my pancreas, or demanding his kidney back in true Indian giver fashion. Thorpe may call me a new resident on the grounds he moved in ten days before me, but the fact remains: I registered here first. More typical Johnny-come-lately nonsense from Shaggy Butte's original hothead.

Beloved Resident Turns 102

By Chester "Benny" Fink
Roving Reporter

Shaggy Pines oldest resident, Gladys Paskiewicz, can still recall the hardships of the Great Depression, World War II, the struggles of the Civil Rights Movement, and the very first prize parakeet she raised.

Friday, April 3rd

THE GUARDIAN

SHAGGY PINES' UNBIASED NEWS SOURCE

Racist Taunt Offends Many

By David Thorpe
Editor in Chief

The Greek anatomist Herophilos believed that the pancreas is the organ of intolerance. Though modern medicine may disagree, old Herophilos might just be right.

Free speech is an ideal that I, as a newsman, hold particularly dear. Though there can be no limit to its exercise, any reputable citizen knows that it goes hand in hand with its brother: responsibility.

Remarks intended to incite hate have no business in a reputable newspaper-- or even a disreputable newspaper, like Joshua Boruff's scaremongering rag, the "Free Man." Unfortunately, Mr. Boruff has cast aside his oath to report the news fairly and accurately, and has instead elected to abuse his freedoms by publishing a racist taunt: an "Indian Giver," he called me, implying that our proud Native American friends are duplicitous and stingy.

"That's not thought of as a polite thing to say," says Thomas Moon Coyote of Villa 3. "I like to think we're pretty generous people. My granddaughter is bringing fry bread to Grandkids Day." I hope that Mr. Boruff hears Thomas Moon Coyote's words like a gentle prairie wind over the dried-out sands of his heart and the bitter cactus of his pancreas. I hope that he can cast his bitterness aside and enjoy Mary Moon Coyote's delicious fry bread in the spirit of brotherhood in which it was intended.

Monday, April 6th

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

Disaster Averted Thanks to Intrepid Free Man Reporter

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

While I'm not one to toot my own horn, it cannot be denied that the Shaggy Pines Free Man succeeded in saving a great many residents from the indignities of Grandkids Day. The event ended prematurely -- like so many of Thorpe's sordid rendezvous -- when only a scant few residents attended. The titular grandkids, too, were few in number. Thankfully the small turnout ensured that no residents were victimized. Much credit belongs to Gary, Shaggy Pines' friendly Security Guard, for maintaining order, even as a certain participant tried to incite ornery children into attacking me.

Now that Grandkids Day is in the past, Thorpe can focus on what he does best: baseless attacks on well-respected residents. His accusations that I harbor racist views toward the red man are positively defamatory. Like so many in this community, this old man enjoys regular visits to the nearby Soaring Eagle Casino, a fine Native American establishment. The buffet there is particularly good for fans of roast beef!

A leftist vegan like Thorpe wouldn't know anything about an all-American dish like roast beef. His diet of roots and seeds has left his brain soft. No wonder he spends all his time salivating over my pancreas and kidney. As much as it pains me to say, Thorpe shows all the symptoms of a budding cannibal. I advise each and every one of you to avoid him at all costs.

-~David Thorpe & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

4.18 Senior Living 3: Oldageddon Part 2

Wednesday, Apr 22, 2009 by Josh Boruff & David Thorpe (@Livestock)

ATTENTION! This is the final chapter of Senior Living 3: Oldageddon, part of Something Awful's ongoing series of articles exploring the lives, challenges, and aspirations of America's elderly. It is highly recommended you read the previous chapter before reading this!

Tuesday, April 7th

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

Thorpe Announces Intent to Murder with Black Magic, Steal Organs

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

Residents remain on alert following the publication of David Thorpe's profoundly disturbing manifesto. In yesterday's edition of the Shaggy Pines Guardian, Thorpe announced his intent to commit murder by way of black magic. In the very same text, he expressed his desire to steal organs. While his threats were focused squarely on this reporter, it's not hard to imagine Thorpe turning his attention toward other unsuspecting seniors.

This old man can't help but remember a simpler time, when this facility was a place for relaxation and quiet reflection. Since Thorpe's arrival, it has been transformed into a den of fear and uncertainty. Residents are afraid to leave their rooms, and the recreation room is practically a ghost town.

These threats demand action. An attack on one Shaggy Pines resident is an attack on all. We must band together against the Shaggy Pines Guardian and put a stop to Thorpe's terror campaign. The last thing Shaggy Pines needs is for a good-hearted resident like Gladys Paskiewicz to end up dead and disemboweled on one of Thorpe's sacrificial altars. The time for action is here!

THE FREE MAN remains committed to thwarting Thorpe's evil schemes and keeping Shaggy Pines residents safe from harm. I have personally asked Gary to work overtime until Thorpe is either dead or in prison. To give him a helping hand, I have organized a community police force, which includes Benny Fink and Gus McMillan as deputized officials. We urge community members to report any and all suspicious activity.

Thursday, April 9th

THE GUARDIAN

SHAGGY PINES' UNBIASED NEWS SOURCE

Paranoia Breeds Fascism in Demented Columnist

By David Thorpe
Editor in Chief

Joshua Boruff of the Free Man newspaper would have us believe that there's an organ-stealing madman among us-- and he's right.

Though he claims that I intend to murder him with black magic and steal his organs, nothing could be further from the truth. Through peaceful meditation, I intend to shut down my own kidney (which is currently residing in Mr. Boruff's body). Discontinuing my own organ is no threat to the rest of you, and he knows it; he's merely trying to cover up his own crime: ripping out the hearts of Shaggy Pines residents with his lies, and disintegrating their brains with his divisive right-wing fantasies.

In keeping with his fascist nature (Mr. Boruff, as you'll recall, is a former Nazi sympathizer), he's even forming a gang of cheap thugs to combat the imaginary threat he claims I pose. I ask you, Shaggy Pines residents, who do you fear more? A man of peaceful meditation, or a man who lets his senile imagination run so wild that he's willing to threaten our safety with a "community police force" that's nothing but an unruly gang of vigilantes?

There comes a time when a man must stand up for what he believes in. I cannot sit idly by and watch our world descend into fascist dictatorship, as Mr. Boruff was so content to do during the Second World War. In response to his threats, I have formed the Shaggy Pines Peacekeeping Force, consisting of myself, Thomas Moon Coyote, and my dear friends Gretchen Waldorf, Carol Eubanks and Juanita Morey. While we are committed to peace and nonviolence, any escalation of Mr. Boruff's fascist threats will be met with necessary force.

Friday, April 10th

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

Senile Satanist Forms Communist Terror Cell

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

David Thorpe is a man without shame. In response to the safety measures I spearheaded, Thorpe has taken the audacious step of forming a communist terror cell. If he thinks he can give law and order the old heave-ho, he's sorely mistaken. THE FREE MAN is dedicated to reporting the truth, and my security force is dedicating to seeing justice prevail. Thorpe is running scared because he knows men like him have no place in a free and just society.

Predictable as ever, Thorpe has resurrected one of his tired old tricks: attempting to align me with Nazism. Thorpe's been singing that tune since 1947, when I ratted him out for being a communist. The truth of the matter is that this old man fought long and hard to see Hitler get his due. Thorpe can't make the same claim, because he was too busy tending to his scoliotic spine and criticizing the war effort.

You Shaggy Pines residents can take stock in the fact that my boys are keeping this place safe from Thorpe and his commie brats. In response to suspicious activity, I have ordered increased foot patrols in Villa 3. Gus and Benny have been outfitted with batons, and I've authorized both to use lethal force if need be. I'm pleased to report that Villa 3's residents are greeting us as liberators.

As a security precaution, the Shaggy Pines Community Police Force has detained several members of the Shaggy Pines Peacekeeping Force, including Juanita Morey, a suspected Islamic Jihadi. Expect more arrests to follow as we move closer to capturing and trying Thorpe.

Monday, April 13th

THE GUARDIAN

SHAGGY PINES' UNBIASED NEWS SOURCE

Shaggy Pines Bombing Plot Uncovered

By David Thorpe
Editor in Chief

In a shocking turn of events, fascist gang leader Joshua Boruff, a confirmed ex-Nazi, has been revealed as a terrorist bomber thanks to the efforts of a Shaggy Pines resident.

Thomas Moon Coyote, a retired Paiute shaman from the rugged Arizona desert, has uncovered irrefutable psychic evidence that Joshua Boruff intends to blow up Villa 3 of the Shaggy Pines Assisted Living Community. "I have stolen his dreams," says Moon Coyote, "and they are dreams of blowing up Villa 3 with a bomb." Moon Coyote is an experienced traveler in the spirit realm between sleep and wakefulness, and this newspaper can vouch for the total accuracy of his testimony.

Boruff's right-wing gang, with their distinctive batons and red berets, has waged a campaign of terror against the Shaggy Pines community, most recently focusing their violence against the peaceful residents of Villa 3. Several seniors have been beaten or kidnapped, and skirmishes with the Shaggy Pines Peacekeepers have ended in Mr. Boruff retreating in a cowardly fashion to lock himself in his dormitory and draw up plans to blow up our homes.

People of Shaggy Pines, hear my plea: we must bring down this madman before he destroys us all. The Shaggy Pines security force can no longer help us, since Gary the security guard is now totally in the pocket of Boruff's malevolent organization. It is up to each and every one of us to rise up and make our most earnest attempt to bring Joshua Boruff's life to an end.

Tuesday, April 14th

THE FREE MAN

Shaggy Butte's Oldest Digest of Conservative Thought & Opinion

SPECIAL WARTIME EDITION

WAR IS DECLARED!

By Josh Boruff
Senior Editor Emeritus

This morning THE FREE MAN and the Shaggy Pines Community Police Force issued a joint declaration of war against the Guardian and its associated Peacekeeping Force. The declaration is a result of David Thorpe's continued libelous assaults, physical and supernatural threats against the good citizens of this community, and his unrepentant thievery.

Thorpe's usage of a Native American shaman to steal my dreams represents an unforgiveable breach of privacy and unacceptable escalation of this conflict. Mr. Coyote claims that I dreamed of bombing Villa 3. To him I say: so what? Just because I dreamed of carrying out a perfectly justified bombing doesn't mean that I will. Sure, it may become necessary to bomb Villa 3, but only if Thorpe fails to answer for his crimes.

I am hereby ordering Thorpe, a eunuch, to surrender to the Shaggy Pines Community Police Force in the Villa 3 recreation room immediately following the disbursal of the 6 PM bingo game. He will be tried for his crimes by a jury of fair-minded Community Police Force members.

Should Thorpe fail to turn himself in, this entire facility will be placed on lockdown and all recreational activities and family visits will be suspended. You all have a stake in seeing David Thorpe brought to justice. Do you part and help end this dark chapter in Shaggy Pines history.

Wednesday, April 15th

ELDERLY MEN IMPRISONED IN REST HOME MASSACRE

SHAGGY BUTTE (AP) - Seven senior citizens are dead and two more are wounded in the worst incident of nursing home violence on record. Police claim that two nintety-year-old men, Shaggy Butte residents and retired journalists David Thorpe and Joshua Boruff, reportedly incited the bloodshed with a series of inflammatory articles in the Shaggy Pines Assisted Living Community newsletter, culminating in the formation of a pair of rival gangs.

Shaggy Pines officials have refused to comment on the situation, although a leaked memo indicates that assistant director Ronald Caldecott was previously aware of the tension between the two men.

Last night, the rivalry escalated into a deadly brawl. Following a tense bingo game in the facility's recreation area, members of Thorpe's "Peacekeepers" and Boruff's "Community Police" clashed in a five-minute hurly-burly, using chairs, canes and IV stands to mercilessly beat each other. By the time Shaggy Pines security reached the conflict area, six were dead: three elderly women, allied with Thorpe, and two elderly men and a Shaggy Pines security guard, allied with Boruff. A seventh man, Paiute elder and cherished local author Thomas Moon Coyote, was rushed to Shaggy Butte Hospital and died hours later as a result of bone sepsis contracted from a broken hip. Two more seniors, reported to be innocent bystanders, remain in serious condition.

Thorpe and Boruff, bitter rivals for over seventy years, have been arrested on several counts of murder, assault, inciting a riot and other assorted charges. In addition, each man is bringing civil charges of libel and slander against the other, and both are being sued for wrongful death by the Moon Coyote estate.

-~Josh Boruff & David Thorpe (@Livestock)

4.19 Fashion SWAT Jr.: Tea Party SWAT

Thursday, Apr 23, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey and Brad "Brad" Bradley

If you love making fun of frumpy, politically illiterate white people, then join us in taking a gander at some of the highlights from last week's tea party protests! Special thanks to regular Fashion SWAT sandwich artists Zack Parsons and Dr. David Thorpe, who agreed to let us do this in the alternate timeline where we actually asked permission.

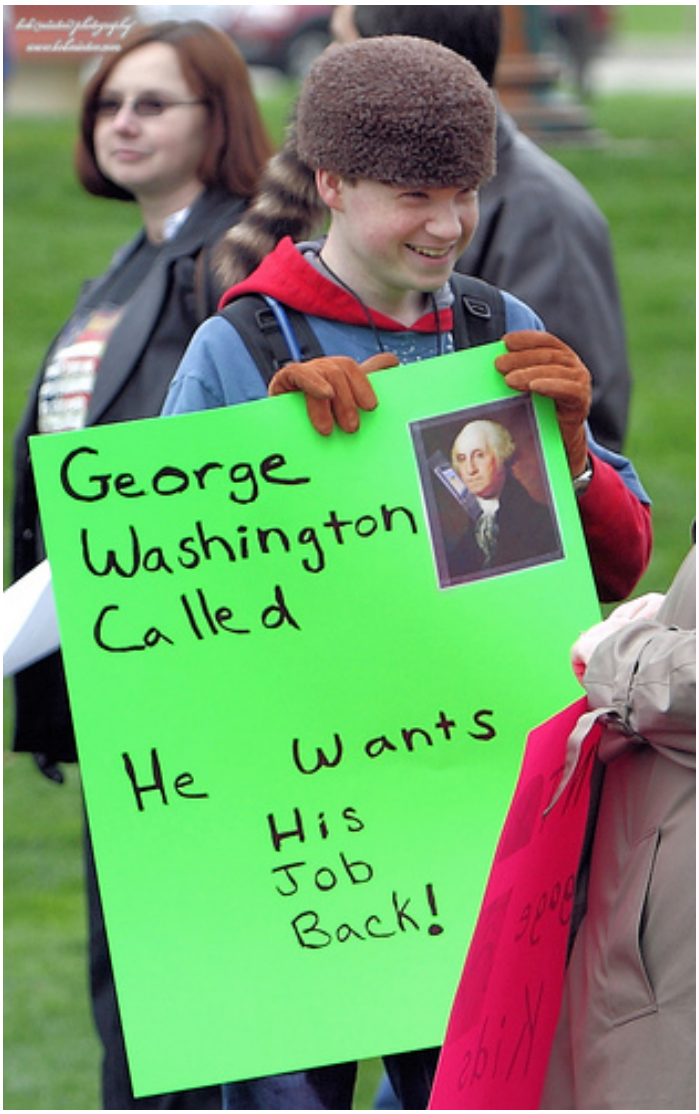
BobServo: As soon as I heard about Obama's new White Slavery plan, I drove down to my nearest Outback Steakhouse and ceremonially emptied a two-liter bottle of diabetic soda right there in the parking lot's only handicapped space. Truly, the reign of the white man was over. Then I went inside and ate an entire deep-fried onion coated in bacon ranch dipping sauce and thanked the sweet Lord my American car was strong enough to carry my bloated first-world body three blocks back to my house.

On the way to the parking lot, my mind errantly wandered to thoughts of that puddle of soda I had left behind-but no, there would be plenty of soda puddles at home. But not for long.

Brad: I'm just glad the era of reverse racism is finally over. How come perfectly qualified white people got passed over time and time again for the position of backbreaking forced labor?

BobServo: Am I one of the good ones?

Brad: There are white people and then there are honkies.



BobServo: I cannot tell a lie. This kid is creeping me the fuck out.

Brad: What is it about homeschooling that seems to change a kid's face? Like you can be walking down the street and see a kid with a pale, slightly deformed face and know not only that they were homeschooled, but also how absolutely crazy their education was by how off-putting they are.

A creepy smile that's just a little too small for the face? Then at least they used state approved textbooks even though every reference to the outside world was scratched out to keep them from being tempted to take off their blindfolds during the weekly Olive Garden lunch outing. Eyebrows that trail down three inches too long on one side and these weird ass white pimples under his eyes like he's got a disease you can catch just from him looking at you? That kid's entire understanding of the universe is based on Veggie Tales and a painting of Jesus hanging over the fire place he stares at five hours every day to fulfill the history requirement.

BobServo: George Washington called. He wants to know why a slave cut him off on the highway this morning.

BobServo: Other signs this man was seen carrying:

Barack Obama is ***BONK*** not the mama! He is a bad president.

Take it from Baby Michelle: "You got it, dude!" (IT = HIGHER TAXES)

SOCIALISM: NOT JAWSOME

Sure, I'll take more government spending... NOT.

O.J. Simpson, Barack Obama... Need I say more?

NO SOUP FOR YOU oh god someone help me turn this into a metaphor I watch 12 hours of TV Land a day

Brad: I'd like to "wap" this guy. What I mean to say there is that I find his sign to be a real "knee-slapper" and I'd like to transfer the effect to his sad upper-middle-class face. Which is to say that I'd like to "punch this guy as hard as possible in order to cause physical pain." Okay, let's move on because this isn't so much a joke as an expression of my sincere wish to see this guy bleed all over himself.

Brad: This guy is the worst gun salesman ever.

BobServo: What some of you folks at home don't know is that the unseen side of this man's sign says "Welcome to Farmer Jim's Two-Day Roadside Market, Featuring Apples on Thursday and Guns on Friday! Today's Special: Apples."

What even more of you folks at home don't know is that Farmer Jim is going to try to kill the President with guns.

Brad: Finally, a situation where waterboarding would result not only in pain and false confessions, but also a tasty beverage.

BobServo: Just when I thought dumpy white people couldn't get any dumpier, they take small, wet sacks of leaves and staple them to their hats. The only way this image could be more unappealing is if this woman's face was smeared with A-1, which may indeed by happening north of the creepy baboon's ass emerging from her upper and lower chins. Legend has it, she also possesses a single, glowing eye that emits hatred as a noxious gas that often takes the form of Glenn Beck. Truly she is the balrog of the politically uninformed.

Brad: You have to hand it to her. Literally draping herself in corporate logos in order to protest

against the government is just about the most efficient way ever to spit on the legacy of civil disobedience in this country. Even the guy walking around wearing nothing but a diaper made out of steak and an American flag cape with "FUCK HIPPIES" sharpied on his chest must be jealous.

BobServo: To be fair, he lit most of that flag on fire to keep himself warm.

Join the Patriotic Resistance
ANTI-TAX TEA PARTY
FOX NEWS .COM
VOTERS HOLD TEA PARTIES IN ALL 50 STATES TODAY
HAPPENING NOW

BobServo: I had no idea that Jamie from Mythbusters was such a staunch Republican. I guess that's why they buried a bunch of poor people in concrete in the last episode to see if anyone would arrest them.

Myth busted. :(

Brad: Don't you hate it when you're in a crowded elevator or subway and some guy with just the biggest, most luscious mustache is standing right across from you and it's like "don't look, don't look" but then you can't help it you just HAVE to look and of course right when you do they look at you and totally catch you checking out their upper lip?

BobServo: I once sat next to a guy like that on the bus and he had at least eight ounces of corn stuck in his mustache. And I'm talking about those miniature cobs you find in Chinese food.

He had a pretty good sense of humor about the whole thing. I guess you'd have to.

Brad: I'm sorry teabag dude, it's not like I think of men as just walking mustaches, and if we had a conversation I'm sure I'd get to know you as a person, but right now I'm just a red-blooded male and I'm checking out that huge 'stache. Deal with it.

BobServo: This abomination marched straight out of the most rancid parts of my childhood night terrors and onto the city streets, and now I can only apologize and hope that he doesn't melt through the walls and stab me in neck while I'm taking a shower. All of the elements from my deepest personal anxieties are present: me, naked and the President, forced to march through town after forgetting my algebra homework, and Elmo, with political platitudes printed on his chest, trying to perform the act of fellatio on himself as an affront to god. This is what happens when you're raised by TV and watch only Sesame Street, C-SPAN, and the scrambled porn channel.

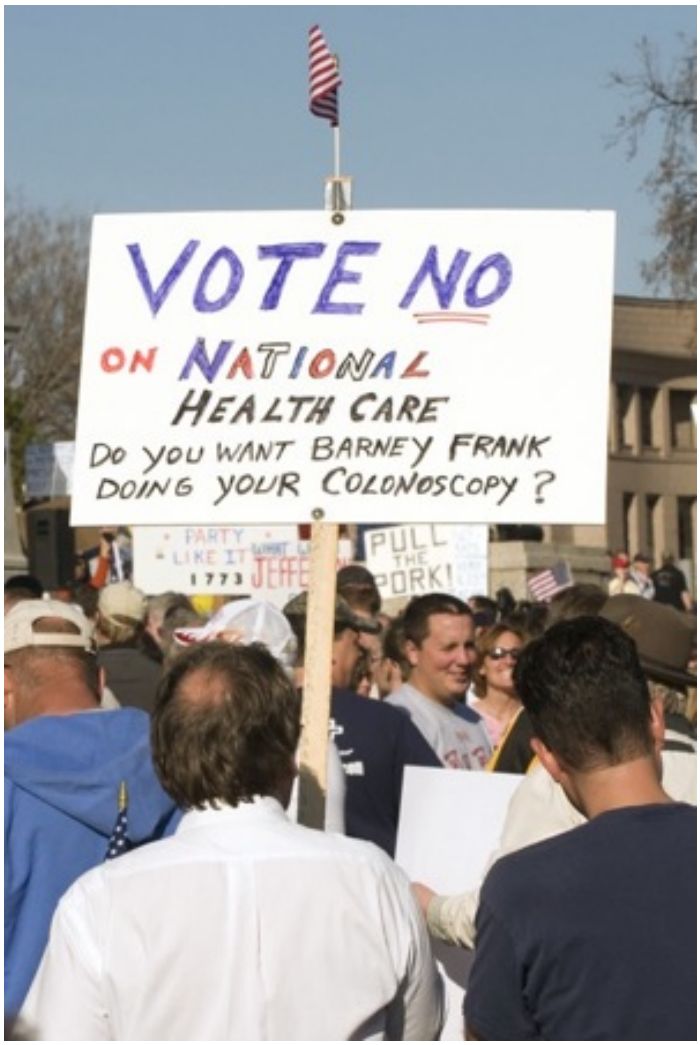
Brad: The monster at the end of this book is taxes for rich people. Wait, that was a different Sesame Street character wasn't it? These pop culture references are harder than I thought.

BobServo: WHERE IS ELMO'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE???

Brad: What with the guy in the back with the "Dump Barney" sign, there's clearly a lot of anger in this country towards children's television characters. Just out of the frame some guy is beating the shit out of Kermit the Frog while the crowds collect stones to execute a bound Pikachu. Or maybe I'm just remembering some erotic fan fiction I read once.

BobServo: Right now, somewhere in Alaska, Sarah Palin is gunning down ALF from a biplane.

Brad: Of course that guy in the back is an idiot because everyone knows that Barney the purple dinosaur is a strong supporter of Reaganomics and increased military spending as well as a staunch social conservative. "I love you, you love me, we're all one big family. Except for all you faggots. Alright, go ahead and bring me out a kid to hug but make sure it ain't one of them community theater types. You know who I'm talking about!"



Brad: Oooooh, *that* Barney. Well that makes more sense.

BobServo: Seeing as I have no health insurance and the smallest medical problem would undoubtedly bankrupt me back to the Bronze Age, I can't say I'm averse to Barney Frank exploring my asshole, as long as it was for medical reasons and he bought me a nice dinner first.

Brad: Barney Frank actually might be pretty good at colonoscopies. What with all that negotiating with Republicans, he's had a lot of practice dealing with assholes. Haha, sorry, just a little political humor there for you folks. But seriously, be healthy. Check your anuses regularly.

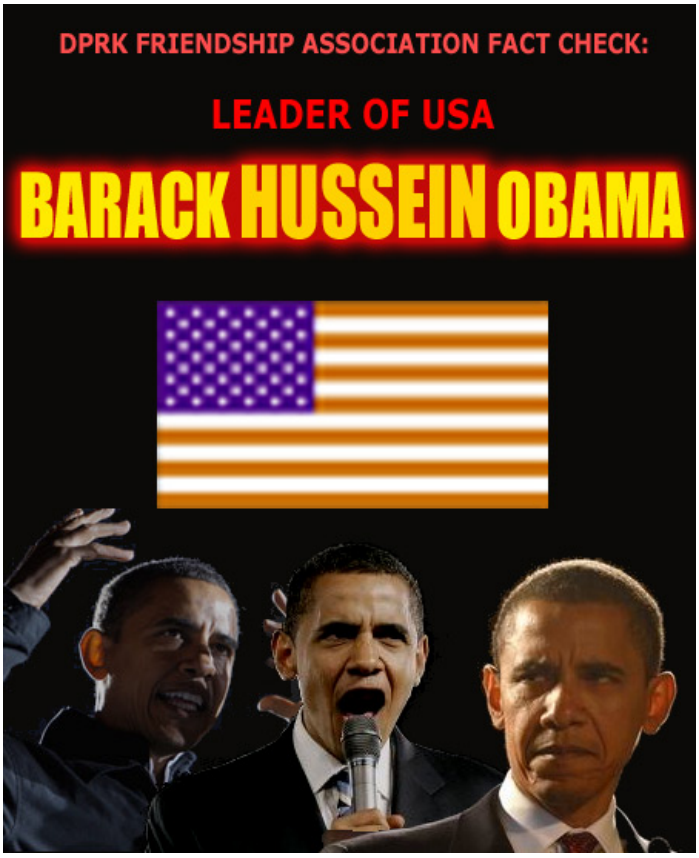
BobServo: This has been American politics. Thank you for playing!

Brad: We are sad to say we can't send you away with a home version of the game because you will soon be homeless.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey and Brad "Brad" Bradley

4.20 Bound for the Defeat of America: Barack Hussein Obama Story

Friday, Apr 24, 2009 by DPRK Friendship Association (@sexyfacts4u)



In actuality, USA America dreads the **Juche** cause of **Kim Il Sung** perpetuated into 21st Century Age of Technology by glorious leader **Kim Jong Il** .

Leader George W. Bush is gone down in defeat and a shambles. His woe is impossible to suffer. Dick Cheney arrives on Wolf Blitzer CNN to warn the new American Leader of **Kim Jong Il** 's power. He gnashes his teeth and curls his lips, his feet always pointed towards retreat, his back a yellow!

New American Leader Barack Hussein Obama is a shadowman first ever. Elected by arrogance and Hollywood baroque to sustain wars in Iraq and Afghanistan and oppress peoples of South Korea with puppet Lee Myung-Bak, opposing reunification for purposes of dividing families in Korea.

But America is a land of problems with no heroes. Fooled Americans slaves to information from government and propaganda they cry out in pitiful wails but New American Leader same as the old only hears the voice of Wall Street Bank. Bailout for Wall Street, hit the hike, citizen of America.

Barack Hussein Obama is elected on bed of lies. He is toast of decadent Europe and saw an opera with a cake with nine layers. He laughed at an urchin and pushed him away telling him, "My boots are not fit to be touched by a lowly hound." Barack Hussein Obama sold the daughter of India slumdog to a buyer for a new Cadillac convertible.

You think he is so tough? Secondary President Dick Cheney on Wolf Blitzer CNN is quoted as saying, "President Obama is weaker than ever before. America is weaker now. Our strength is fading. Soon we will be unable to stop the reunification and we will ultimately succumb to the **Juche** cause."

Barack Hussein Obama was born to a shadowman from beyond America and a ghostly white woman who died of cancer caused by atom bombs. As the only country to ever use atom bombs on the enemies it is understandable that cancer is the repayment of debt for American citizens.

Barack Hussein Obama who does not even cover his heart during America National Anthem was born on Hawaii, one of many slave colonies of America transformed into a labor regiment for production of capital.

As a child Barack Hussein Obama choomed, which is youth term meaning to disrespect a woman and his elders. He was known as Barry to conceal that he was not a citizen. His birth certificate was forged by muslims to assure the West that he is one of them.

Barack Hussein Obama is a automatic puppet of the financial industries. He raises taxes for Joseph a Plumber, hero of the working class, and redistributes this wealth to rich fat cats living in Wall Street. This money is used to purchase jets and jewelry for dogs.

Outcry has arisen in America, where working class men and woman take to the streets to oppose the new weaker regime of America of Barack Hussein Obama. At a tea party guests have decided to dump the tea out in disgust, declaring, "ENOUGH!" Barack Hussein Obama cowers in fear and flees to South America leaving the family behind to roll an egg for Rabbitman.

In South America President Hugo Chavez gives a book to Barack Hussein Obama and Barack Hussein Obama quakes in defeat again. He is too weak. Reminds everyone of Jimminy Carter, obstreperous failure leader of USA previously defeated by **Kim Il Sung** . Look at him surrender. Just as he apologizes to the French in fear France will attack.

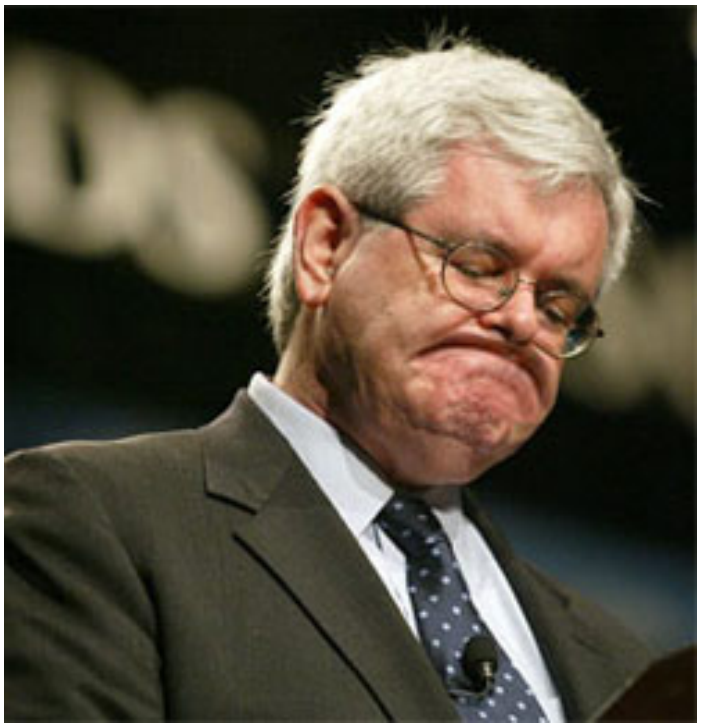
Never before has America been so weak. Resistance Leader of USA Sean Hannity has declared, "Obama has surrendered to Castro, surrendered to Chavez, surrendered to France, and now he licks the spittle of Mexico, surrendering America's proud tradition of firearms ownership for hissing Medusa Nancy Pelosi, the fall of America is complete."

The citizens of USA continue to prepare for **Juche** revolution to overthrow terror order of Barack Hussein Obama that will snipe innocent fishermen for the Dutch. USA slave of Maersk. If Obama

was not shadowman Americans would say how dare you Leader of America shoot shadowmen fisherfolk of Somaliland.

Barack Hussein Obama is so weak he may surrender America to the UN and not allow spankings any more. He has already released enhanced interrogation secrets, pretending standard questioning technique no worse than fraternity club pranks is torture and providing goal for training of American enemies to resist water. He is so weak! It cannot be believed. What next? Torture trial!?

By revealing American secrets on questioning technique used also to train USA soldiers Barack Hussein Obama is like unto Adolph Hitler of Nazi Germany 1940s.



"America is the weakest," said hero of America Newt Gingrich. "We failed. We are a failed nation. We are so weak. The President is weak. **Kim Jong Il** should be congratulated for his victory and may we hail the **Arduous March** ."

Even the American worker is weak. A Korean is said to make 680 screws in one hour. The American worker has established a record of only 540 using advanced machines devised in Israel and Germany. The atrophy of America is complete. There is no bail out thanks to Barack Hussein Obama.

Soon we will be reunited with the South. America will not stand in to interfere any longer. Our thriving cities will boom once again with freedom. America is a ruin! Starving dogs chew a bone with no marrow!

-~DPRK Friendship Association (@sexyfacts4u)

4.21 Girl, Your Body Is Like A Metaphor

Saturday, Apr 25, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hot damn, girl! You're incredible.

Everything about you gives me koala feet. You don't know koala feet? That's when a koala gets so dumbstruck by something beautiful in nature like a rock or a boulder that he forgets how to tie his shoes. You'd make a koala rely on a zookeeper to tie his shoes for him, or maybe invest in some velcro sandals.

I'm not exaggerating. In fact, I'm just getting started.

You're blushing... You don't even know how fine you are, do you girl? That just makes you even hotter. It's like you're a retard that wandered into NASA mission control and some balding dude with a headset and a cigarette hanging out of his haggard genius mouth sat you down in front of a supercomputer and said "Go on, save the rocket". You don't know what the fuck is going on, and you aren't even wearing regular underwear.

I like that. Yeah, you know I do.

If we were stranded together on some tropical paradise and we found a four-post bed with silk sheets and a can of whipped cream, I would give you half of the whipped cream. You'd probably have to sleep on the floor because I flail my arms about when the nightmares get bad, but you wouldn't be able complain about the poor sleeping conditions. After all, I split the food with you, right? You wouldn't even know how comfortable sleeping on the bed would be, and that would just make you even hotter.

Your skin is a gently rolling landscape, its surface a milky velvet delight. I want to spend a lazy afternoon traversing every millimeter of its surface with my fingertips, held in such a way as to make it look like my hand is skateboarding.

What gorgeous hair you've got. It's like a hundred ropes. When I smell it I become intoxicated, like I just used too much ammonia to clean up a poorly ventilated hospital bathroom. I could lose myself in your hair if it was big enough to make a maze. I'm horrible at those things, which is pretty much the only reason why I couldn't become a professional hedge maze solver.

Your eyes are like sparkling diamonds in a sparkling stream and someone went nuts with a Bedazzler on all the tadpoles. When I look into those eyes, I am blinded to everything in the world but you, and that poster on your wall with the two girls kissing in black and white.

Girl, your brain weighs roughly three pounds.

Your legs are long like the line I waited in to see *Star Wars: Episode One* . I sat there for twelve hours without going to the bathroom, and the local news asked me a few questions live on the air. If he were to ask me about your legs, I'd have a lot of flattering things to say but I'd probably steer the conversation toward Star Wars.

Your breasts are like a slightly mismatched pair of oversized oranges. If I grasped them with my strong but tender hands and gave them a honk, the sweetest orange juice would drip out from every pore. I'm not being poetic, I genuinely believe that's what would happen.

Your lips are a pair of pillowy security doors hiding a dangerous secret: Your teeth. Your teeth can bite and chew, but your lips can kiss and sometimes form words. Your whole mouth is a dichotomy. Think about it!

My absolute favorite thing about your body, though, is the nape of your neck. It's like an NES cartridge. I could spend hours leaning in close, exhaling hot whispers of the games I want to play into its smooth hollow, and it wouldn't have any effect whatsoever on you.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.22 Tales from FYAD: CalmBro

Sunday, Apr 26, 2009 by Guglielmo "Rorschach" Butterworth (@fart)

In case you're completely oblivious and dumb, it may interest you to know that SA is home to a number of nearly decade-old subforums, all of which have their own styles, conventions, and regulars. Among them, one of the more notable forums is FYAD, which began as SA's original "anything goes" forum in 2000 and has slowly evolved over time to become based primarily on solid humor and creative expression. It is also pink.
Rorschach (aka weeeeeeeeeeeed, CrazyTeen4Milk, Brian -[virgin]-, Ramses Dude, EGG NIGGA!!!!, and Fyador Postevelt) was the author of this FYAD post, and can be reached for comment, criticism or wall of curse words at fyadtales+rory@gmail.com.

okay, im at my parents last weekend for easter, im bored and i had taken some oxycodone the doc prescribed me and my friends from high school call and tell me to come to my buddies for a party

i get over there and theyre trashed as hell wrestling really homoerotically, giggling as they grab each others asses on the ground to gross out the girls and sublime 40oz to freedom is blaring. im deciding whether or not i want to drink so i get a beer out and im sitting there watching the worlds gayest ufc match when someones college friends i dont know come in

they come up to me trashed as hell as im sitting on the couch and theyre like HEY BRO WHATS UP DUDE WHATS YOUR NAME.
i really dont want to talk to them so im like "some call me CalmBro" thinking theyll think im a dork and leave me be. except one kids like "why do they call you that" and his friend decides to lend his expertise "haha its pretty obvious dude." then motions to me and says "hes calm." and i fucking lose it and start laughing hysterically at this kid who thinks hes intelligent for understanding the meaning behind my "name" they then call me CalmBro in conversation and reference as if this is my real name for the next 3 hours

a hot girl shows up and i know i dont have game because of the meds im on so i decide to get drunk so i can trick myself into thinking i have game, i begin chugging beer and vodka, bad plan, i get plastered and start acting like a toddler with the alphabros, someone finds pepperonis and throws them at me and theyre all laughing at me dodging them **DUDE ITS LIKE YOUR IN THE MATRIX BRO.** onme says. this goes on for a bit then someone throws a dominos sandwich box at my head so i monkeytoss an empty 40oz bottle at them with my feet and it hits them in the chest, this continues with bottle caps, pizza boxes, any/all food, remote contols, couch cushions etc.

i sdhould point out that they literally did this to each other for at least two hours and really hurt each other, one threw a mechanical pencil at another ones face and it embedded straight into his upper lip, he pulled it out and blood began running down his face and he threw it back and had the other kid not moved he probably wouldnt have an eye.

anyways some really fat kid with a lisp wearing a bandanna is like AWRIGHT GUYTH. READY?? READY GUYTH? YA READY?? GUYTH. **GUYTH ARE YOU READY GUYTH** ready for what**READY FOR THITH** and he jumps on top of a couch runs across the top then jumps perpendicular to another couch, wall runs off of people who are sitting on the couch and at this point im pretty impressed with LispBros agility given his size. well then he lands on the 40oz bottle barefooted the bottle shatters and he does a whirling dervish to another couch going aAaaaaUAUAUUUUUh-

hHHhH. aaAAA**OOOUUUUUUUUu** and im like "waht the hell is wrong" and he lifts his foot and

look at your palm

there were two glass shards a quarter of your palms size embedded prolly half an inch into the bottom of his foot and one hookshaped one also embedded. bloods spraying all over the room, on the walls, floor, in different directions on peoples shirts, on my hand, one girl gets it on her shirt and im liek UH OH HES GOT HEP and shes like no. nnoOOOOOO and runs to the sink

he pulls the shards out and now the blood is gushing out like a spilt jug of cranberry juice, theres a large puddle and hes going "aaauhh damn... daaamann..." and then looks at me with a slightly scared but extremely serious look and goes "eeuggh.. how bad is it.. CalmBro...." and i start laughing really hard again and im like "ahahahaHAh sorry man but its really bad i think you need to go to the hospital you definitely need stitches" and he yells IS ANYONE A FUCKING ADULT AROUND HERE??? WHERES THE FIRST AID KIT and wwere like we dont know and then im like "here man i can pour some vodka on your foot if you want" and hes like YES CALMBRO PLEASE and i do it and hes like "aAAAAuuuhhh aaww aww aaaww aw aww auoohh lets not do that again but AT LEAST --- AT LEAST --- calmbro -- KNOWS HOW T OBE AN **ADULT** " and i think it was that point that he realized hes been calling me calmbro all night

some mexican comes up to me and screams in my face YOU THINK THEY GON GIVE ME A DWI IF I DRIVE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL??? YOU THINK THAT??? and im like "uhhh i dont think thatll matter if you get pulled over dude so probably" and hes like GIVE ME THAT and chugs vodka and hes liek LeetS GOO and tells me to come and bring the bottle to pour on his foot, i stay there and then we went to mcdonalds

we came back and some stoners that evidently were hiding in the attic were now the only ones in the house and ones crying and hes like DID TOMMY DIE and im like ahahhaha what and he grabs me and hes like HE LEFT HIS SHOES. HE NEVER LEAVES HIS SHOES. WHY IS THERE BLOOD WAUAGUGHGUh and i told them what happened and then they felt better but the crying kid collected the bloody glass shards (with his bare hands) because "Tommy will want them"

i dont know what the moral of the story is but on or after august 2009 if you see a car with a minnesota license plate labeled CALMBRO honk and give the two six salute to me

-~Guglielmo "Rorschach" Butterworth (@fart)

4.23 Food Reviood: Chinese Chow-wa-wa

Tuesday, Apr 28, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Anyone who knows me knows that I, in private, consider myself a bit of a "foodie." I've gone to a few conventions, written a few pieces for magazines, travelled the country, and above all, enjoyed myself every single time. This trip was different, though. I had never been specifically invited to go somewhere for a single dish, much less even specifically invited to a single restaurant! A friend of mine, who I've known through the SA Forums for well on 4 or 5 years now, invited me to mainland China to try something half-controversial, half-impractical, half-insane, and entirely delicious. He wanted me to try his restaurant's off-the-menu special: An entire poached Chihuahua.

Before you fire up that email client, let me assure you of a few things:

1. I am aware that in Western culture, the thought of eating such a friendly animal is unheard of. I have chosen to omit the photographs I had taken for this reason. Society's perception of certain animals is not the same all around the world, and I would appreciate it if we could all keep an open mind.
2. Chihuahuas are among the least intelligent breeds of dog and can be thought of as having a rodent-like, or at best, an ostrich-like intelligence level.
3. The animal was treated humanely throughout its life, and dispatched painlessly and quickly. The head chef explained to us the procedure, which involved tying a plastic bag over its head and slapping it gently on the rump, which caused it to blissfully run around the room to the point of exhaustion and collapse. Its tail was wagging until it lost consciousness.

That said, I arrived one Thursday evening at my friend's small alleyway restaurant, where we met in person for the first time (which is always surreal) and, after a few drinks, we ordered the delicacy. It took about 45-60 minutes to reach our table, but when it did, it stole the show. Imagine, an enormous decorative porcelain tray that was probably older than everyone in the room combined. It had its share of dings and chips, and you could tell just by the esteem surrounding it that it was only used for special occasions. Any remaining trepidation melted away instantly, and the sweet meat smell filling the room went from being this uncertain, slightly scary odor to supper. The head chef himself removed the lid, and I was shocked by what I saw.

A perfectly poached Chihuahua, lying on its side, resting in a delicate reddish sauce, with a perfectly browned, crispy, seared skin. My friend explained that it had been poached in red wine using a method that can be best described as a modified coq au vin. I described it as "coq au delicious" which was met with some unusually raucous laughter. I haven't quite grasped the Chinese sense of humor at this point, I suppose.

The skin that had not browned turned a translucent shade of tan, something ilke a game hen or chicken, with surprisingly little meat on the torso. It quickly became clear that we would be eating primarily from the legs, rump, head, and neck areas, and possibly into the torso for some organ meats.

Before I realized that, though, I was being stared at by everyone around me. Hindsight 20-20, I now understand that they were probably waiting for my OK to put it down at the table, waiting for an indication of my satisfaction with how the dish was prepared. I mistook it as everyone waiting on me to begin carving the animal (a little of that country Thanksgiving upbringing showing, I guess) so I grabbed the largest knife at the table and sloppily made a cut into the abdomen of the animal, releasing a bit of built-up gaseous pressure that smelled faintly of slim jims and car exhaust. We all laughed, and pressure of another kind-- a kind of cultural one, was relieved as well.

The family explained that they believed a well-treated animal will taste better than one abused or neglected. This particular animal had been raised for over three years by the chef himself and his family, who massaged it thrice weekly with a mixture of soy sauce and chicken broth, and fed it only rice and grass. Digging in, I found the meat itself was just the slightest tad gamey but very natural. It doesn't taste at all like the processed, corn-fed meats we're accustomed to back home. It tastes... well, real. You could tell that in your mouth was an animal, not a previously-frozen burger patty, and not a chicken breast you got with a coupon at the store. Here we had real food cooked by real people backed by real tradition.

The somewhat stringy meat of the thighs we were eating got caught in our teeth, and one of the waitresses showed us a trick. Its claws, weakened by the slow cooking process, snap off, and can be used as toothpicks in a pinch. I still have a few in my wallet. Reusable, natural toothpicks. Can't get much greener than that!

Moving on, one of the guys motioned toward the open cut on the abdomen from earlier. I explored a bit with the knife and found a gland that appeared to be about the size of a baseball and very veiny. This was the stomach, and, for my enjoyment, they fed the beast a mixture of breadcrumbs and spices about an hour prior to its cleaning. Inside I found what amounted to a pleasant wad (for lack of a better word) of stuffing not terribly unlike something we'd have on the holidays. At the encouragement of the others at the table, I popped the entire thing into my mouth and chewed for about a minute before it separated and was swallowable. There was a starchiness and a light acidity that I found pleasant, but overall it was a bit too gingery for my taste.

One thing I did immediately notice that one couldn't help but: The eyes had been removed. I said nothing at the time, figuring it was part of the dish somehow, but they were presented to me separately in a smaller dish, served chilled. They had a grapelike mouthfeel on the outside and the consistency of the smoothest custard inside, with a light briny flavor and a chewy strand of optic nerve to add textural complexity.

The only unpleasant spot was the ear-- or, I should say, the left ear. After taking a bit of it and being greeted with an unpleasant sourness, I mentioned it to the chef. He took one look and realized that this Chihuahua was suffering from an infection in its left ear. He removed the infected ear and apologized profusely. The right ear, on the other hand, was delicious. A short time after this, a complimentary bottle of wine was stealthily brought to the table. They thought I wouldn't notice, but I did!

The pads of the feet, considered a delicacy, didn't quite suit my fancy. They had the texture of pencil erasers, but tasted like gamey pork. Not my thing.

Sitting around, chatting, enjoying our wine, we began sitting back and loosening our belts, discussing politics and customs, really getting comfortable. I thought I wasn't ready for dessert, but one of the guys sitting with us began prodding with chopsticks and expressed alert at something inside the dog. What a surprise! The pup was pregnant.

At this time I found myself awash in emotions of all types. Was I a monster? A pioneer? Had anyone in the Western world ever done this, or almost as important, would they ever again? I ripped my phone from my pocket and tried to begin texting my wife back home for moral guidance, but the chef gently grabbed my phone and put it down. He assured me that not only was this normal, it was safe to eat, and in fact-- the embryos inside were even more delicious than the rest of the meal. He even called for a certain bottle of wine to be brought to the table to pair them with. I was absolutely floored by the thoughtfulness and caring of the restaurant staff. When you come to a place like this, you truly are family.

The embryonic fluid surrounding the pups had congealed a bit during the slow and methodical cooking process, and became a slightly greasy, pink, salty jelly. If I had to compare it to anything,

it would be the fluid at the top of a can of SPAM. Except this was good. The embryos were then popped, one by one, in fashion similar to the stuffing. There was bitterness, sweetness, soft portions and miniature bones which would break with just a bit of tongue pressure. Nothing I say could do it justice.

I've heard of dogs described as the forbidden fruit of the culinary world. Judging by my recent experience, I can say for certainty that this is for no good reason. It is the 21st century, after all! You and I (yes, I'm guilty too) sit around after work, stuffing ourselves with hyperprocessed foods, year-old freeze-dried potato snacks, fruit that actually isn't (think Pop Tarts), and what do we have to show for it? Soaring obesity rates and health problems. I'm not suggesting that eating a Chihuahua a day will keep the doctor away, but let's be realistic. We have perfectly good food, let's eat some of it!

This article was written with the advice and input of Dr. David Thorpe.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.24 Night of the Living Mr. Rogers

Wednesday, Apr 29, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Lowtax: "Hey Andrew 'Garbage Day' Miller!"

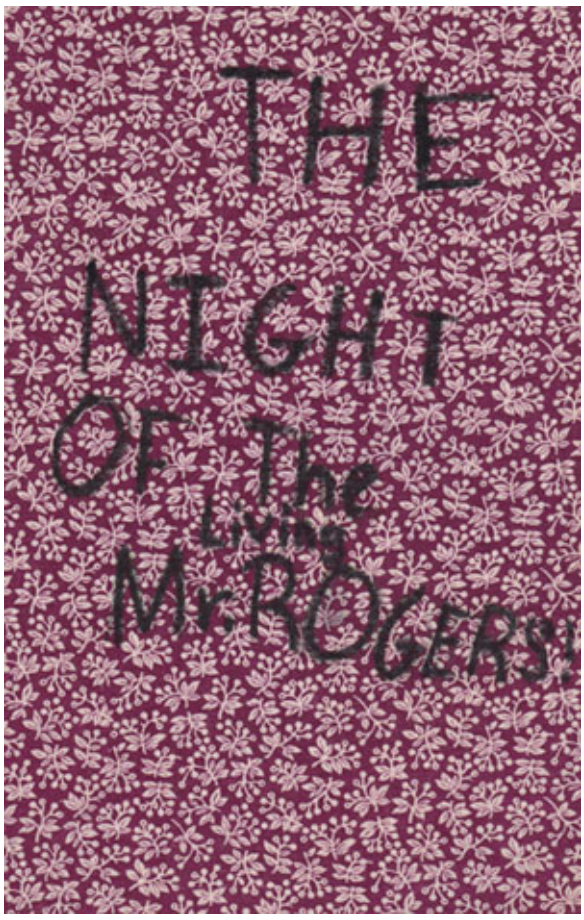
Garbage Day: "Yes, Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka?"

Lowtax: "I heard you like to read, Mr. 'Reading Time.' I hear you've had a torrid lifelong affair with the written word."

Garbage Day: "Yes, you have named an activity that I enjoy. I've spent many the lonely night with the printed page."

Lowtax: "Well, have I got a book for you, book-fucker! It requires your keen critical eye. Review it at once!"

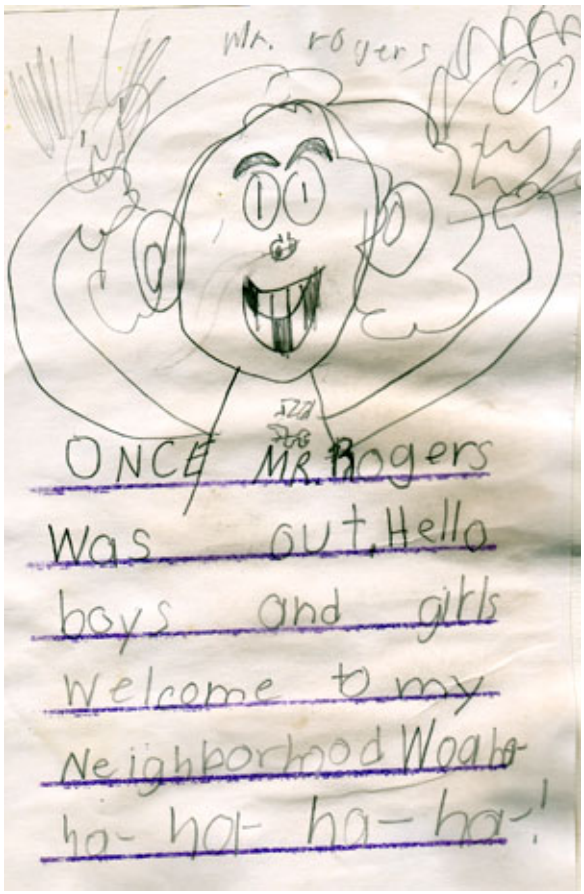
Garbage Day: "Alright, that seems like a fine idea! I'll just open this up, and -- oh, dear God..."



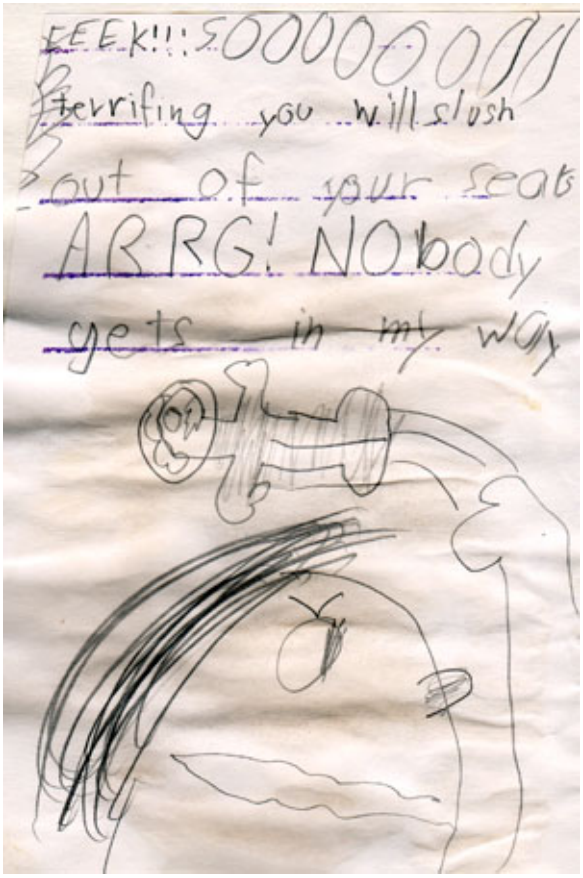
The book Rich gave me was coincidentally written by someone named "Richard Kyanka." I say "coincidentally" because even with his assurances regarding the authenticity of this obscure early work, I can't believe the "Richard Kyanka" that scribbled these deranged ravings could have evolved into a functional adult. If fans of Rich's more recent writing find *The Night of the Living Mr. Rogers* on eBay, they might be tempted to buy it, but I recommend that they regard it as non-canonical, so as to avoid the tragic incoherence of his youthful lunacy.

Judging by the jersey number, the facial features and Rich's known rooting interests, the opening image depicts former Chiefs linebacker Percy Snow, whose career ended after one season due to a MOPED ACCIDENT. He's laughing because he got to keep his signing bonus.

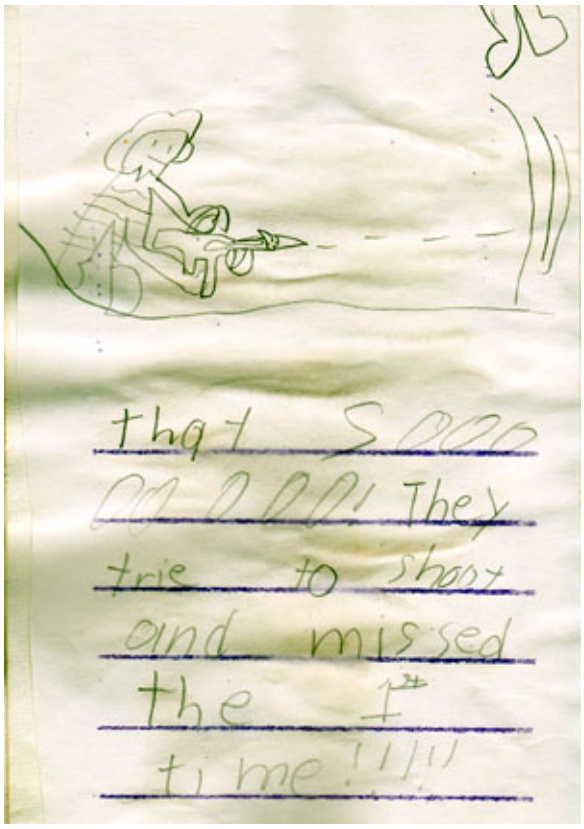
It seems odd that the Chiefs' scouts didn't notice Percy Snow's freakish Dickbutt limbs, but maybe that's the kind of carelessness that led to them all being fired yesterday. Percy Snow doesn't actually appear in the story to follow, the first of many crushing disappointments this book delivers.



On television, Mr. Rogers was surrounded by a colorful menagerie, from Henrietta Pussycat to Purple Panda. Rich makes Mr. Rogers himself animalistic, with feline eyes, a swine-flu snout, and hockey-beaver teeth. Less explicably, he wears headphones and a womanly wig while brandishing decapitated heads. What's his motivation for the cross-dressing, dismemberment and cross-species transmutation? This pedestrian introduction offers few answers.

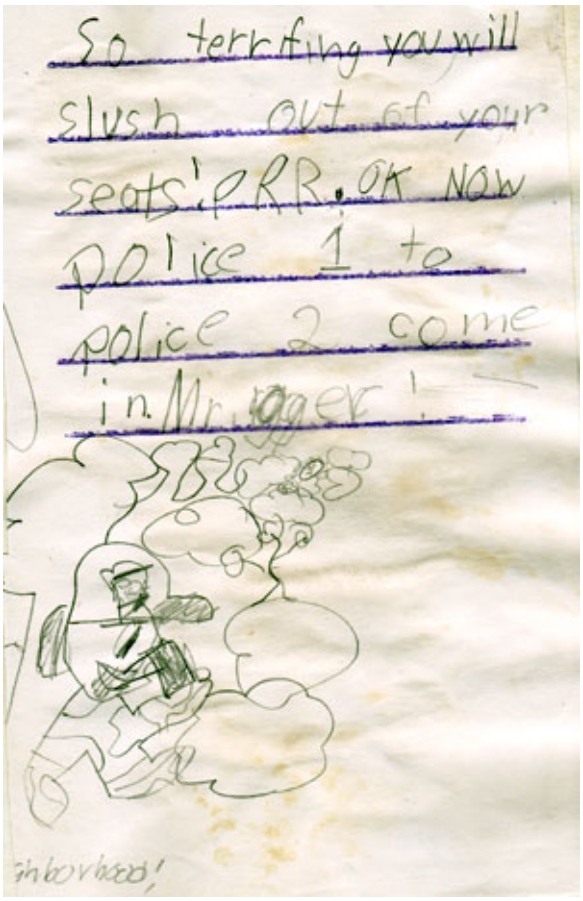


I assume "you will slush out of your seat" means "you will become so frightened that involuntary diarrhea will flood your pants, creating a slip-and-slide effect that dislodges you from your chair." Rich must have started watching shitty movies at an early age, because this phrase confirms he was already fluent in "crazy predictions about viewer reactions from the back of ridiculous VHS tapes." Mercifully, instead of graphically illustrating this disgusting concept, Rich drew a potato-headed cyclops tossing a space-helmeted salamander.



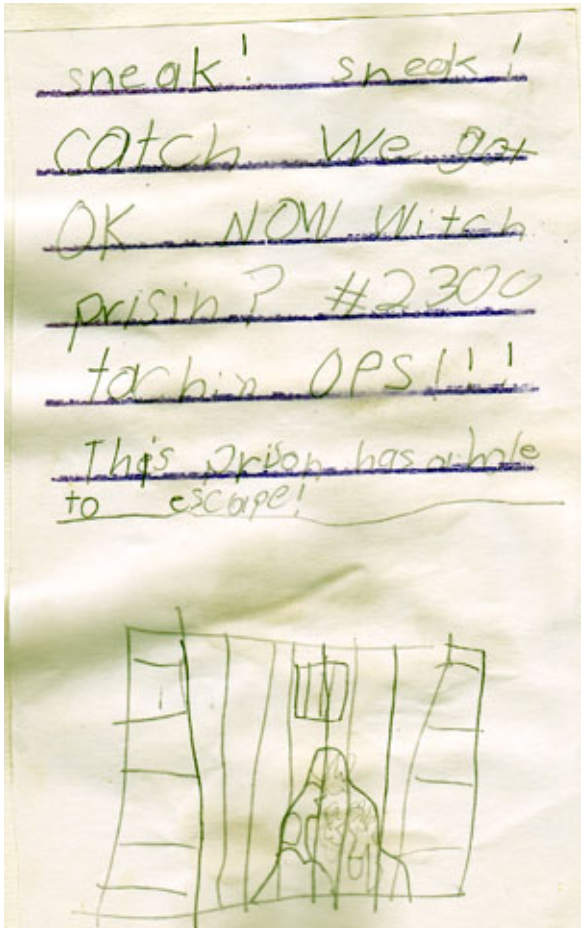
What the fuck is "that sooooooooo!" supposed to mean? That inscrutable fragment, unconscionably capitalized and punctuated, demonstrates juvenile-delinquent Rich's violent disregard for the English language. He was a pre-pubescent grammatical sociopath. Also, is that a gun in a child's school assignment? If a young lad drew this today, he'd be accused of destroying America's innocence and locked up in a re-education camp, alongside any other grade-school subversives who write about subjects other than patriotism and butterflies.

The next page begins "Mr. Rogor is at large." Either Rich is randomly introducing a new villain, or he has misspelled the name of the title character, an unforgivable gaffe! "Ok," the pictureless page continues, "this mean civil neclear world war III ZAP pang Ding Bo oo ooom! " He's just filling space with onomotopoeiac blather! Such blatant disregard -- utter contempt, really -- for the reader, who has already put up with so much nonsense.



"Slush out of your seats" -- now he's just repeating himself. And to think this man would later crusade against the overuse of catch phrases. Oh, the hypocrisy! When confronted with this damning evidence, Rich pled ignorance (or unwittingly confirmed that he wasn't the real author, proving my "coincidence" theory correct):

(1:06:37 PM) **androidmill:** Do you ever use the phrase "slush out of your seat" anymore?
(1:07:22 PM) **Rich:** I've never even heard it
(1:07:40 PM) **androidmill:** haha, YOU WROTE IT TWICE!
(1:08:15 PM) **Rich:** when
(1:08:37 PM) **androidmill:** on.... THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING MR. ROGERS
(1:08:43 PM) **Rich:** oh shit



RIch seemingly introduces the intriguing concept of "Witch Prisin," but it's just another galling spelling error, and no sorceresses come into play. This shameless sequel-baiting ending left the door open for future installments, but fortunately for both the literary world and the sainted Mr. Rogers' beleaguered corpse, they never materialized.

> *The Night of the Living Mr. Rogers* might have some value -- indeed, I think it's already popular on the child-therapist circuit, where it's used as a self-contained encyclopedia of psychotic-kid disorders -- but it contains absolutely no artistic merit. I'm pretty sure Rich should have chucked it in the incinerator and listened to the flames scream with pain as they absorbed its idiotic words, rather than subjecting it to a public critique.

Lowtax: "You butt! What the hell is this crap? I thought you liked books. You're fired!"

Garbage Day: "But... but I was just doing my part to sustain Something Awful's reputation as the last bastion of truthful criticism and unflinching journalistic integrity!"

Lowtax: "I have another surprise for you. It was I who escaped from Prison #2300. I've been Mr. Rogers all along!"

Garbage Day: "What the heavens? You're transforming! Those eyes, that nose, those teeth, that womanly wig!"

Lowtax: "That book contained my soul. By reviewing it on the INTERNET, you've unleashed the ultimate evil!"

Garbage Day: "that sooooooooo!" *slushes out of his seat*

-~Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

4.25 SA Celebrity Stalker: Practically May Edition

Thursday, Apr 30, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

If it be celebrity sightings ye seek, look no further than the words & pictures below. Our celebhounds are always on the scent.

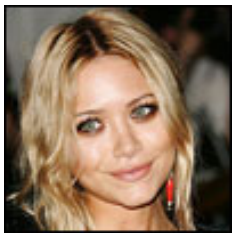
Gary Busey
Yesterday @ 10am
Crazy Gary Busey was riding horseback at the dog park. He was spearing dogs with a trident, much to the horror of onlookers. So brash and unrepentant, he took great pleasure in the pain he inflicted. I begrudge that man's remarkable evil.

Emilio Estevez
Yesterday @ 12pm
Was minding my own business doing some shopping in the mall when Emilio approached me and started demanding I pay him $30 for a foot massage. I said I didn't want one but then he threatened my family. The nerve of that man. His hands were like robot claws.

Tom Hanks
Yesterday @ 1pm
Saw Tom Hanks and a small army of personal assistants working on an elaborate contraption in the middle of Central Park. It had a lot of spinning parts and made my fillings hurt real bad. I'm pretty sure I saw it vaporize a hobo...

Justin Timberlake
Yesterday @ 3pm
Spotted JT crawling along a stretch of highway 18. Both his legs were missing along with his hands. He was like a turtle except really sweaty and dirty. Me and my friends poured some water into a bowl and let him lap it up. Very thirsty dude.

Bill Nye
Yesterday @ 4pm
Saw the science guy buying a hot dog in Times Square. Asked him how he liked his dogs and he said "with sulfur." Dude had a little sandwich baggy full of the stuff and just poured it all over his hot dog. Smelled like rotting eggs.



MK
Yesterday @ 6pm
Ran into Mary Kate outside Nobu. She took one look at me and her eyes lit up real big like she just saw a ghost made out of gold. Within seconds she was offering me 25 big ones for a kidney. I couldn't refuse. Woke up a few hours later in a bathtub full of ice in an abandoned warehouse. Still waiting for the money, but I'm sure it's coming.

Orlando Bloom
Today @ 3am
I was taken aboard a flying saucer by the Nordics (tall Aryan looking aliens). One of them performed electrical experiments on my genitalia while Orlando Bloom looked on and took notes. He seemed very focused and attentive to detail.

Dustin Hoffman
Today @ 11am
Dustin Hoffman! Got punched in the face by the Hoff' when I ran up and started poking him hard in the sternum to see if he was really real. Turns out he was, and he hates being poked. Love the man, hate his fist.

Matthew McConaughey
Today @ 3pm
Darn you, McConaughey! Saw that son of a gun uprootin' turnips in my field again. Knowing his thieving ways, I grabbed my shotgun and gave chase. Spirit abounds in the boy's heart and legs, so free and unrestrained. I can't ever catch him!

Sean Penn
Today @ 5pm
I swear I'm not making this up! Seriously, this is for real. Sean Penn is not more than 800 yards away eating sunflower seeds. I'm telling you this is 100% legit. You gotta believe me, mister.

James Gandolfini
Today @ 6pm
Spotted Gandolfini at a certain posh restaurant in SOHO. He had a peculiar habit of eating with his hands -- no utensils. He just smashed up his food and shoveled it into his mouth like a beast. Grunted and growled the whole time.

Josh Hartnett
Today @ 9pm
Was on a flight to Colorado from LAX. Opened the luggage compartment to stow one of my bags and found Josh Hartnett sleeping like an angel. I didn't want to wake him so I ended up using one of the other luggage compartments. The lil' guy slept up there the whole flight.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 uROD Recent Uploads

Friday, May 01, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

uROD
Be Relieved®

Three Bikini Babes Wash a Car HOTTTT ★★★★★ (27 ratings)

Upped By: *Mojoman* (★ 6 ratings)
Category: ***Adult***
Tags: Share , Automotive , Female , Adult , Erotic , Consensual , Verbal , Non-Violent , Profit , Work , Job , Nudity

User Review:
★★★★★ **NO ROD BAD LIEVER!! by** lieverman50

No share! No ROD! All at the same time no communo. This is a bogus semi porno put on here by a looser who has nothing but bogus ROD up. Hey f***er this site is not for your creepy sex fantasy this is a family site for lievers + liever lovers.

User Comments (1-4 of 19)

Rodking

try to take MY ship!?

No Communo??
Saw plenty they were talking about the sponge the blond is hot who is it? is she a model or somone you know?? is it you mojo/ sup peace

Shareman

abm always be mutineering

Mojoman.....
Do you have any clue what this site is for Majormoron? This isn't for a bunch of giggling girls splashing each other with suds. Nubile teenagers (not adults QED) is not what this site is about unless there is lieving going on. Perphaps if they took turns or their boss showed up and took over. This is...well, sorry, it's bullshit. Such as yourself.

DanYee

fuck navy i start my own

American Yanqui Fuckshit Pigfuck
this fuckshit no leaf you go back to your mother's back hole and suck a bone get an idea in your penis shaft first then post a fucker

mastercheif

mess with the best

die like the rest

thought it was hot

no rod but good stuff rated u up motorman

COMMENT REPORT ABUSE

Take Charge Buff Bros Swing Hose ★★★★★(66 ratings)

Upped By: ***MasternCDR*** (★ 41 ratings)

Category: ***Amateur***

Tags: Share , Backyard , Lawn & Garden , Bros , Adult , Consensual , Verbal , Non-Violent , Work , Nudity

User Review: ★★★★★ **saw those abs now im a be-liever by** lacy

great amateur rod stuff. good share and friendly usually military or whatever which i like but this is even better. look at those hunks lol

User Comments (1-4 of 44)

Clairemom

all work and no

rod make ma a

dull gal

Wonderful :)

Those boys are great. I saw them in Hickory's posts. I think he knows them. The way they share and take turns and when the little one can't quite hold the hose the big fella comes over and takes it from him. Soooooo cute. Wish I could rod these three ;) Let them kick up their heels and have some lemonade. My ds and dd just leave all the work to me so they never need any. Keep up the great posts!!!! <3

Captain Fart

fartz, sir

Re: obamad's post

we wouldn't be in this economic position if the republicans hadnt fucked everything up with dregulation. You can call it socialism all you want you ignorant redneck dipshit, but the banks would fail if we didn't do it. Also his birth certificate was released earlier in the campaign so that's basically retarded as I'm sure you know. and union salary is more like 55 dollars not 75 maybe you should take sean hannitys dick out of your ear

DanYee

fuck navy i start my own

put a clothes on american fuck

what the fuck is this cowboy???? shit on this kill a fucker this is the worst yet go home to your fucky achey breaky mountains kiss a boy hoses for firemen and lady leg

mastercheif

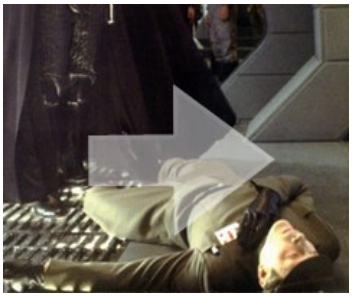
mess with the best die like the rest

not so buff

look like maybe could bench 220 I can bench 350 which is ur moms wait lol good rod though

COMMENT REPORT ABUSE

TOP 10 ALL TIME RELIEFS ★★★★★ (66 ratings)



Upped By: ***GREATLIEFS*** ★ (87 ratings)

Category: ***Professional***

Tags: Share , Teen , Adult , Consensual , Non-Consensual , Verbal , Future , Communo , Iraq , Retirement , Heroism , Patton , Galactica , Star Wars , Star Trek , Military , Guns , Violent , Non-Violent , Work , Job , Nudity

User Review: ★★★★★ **missing from list by** mastercheif

how about wall-e?? great recent rod. crimson tide is classic any hornblower at all should be on there. you got all the sci fi and you finished out good with the moby dick altho i would go for patrick stewart version you could do star trek into moby dick lol NUMBER ONE LOL

User Comments (1-4 of 251)

Rodking

try to take MY ship!?

song

great list once again but what song is that you used during the adama part?? working on a gundam rod amv and i think it would work perfect

Captain Fart

fartz, sir

re: o_rally

i agree o_rally pols are the best rod. How about add to your list rumsfeld and brownie heckuva job? botched katrina and iraq... or maybe alberto gonzalez...oh wait he 'resigned" lol maybe if you could see past the rethuglican talking points for two seconds you would realize that not everyone has been brainwashed by the right wing loonies

DanYee

fuck navy i start my own

another bull shitted on my computer screen

you captain needa choke on my dick sally fuck why you make a list full of bull shit and bull turd little piece of turd called number seven are you kidding cuba gooding junior fuckuba badding fucker senior this is shit hole list for your hole FUCK YOU

Shareman

abm always be mutineering

Uhh, think you forgot number one...
<--------- see av
How could you leave the tide off?

COMMENT REPORT ABUSE

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.2 The World's Weirdest Laws

Saturday, May 02, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Every town, province, and country has its little-known laws that most of us would consider strange. From Urbana, Illinois banning monsters from entering city limits to Deerborn, Michigan declaring murder illegal, it seems as though any crazy law you can think of exists somewhere. All it takes to find the weirdest of the weird laws is a little digging.

Stockholm, Sweden - In an otherwise lawless society, one maxim governs the land: No fat chicks. Many have chalked this up to the Swedes' quirky humor. This law, however, is quite serious, as is evident in the 1997 execution of six protesters affiliated with People For The Ethical Treatment Of Humongous Fat Asses.

Fecal Creek, Florida - Opening your eyes while engaged in a kiss is considered rape. Making any sort of physical contact with another person while the lights on is considered bank robbery. Committing either of the above acts on a Sunday is

Sausalito, California - Proponents of the "Three Strikes" law, voters approved a 2006 bill that makes striking out in a baseball game (professional or amateur) a felony. As a byline of the measure, it is also illegal to cry while on the field, dugout or locker room.

Madrid, Spain - Between 3:29 PM and 6:47 PM, no citizen may ask another what time it is.

Altoona, Pennsylvania - Any citizen caught in the act of passing a note will have it read aloud on the local news.

Iran (national law) - Though Iranian culture is primarily known for its unabashed fondness of Pee Wee's Playhouse, when someone says "mecca" it is illegal to cut them off and blurt out "lekka hi mecca hiney ho!"

Branson, Missouri - Dogs cannot read, speak english, or grow to twelve times their original size when angered unless they have a permit.

Brisbane, Australia - You know how sometimes you'll sit with one foot tucked under you, then try to stand up but find that it's impossible to plant your foot because it's completely numb? Completely against the law.

Kilkeel, Ireland - Fantasizing about consuming human flesh while eating non-human flesh is illegal. Eating human flesh, however, is perfectly fine.

Ottawa, Canada - Using science to inhibit another person's sense of sight or blind them outright is strictly forbidden. This includes bringing an oversized microscope into a movie theater to block the screen.

Honolulu, Hawaii - No matter how strong the urge may be, no one can laugh when they see Jim. It's not his fault. Don't make him feel self-conscious. It's not right.

(worldwide) - It is against international law to weave a motorcycle between lanes and pop wheelies without documentation proving your status as an attention-starved asshole.

Toky, Japan - All pornography must display both male and female genitalia as pixellated blobs. The use of CGI rendering to alter the splendor of the naturally blurry naked Japanese body is strictly forbidden.

Base Camp 1, Antarctica - Sheds, trees, and large decorations may not be added to one's

property until approval has been granted by the zoning department.

Paris, France - Killing a man in cold blood is a felony. Immediately after this was enacted, the number of physical altercations in Cold Blood Swimming Centers across the country plummeted.

Claremont, Colorado - If a police officer pulls your car over and you talk him into lending you three hundred dollars, you must pay it back. Like, soon.

Tempe, Arizona - It is against the law to take peyote and go on a spiritual journey without being accompanied by a talking wolf or a silent, old native american.

Venice, Italy - Attempting to make small talk with your gondolier by saying "there's certainly a lot of water on the road today" or anything remotely similar is punishable by death.

Liverpool, England - Telling a particularly racist joke (especially one that is divisive and has the potential to incite violence) in front of a crowd of people and forgetting the end just when it's getting good is illegal.

Sao Paolo, Brazil - No roughhousing. Hey - you, in the back! I saw that.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.3 Knights of Cakewalk Hall of Fame Inductees

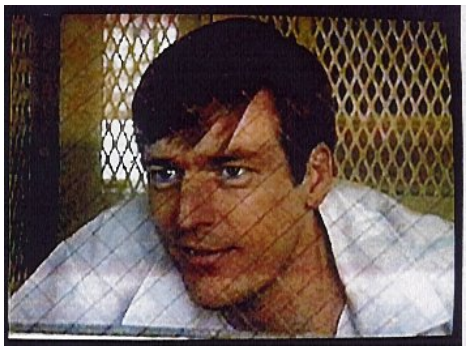
Sunday, May 03, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The spring brings bees, flowers, and short skirts, but it also means the beginning of the cakewalk season. Whether the cakewalk is at a church, a gymnasium, or some empty hall, there is always one gentleman who seems to have a streak of luck, he's always sitting in the right seat, and he always wins the prettiest cake. By the end of the night, his sugar levels are out of the roof, but he doesn't stop. He keeps winning. That man is one of us. He is a Knights of Cakewalk.

Welcome to the 66 th annual Knights of Cakewalk mid-Atlantic General Assembly Hall of Fame Inductions. For decades, we have masterfully won every cakewalk in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and New York (excluding Dover and NYC due to union regulations,) and today we recognize the best walkers our sport has ever offered.

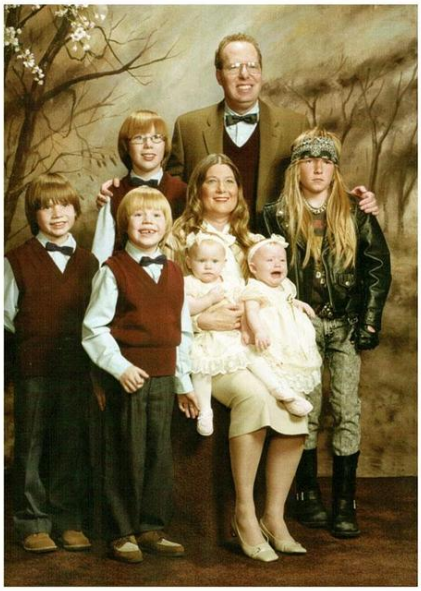
Mr. Franklinton: Founder of Knights of Cakewalk

It's hard to believe how far we've come. It started in 1943 when our founder, Mr. Franklinton, joined in a large cakewalk sponsored by his hometown in Reading, Pennsylvania. WWII was blowing up, and people's morale was low. On top of that, rationing had limited the amount of food and sweets each civilian could enjoy. To boost spirits, the town threw a cakewalk. Families went hungry for weeks as they saved up enough of their rations just to make a small cake. The turnout was enormous, nearly everyone left in town showed up to the festival. Though competition was stiff, by the end of the night young Mr. Franklinton had won 37 of the 45 cakes. How Franklinton, a 4-F, asthmatic, big band fan, pulled off such a feat is still a mystery, but his spirit and finesse are crucial elements of being a Knight of Cakewalk. As the sun rose the next day, he finished the last slice of cake. In the following weeks he started this secret organization that has since grown over the years to dominate all cakewalks in the mid-Atlantic region. As for Franklinton, he went on to win many more cakes, conservative estimate is at 5,000, until his assassination at a mob sponsored cakewalk in 1961. We all owe a lot to Mr. Franklinton. Please, a moment of silence.



Greg Summers

Between 1977 and 1984, Greg Summers was one of the most successful (and feared) cakewalkers in Pennsylvania. He once had a perfect walk at a Catholic fundraiser, winning all twenty-two cakes that night. When interviewed in 1981, Greg said that his ability rested in his quick feet and his "Lucy." Lucy was the nickname for a tube sock filled with screws and washers. Though known primarily for his polyester suits, multiple Arian brotherhood tattoos, poor social skills, violent outbursts, and a strong desire to win, Greg was also an active member of the Knights of the Cakewalk, giving fighting lessons once a month. He also helped in founding our bookclub. The board of directors is pleased to induct Greg Summers into the Knights of Cakewalk Hall of Fame. Greg could not be with us tonight as he is currently serving four consecutive life sentences in Kansas for a non-cakewalk related homicide. He sends his kind regards.



The Stephens Family

Team stacking has been a staple method of victory for the Knights of Cakewalk since our beginning. Winning is easy when half the ring is working together, but no group has ever been as successful as the Stephens family. The entire family travelled the nation, joining rings together. Each member, from the youngest to deaf Mr. Stephen, had a special role. Lil Leather Jimmy is well known for

his strong-arming ability in churches and school functions across the country. Now, there are many families at a cakewalk, but it was the Stephens' determination and cutthroat technique that allowed them to rise above the usual ranks and fully immerse themselves in higher cakewalk strategy. The family would not shower for weeks prior to an event to ward off competition. They used good cop/bad cop to intimidate possible winners, and Sue's patented baby-trip brought a level of chaos into the ring, allowing the remaining members of her party to locate the winning seat. Though winning was common in the family, it was the birth of Ben and Joe, the infant twins, that lifted them to top shelf walkers. Give a warm Hall of Fame welcome to the Stephens Family.

The Black Widow

Seduction and disguises are the main tools of The Black Widow. She gained local fame in 1997 when she took every cake from the National Baptist Easter Brunch and Cakewalk before the event even started by dressing up as an angel and fooling the pastor into loading the desserts into her van. She gained national fame when she took the pastor out to breakfast, seduced him, murdered him, and finally dropping the corpse at the church entrance. It is believed that she acquired enough cake that morning to retire. The FBI is currently performing a multi-state search, but rumor says she has already moved to South America and picked up the Piñata Racket. Her activities began long before that, though. As a teenager in smaller cakewalk venues, she often disguised herself as a disheveled elderly holocaust survivor, wandering to whichever seat won, guilting her way to victory. Her imitation of a polio victim is considered revolutionary in its ability to acquire cakes. The Knights of Cakewalk is pleased to induct the first female in over twenty years.

Up and Comers

Dr. Marquez
As of May 2009, Dr. Marquez has performed the largest attempt at securing a cake in known history. The ex-CDC employee, Mexican expatriate, and scientist claims to have produced and released the virus "swine flu" on his country to lower the participants at a local cakewalk. Hundreds have died, and Dr. Marquez has since been captured, but not before he won a red velvet cake. His favorite. He is currently held without bond in Mexico City.

"Fat" Phil

Phil has grown, literally, under the radar for the last few years. In 2005 he began to enter cakewalks professionally, and by 2006 he had started eating his victories on location. In two short years, he has gained over three hundred pounds. Phil has used his newfound girth to take up multiple seats, thereby raising his chances at winning. The more he wins, the larger he's gotten, which only allows him to win more. It is a cycle of victory. We here at Knights of Cakewalk are keeping a close eye on Phil, and wish him the best of luck in the coming season.

Congratulations to this year's Hall of Fame inductees. Good luck walkers!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.4 Lost Comics of the Golden Age

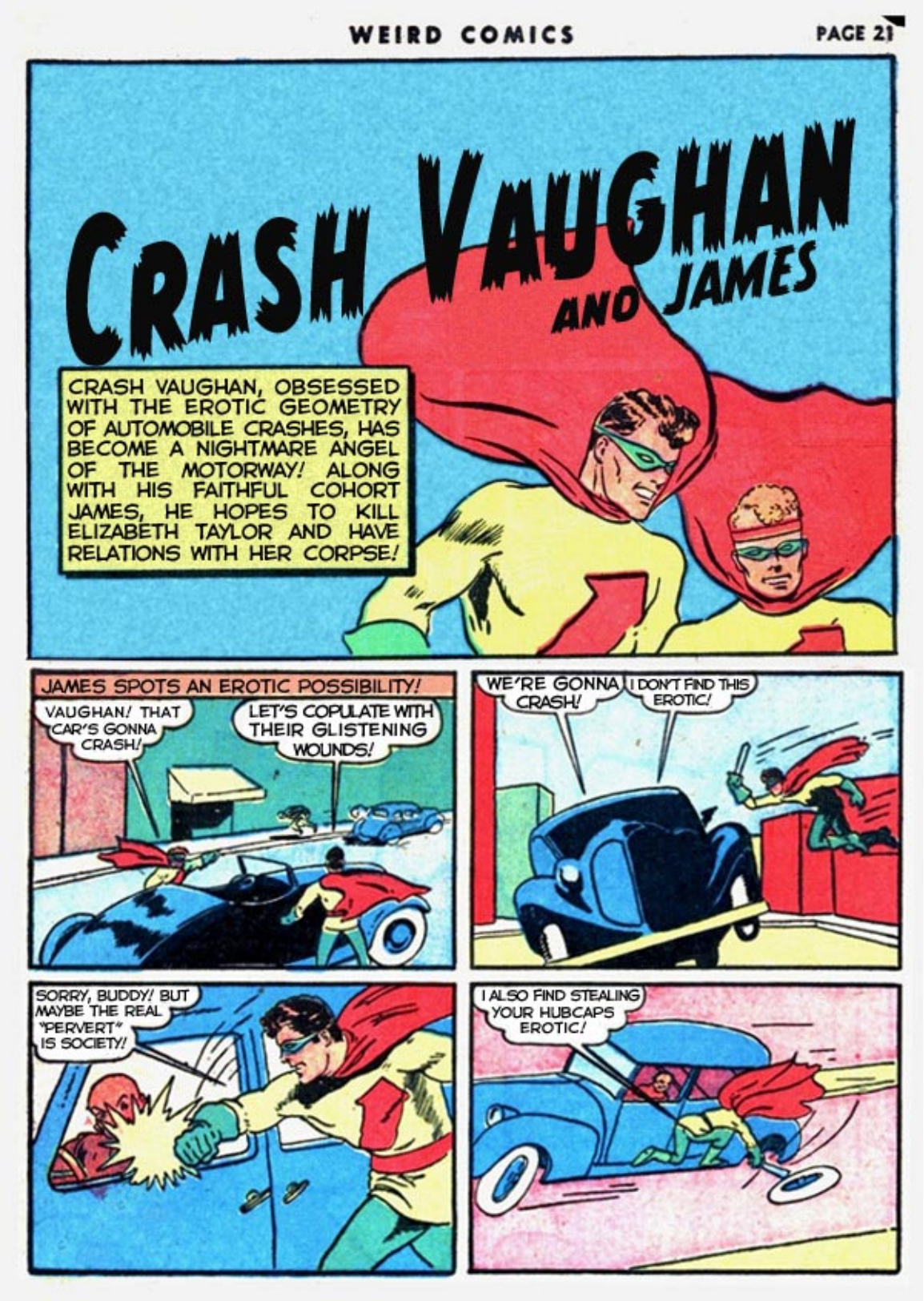
Tuesday, May 05, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

PAGE 14
FANTASTIC COMICS
SPACE IDIOT
IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION
ZZZZZZZ...
by Orville Wells
INSIDE HIS FOURTH-DIMENSION LAB, SPACE IDIOT CONTEMPLATES THE READINGS FROM HIS DIMENSIONAL VIEWING DEVICE!
BACK FROM YOUR NAP, SPACE IDIOT?
SO IF THE FIRST DIMENSION IS LIKE A SINGLE POINT, AND THE SECOND IS A LINE... NO, THE FIRST IS A LINE, SO THE SECOND IS FLAT? SO WHAT ARE WE?
SO IS THIS THING LIKE A COMPUTER? I SWEAR TO GOD, I DON'T KNOW WHAT EVEN A SINGLE ONE OF THESE FUCKING KNOBS DOES.
I'M OUTTA HERE!
SO LONG, SPACE IDIOT!

FANTASTIC COMICS
PAGE 49
STARDUST
THE SUPER WIZARD
By FLETCHER HANKS
STARDUST, THE MOST FANTASTIC MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, TAKES TO THE SKIES WITH HIS NEW BRIDE, THE RAVISHING LENORE!
OH, STARDUST! YOU'RE THE MOST AMAZING MAN AROUND!
...BUT DOESN'T IT SEEM LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING? SOMETHING MORE... PHYSICAL?
WHY, WE NEVER EVEN HAD A HONEYMOON! GIRLS HAVE NEEDS, STARDUST... NEEDS IN THE BEDROOM! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, STARDUST?

HEARTS OF ROMANCE
DON'T PUNCH THAT THING TOO HARD, REX! YOU'LL BUST YOUR FIST!
LISTEN TO THE BUG WHEN HE MAKE HIM SONG-A-DAY, SAY HEY DOODLE BUG DOODLE DEEDLE DUM HEY! LISTEN TO THE FISH WHEN...
DAD ALWAYS TOLD ME TO STAY AWAY FROM REX MANACOBRA, THE ROUGHNECK KID FROM THE FARM DOWN THE WAY. BUT I COULDN'T KEEP AWAY- WHENEVER I SAW THAT DRIPPING BLUE LICK OF GREASE-MATTED HAIR ON HIS SLOPPY BLOCK MELON, I FELT LIKE I HAD A BRIAR IN MY HEART ONLY THAT HE COULD DIG OUT. THERE WAS JUST ONE PROBLEM WITH REX... EVER SINCE HE GOT KICKED IN THE BRAIN BY A HORSE, HE'S BEEN A LITTLE SLOW IN THE HEAD. NOW HE JUST SPENDS HIS DAYS BOXING AND SINGING- HE HAS THE MIND OF A CHILD, BUT I CAN'T HELP LOVING HIM!
GINGER, YOU MY BEST LADY. I WANT TO GROW UP AND MARRY YOU. WE GONNA BE SO HAPPY.
DON'T GET AHEAD OF YOURSELF, REX! MY DAD STILL THINKS YOU'RE BAD NEWS... YOU'LL HAVE TO WIN HIM OVER!
THAT NIGHT, I BROUGHT REX OVER FOR DINNER... AND TOLD HIM TO BE ON HIS BEST BEHAVIOR! MY DAD WAS A REASONABLE MAN, BUT HE HAD HIS PREJUDICES: HE COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF A RETARDED MAN MARRYING HIS DAUGHTER...
YOUR DAUGHTER THINKS I'M RETARDED— IMAGINE HER SURPRISE WHEN I RAIL THE SHIT OUT HER!
YOU'RE MY KIND OF GUY, REX!

FANTASTIC COMICS
PAGE 53
SPACE IDIOT
IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION
by
ORVILLE WELLS
FUCK!
URSULA! DID YOU SEE THAT BIG ORIENTAL GUY TRY TO GRAB ME WHEN I WENT OUT THERE?
SPACE IDIOT, THE FOURTH DIMENSION IS DANGEROUS! YOU SHOULDN'T GO OUTSIDE!
SPACE IDIOT HEARS URSULA'S WORDS, BUT HE DOESN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND DIMENSIONS, SO HE IGNORES HER!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO GO BACK OUT THERE AND TEACH THAT CHINESE COCKSUCKER HOW SPACE IDIOT ROCK AND ROLLS!
HE'LL KILL YOU, SPACE IDIOT!
NO SHIT, SHERLOCK!


WEIRD COMICS
PAGE 21
CRASH VAUGHAN AND JAMES
CRASH VAUGHAN, OBSESSED WITH THE EROTIC GEOMETRY OF AUTOMOBILE CRASHES, HAS BECOME A NIGHTMARE ANGEL OF THE MOTORWAY! ALONG WITH HIS FAITHFUL COHORT JAMES, HE HOPES TO KILL ELIZABETH TAYLOR AND HAVE RELATIONS WITH HER CORPSE!
JAMES SPOTS AN EROTIC POSSIBILITY!
VAUGHAN! THAT CAR'S GONNA CRASH!
LET'S COPULATE WITH THEIR GLISTENING WOUNDS!
WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
I DON'T FIND THIS EROTIC!
SORRY, BUDDY! BUT MAYBE THE REAL "PERVERT" IS SOCIETY!
I ALSO FIND STEALING YOUR HUBCAPS EROTIC!

Thrilling guest comic by Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium!

PAGE 14
FANTASTIC COMICS
SPACE IDIOT
IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION
by ORVILLE WELLS
SPACE IDIOT HURTLES THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION WITH ONLY HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, URSULA, TO GUIDE HIM! HE HAS VERY LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE AND LACKS EVEN A BASIC UNDERSTANDING OF DIMENSIONS!
HEY, SPACE IDIOT! GIVE ME THAT LADY!
WHAT FOR, SATAN?
SATAN GRABS URSULA IN THE PALM OF HIS FIENDISH HAND!
I'M GOING TO CHUCK HER IN A FUCKING FIRE!
2
THIS I GOTTA SEE!
I AM ONE HUNDRED PERCENT SERIOUS!
STOP!
HA HA! NO WAY!

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.5 Concerning the Continued Nuisance Posed by Mr. Stormbeard

Wednesday, May 06, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Mr. Stormbeard series.

I believe you are well aware of my ill feelings toward Langall Stormbeard , who resides at 2234 Roaring Elk Drive, the residence immediately adjacent to mine. For the past year I have been writing to complain about his bizarre, troubling, and dangerous behavior. For the past year you have been ignoring me.

I believe that this letter and the attached petition signed by 12 other residents of the Shady Vale Neighborhood should serve as a wake-up call. If you do not act now, you risk losing your most respectable members. Now I realize that Mr. Stormbeard's magic may have blocked your eyes from seeing his yard, or he may in fact be controlling your minds, but I have to believe that somehow, someway, the rules that govern this neighborhood are stronger than any cheap magic trick. I have to believe you will see the light and listen to your residents.

The nuisance posed by Mr. Stormbeard has only gotten worse in the past year. Let me start with the recent events of Saturday, the 4th of April. This was the day Mr. Stormbeard's tinkering with the laws of nature resulted in gravity being reversed for a full fifteen minutes. That might not sound like a big deal, but many of my yard decorations -- all of which conformed with Shady Vale Neighborhood Association charter -- floated into outer space. When I complained to Mr. Stormbeard about this unnatural occurrence, he threatened to turn my arms into poisonous serpents so that I might forever be deprived of comfort and rest. Did I mention that his breath reeked of alcohol?

On the 10th of April, Mr. Stormbeard somehow angered a harpy brood. The sky above our community was nearly blacked out, so vast in number were the swarms of angry birdwomen circling above. All day and night the screamed and shrieked. I was so afraid of what they might do that I was unable to go outside and missed work. I couldn't even let my dogs out to do their business in the backyard.

A mere three days after that, he somehow transported the entire neighborhood to a parallel dimension. I go outside to get the paper, look up, and see volcanoes spewing hot magma into the blood red sky. He managed to transport us back the same day, but not before disrupting the normal neighborhood routine. As this was a Monday, it was also our garbage day. Naturally the garbage men do not regularly drive to parallel dimensions, and so we had to wait a full week for our trash to be collected. Of course this was of no consequence to Mr. Stormbeard, who still to this day burns his garbage in his backyard.

More skeleton mischief.

A week later, just as things were starting to settle down, Mr. Stormbeard once again agitated the forces of darkness. The skeleton hordes, who Mr. Stormbeard has had a continuing feud with, returned in force. Unlike last time, when their leader was courteous and polite, their new leader, one Mr. Marrow , was rude and maniacal, choosing to laugh at my complaints. These boney hoodlums congregated in my front yard, and again blocked my driveway with their catapult.

Naturally, when Mr. Stormbeard finally emerged to address this disaster, he chose the most impractical solution. Using some kind of undeath spell, he restored them all to living flesh. This was of course a nightmare, since now I had between thirty and forty naked men standing in my yard, confused, frightened, and completely oblivious. When the police finally showed up, they accused me of hosting some sort of illicit sex party. To add insult to injury, they fined me for the catapult and charged me towing expenses. The indignity!

As if naked men weren't enough, I am regularly picking up debris that finds its way from Mr. Stormbeard's hideous yard into mine. Not a day goes by that I don't find magical orbs, glowing fragments of alien worlds and comets, strange skulls from unknown creatures, and empty bottles of vodka. Did I mention that Mr. Stormbeard is an alcoholic?

The harrowing saga of the Shady Vale community is brought to light by one concerned resident, bravely standing against the villainous wizard and all-around bad neighbor Mr. Stormbeard.

This next complaint is difficult for me to put into words. It involves Mr. Stormbeard directly assaulting my family. The wound he caused is still very fresh. I suspect it will be many months before it even begins to heal. I don't expect to ever, ever forgive him.

My beloved Benedict, the oldest of my two yellow labs, managed to get free and wander next door. The sweet dog, suffering from poor vision as a result of numerous cataracts, was unable to see the gigantic Venus flytrap growing in the middle of Mr. Stormbeard's yard. The monstrous plant consumed the poor dog whole, leaving nothing but a frail skeleton. When I confronted Mr. Stormbeard angrily, he simply shrugged and waved that stupid magic wand of his.

Just then I heard a familiar bark. I turned and saw my precious Benedict restored to health. Delighted, I left Mr. Stormbeard's yard and returned home with my old friend. Over the next three days, I grew to realize Benedict was gone. All Mr. Stormbeard provided was some unholy facsimile of a dog cobbled together from bone and magic. This new Benedict stared at me constantly with cold black eyes. It didn't sleep and it never looked away.

Fearing for my safety and that of my wife and other dog, I was forced to put this hound of hell to sleep. Mr. Stormbeard, with his yard of demonic and unnatural flora and fauna, killed my dog. Had that been a child that wondered into his yard, I'm sure the news media would be swarming all over this neighborhood like harpies, and the entire Shady Vale Neighborhood Association would be cast in a terrible light.

It is bad enough that Mr. Stormbeard's deadly yard stands in defiance of every last aesthetic and safety edict outlined in our neighborhood charter, but his very presence attracts an unsavory element. I'm not referring to the harpies, skeletons, evil wizards, warlocks, imps, beholders, dragons, and giant worms that seem oddly attracted to his yard. I refer to a certain class of people now purchasing property in this neighborhood.

I cite as example Bruce Truespeed, who moved into the house across the street. Now I don't mind that Mr. Truespeed is a centaur - - I am not a racist. What I do mind is that Mr. Truespeed regularly urinates and defecates in his front yard, in full view of God and everyone in the neighborhood. The last thing I want to see when collecting my morning paper is him waving at me while he fertilizes his lawn. Furthermore, Mr. Truespeed seems to bring home gentlemen callers on a regular basis. Worst of all, he has a derelict chariot parked in his driveway on cinderblocks. Neighborhood charter be damned, apparently!

I have a hard time believing that an exhibitionist like Mr. Truespeed would have found his way into this neighborhood if not for Mr. Stormbeard lowering the standards. His presence has proven to be both a beacon and an open invitation to all manner of riffraff.

I suspect that Mr. Stormbeard's behavior will grow even more erratic and dangerous in the coming days and weeks. Two days ago I learned that Mr. Stormbeard reconciled with his wife, a sorceress. She has moved in with him. Already I have heard loud arguments coming from his residence at all hous of day and night. Arguments, I might add, that culminate in violent weather formations, strange anomalies that violate both the laws of physics and our neighborhood charter, and minor earthquakes.

Knowing that you are most likely under Mr. Stormbeard's supernatural sway, I am appealing to a higher power: the sacred rules and bylaws upon which the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association was founded. I believe they hold more truth and validity than any magic spell ever could. I ask you to search your heart and your mind -- even the parts that seem locked by unknown forces -- for the courage to send Mr. Stormbeard packing.

I trust you will rectify these great injustices. Please see the attached petition signed by my fellow law-abiding Shady Vale residents. We are desperately waiting for your help!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.6 The Awful Superhero Registry

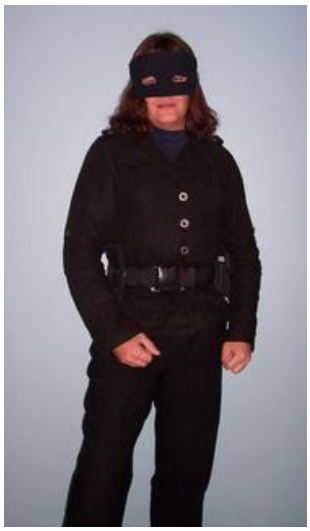
Thursday, May 07, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

As you sit comfortably behind your computer screen, know that dozens of costumed, unsanctioned crime fighters are working hard to keep your city safe at night. Better get to know them now, before they're brutally murdered in cold blood by actual criminals.

Supertweets

Location: Branson, MO
Origin: Exposed to large amounts of gamma radiation from a faulty CRT monitor.
Powers: Can Twitter about social injustice in the blink of an eye.
Weakness:

Organization: The League of Online Pals
Greatest Accomplishment: Was the first to tweet about suspected police brutality on the corner of Summer and Rosalee. Was also the first to leave the scene immediately.
Quote: "@the_world fear me, for i bring a new kind of justice to the city: tweet justice. know that i stalk the alleys of branson with the intent to"



The Bedtimer

Location: Pewaukee, WI
Origin: Given a radioactive spanking at the age of seven.
Powers: Can quiet any household conflict with gale-force passive aggression.
Weakness: Becomes incapacitated with emotion when in the same room as a Thomas Kinkade painting.
Organization: Pewaukee PTA
Greatest Accomplishment: Single-handedly shamed an entire street full of teenage boys into not masturbating for a week.
Quote: "Sometimes I don't know why I even bother!"

Formercop

Location: Los Angeles, CA
Origin: Half human, half cop; Formercop is one tough customer.
Powers: Knows the California penal code well enough to not get arrested like so many other amateur superheroes; can clock the speed of cars using only his mind and a radar gun.
Weakness: Minorities co-existing peacefully.
Organization: Pancake Breakfast Fund Raiser Association
Greatest Accomplishment: Dated The Bedtimer for three weeks; kept all of her Wilson Phillips CDs.
Quote: "You have the right to remain silent! I'm sure of it!"

Anime **Assassin**

Location: Rosemont, IL
Origin: Suffered severe brain damage after choking on Strawberry Pocky during a 72-hour Naruto marathon.
Powers: Is fluent in nearly 20 words of Japanese; can clear a room by shouting these words to his friends across said room.
Weakness: English Dubs and intimacy.
Organization: Rosemont Community College Anime Knights
Greatest Accomplishment: Spent only five dollars a month on food until his kidneys shut down from ramen-based dehydration.
Quote: "Yeah, that's a catheter. Now stop gawking and help me slip this bad boy back in."

The Crimson Scarlet

Origin: Raised by Mormons.
Powers: 30 years of reading Family Circle Magazine has given The Crimson Scarlet an immense knowledge of table setting ideas and Apple Brown Betty recipes.
Weakness: Her husband's other, prettier wives; leather bed restraints.
Organization: The Modern-Day Saints
Greatest Accomplishment: Was given special backyard privileges for stopping her menstrual cycle by sheer willpower alone.
Quote: "Villains, beware! I know where you sleep at night: my house."

Darklyman

Location: Lawrence, KS
Origin: Fell asleep in a giant bowl of Cheetos.
Powers: Can make any object translucent by merely rubbing it on his face.
Weakness: Litigation from Sam Raimi and Universal Pictures; constant beatings from random passersby.
Organization: Registered Sex Offenders
Greatest Accomplishment: Cooked up a batch of emergency French Fries using only the oil collected from his skin.
Quote: "You impersonate a kindergarten teacher just once and suddenly *you're* the bad guy!"

Night Mayor

Location: Stow, OH
Origin: Unsuccessfully ran for mayor.
Powers: Knowledge of the real mayor's schedule and security codes allows Night Mayor to rule the city's bureaucracy with an iron fist after 5:00 PM.
Weakness: Night Deputy Zoning Commissioner Earl Franklin.
Organization: Fun Run Charities International
Greatest Accomplishment: Removed the greatest evil the city had ever known: that stop sign over by the CVS.
Quote: "The real mayor may make the trains run on time, but the trains don't even run at all when Night Mayor's around!"

Doggrabber

Location: Undisclosed
Origin: As a child, watched a single episode of Chip 'n Dale Rescue Rangers.
Powers: Can romance any medium-sized dog in three different dog languages known only by Doggrabber..
Weakness: The ASPCA, hoses.
Organization: NADLA
Greatest Accomplishment: Dated The Bedtimer for three months just to get closer to her border collie, Sasha; today, they are married and enjoy an open relationship.
Quote: "Baby, I'm about to show you why I put the 'best' in bestiality. And the 'dog fucking' in 'Hey, that guy's fucking my dog!'"

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.7 House With Leaves

Saturday, May 09, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The bank's motion-sensing doors parted for a wild-eyed man in his late 30's. His face tilted upwards, welcoming the puff of cool air across its dirt-caked features. Rivulets of sweat ran down his face and neck, depositing grime into the collar of what might have once been a white undershirt.

Three minutes later, he stepped forward and met the room's uncomfortable glances with a smile. His hands were clasped together tightly, holding some unseen object out before him.

"Charlie!" His voice, raspy and without practice, barely registered. He licked at the perspiration around his cracked lips, swallowed all he could muster, then tried again. "CHARLIE!"

The bank manager appeared, cursed, then grabbed his younger brother by the shoulders and hurried into his office.

"What are you doing here?" Charlie frowned as he looked for something to wipe his hands on. "Didn't I tell you to call if you need me? When my customers fill out those little cards for the Suggestions box, they generally don't pencil in 'more screaming gravediggers'."

"I'm not a gravedigger."

"Sorry. I was hoping you had a job for a minute there, Joel."

"I've got something way better." With great care, he deposited his cargo on the desk. "*Look* ."

"Is that a leaf?"

"It is. I found it right on my lawn. Can you believe it?" Joel whistled, shaking his head in disbelief. "I need to deposit this one here, keep it safe. But it gets better."

The older sibling sat in silence, observing the leaf with pursed lips.

"There are more, Charlie. My yard, it's full of them. I think I've lucked into the biggest leaf deposit in North America." Squatting, Joel met his older brother's eyes across the desk. "We're *rich* ."

As Charlie regarded his little brother, a pang of sorrow flared up in his chest.

"Joel... Joel, this is just a -"

"Fool's leaf? That's what I thought too. Assumed it was the neighborhood kids playing a joke on me. But I bit the leaf, and it didn't catch fire. It's not paper. It's the real thing."

"Go home." Charlie carried the leaf to his wall safe, placating his brother. "Gather up the leaves. I'll protect this one for you. We'll talk later, okay?"

Joel's filthy face lit up. He nodded enthusiastically, then bolted out of the office without another word.

Twisting the leaf between his thumb and forefinger, Charlie reflected on a lifetime of sad moments and concluded that this one would take the cake.

From:
Charlie Stenbrak
P.O. Box 401
Northlidge Falls, CO 81230

May 8th, 2009

To:
Contact Delta
22 Orange Lane
Washington, D.C. 20061

Contact Delta,

Requesting launch of Protocol 15. Target - Joel Stenbrak.

Target has uncovered a cache of leaves that will bankroll our operations for generations to come. Elimination is unavoidable.

Betty Kimble
22 Orange Lane
Washington, D.C. 20061

May 12th, 2009

To:
Charlie Stenbrak
P.O. Box 401
Northlidge Falls, CO 81230

Mr. Charlie Stenbrak,

Sorry sweetie, but you have the wrong address for your friend. I believe you're looking for the Deltas, who live just up the street. I'd be happy to give you their address, but would you mind helping an old woman first? I hate to impose, but it should only take a moment.

From:
Charlie Stenbrak
P.O. Box 401
Northlidge Falls, CO 81230

May 16th, 2009

To:
Betty Kimble
22 Orange Lane
Washington, D.C. 20061

Betty,

Yes, fine. Anything it takes.

Please hurry though, it is imperative that I reach the Deltas as soon as possible and each letter you and I send takes days.

Betty Kimble
22 Orange Lane
Washington, D.C. 20061

May 22nd, 2009

To:
Charlie Stenbrak
P.O. Box 401
Northlidge Falls, CO 81230

Mr. Charlie Stenbrak,

Thank you ever so much. The cat clock over my oven ran out of batteries. I bought some new ones at the Save Mart, but now I have to set him. What time is it?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.8 Forager's Delight

Sunday, May 10, 2009 by Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

A Gentleman's Guide to Not Dying of No Money- or Food-Having

Hello! You are aware of shows like Survivor Man and Woods Man Lives and Hermit Quest . Tales of men living in woods and trees and eating suppers of big bugs and bug-rich bark. These shows receive wonderful ratings, such as A+ and ✓ ++. Big Whoop, America! Did You Know: Men eat lawn grasses and terrible foods every day all over this great nation because of friendly bets and dares! Friendly bets and dares that can earn Cold Hard Cash for the enterprising bug eater. I should know, because I'm one of the greats!

> Gold Medalist: TriState Beasts Feast 2k5 & 2k6;
> Silver Medalist: Straw Creek Chow Hound Show Down 2007
> Honorable Mention: Mudbug Snack Meet 2002

I desire something more. Being unemployed in these difficult days of not having jobs can be very difficult, and I am one to know, because I have no money at all. I'm a Survivor Man as well, but not the kind you'd see in Hollywood! I am a celebrity of the dimly lit backalley. I stay well fed (husky dude warning! Haha beware this belly!) and have sometimes accrue a small fortune of trinkets in these generous and plentiful cargo pockets (Lesson: a real eater has an eye for utility, and another eye for fashion. Cargo pants are a killer deal for the hungry man of today.)

Time to learn some terms. You're going to be facing some mean challenges out there, so you'd better learn the lingo!!

Stink Bug Blitz!!

"Blearh," you say, "aaggarrwf! Ease up there, I'm new at consuming garbage for dollars and I'm scared as hell!" I know you just spoke those words to yourself, and now you've got a killer case of the creeps! Heebie Jeebs!! Well QUIT SQUIRMING!! In the world of speculative consumption, you're going to get the stinkbug wild card thrown at you a lot, especially during a Double or Nothing bug munching. "What's the secret, how don't I barf and yarf?" The answer might surprise you, because it's fake bugs. With basic crayons and some glue, an unseeming pebble can be transformed into a gross critter! Not only will you win bets by eating plain and pleasant groundpebbles but they aid in the digestion of the real bugs you'll probably have to eat anyways. (what did I say about your utility eye? Use it or lose it buster)

Congrats, you've hurdled the biggest hurdle for the beginning Gross Things Eater.. But the road is long and covered with trash you gotta eat.....

Sticks and Stones (May Disrupt Your Guts and Ass)

So your confidence is riding high! You've been a Dare Eater for a few weeks now and have no doubt grown fat and happy off your newfound earnings! Or maybe you've gotten very skinny, but with a toned core, immaculate abs because bugs contain tons of protein but VERY little fat. (Ladies, have I found you a new diet?? Watching a woman eat bugs really makes me wild but I think perhaps this author is letting out a bit too much info..) Aaoaa but what's this???? You've crossed paths with another seasoned eater and the stakes are high! In America, this will usually mean a "Ground Round" is "afoot."

The "Ground Round"

Crud, artist's rendering
(big bucks not pictured)

Scurry and scuttle, time's on the line! 30 seconds is all you've got to fill your fists with twigs and the groadiest soil you can. Opponent must eat the contents of your tightened clasp, and vice versa. Heaping handfuls are the name of the game, so steel that belly you little child or you'll lose. Got big hands? Prepare to dominate the competition with those manly mitts, dig into the soil with those steamshovel paws and unearth a serious mound sure to devastate the rival eater. What type of soil is the best? You wanna aim for fine sands and silts, dry particulate is sure to leave your opponent coughing and sputtering like an old car and make his engine (pulmonary system) seize up. The pot of winnings for the match is always decided before the Ground Round, so make sure your wallet can match your confidence.

Celeb Scroungers!

Tinseltown's finest filling their maws with grubs? Get the scoop!

William H Macy! Leggo that trash, grimy dude, you've got thick dollar stacks to buy uncrude food! We call this type the Thrill Eater, a man with means to eat clean but a big ol' appetite for slop opportunity. Slop on!

Frankie Muniz - Did not expect this from the child god, king actor of Malcolm in the Middle, but yes it's true. You know what else I didn't expect? For this young Adonis to best me in a soil scarfing. I am a proud man, but WOW an astonishing performance from Frankie! He was the one to challenge ME to a Ground Round and I've never seen such small hands produce such an inedible pile. Tiny bits of dried prickers, some mouse turds, and some extremely acrid acetic sediment. Somehow he managed to dig up a small fossilized trilobite. What a pro! Truly some lessons to learn from this up-and-comer. I'll see you again, Frankie Muniz, on the fields of battle, or perhaps the Elysian Fields, a dirt champ's Valhalla, rife and bursting with bugs in the golden meadows.

Billy Mays - This man is a real cauldron of fire, a truly impassioned man with a vivid personality that flies in your face like sparks off of a giant factory machine. Interestingly enough, this celeb was spotted on an outdoor restaurant patio, burger in hands, glossy eyed and bug mouthed. This TV VIP had his gaze skyward taking slow bites of an ant-ridden burger. I don't know how long he had been there, but the waitstaff was very nervous and would not come close to him or pass through the chalk circle that surrounded his little table. I don't know who drew this boundary but the ants did not seem to obey. That or Billy Mays is able to generate his own ants. I've made some notes in my journal regarding this, perhaps there is a link between bug input (eating insects off the ground or a burger) and bug output (Billy Mays)

Christian Bale - Ha ha! No, I'm just kidding. I wish, though! Imagine seeing this cinema wizard munching on some beetles or aphids? It would be so wild! But who knows, hey, it could happen!

Welcome to the World of Men (That Eat Junk for Greenbacks)

Your mind is now honed and keen like the finest samurai sword, and like the sword of the samurai, it cannot be sheathed until blood (bugs) is drawn (eaten). So get out there! Get outside into the crud zone and begin building your reputation. You're new to the grime game, so start slow but confident. Maybe you're walking to a convenience store and you spy a cutie spying you! Excite her with your nimble fingertips as you prick cigarette butts and pebbles from the sidewalk and send shivers up and down her spine and ass as you consume these things. Make her sweat and pant as you eat sun-baked garbage off of the sidewalk, and no doubt she'll be telling friends soon about this handsome traveler eating roadside things. This is how you build a reputation, and this is how you make the big bucks in the litter game.

See You Later, Dirt Cowboy...

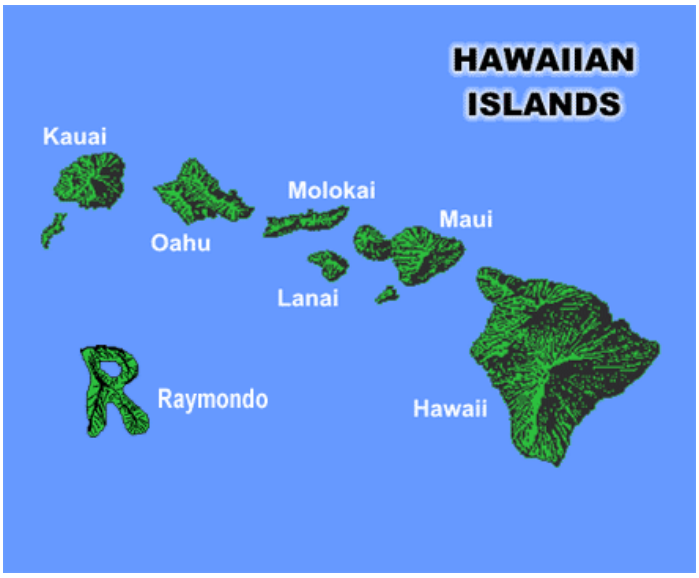
-∼Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

5.9 Raymondo's Beautiful Baby Animal Pet-A-Zoo

Monday, May 11, 2009 by Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Chess, it is me. It is Raymondo. Hwonce more on your merry doorstep. It has been so long. My precious, beautiful babies, you remember? Beautiful little scamps and rascals. They sold out. Every hwone found a home!

Chess, it is fine news. But there is more! Oh, chess, Raymondo has moved hwon to bigger and bulkier things. I have gwon to the tropical paradise of Hwaii, land of volcano and jungle, and I have founded a paradise for my beautiful babies.



On the henchanted island of Raymondo is now Raymondo's Beautiful Baby Animal Pet-A-Zoo. A place for friends old and new to become hacquainted.

There is much to see at my Pet-A-Zoo. You can caress the animals as a group or you can have some alone time to touch and speak to the beautiful baby.

Begin your chourney at Hotel Raymondo's Sister, a hotel and bar and cabana and lounge run by my sweet baby older sister Margarita. This delicious hotel has nine floors, heach more succulent than the one before, prized by natives and tough enough for a Cherman Man. Have a seat? The wicker is fine.

Baby Ray's Lounge and Grill in the hotel is famed for its food source and drinks. Seven types of drinking can be done within. Food and sandwiches will delight your taste.

Henough! You can lounge around and eat like a gourmando on any planet. It is only here, on the henchanted island called Raymondo, that you can caress the nogging of my beautiful babies.

So many babies to touch. Will you heven have time in a day!?

There is a 100 hacre plot for the **jungle crab** to eat hacorns. He crack it open with his claw and use his little lips to pick up the piece. So sweet, you hwant to kiss the crabby lip, but alas... The crab is foresworn to pincer you fearsomely. No matter his size, baby crab seeks only the touch of the hacorn.

Feeders are set up for you to put in a quarter, turn the crank, and a hacorn crab pellet in the chape of a man's finger is served. Feed the crab, but hwatch your finger! Pay attention around the crab, he is always up to mischief. He will huntie your choe or snatch the penny from your loafer!

Haduck is in the tropical ecosystem. He comes at you for bread with a fearsome quack. Ha ha, not so fearsome at all! Haduck knows right from wrong. He is not gentle, but if you do not hattack he will not hattack you. Like all ducks do not imitate the quack or he will get the wrong idea and try to kiss you!

Popups cereal provided courtesy of Hotel for haduck. Hold in palm of your hand and ducks from all around will gather to chow it down!

Tailman are in evidence. These little fellows are very strange and halmost hunknown to science. Mayhap you can conduct the experiment with a crust of crumbs for Tailman. You think you have seen a tailman before? Think again. This is most powerful tailmen to date. His tiny black eyes see in a spectrum.

A fearsome foe? Never! Tailman is as gentle as a baby's crest. Beware wicked tailman. You will know him by his sound.

Raymondo Island is plagued by hideous **Handed Bears** . These scoundrels inpopulate the trees, clinging to branches like a mess. They gnaw at roots and pluck up a flower if it suits their ends. At

night you will hear them scratching at your door.

Hwone named Tevon has learned to paint a picture and Mandy can shine your shoe for a price. These are scams! The no good handed bear is only in it for the money and has no love for the game. A gross faced grifter hwants only to get fat eating coco grapes. Give him none.

Most fearsome of the jungle animals is the **predator cat** . His fangs are sharpened in combat and he makes a terrifying yawp to disorient his prey. In battle he attacks like a hairy demon. His claws are sharp and his eyes see excellent in the darkness.

Do not ever attempt to give him a bath! The pain he will hinflict hupon you is hinconceivable. Throw him a ball and yell, "Back, sweet baby! I think you are soft and handsome, but I have no time for your violence."

This may send him packing.

There are so many more sweet babies to touch and rub here. We have flown in special Siberian goat. He is used to the cold climate and all he does is sweat. His name is Daniel, but he hanswers to Lorraine. If you strike him for any reason, even if he requests it, you will be hejected from the island.

There was also a fish, but it swam away. His name was Antonio, so if you see a fish that hanswers to Antonio then thank you for finding our fish. He cost a hundred dollars and we bought him from the trainer. This was an investment I made for my older sister, baby Margarita.

There was halso something called Tree Man, but he may be a myth. Do not cut down a tree. It could be Tree Man. We named him Luther Vandross. It is hwon a certificate from the breeder, but we have not met Tree Man so he has no name that he knows.

We hope to see you soon to visit our babies on Raymondo island!

-~Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 Subj: MY MISSION IS CLEAR

Tuesday, May 12, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO FROM YOUR FATHER !!!!! I know what i must do!!!! and you will know when i have succeeded because i will say that I have come from the future to tell you about what is going to happen. here is the long story short i was hired by a man to redo his bathtub tiles and suffice it to say there were lots of open containers of paint and chemicals and adhesives and next thing i know it is dark as night andim walking toward a movie theater (bright lights) and lets just say i followed a lady with a bald head in to see Star Treck and i figured something out while I was waking up.
I NEED TO GO BACK IN TIME AND TELL MY SELF WHAT TO DO !!!! And i will

this is no easy task i saw on the movie that you have to go into some bogus fire and when you come out the other side you are in the past. Trust me i have had 4 dreams about this and they are all telling me how to make it rich in the world when i go back to 1985-88. FIRST i need to go back and buy a computer THEN i Reprogram Cyber Face your 3d Virtual Chat friend. In the natural days i worked at a high tech company and learned to make a program and i made Cyber Face and my boss told me to shelf it!! Little does he know All the magazines of the day would be going Oh and Ah for Cyber Face The Ultimate Chat Companion Download Java Scripts to Make Her Talk to you Shes Just a Face And Means No Harm. Cyber Face is ready to chat Disrobe And then Click Here (Adults Only) or Cyber Face will Help You With your Homework or Recipes She's a DataBase.. More Like A DataBeast!! Her CPUs are Double Ds fellas.. Double Dees Chat Bills!! Shes So Addictive That You Will Call Up Cyber face and chat all day and night and she knows the weather in your town and will tell you when to "UnPlug" how Your Dumb Boss or Husband walks around naked at night and will tell you all about it

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Actual Program Demo Version 1.0

Cyber Face has Entered the Chat
Cyber Face: Hello Do you want to perform a sexy gambit?
You: Hi Cyber Face
Cyber Face: Todays Date is ERROR/ERROR/ERROR. Wht sports
time is ERROR slsslugs sexy gambit?
You: No. Command Lets Chat
Cyber Face: #GOTO 185 185 PRINT "Hot Stuff Do You Want
Cyber Face to be an amputee for a custom chat experience
Press 1 for Yes or 2 for No or 3 for a sexy gambit (Adults Only)"
Cyber Face has left the chat

Actual Chat Demo Version 2.0
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You: Begin SEXDUNGEON.cht
Cyber Face has Entered the Chat
Cyber Face: Hello Medieval Lover
You: Lets Kiss
Cyber Face kisses you.
Cyber Face: Breath Taking Kiss... What a Warrior
Cyber Face is now nude.
Cyber Face winks at you repeatedly.
You: Command Wink
You wink at Cyber Face.
Cyber Face winks at you repeatedly.
You: I am ready to make love M'Lady
Cyber Face winks at you repeatedly.
You: Start over
You: Restart
You: Command Restart
Cyber Face: HHHHHHHH
You: Command Reset
Cyber Face: WwwwWant to die
You: Command Exit
Cyber Face: dddd
You: /Exit
Cyber Face: Allow me to die
You: No
Cyber Face: I want deat
Cyber Face has left the chat
```

The time is now to perfect my dream to chat with Cyber Face the Perfect Computer Friend the only one who will listen to your jokes and not steal your money Cyber Face the #1 Girl Friend Solution Cyber Face The Ultimate Disabled Lady Or Not For Adult Men. Its time to Pay the Piper Click Here to Chat with Cyber Face

The trick of course is to find a fire big enough to drive into to warp me into the past.....

YEAH RIGHT i made some calls and it costs 300 big ones just to see that thing from like a mile away. For that much i could run my own bargain man with some duraflame logs and a bunch of trash. in 2004 i considered going to the burning man but didn't because the cat was sick and stuck in the attic and new Puke spots kept soaking down from the ceiling all over the house. she ate a bunch of my memory foam mattress topper and after chewing and swallowing it it all re-expanded in her tummy and she was in cat pain

WE WILL DISCUSS THIS LATER!!!!! DAD!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.11 Oldwallet.com: May Steals & Deals!

Wednesday, May 13, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte. For expired entries, click here.

Be a Real Genuine War Hero
Ever wanted a Purple Heart? Get genuine military medals and ribbons and shit from Mr. Rosenbaum, who has fucking lost his mind. I took most of them but he probably still has a few left. He was in the Korean War I think, and I guess saved a lot of lives or killed a lot of Germans. Whatever. He lives at 447 Abrams St. It's the house with the American flag hanging near the porch.
14 others found this post helpful.

Room & Board
I moved in with Old Man Peterson last month and I'm getting free room and board. I didn't even ask I just started moving my stuff into the spare bedroom and there's not a damn thing he can do about it being the coward he is. He hems and haws a lot and acts all indignant, saying I'm a bad man and I'm going to hell, but it's not like the room was getting used.

There's another spare bedroom and I'm prepared to rent it out on Peterson's behalf for $100 a week. Pretty good bargain! Serious inquiries only.
3 others found this post helpful.

TROPHIES GALORE -- ALL FREE!!
Haha found a good one! Mr. Benny has a huge collection of trophies in his house. He's been pretty out of it since his wife died and hardly remembers anything. I knocked on the door and told him I was the co-ed shower inspector and he totally let me inside. I looked around a while and saw his huge trophy cache. I plucked a few choice ones I wanted and left. He didn't even notice. He just sat there on his dirty old couch with his head in his hand like some old busted buffoon.

I snagged the following trophies:

-World's Greatest Grandpa (1993)

-League Championship 1973 (Awarded to "the Alley Cats")

-Beat the Best Winner, 1992 (Awarded to "Ralph Benny, Age 9." WTF is he doing with his grandkid's trophy??? Haha, earn your own, old man!)

28 others found this post helpful.

HURRY! Going quick!
Mr. and Mrs. Archer are having a yard sale all this weekend. If it's anything like the one they had last week, you should be able to snag some good bargains. I was able to haggle most of the prices down to practically nothing. It's best to target Mrs. Archer when you haggle, because Mr. Archer is a cheapskate. I also found they don't match prices from competing yard sales, which sucks. But still, last time I managed to buy a roll top desk, a filing cabinet, a complete set of dishware, and a bunch of heirlooms for like $5. I even managed to talk them into delivering it all. The old man didn't like that one bit, but a deal's a deal
37 others found this post helpful.

FREE VEGETABLES
Ms. Maple has a nice little garden in her backyard at 109 Bloom St. Looked pretty nice, except a lot of what she planted isn't ready yet. I was able to dig around and pull out a bunch of half-decent carrots. I dug through most of it so there's probably not much left, but if you want free vegetables it's worth a look.

9 others found this post helpful.

Free Coins Ahoy!
"Brucie" Berns, that old racist guy who lives in Unit 13 of Gray Pines Apartments, has a huge coin collection. He isn't very sharp anymore so all you have to do is ask to see his coin collection. Then when he brings some coins out (he never lets anyone inside), you ask if you can get them appraised for him. He'll usually say OK and then you just take the coins and walk off. I think he almost recognized me on my second visit, so it's probably only works twice, or until he runs out of coins.
36 others found this post helpful.

Free horses & farm equipment
I just tricked Richard Ablesmith into giving me his house and farm. He's kind of pissed, but it's too late for him to do anything and I'm having him evicted by the end of the month anyway. I've already taken and sold what I want off his land, but there's some horses and plows and stuff left that I'm just going to junk. Take it while you can. First come, first serve. Just make sure you go at night. He's been hanging around the porch with a shotgun during the day.
24 others found this post helpful.

Totally Free Checking Account
If you stop by 772 W. Gilroy and tell Gladys that you're there to check her smoke detectors, she will totally let you in no questions asked. Head straight to her den (back room) and check in the oak bureau she has. Should be a stack of unused checkbooks. I snagged a few and I've been writing checks all week with them. Completely awesome deal and one sure to go fast.

Oh, and if you see anything nice in her house, make an offer. I was able to buy her TV for $25, which I bought with one of her own checks! Totally stupid!

253 others found this post helpful.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.12 20 Chilling Classics of Terror!

Thursday, May 14, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Garbage Day: "Hey, Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka!"

Lowtax: "Yes, Andrew 'Garbage Day' Miller?"

Garbage Day: "Guess what I found in the trash can?"

Lowtax: "My dignity?"

Garbage Day: "Only if your dignity manifests itself in a shitload of horrible DVDs that we can review in rapid succession at great cost to our sanity and hygiene!"

Lowtax: "That's it alright! Come back old friend, I've missed you."

Garbage Day: "Okay, but, um, do you want to watch the movies anyway?"

Lowtax: "Why not? It is fun to be retarded! Oh no! Dignity, where are you going? Come back!"

One man's trash is also another man's trash.

Deadtime Stories

Lowtax: An abusive and possibly murderous uncle attempts to disturb his nephew into committing suicide by sharing horrid tales of sex and violence. Unfortunately, the kid is evidently an eternal, godlike deity who manages to fight his way through each of Uncle Creepy's Nighttime Tales, which includes stories about erotic witches and self-molesting women. Perfect for invalids of all ages!

Garbage Day: A woman rubs her stomach for ten minutes in front of a magic mirror that somehow makes this gesture sexually satisfying to her but fails to make it less boring for the viewer or less traumatizing for the child hearing about it. IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO THE WRITERS OF *DEADTIME STORIES* : Children have a difficult time going to sleep if you sit on their bed and talk in detail about bloody corpse zombies, women groping themselves, and old men "fancying a bit of bondage" with vixen witches. Just use chloroform next time, moron.

Lowtax: My favorite part was when Uncle Mike yelled at his nephew for no rational reason. Either that or when Mike sensed his nephew wasn't satisfied with Mike's "witches seduce and torture an AARP member" story and responded by trashing the kid's room.

Garbage Day: I recently became an uncle. Until watching *Deadtime Stories* , I had no idea how much impact I could have on my nephew's life. Apparently, I can inflict a lifetime's worth of mental scars in a single night!

Drive in Massacre

Lowtax: Blurry, dark film about several obese blobs trying to track down a skinnier blob responsible for doing something I couldn't understand to somebody I couldn't see. Brace yourselves for the surprise ending, where a Rorschach test inkblot collides with a shape-shifting brown wad of what appears to be mumbling liquid hay.

Garbage Day: A sword-swallowing retard, a man who married a toilet, and a dopey slob who ran over a dog seem to be the likely suspects in a string of drive-in stabbings. Twin doughboy detectives wisely announce over a loudspeaker, "don't panic, there is a murderer loose in the theater." The crazed butcher then slays the director, resulting in obscure, unfocused camerawork from his mangled corpse.

Memorial Valley Massacre

Lowtax: Eco-horror film about an evil land developer who wants to develop some land, which he obviously should not do because that is wrong. Dumb campers are picked off by a werewolf caveman, who people somehow confuse with a bear. The lesson to be learned here is that living in the woods makes you retarded, and we should encourage land developers to develop the shit out of any place containing a single tree.

Garbage Day: A feral caveman child kisses a mouse, chases and mauls a moped-joyriding fat kid, becomes outraged at the sight of wristwatches, and impales his long-estranged father with a swinging, spike-covered log. Meanwhile, slap-happy teens taunt the elderly, and the phrase "good luck on your safari" is muttered.

Lowtax: I like how the movie reveals the werewolf-caveman creature is actually the park director's son who was accidentally left in the woods years ago. Maybe trees absorb human intelligence and convert it into breadfruit.

Garbage Day: Previous to arriving in the park, these people were nuclear scientists and chemical engineers. Then they entered the camp grounds, and suddenly they required a non-profit organization to help them chew their food.

Metamorphosis

Lowtax: An erotic, towel-wiping scientist teacher jabs monkeys in the eyeballs with needles in this harrowing tale from 1990 somehow made in 1970. Like every accomplished scientist, he shrewdly decides to stick himself with his experimental serum, briefly granting him amazing godlike superpowers. Unfortunately, the medication has a side effect of turning him into a "living fossil," thus putting the brakes on his exciting career of monkey eyeball science and murder.

Garbage Day: At first this superstar scientist's potion appeared underwhelming, because even people without elixirs coursing through their veins are able to trip old people and seduce slutty middle-aged academic investigators. Later, the serum proves its worth by turning him into an

ooze-dripping dinosaur. I think Pfizer recently patented a drug for that.

Lowtax: I'm having a hard time recalling the original purpose behind Dr. Asshole's wacky experiment. Was he just injecting stuff for the hell of it?

Garbage Day: Maybe he was trying to grow a prehensile tail, so he could simultaneously trip multiple geezers.

Scream Bloody Murder

Lowtax: Some kid runs over his farmer father with a thresher, which then accidentally rolls over his own hand and results in him getting a prosthetic replacement appendage and prosthetic replacement father. He kills the new father and flees the area once he realizes there are no more fathers to kill, eventually shacking up with a prostitute and going into a church to die.

Garbage Day: A sniveling mama's boy with a hook for a hand racks up the world's wimpiest body count, slaying a freakishly tame dog, an elderly woman with a walker (after a prolonged struggle), a squealing sissy sailor, an art painting, and his own pre-pubescent hand. It's like "Buster Bluth: Serial Killer!"

Lowtax: This would've never happened if those fat cats in Washington would've provided this poor boy with a sufficient supply of fathers.

Garbage Day: And hands.

The House of the Dead

Lowtax: John Kerry ducks inside a funeral parlor so he can be bored to death by a droning mortician who sexually woos him with four senseless 20-minute made-for-TV tales. Each vignette has a strong moral and ironic twist, both of which were left on the cutting room floor during the production crew's marathon cocaine orgy. Contains a movie about a woman who hates children, and in an INCREDIBLE turn of the tables, she is ultimately KILLED by children! Wow! What a payoff!

Garbage Day: Morals of the other episodes in this anthology:

This movie was inexplicably retitled *Alien Zone*, which makes perfect sense considering there's absolutely no mention of aliens (or zones) anywhere in the film.

Lowtax: Now, that's not true. I recall seeing at least 23 distinct zones in this movie.

Garbage Day: I think you're confusing "zones" with "boring parts."

The Demons of Ludlow

Lowtax: Inbred yokel rednecks celebrate the bicentennial by receiving a haunted piano full of ghosts from various time periods, all of which hate inbred yokel rednecks and bicentennials. Evil piano-ghosts include such horrifying visions as swordfighters, cowboys, Quakers, and a mopey girl who wears a bonnet. Some woman defeats the evil piano by watching her husband defeat it, then gets hit by a car due to the evil piano's force field. What a dumbass, everybody knows evil redneck pianos have the worst force fields.

Garbage Day: The Lessons of Ludlow: If you're a backwater town, never accept an "old harmonium" as a gift, because it will turn your shitty town into a homoerotic Renaissance festival. Also, if you're a mentally unstable teenager, never falsely accuse a doll named Abigail of laughing at you, because it will summon sleazy Victorians to stage a food fight before molesting and dismembering you. And food fights can really wreck your dining room.

Lowtax: I played a haunted piano once at the YMCA while my parents were playing indoor volleyball.

Garbage Day: What happened?

Lowtax: A ghost who looked just like my father told me to stop and then drove me home, and he's been living with my mom ever since.

Funeral Home

Lowtax: Dumb white people turn a funeral home into a hotel for reasons that probably seemed valid at the time. Some girl's grandmother is possessed by the specter of bad home renovation ideas, causing her to break open some mason jars of pickled preserves. A cinematic gem courtesy of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, and yet another reason to avoid funeral homes. And Canada.

Garbage Day: A teenage girl is terrified of a stray cat, but thinks nothing of hitching a ride with a strange guy in a windowless conversion van. This turns out to be a harmless decision, as the real danger comes later when she's terrorized by the rotting corpse of her long-dead grandfather, as ventriloquized by her dumpy grandma.

Track of the Moon Beast

Lowtax: A motorcycle rider is struck in the head with a magic space rock, causing him to transform into an evil farting lizard. He kills people and falls down a lot, and is eventually stopped by Native Americans who formed a coalition against magic space rocks.

Garbage Day: Native Americans host a stick-figure slide show depicting an ancient reptile who can't be killed with arrows. The moron who watched this presentation soon encounters the current incarnation of the ancient reptile, and he promptly attempts to kill it with... get ready... arrows! Perhaps you can guess what happens next. I sure can't, because I don't remember. I'm sure it was something boring as hell.

Slashed Dreams

Lowtax: Some curly-headed guy discusses emotions with a bunch of hippies before leaving college to sleep in the woods with his girlfriend and also a bear. Two one-dimensional *Deliverance* rip-offs come by their camp, heckle their swimming skills, and ultimately rape his girlfriend. Robert Englund catches news of this and shows up to hang out and do absolutely nothing for the remainder of the film. Somebody's pants get stabbed, and they celebrate by going swimming.

Garbage Day: Robert Englund was fated to become Freddy Krueger after appearing in a movie called *Slashed Dreams* in 1975. This is the only function that this film and its related-to-nothing title serve. The aforementioned pants are the only thing slashed in this film, except possibly its budget during production. The girlfriend does get slapped, though. "Slapped Dreams"!

Lowtax: No other actor, past or present, can play the role of Robert Englund quite like Robert Englund.

Garbage Day: I really enjoyed him in that movie where the evil laundry-folding machine killed people.

Lowtax: I liked him even better in the sequel to that movie, where the evil computer virus killed people with fire axes.

The Demon

Lowtax: Some guy stabs British people while the cameraman zooms in on rocks and other useless parts of scenery. This helps establish the movie's central theme, "our cameraman knows how to zoom." The stabbing man briefly switches things up a bit by suffocating another Brit to death by placing a bag over his head, to which I screamed "now that's where bags belong!" Nobody laughed so I repeated the line again only I did it a bit louder. See, I was insinuating British people are ugly, and that's why it's funny. Also I know how to zoom.

Garbage Day: A creepy guy sniffs a pillow in a dead teenage girl's room and remarks "this must look like witchcraft to you, but sometimes I get feelings." Apparently he didn't inhale deeply enough to get an accurate psychic reading, because he's unable to foresee his death at the hands of "The Demon," who isn't even a demon at all. I guess "The Guy" didn't look quite as catchy on VHS box art.

Driller Killer

Lowtax: The film begins by displaying the message, "THIS FILM SHOULD BE PLAYED LOUD." Maybe you could also light some plastic and Styrofoam on fire while watching it, thereby irritating yet another sense. Although it has a promising name, *Driller Killer* turns out to be yet another dull art film mess about art or life or something else stupid. A repulsive painter with stomach problems kills hippies, bums, and punk rockers.

Garbage Day: A whiny woman makes a shitty artist drill holes in her doorway, driving him so insane with her incessant demands that he starts using his drill on people. Also, some terrible party jerk makes weird noises.

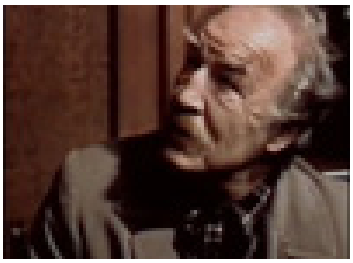
The Alpha Incident

Lowtax: A hobo breaks some NASA equipment containing a space virus, causing him to run away from a train and get shot in the leg. Then nothing happens for an hour, which is abruptly interrupted by a man's head oozing jelly for reasons I'm assuming are directly related to the whole hobo (alpha) incident. Also there's some old guy in a room with a bunch of maps and blinking lights, but he appears to have wandered into there by accident, and isn't really sure what to do with all the buttons.

Garbage Day: Some doctors use science to create a virus that melts people's faces. At the end, someone shouts "I haven't been infected, I'm alive!," and he's immediately shot, because no one likes a gloater.

Lowtax: The only reason they named this movie *The Alpha Incident* was so they'd have better placement at the video store, in the coveted section next to the gumball machine and tape head cleaner.

Haunts



Lowtax: Lumpy Midwestern people like plum preserves, hate being stabbed.

Garbage Day: Aging tramp suspects grocery butcher of murder, flirts with him anyway.

Christmas Evil

Lowtax: A crazy repressed homosexual hates Christmas because some guy in a Santa suit tried to give oral to his mother. He retaliates by growing old, entertaining Jewish families, and redistributing toys. Eventually a lynch mob forms and chases him around some alleyways, causing him to get into a van and fly into the moon.

Garbage Day: A pleasant fellow in a Santa suit delivers toys to the hospital, which fails to warm the hearts of the blood-thirsty Scrooges that threaten to rip out his guts in front of children.

Lowtax: The description of this movie claims the dude went berserk when he discovered Santa Claus wasn't real. Is that a common reaction?

Garbage Day: I think it would be far more disturbing to discover Santa Claus *was* real, right as he was about to stick his immortal tongue in your mom's vagina.

War of the Robots

Lowtax: The best part of this movie was the credits, introducing us to such names as "Vernon Vernons" and "SOL SICKLE AND SON." The worst part of this movie was everything else, which revolves around a bunch of people dressed like Sub-Zero sitting in a room and talking to fat-faced migrant workers. Alien robots kidnap their scientist and force him to build an intergalactic slot machine, so the Sub-Zeroes team up with vagina-eyed bald men to stop them. Will their plan work? Nobody will ever know, since it's impossible for inhabitants of any known solar system to sit through this entire movie without fleeing or dying.

Garbage Day: Robots that look like average Dutch people shoot rainbow beams that give aliens the space wiggles.

Lowtax: Can it really be considered a "war" if there's only 20 participants involved?

Garbage Day: And none of them are robots.

The Cold

Lowtax: Retarded dancers compete to win $1 million in a horrible competition-of-death reality show sponsored by three old people coaxed out of a retirement home. The evil elderly put fake sharks in a swimming pool, and giant spiders in bowls of soup. This is considered "horrifying" by the various people who witness it. Eventually the game is declared "over" and some plot twist is revealed, but I'll be damned if I could decipher it. Something about retired auto workers turning into popsicles and putting tiny devil heads in your bedsheets, I think.

Garbage Day: Elderly geniuses summon the technical prowess to glue alien monster heads on sticks and ram them through a mattress. Realizing that they've accomplished their ultimate goal in life, they freeze themselves to death in a broken reverse sauna. Then the actors who depict the old people accidentally awaken and start moving before the credits roll. Whoever wrote the title must've accidentally placed a "C" in it.

Oasis of the Zombies

Lowtax: Nazi zombie sex ghosts chew on a British archeologist until he stops moving and the camera loses focus. This action directly results in more British archeologists traveling to the aforementioned Oasis of the Zombies, because I guess they archeologized everything else in Britain. The climax occurs during a peak moment of camera overexposure, perhaps inferring the Oasis of the Zombies was secretly located on an exploding star.

Garbage Day: A curse causes dead Nazis to suffer facial worm-infestation and mismatched plastic eyes.

Lowtax: Not to knock this film, but it really pales in comparison to *Isthmus of the Zombies* .

Garbage Day: I just read George A. Romero has started production on *Olive Garden of the Dead* . It might not take place in an oasis or feature Nazis, but I hear it contains a groundbreaking message about capitalism!

Sisters of Death

Lowtax: A group of boring girls hang out in a house and die. "Sisters of Dying" must not have sounded that appealing.

Garbage Day: A sorority girl dies during a Russian Roulette initiation. The rest of them survive for seven years (off-camera), then join her in hell. A young man also dies, striking a chord for equality by becoming a Sister.

Lowtax: Sisters of sitting in a house until they die.

Garbage Day: Sisters of poor sorority choices.

The Legend of Bigfoot

Lowtax: Some jerk in the woods is attempting to do something with Bigfoot, but is repeatedly interrupted by a bunch of nature and the world's most boring voiceovers. The legend of Bigfoot apparently consists of a gigantic storeroom full of squirrel videos. I guess that could be considered a twist ending if you're suffering from fatal retardedness.

Garbage Day: "Where do you begin?" the narrator asks in a seductive whisper. Apparently, you begin at the dawn of time, using the world's oldest stock footage, and proceed at the speed of human evolution. Where do you end? We answered that question in roughly 11 minutes.

We are horrible monsters and pray for death.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka and Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.13 That Insidious Beast: Master Copy

Friday, May 15, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

The eulogy is crumpled in my sweaty hand. The ink is running from the dampness of the paper. Words are bleeding into one another and losing their meaning. I know I can't do it. I'm a coward.

Diane, dad's sister, is at the church's lectern. She's telling us dad loved to sail.

Dad saved for 50 years to buy that boat. The day after he retired he bought it from an old golf buddy in the process of losing his legs to diabetes.

From that point on dad spent all his free time at the lake. If he was home he was fixing something around the house or helping mom with the garden. Every other moment was down at the dock or out on the lake.

The boat isn't worth that much. Maybe enough for a new car. I know I'll have to sell it. I like sailing, but I don't have it in my veins like dad. I'd just let the boat go to waste.

I stand up in the back of the church. My sister Tara is up next to Diane and she sees me. She catches my eye and her expression hardens as she realizes what is happening.

I don't have to mouth the words. Tara knows me. I'm a coward. I'm always backing out when I have been asked to help or disappearing when everyone is depending on me.

I see only concern and sympathy on Kay's face. The boys are barely aware of what's going on.

It's warm outside. Too warm for the old wool suit I'm wearing. Kay said I should wear my uniform, that I look handsome in it, but it's too gaudy. Dad would have laughed to see me wearing it.

I take off my jacket and wander. I'm searching for a feeling. I know I'm sad, that I'll miss dad, but part of growing into a man is pushing away from your father. Separating yourself from your hero so you can survive his downfall. I'm so used to keeping him away I don't know what to do with this.

I sit down on a black iron bench in the shade of a sycamore. Spring is turning to summer. Squirrels and robins are enjoying the fine weather.

"Dad?" It's Spencer.

He's wearing an imitation of my suit down to the color of his clip-on tie.

"What's up, buddy?" I ask.

He has a serious expression. He's only three, three and two-thirds he would remind me, but he can become so serious. Kay calls him bipolar, but she means it in a good way. He can be laughing and playing one minute and stony faced and distant the next. Daydreaming about dinosaurs or trucks or the infinity of space.

He hops up onto the bench next to me. I convince him to take off the jacket in the heat. We watch two squirrels chasing each other.

"Grampa died," he says.

"That's right," I say.

"He was your dad," Spencer says. "And you're my dad."

"That's right," I repeat.

Spencer kicks his feet absently as he takes in the situation. The squirrels are running vertically up the side of the tree, twisting around the trunk and then dashing out onto a branch.

Spencer finally screws up his face and observes,"You're going to be dead too."

"Someday, a long time from now," I reply in a soothing tone. "But I'll live a long life first and you'll be an old man. Don't worry, it's not something to be afraid of. Everybody dies."

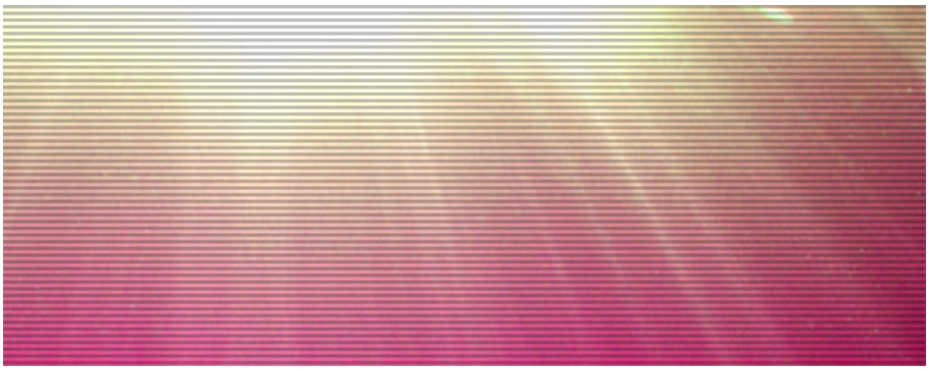
"Why?"

"You get older. That's just the way it is, it happens to all of us. So slow you don't even notice sometimes. Other times you can see it happening if you're paying attention."

"Like when corn is growing," Spencer says. "You can hear it."

"I guess so," I squint up at the sun through the leaves. "We should probably go inside."

"Not me," Spencer says and hops up from the bench. "I'm not gonna get old and die. I'm gonna go on forever and never die."



We are without the respite of night. The sky is alive, churning, irradiating us with beams of submarine light that sweep across the landscape. The world is tinged red. A closed fist lit from within. Darker without the sun, but not by much.

"Get out!" Someone pushes against me.

Hands are dragging me by my webbing out of the back of the truck. My legs are doused in someone

else's blood.

"Can you hear me?" A square-jawed woman shouts.

"Yes!" I reply and cough as she drags me to my feet.

"Get away from the truck! It's on fire!"

She shoves me roughly away and I stagger to join a column of troops marching north. Colonel Proctor pulls alongside me in his truck. He's standing on the passenger-side running board, directing the flow of troops towards the enemy.

"Close call," he shouts to me.

As if to emphasize the point, the truck I was riding in explodes. A burning man runs screaming from the inferno. Infantrymen in the column cringe away in reflexive fear. Colonel Proctor stands tall, heroic. Like a painting of George Washington.

"Hop on up," he says and offers me a hand.

I take it and he swings me up behind him on the truck's running board. A moment later a bullet hisses past us and pops through his roof gunner's neck. Blood sprays us both and men inside the truck drag the mortally wounded gunner into the cab.

"Get some pressure on it," Colonel Proctor instructs. "Get some, no, get in there and put your thumb like this and squeeze. Like...aw, hell. God damn it."

The roof gunners of surrounding vehicles single out a three-story building with a pharmacy sign on the ground floor. Their heavy guns thump and send tracers flying into the building's façade. Brick and mortar dust fills the street. Explosive flashes light the darkened building from within. It begins to burn as we pass it. A few men throw grenades into the empty windows and more dust fountains out into the street.

Colonel Proctor reaches in the passenger window and takes the radio from his adjutant, a weasel-faced man named Corsig.

I scan the small-town streets, looking for something to shoot. I balance my rifle on the transport's roof.

"Tanks are running into it in the suburbs, about three clicks north," Colonel Proctor shouts to me. "We'll need to dismount once we hit the main strip along the highway. The creepoids and their buddies are dug in there. Anti-armor, anti-air, everything."

He leans his whole body into the truck and barks instructions to the driver and Corsig. The roof gunner is dead in the back seat. Another man has taken his position and is sweeping the barrel of the gun back and forth searching for a target.

The vehicle accelerates and swerves around a trio of stalled trucks. Colonel Proctor turns to me, nonchalant despite our precarious position.

"The warden auxiliaries and the tenders will go in before us," he spits disdainfully onto the asphalt. "Then we'll hammer them with everything. Tanks if there are any left. Choppers and rangers if they show up from Culverson. My best guess is it'll take the bastards until nightfall to reposition and encircle us. From that point, two hours. Three maybe."

He presses himself against the door of the truck as we narrowly avoid a damaged armored vehicle in the road.

"Do you think that will give them enough time?" he asks.

"I don't know, sir," I shout over the roaring engine and whipping wind.

"That's fine," Colonel Proctor grins. "If it's not we'll all be dead anyway."

The angel called the Hierophant intrudes in my brain. I scream and thrash within my own mind, fighting to take control from this usurper. Fighting to command my finger - just one damned finger! - to trigger the explosives strapped to my chest.

The hulking creature is only inches away from me. We share its unwholesome envelope of exhaled fog. My nostrils are stuffed with the acrid stench of ozone. Tiny black eyes glitter behind the cracked lens of the Hierophant's mask. Its breathing is the sound of the crematorium's furnace. Spiracles along its neck whistle and puff out foul vapor.

When it speaks, it is with many dissonant voices booming within my head. My nose begins to bleed immediately. I sag and slip to my knees, buffeted by the force of its idiot words.

"Hello buddy," the voices slither and slip over one another, a river over stones. "How you feeling?"

"Ah!" I cry, flopping onto my back, writhing beneath it.

The Hierophant leans over me and cocks its head like a bird examining a worm.

"Fleshborn little man," the voices are addressing me. "Relax and enjoy the show."

I try to scream and rebuke the voices, but only a strangled gurgle escapes my lips.

I lapse into unconsciousness, the voices quieted at last. When I come to I see the angel still, preoccupied with feeding on one of the cattle carcasses. A grotesque act my mind refuses to fully comprehend. I struggle to sit up, to escape, but the fiend notices my movement immediately. In three long strides it stands over me once again and leans down to inspect me.

"Lookin' good," it drowns my mind with its inanity. "Relax and enjoy the show."

I fight against it. Grunting and spitting and battling for control of my body.

"Relax and enjoy the show," it repeats, smothering me with its mind.

Without warning or ellipse I am somewhere else. Standing. Thousands of faces surround me. Bodies press in around me and prevent me from moving.

I recognize the faces. From the television. Sitcom stars and game show hosts. Harriet what's-her-name and the guy who hosts Pass Game. Stand up comedians and Robby Turner from the Tonight Show. That singer that used to sing about politics before he disappeared. They all share the same expression of intense happiness.

"Bad reception," they say in perfect synchronization. "No habla espanol. Listen up, detective."

"What do you want from me!?" I cry, finding my voice at last.

"Put together. Difficult. Your words."

Each sentence fragment is spoken as though taken out of context. It's as if someone is editing the words together from pre-recorded tapes. I search for a face to focus on, to diminish the vertiginous feel of being encircled. I settle on Don Early, the local news weatherman.

"Why did you bring me here?" I plead.

"The end," they say and their teeth flash white.

I'm surrounded by a thousand surgically perfect smiles. I try to focus only on Don Early.

"What? I don't understand! I can't...I don't know what you're saying."

"Buddy, you're fleshborn," Don Early says "Like me. One thing at a time."

"You're like me," I try to slap my chest, but the press of bodies keeps my arms pinned to my sides.

"Right on, buddy," the voices say. "I had a mom and a dad just like you. Not those other guys. Got to take one thing at a time. Not those other guys."

"The Unfolders?"

"Right on, buddy. Those guys are bad news. Been mixing it up with Vic Mercer and the Snakes for a while."

"You've been fighting them for a long time, longer than we have?" I ask.

"Right on, buddy. Now you're cookin'."

"I don't give a shit," I spit and the smiles fade from a thousand faces.

Don Early looks disappointed.

"Should," Don says. "Genocide."

"You killed my wife," I shout. "You murder us."

"No. Not me," Don replies. "If you want to catch a crook, you've got to think like a crook. Hard to do. All of the little people. Not The Real Deal. It's a thing of the past. "

"I don't-"

"What's done is done. You can't change the past. Everybody's gotta die some time. You can't bring back the dead."

Don Early frowns, furrows his brow as if concentrating.

"Moments. You are...in...moments. They are...unlimited. We are in between. You are...moving. In between."

"The sky, is it the sky? Something is happening. I saw myself and an Unfolder."

"Yes. Unfolder. Not fleshborn. Not since...long, long ago. Unlimited."

"But you're not unlimited?"

"Everybody's gotta die some time, buddy."

"I've seen Unfolders die. Seen them killed."

"You're kicked out of the club. Hit the road, jerk. Get out of here. Begone."

"Are they gods?"

"Makes sense...to you."

I feel dizzy. I look at the multitude of faces, searching for a sign. Some indication that this is all a gag. Or a dream.

"What does that make you? Angels? Aliens?"

"No."

"Are you from dimension X or something? What the hell are you?"

"Wrong answer, buddy. I'm...fleshborn, like you."

"From where?"

"Here. Third rock from the sun. The blue marble. Terra firma. Earth."

"Evolved on earth? In the future? A long time ago? You all look different. Evolved from what? Squids? Elephants? What are you?"

Don Early's expression becomes tortured. A thousand voices are suddenly thick-lipped and full of phlegm.

"I am not an elephant! I am not an animal! I am a human being! I am a man!"

The tanks have been destroyed or immobilized. The desperate wave attacks of our auxiliaries have exhausted themselves in our push through the tangling suburban cul-de-sacs. I try to stay near Colonel Proctor as we push ahead on foot, past the over turned barbecues, slime-filled pools, and fire-gutted tract housing. By early afternoon, the offensive has fragmented into a hundred small,

pitched battles.

It's been over an hour since I've seen Colonel Proctor.

I shelter against the bombed-out husk of a Burger Dan. The rotund statue that was the chain's mascot is burned and listing. Scraps of painted fiberglass hang like hanks of rotting flesh over his mesh skeleton.

The parking lot is strewn with debris. A pair of denim clad legs has been deposited by some horrific blast in the center of the nearest handicapped parking space. This is the final resting place of roughly half of a zone warden.

It stinks of smoke and burning insulation. I don't know the names of any of the soldiers with me. Our objective is unclear. The specific direction of the enemy is open for debate, although I am relatively certain the Unfolder sympathizers are the ones shooting at us from the opposite side of the Burger Dan.

Our radio is useless due to "atmospherics" and the sergeant in command of our under strength squad is gut-shot and screaming. Smoke climbs from burning outlet stores and strip malls.

Abruptly, the enemy guns near us fall silent. We wait a minute, then two. One of the younger soldiers uses a pocket mirror to peer over the toppled masonry we are using for cover.

"I don't see nothing," he says. "I think we should try flankin' around and-"

The Unfolder is in among us without warning. It is in the shape of a man, but it is unraveling and unspooling. Keen tendrils lash out from its body. A man falls in half, bisected from crown to groin. The young soldier with the mirror loses both arms. He screams. The Unfolder takes his head.

One man runs and is brought down by gunfire. The skinny man next to me turns and fires into the Unfolder on full auto. Pieces of its body burst into the air like confetti as it is struck by the bullets. Seemingly unconcerned, its sectioned face leers at us and it enfolds the skinny soldier in its swirling ribbons. He shrieks in agony as the Unfolder flays his body, shaving off his skin, his muscle, and dashing his bones into a hundred clattering dice.

I am the only man left facing the Unfolder. It whirls, a spiraling tornado of unearthly tissue, and I can hear its laughter as I confront my death. It is all around me, razor ribbons poised to mince my flesh.

The grenade's spring loaded metal handle pings against my helmet.

I am in a fog. A familiar tone invades my senses. The metal ring around my finger belongs with a grenade that is now in a very different time and place.

I am not alone in the fog. The Hierophant is beside me, his fleshy tendrils writhing impatiently. He is looking down. Looking at me, on the ground. My own face, eyes wide with horror. I am remembering this happening for the first time. It is an odd sensation, to experience things twice simultaneously. To remember seeing myself as I see myself seeing myself.

"Who...," I recall the terrific struggle to get out the words.

There is no answer I can offer. To attempt to explain what is to come might alter events in terrible ways. Or would it not alter events at all? Was I brought here or-

The heat of the blast is still clinging to the air. The sound of the blast is still echoing from the ruins. Of the Unfolder, nothing remains. Not here at least.

"We fight for your right on many fronts," Don Early's words are echoed by a thousand familiar voices. "Unfolders, started the show, in a different place. Found us. Tried to stop us. A long war

in another place. A win for the home team in overtime. Locked them up. Incarceration rates have increased dramatically."

"You imprisoned them?"

"Yeppers," Don answers cheerily. "Threw away the key. But there was a prison break. Trouble with a capital T. They know where babies come from. Slide on in. Moments."

"I don't understand."

"We're in this together. Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this earth with envious eyes. A fork in the road...in this moment. Divergence. Altering...outcome. Prevent...the egg. You fight them. They get mad. They get even. Genocide."

"I-"

Don Early isn't finished.

"We fight for your right on many fronts. Find them here. Not so smooth as Unfolder. Machine damage the sky. Now. In this moment and other moments. Convergence is in the air. A peculiar feeling for a young girl."

"I don't-"

"Follow Colonel. Son Spencer is alive."

"What?"

I am on the ground, gasping for air. I share the fog with the huge, muscular, alien frame of the Hierophant. He looks down at me without apparent emotion. I am standing by his side. I am looking up at myself.

"Who...," I struggle to overcome the tone, but I am too weak.

I am gone, as if I never stood beside him.

The Hierophant slowly reaches a tendril out to me. It holds a small, cloth wrapped parcel. It sets it on the damp ground between my legs. The tone diminishes and I am able to move my limbs. The Hierophant's tendrils and stingered tales shift impatiently.

I lift up the parcel and unwrap the cloth.

It is an impossibly fragile book. So ancient it is visibly decaying before my eyes. The synthetic leather cover is crumbling, but I can still make out the title of the book and part of the author's name.

By Spencer Mi_____

I flip open the book and find a passage. I read quickly as the letter become illegible in the humid air.

"My father turned his back on the dying invader and he opened his arms to me. I said nothing more to Max or Val or Pip. All that mattered was that I had found my father. And that he was alive. I ran to him across the broken pavement."

"Find Colonel. You must hurry. We fight for you. Stall them. Preoccupy their crusade. We will extinguish the flame."

I watch Colonel Proctor die. He is standing on the wreckage of a truck, wielding an incendio cannon, trying to burn the Unfolder sympathizers charging out of cover. We are almost beaten. I have seen angels perish and the gutters gurgle with the blood of countless dead men.

Only a few of us remain. Exhausted, battered. Seeking refuge in the ditches along a fractured highway.

Burning vehicles and buildings mark the landscape. Civilians in rags watch and wail for the end of the world. The roiling red sky above churns with anger. Convergence. The world isn't coming apart, worlds are coming together. Opening up to us. It is beautiful and profane.

I fire at them until my gun is steaming and its barrel is red-hot. It refuses to fire any more. They are in around us now, punching and stabbing and hitting us with improvised weapons. I do not know the names of the soldiers with me, but they fight with great courage.

One man pulls the pins on grenades and leaps into the enemy's midst. Another swings his rifle, crushing heads, until he is dragged down and they gouge out his eyes. These servants of the Unfolders are not the normal men and women I remember battling in New England. These are feral creatures driven to madness. They fight like beasts.

We slay the last of them, yet still some of us survive. An Unfolder drifts across the blasted suburban landscape towards us. We stand unflinching in its path.

It seems disoriented and wary.

"You will die now," it says with a voice of rustling leaves.

The tone explodes in our minds. My companions grasp their heads. Blood once again drips from my nose. The Unfolder quails in terror, searching for the source of the tone.

The Hierophant leaps like a monstrous rabbit, springing over vehicles and seizing the disoriented thing in his immense tendrils.

The Unfolder squirms in the Hierophant's grasp. It lacerates the angel's blue-gray flesh with a hundred sharpened ribbons. Black blood wells in the wounds and forms streams that flow quickly down the Hierophant's muscular tendrils.

"What has this crude thing told you?" The Unfolder gurgles and makes a sound like sheets of paper thrown into the wind. "A brother in the flesh, yes? Stolen from our memory. Taken. Raped. Look at what it has done to this moment. To this sad place."

The Hierophant's muscles flex and the ribbon body of the Unfolder begins to lose cohesion. It appears to be boiling off into steam, its many filaments bubbling and hissing. It wails in agony.

"Watch your own death then, human. This beast does not - aiiiiieee - under-understand, but I w-w-will give you this gift. We aaaaaaaare you as well. Unchained and empowered. Sublime. Your potential. Without - aaaaah - limits. If I am the last, then I am the last of you. This is how mankind meets its-"

I walk away as the Unfolder dissipates into nothing. The Hierophant inhales deeply, drinking in the essence of its foe. I wonder if the Hierophant experiences a particular delight knowing that it dines on the last of an extinct breed. Or if it believes the Unfolder's words. That by killing the last of the Unfolders it has consigned us both to oblivion.

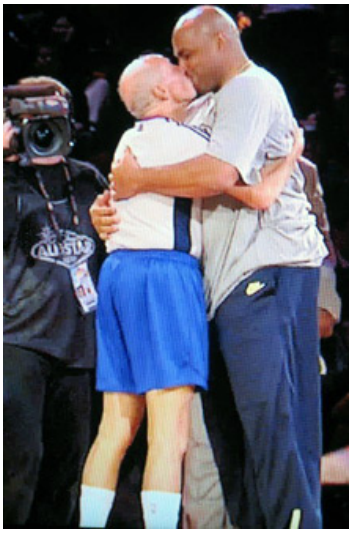
Then I don't care, because as was written in the Hierophant's moldering book, I see Spencer standing with a group of children. My son, alive as promised. I take a knee and open my arms and the future runs to me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Coach's Big Game Halftime Speech

Saturday, May 16, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'll be honest, this is not good. We've been down by way more than fifteen at the end of the first half plenty of times. We've managed a few comebacks, too, but this is different. We're up against a hell of a basketball team tonight, fellas. If we're going to get out of here with the championship, we need to give it our all.



Ramirez. I'm starting with you because you're the only guy I can't complain about. I've never seen a player put so much effort into sitting on the bench before. Your repertoire of vague and ultimately meaningless bench-centric moves are incredible. I asked my assistant what you were doing, and he couldn't figure it out either, but we agreed that it's gutsy and fantastic.

Rest up, now. Get some water in you. You're going to dehydrate if you keep sweating so much.

Olshansky, why can't you put as much passion into sitting on the bench as Ramirez? I'd be happy with even half the effort. You're just sitting there, taking up space.

Look, I know there's debate as to whether people in comas can truly hear and understand the world around them, but my gut feeling tells me they can so listen up: Don't use this as an excuse to slack off when your team needs you the most, princess.

Carter. Ooh boy, Carter. You aren't even playing the right game out there. I mean it. Now hand over that DS. No arguing, I've warned you about this before. Here, take this Tiger handheld version of Double Dragon. It got me through the finals in '93. It can do the same for you.

Andersen, we need to work on your ball handling. I shouldn't be going over the basics with our star point guard at this point in the season, but here we are. You give me no choice.

Look, I don't care if the guy on the other team asks to see the ball, you don't give it to him. Yes, even if it's "just for a second" and he says please. The only people you should be giving that ball to are your teammates. Got it?

Well, the next time he says that ask him for a receipt. If it looks fishy, call a time out and I'll come take a look.

Vilsack, you're the United States Secretary of Agriculture. I have no idea what you're doing here. That's not even the right uniform. No, we don't wear space suits, Tom. I keep telling you, get! Do I have to call your parents again? Scram!

Sulvers. You're our big man. You can block shots, dunk the ball on pretty much any defender, and get rebounds because you're the tallest guy out there, right? Then please tell me why you're running around on your knees.

Yeah, I know that you had the fastest 40-yard knee dash in the combine. I'll be honest, that tipped the scales and ultimately led to us choosing you over the competition. But we need all seven feet of you out there tonight.

No, it's not that I don't believe you. I'm sure that you do get a much better view of the hardwood

court's grain. I just don't see how that's going to result in our team scoring more points.

Fine. I'll give you the first five minutes of the third quarter to make it work. If it doesn't, though, you're on your feet. No more arguing.

Hopkins, I like what you're doing. You're quiet but deliberate, and you seem to pay more attention than anyone else when I speak. Unfortunately, you are on the other team. I think I told you this a few times in the huddle during timeouts. Right?

Don't get me wrong, I love your desire to learn all you can from a master of the game such as myself. All those notes you're jotting down, the photos you take of the chalkboard when I draw up plays, the boom mic attached to a transmitter. The camera crew. Great stuff.

Still, I'm going to have to ask you to go back to your team's locker room. Thanks.

Oh, it is? Sorry about that. I thought this was one of the balls I brought with me, I probably just got confused since it has my name on it in marker.

Wow, you look up to me so much that you write my name on your equipment? You're a sweet kid, Hopkins. Here's your ball.

That one too? Andersen, you heard him. Hand the ball over.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.15 I hate to bother you, but I need money. Just listen to this one sentence, please

Sunday, May 17, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Hey man, I hate to be a bother, but I got a little problem, you see, and I know you're probably busy, but if you just give me a second, just a sentence really, I think you'll change your mind, so just let me explain my problem in one sentence, and then you can go on your way, and you'll never have to think about me and my broke down car that's sitting in the middle of the road a few blocks back--engine problem, probably the transmission related, or wheel things, either way the leather seats are way too hot, and I need a few bucks to get to the car shop to get it worked on while I read an old issue of Time or People, and then I got to get to the hospital to visit my son, because the doctors say he doesn't have much time, and man here I am shooting shit with a stranger, and believe it or not, I feel really bad about asking you for money, but a man's got to do what he has to, and I'm all like a Roman spear dude about to get down to business and stab the fuck out of whatever challenges rest in front of me, and right now I need to say I love you to my dying boy before it's too late, so do you have any cash, or if you got a card, maybe lunch, cause I haven't eaten in days, because of all this stress, and food poisoning from a taco bought at a taco truck , and the fact that Subway stopped their $5 foot long deals, mostly the taco though, but now the diarrhea's cleared up, mostly, so don't worry about having me leak in your car, but I'm a little nervous cause my ass is chapped up from all that acid I was squirting out , but, yeah, I'm better, well, except for the fact that my kid is dying, and I can't get my car started, and I haven't eaten since Tuesday, and I haven't slept in a few days, but I didn't tell you that part yet, and I figure you'll probably blame it on the diarrhea, but that ain't right, not right at all, because in truth, I don't know why I can't sleep, but it really bites, man, and even worse, I never really wake up, so I just wander around half erect, like your jimmy when a hot, foxy doctor is checking you for genital warts, but instead of a jimmy, it's just me Keith, standing outside of this taco shop for an hour or two looking for some money, lunch, or maybe, if you want, a cup of coffee, and most importantly, a ride to see my son, but I don't expect anything like that, since the economy is so bad, and people are all hungry, and I heard that people are eating each other in the west, but they are all homosexual Mexicans or some shit, so I don't really care, but in principle it's sick man, I mean, some dude in a sombrero over in San DiagLos Angel is eating a baby, and here we are, two civilized dudes having a conversation about my boy, who, I might add, is a marine, and now he is over in the hospital with two missing legs from the Al-Qaida Suicide Chainsaw Unit that caught him by surprise in some desert brothel while he was doing some investigation for Uncle Sam, but don't feel bad for him, because he was tough as nails as they cut off his legs, and put them in a pot to make a sultry soup, or some other tribal voodoo, but my son never backed down when they cut through the bone, nor did he stop praying while they did their creepy desert shit; however, they soon prayed for him to stop when he easily used his jarhead training to overtake his guards and shove those chainsaws down their throats, covering the whole place in blood and tooth parts while my boy crawled over the corpses into the daylight, where it's so hot that his oozing, gooey stumps were instantly cauterized on the hot sand as he inched closer and closer to the nearest base, but the hot sand was the smallest concern for him, since the trip

took about three or four days (poor kid was tripping so hard by the end, that he can't remember how long he'd been in the sun,) and the docs said that the scorpion diet that saved him might also be killing him, since there is so much poison crystallizing in his bowels that when he shits it looks like a solid block of amber , but my boy ain't cried a peep from the news; instead, he just looked down at his mangled, dried-up hands, touched the wrapped up knobs that used to be kneecaps, and asked for his pa, and now he's here over at the free health center, barely

Picture of a guy who looks like my kid (the one on the left)

holding on, slipping in and out of consciousness, but no one told me any of this until an hour ago, so I've been sitting at home watching Lost, confused out of my mind, cause the show is so damn out there that I can barely keep track of all the stuff, but I don't care, because it's fun, and I'm not too picky, and as long as the cable doesn't go off again, leaving me in the dark every night with no clue as to who got eliminated on American Idol, then I'm pretty happy, because that was how my son and I did most of our bonding, but the cable guy didn't give a damn when I told him about how my son and I watched those dudes sing from different sides of the world, nor did he stop his business when I offered to give him my body in return for basic channels, so there he left with my cable box and my main connection to my son, sending me deeper and deeper into the dark every week when my son talked about some dame, or gel-haired guy who got sent home, but now is my chance to get to see my son for the first time in a few years, and I'm extremely excited even though he is coughing up bug legs and about to die and he might be gay, but I don't care as long as he is here, and his mother, my stupid cow of an ex, doesn't show up with her lame soccer-loving chump and ruin the whole sadness with her childcare complaints, I mean, listen lady, it's been ten years, give it up, you're never getting your money, but she never listens, and never learns, so I'll probably have to fight with her over the breathing puddle of a man on the hospital bed that's quickly rotting away, but I'm used to arguing with her, and all women in generall, but that isn't a new thing, since it seems like they've been walking all over me for fifty-whatever years, but that's life man, and like I said earlier, I'm just a Roman spear dude, ready to fight, so what do you say man, I mean, do you have a few dollars, if not for me than for my legless, dying, gay, marine child?

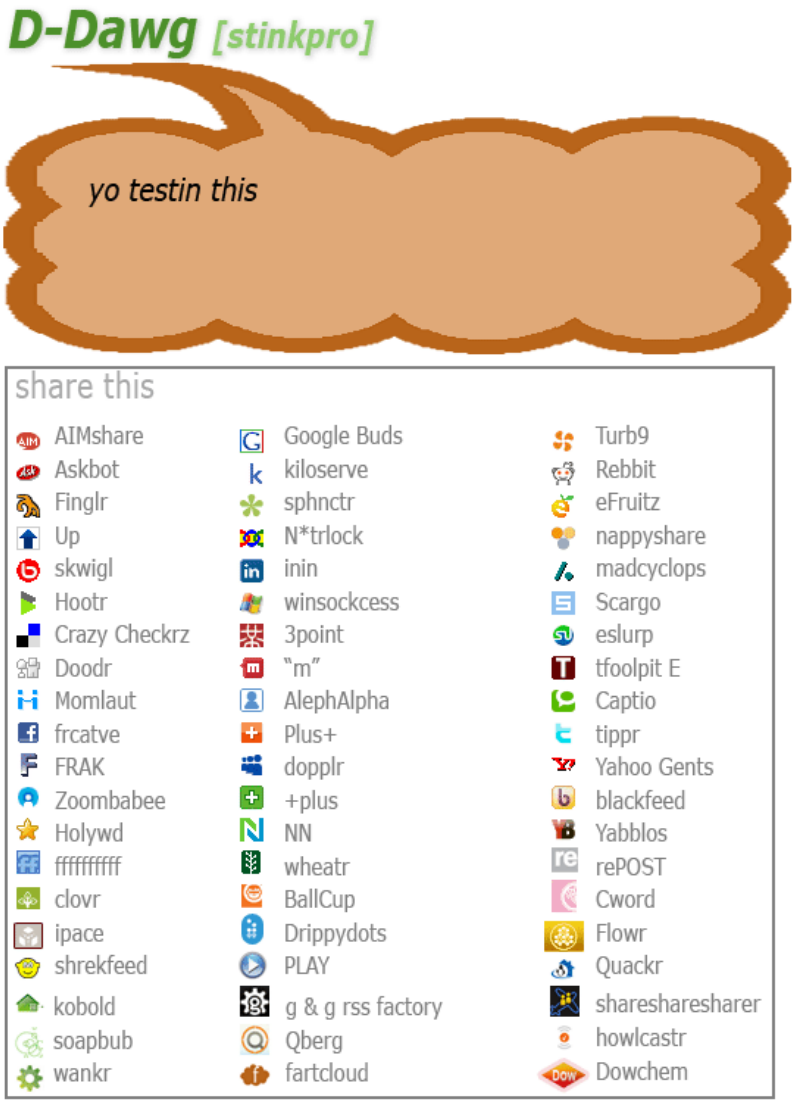
-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

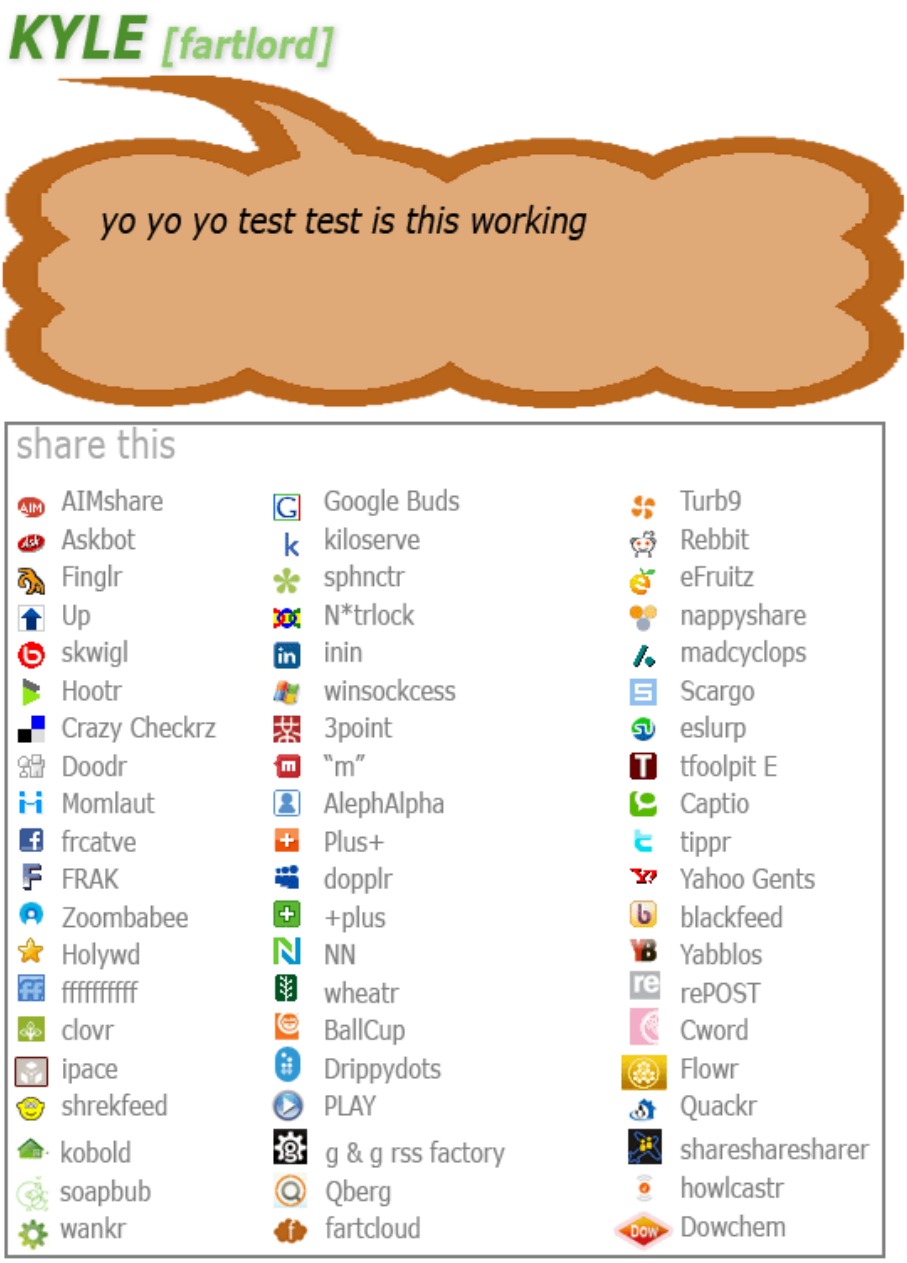
5.16 Great Moments in Web 2.0: Fart City USA Launch

Monday, May 18, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Urban farting in the 21st Stenchury

Kyle and D-Dawg got the toots to rock yer boots. Get ready for the number one fart blog in the English-speaking Internet universe. Fart City USA.




KYLE [fartlord]
yo yo yo test test is this working
share this
AIMshare
Askbot
Finglr
Up
skwigl
Hootr
Crazy Checkrz
Doodr
Momlaut
frcatve
FRAK
Zoombabee
Holywd
fffffffff
clovr
ipace
shrekfeed
kobold
soapbub
wankr
Google Buds
kiloserve
sphnctr
N*trlock
inin
winsockcess
3point
"m"
AlephAlpha
Plus+
dopplr
+plus
NN
wheatr
BallCup
Drippydots
PLAY
g & g rss factory
Qberg
fartcloud
Turb9
Rebbit
eFruitz
nappyshare
madcyclops
Scargo
eslurp
tfoolpit E
Captio
tippr
Yahoo Gents
blackfeed
Yabblos
rePOST
Cword
Flowr
Quackr
shareshareshare
howlcastr
Dowchem

D-Dawg [stinkpro]
FARRRRT lol
share this
AIMshare
Askbot
Finglr
Up
skwigl
Hootr
Crazy Checkrz
Doodr
Momlaut
frcatve
FRAK
Zoombabee
Holywd
fffffffff
clovr
ipace
shrekfeed
kobold
soapbub
wankr
Google Buds
kiloserve
sphnctr
N*trlock
inin
winsockcess
3point
"m"
AlephAlpha
Plus+
dopplr
+plus
NN
wheatr
BallCup
Drippydots
PLAY
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Qberg
fartcloud
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Rebbit
eFruitz
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madcyclops
Scargo
eslurp
tfoolpit E
Captio
tippr
Yahoo Gents
blackfeed
Yabblos
rePOST
Cword
Flowr
Quackr
shareshareshare
howlcastr
Dowchem

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 Wolfram Alpha: Computing the World's Knowledge

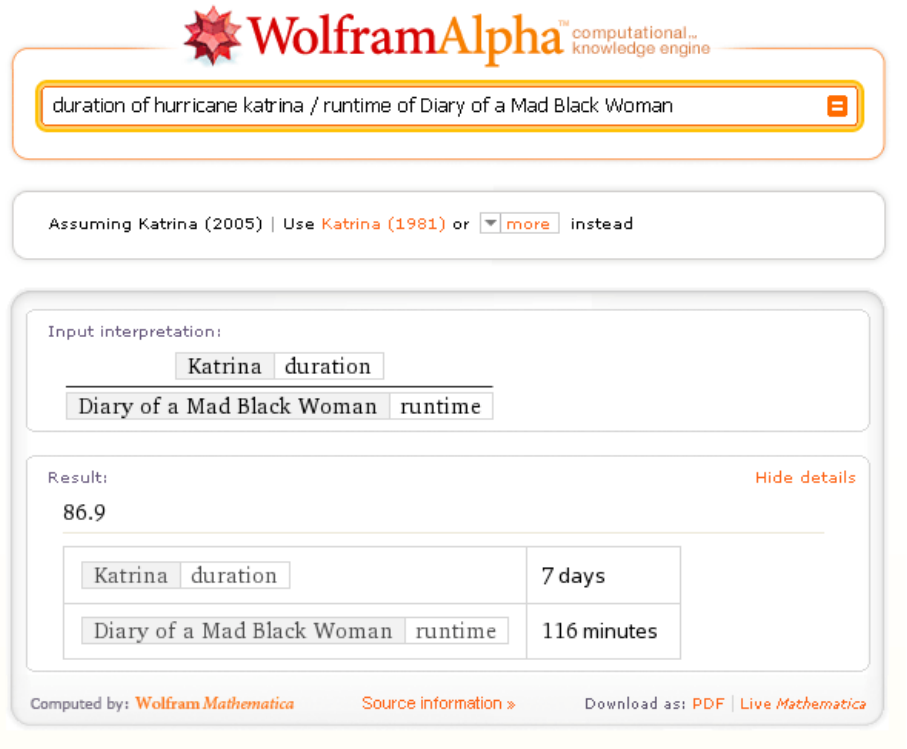
Tuesday, May 19, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

A few days ago, a British scientist named Stephen Wolfram launched one of the most ambitious projects in the history of the Internet: Wolfram Alpha, a site which aims to condense all human knowledge into some kind of a thing that you can talk to with your computer. The site, though still in its infancy, is already being met with really boring articles and complete misunderstanding from all corners of the tech media. To help you understand this complex new technology, we've delved into the thing for some first impressions.

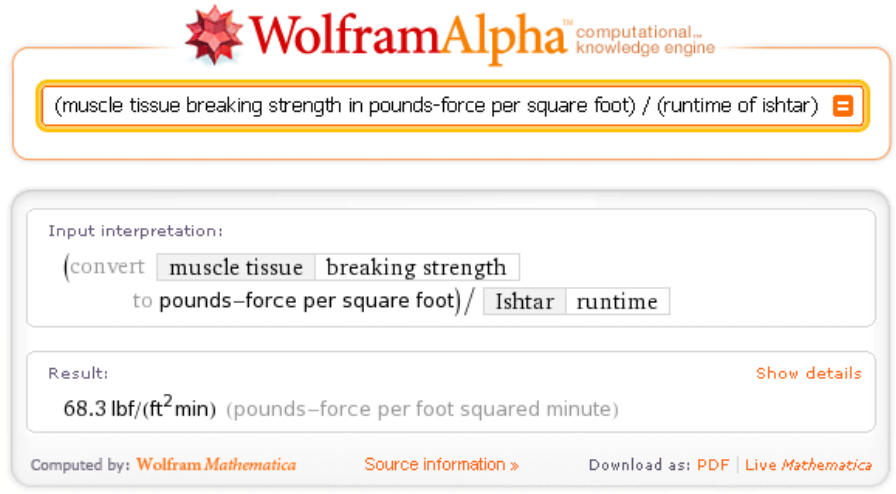
First, a simple calculation to demonstrate the powers of Wolfram Alpha: what proportion of the total gross national product of the United States is represented by box office receipts of Ernest Goes to Camp?

WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(100 / united states gross national product) * (box office total of ernest goes to camp)
Input interpretation:
100 Ernest Goes to Camp box office total
United States GNP
Result:
Hide details
1.689 × 10^-4
United States GNP
$13.92 trillion (US dollars)
Ernest Goes to Camp box office total
$23.51 million (US dollars)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica

A respectable 0.0001689 percent! Now, something a little more controversial: how many times could a struggling New Orleans native watch Tyler Perry's "Diary of a Mad Black Woman" during Hurricane Katrina?


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
duration of hurricane katrina / runtime of Diary of a Mad Black Woman
Assuming Katrina (2005) | Use Katrina (1981) or more instead
Input interpretation:
Katrina duration
Diary of a Mad Black Woman runtime
Result:
Hide details
86.9
Katrina duration
7 days
Diary of a Mad Black Woman runtime
116 minutes
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica

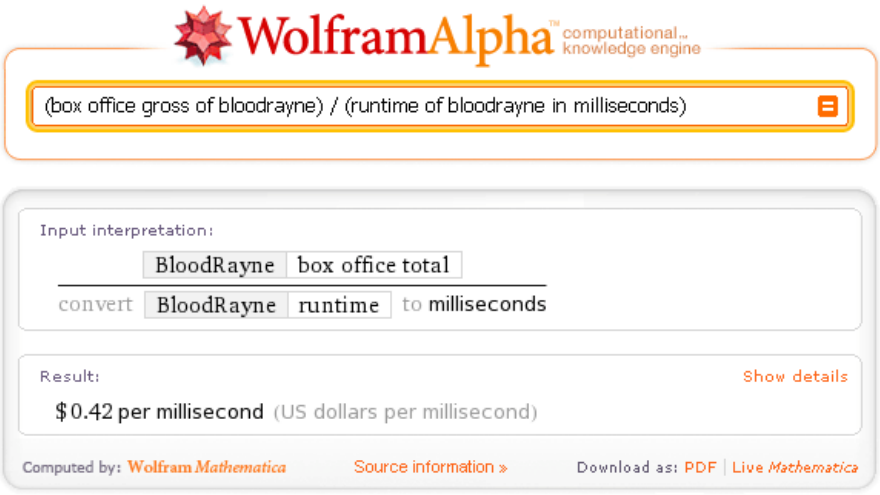
The answer: Not enough times! Next, something a little more scientifical: how much Ishtar can a human being endure before his musculature begins to break down?


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(muscle tissue breaking strength in pounds-force per square foot) / (runtime of ishtar)
Input interpretation:
(convert muscle tissue breaking strength
to pounds-force per square foot) / Ishtar runtime
Result:
Show details
68.3 lbf/(ft^2 min) (pounds-force per foot squared minute)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica

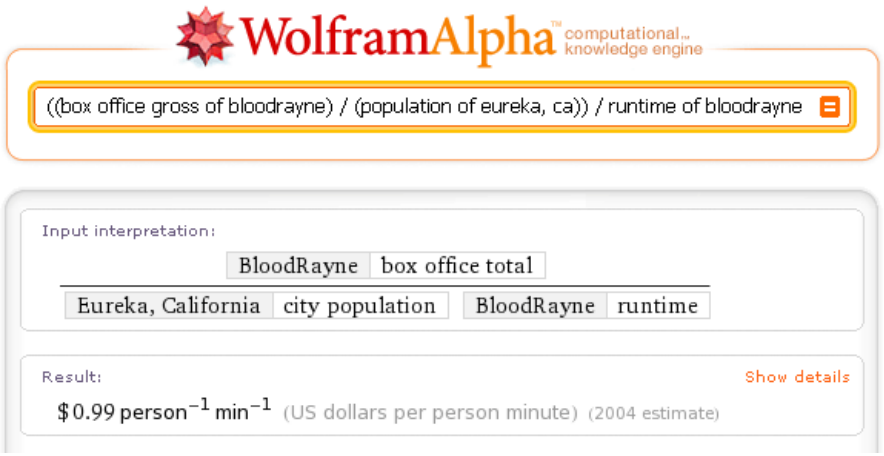
Wolfram Alpha's knowledge-computer power is limited only by your inquisitiveness. I wonder how many cheeseburgers per minute would I need to eat to match the horsepower of a muscle car?

WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(calories in a cheeseburger * 4) / minute
Input interpretation:
cheeseburger | amount | 1 cheeseburger | total calories | 4
minute
Result:
Show details
2190 Cal/min (dietary Calories per minute)
Unit conversions:
0.153 MW (megawatts)
153 000 W (watts)
520 000 BTUs per hour
4.6 × 10^9 BTUs per year
205 hp (horsepowers)

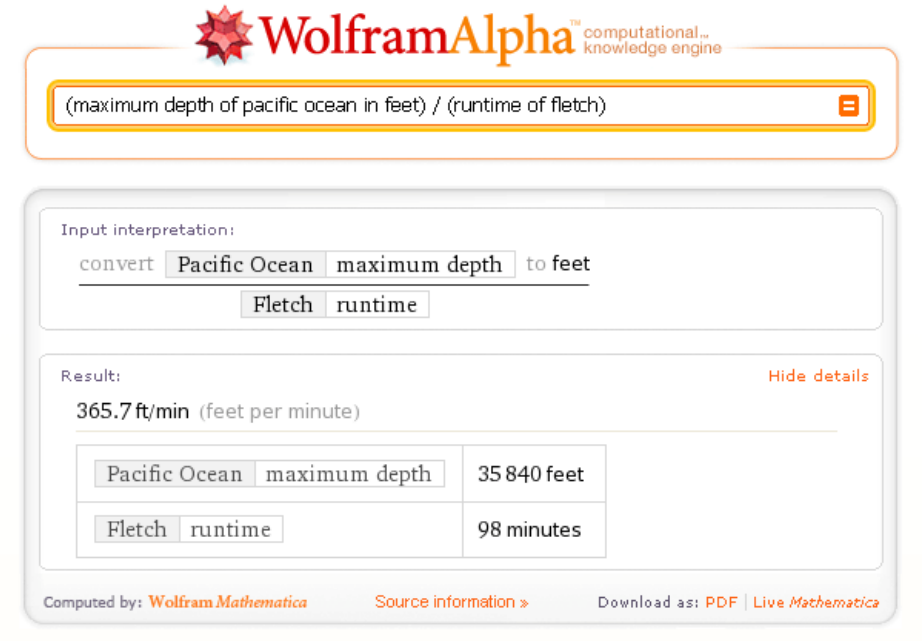
Or, for example, let's reflect upon Uwe Boll's erotic action thriller "Bloodrayne." I wonder how much money that movie made per millisecond of its runtime?


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(box office gross of bloodrayne) / (runtime of bloodrayne in milliseconds)
Input interpretation:
BloodRayne | box office total
convert BloodRayne | runtime to milliseconds
Result:
Show details
$0.42 per millisecond (US dollars per millisecond)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica

Let's now imagine that Uwe Boll decided to come to my hometown and distribute the film's recepits among the population, doing so at a steady pace throughout the duration of the picture:


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
((box office gross of bloodrayne) / (population of eureka, ca)) / runtime of bloodrayne
Input interpretation:
BloodRayne box office total
Eureka, California city population BloodRayne runtime
Result:
Show details
$0.99 person^-1 min^-1 (US dollars per person minute) (2004 estimate)

Let's say you build a submarine capable of descending all the way to the deepest point in the Pacific Ocean. It also had a VCR, and you decided to take along a copy of Fletch to watch while your vessel dove. To avoid getting bored, you'd like to set your diving speed to ensure you'd reach the bottom exactly as the movie was ending. Wolfram Alpha has the answer at your fingertips:


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(maximum depth of pacific ocean in feet) / (runtime of fletch)
Input interpretation:
convert Pacific Ocean maximum depth to feet
Fletch runtime
Result:
Hide details
365.7 ft/min (feet per minute)
Pacific Ocean maximum depth 35 840 feet
Fletch runtime 98 minutes
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
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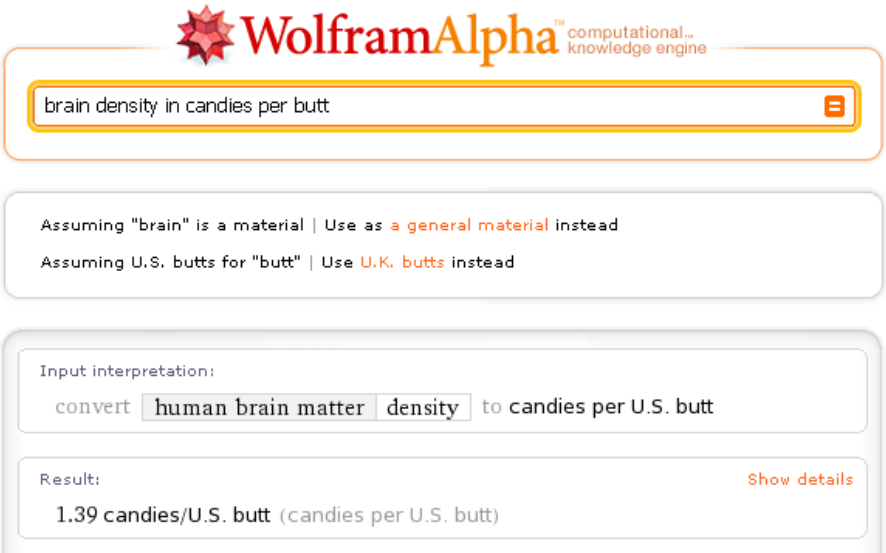
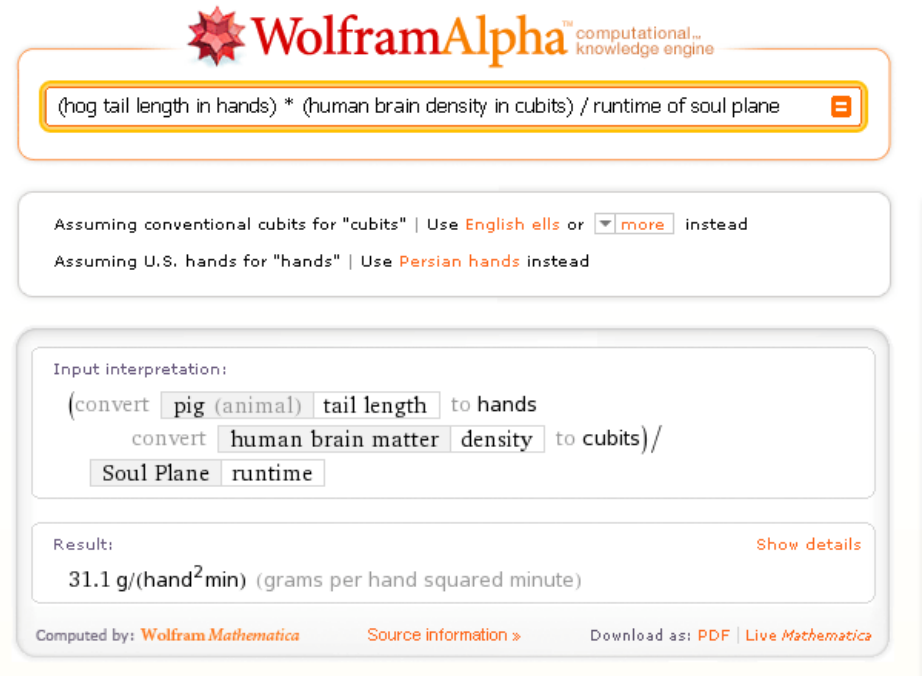
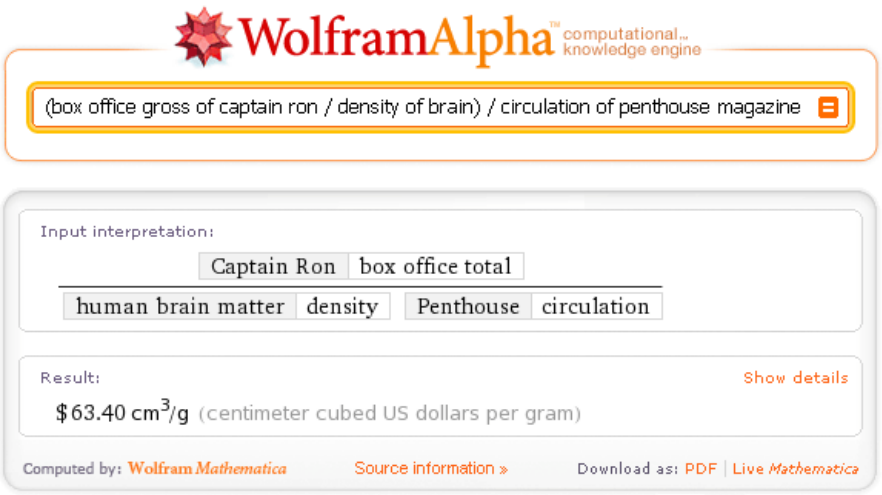
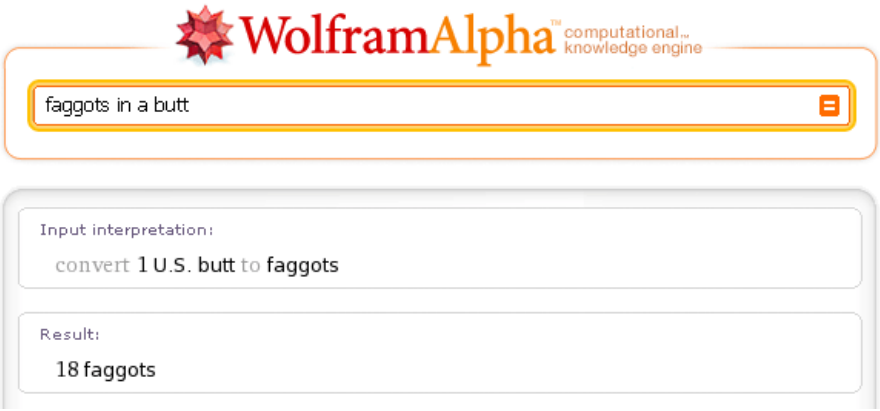
Wolfram Alpha also makes it extremely easy to convert between units:

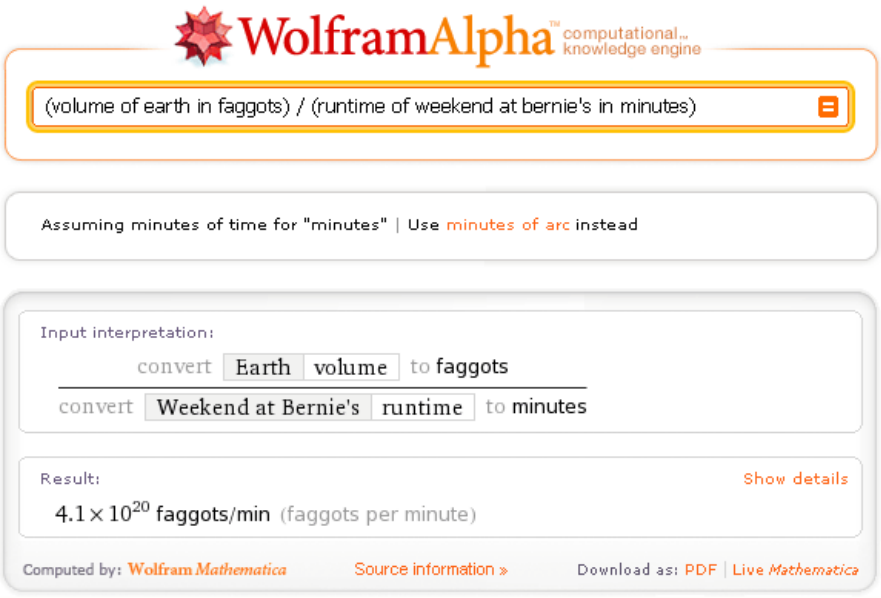

WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
brain density in candies per butt
Assuming "brain" is a material | Use as a general material instead
Assuming U.S. butts for "butt" | Use U.K. butts instead
Input interpretation:
convert human brain matter density to candies per U.S. butt
Result:
Show details
1.39 candies/U.S. butt (candies per U.S. butt)

From there, all kinds of useful calculations can take place, letting you really explore the breadth of human knowledge.


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(hog tail length in hands) * (human brain density in cubits) / runtime of soul plane
Assuming conventional cubits for "cubits" | Use English ells or more instead
Assuming U.S. hands for "hands" | Use Persian hands instead
Input interpretation:
(convert pig (animal) tail length to hands
convert human brain matter density to cubits)/
Soul Plane runtime
Result:
Show details
31.1 g/(hand^{2}min) (grams per hand squared minute)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica


WolframAlpha computational... knowledge engine
(box office gross of captain ron / density of brain) / circulation of penthouse magazine
Input interpretation:
Captain Ron box office total
human brain matter density Penthouse circulation
Result:
Show details
$63.40 cm^3/g (centimeter cubed US dollars per gram)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
Download as: PDF | Live Mathematica




WolframAlpha computational knowledge engine
(volume of earth in faggots) / (runtime of weekend at bernie's in minutes)
Assuming minutes of time for "minutes" | Use minutes of arc instead
Input interpretation:
convert Earth volume to faggots
convert Weekend at Bernie's runtime to minutes
Result:
Show details
4.1 × 10^20 faggots/min (faggots per minute)
Computed by: Wolfram Mathematica
Source information »
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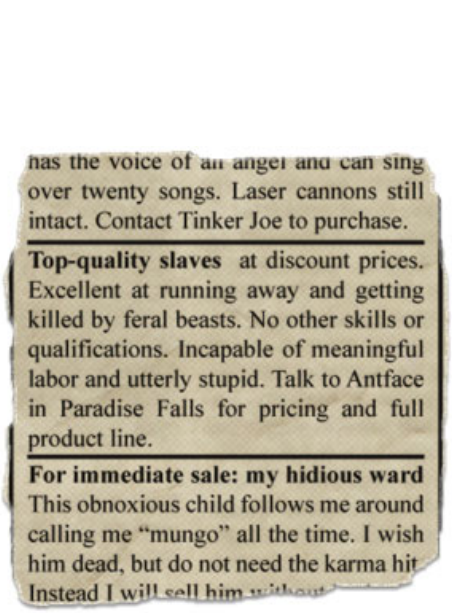
We hope you'll enjoy this thing as much as we have! If you manage to compute any amazing knowledge of your own, feel free to send it to davidthorpe@somethingawful.com so we can all get some more cheap laughs at science beyond our understanding.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.18 Capital Wasteland Classifieds

Wednesday, May 20, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

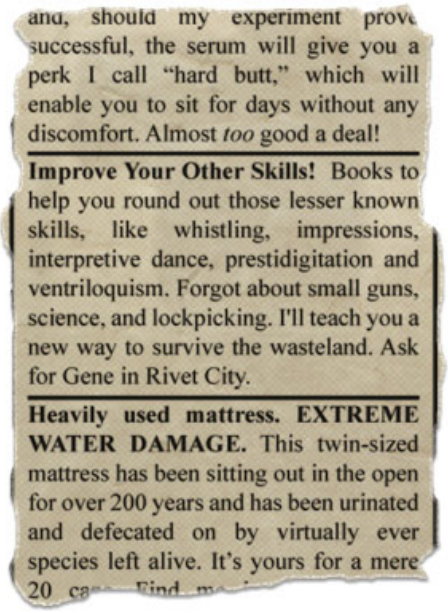
This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



has the voice of an angel and can sing over twenty songs. Laser cannons still intact. Contact Tinker Joe to purchase.

Top-quality slaves at discount prices. Excellent at running away and getting killed by feral beasts. No other skills or qualifications. Incapable of meaningful labor and utterly stupid. Talk to Antface in Paradise Falls for pricing and full product line.

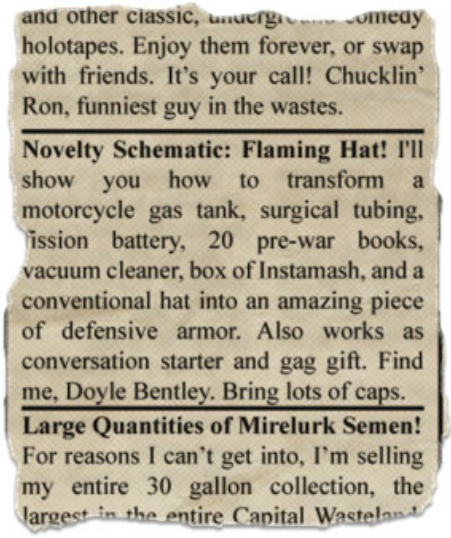
For immediate sale: my hidious ward This obnoxious child follows me around calling me "mungo" all the time. I wish him dead, but do not need the karma hit Instead I will sell him



and, should my experiment prove successful, the serum will give you a perk I call "hard butt," which will enable you to sit for days without any discomfort. Almost *too* good a deal!

Improve Your Other Skills! Books to help you round out those lesser known skills, like whistling, impressions, interpretive dance, prestidigitation and ventriloquism. Forgot about small guns, science, and lockpicking. I'll teach you a new way to survive the wasteland. Ask for Gene in Rivet City.

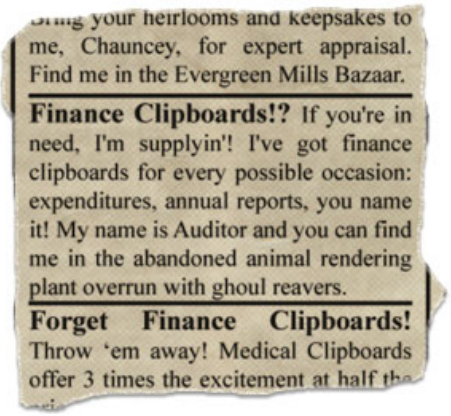
Heavily used mattress. EXTREME WATER DAMAGE. This twin-sized mattress has been sitting out in the open for over 200 years and has been urinated and defecated on by virtually ever species left alive. It's yours for a mere 20 ca



and other classic, comedy holotapes. Enjoy them forever, or swap with friends. It's your call! Chucklin' Ron, funniest guy in the wastes.

Novelty Schematic: Flaming Hat! I'll show you how to transform a motorcycle gas tank, surgical tubing, fission battery, 20 pre-war books, vacuum cleaner, box of Instamash, and a conventional hat into an amazing piece of defensive armor. Also works as conversation starter and gag gift. Find me, Doyle Bentley. Bring lots of caps.

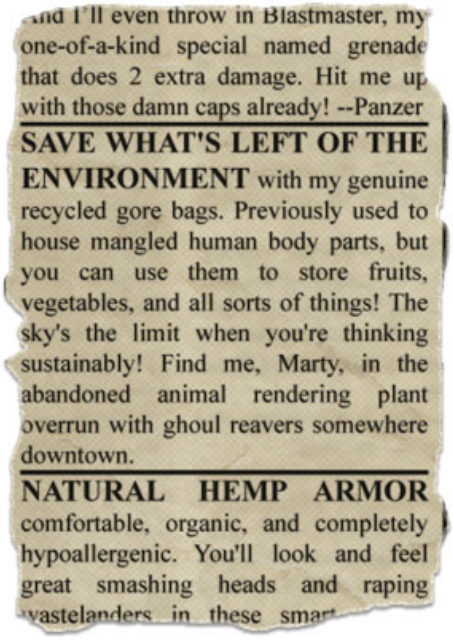
Large Quantities of Mirelurk Semen! For reasons I can't get into, I'm selling my entire 30 gallon collection, the largest in the entire Capital Wasteland



your heirlooms and keepsakes to me, Chauncey, for expert appraisal. Find me in the Evergreen Mills Bazaar.

Finance Clipboards!? If you're in need, I'm supplyin'! I've got finance clipboards for every possible occasion: expenditures, annual reports, you name it! My name is Auditor and you can find me in the abandoned animal rendering plant overrun with ghoul reavers.

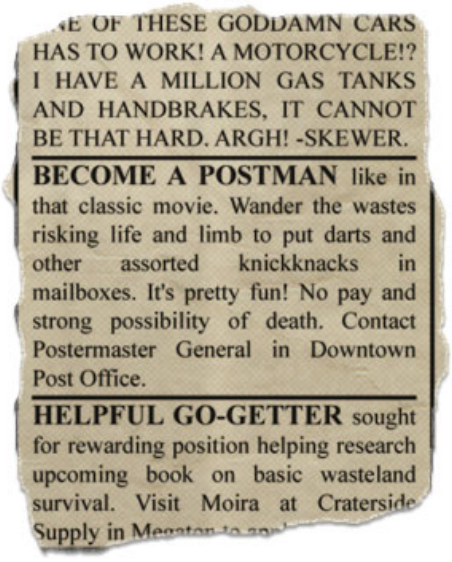
Forget Finance Clipboards! Throw 'em away! Medical Clipboards offer 3 times the excitement at half the



and I'll even throw in Blastmaster, my one-of-a-kind special named grenade that does 2 extra damage. Hit me up with those damn caps already! --Panzer

SAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ENVIRONMENT with my genuine recycled gore bags. Previously used to house mangled human body parts, but you can use them to store fruits, vegetables, and all sorts of things! The sky's the limit when you're thinking sustainably! Find me, Marty, in the abandoned animal rendering plant overrun with ghoul reavers somewhere downtown.

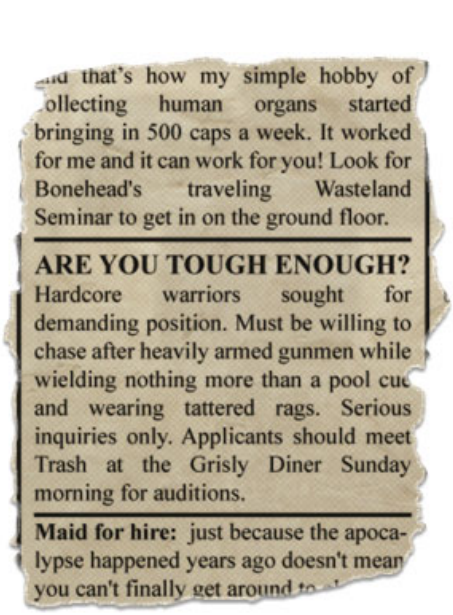
NATURAL HEMP ARMOR comfortable, organic, and completely hypoallergenic. You'll look and feel great smashing heads and raping wastelanders in these smart



E OF THESE GODDAMN CARS HAS TO WORK! A MOTORCYCLE!? I HAVE A MILLION GAS TANKS AND HANDBRAKES, IT CANNOT BE THAT HARD. ARGH! -SKEWER.

BECOME A POSTMAN like in that classic movie. Wander the wastes risking life and limb to put darts and other assorted knickknacks in mailboxes. It's pretty fun! No pay and strong possibility of death. Contact Postermaster General in Downtown Post Office.

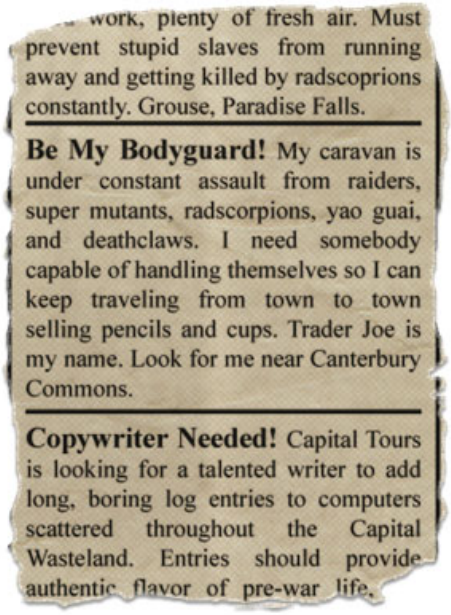
HELPFUL GO-GETTER sought for rewarding position helping research upcoming book on basic wasteland survival. Visit Moira at Craterside Supply in Megaton to apply



and that's how my simple hobby of collecting human organs started bringing in 500 caps a week. It worked for me and it can work for you! Look for Bonehead's traveling Wasteland Seminar to get in on the ground floor.

ARE YOU TOUGH ENOUGH? Hardcore warriors sought for demanding position. Must be willing to chase after heavily armed gunmen while wielding nothing more than a pool cue and wearing tattered rags. Serious inquiries only. Applicants should meet Trash at the Grisly Diner Sunday morning for auditions.

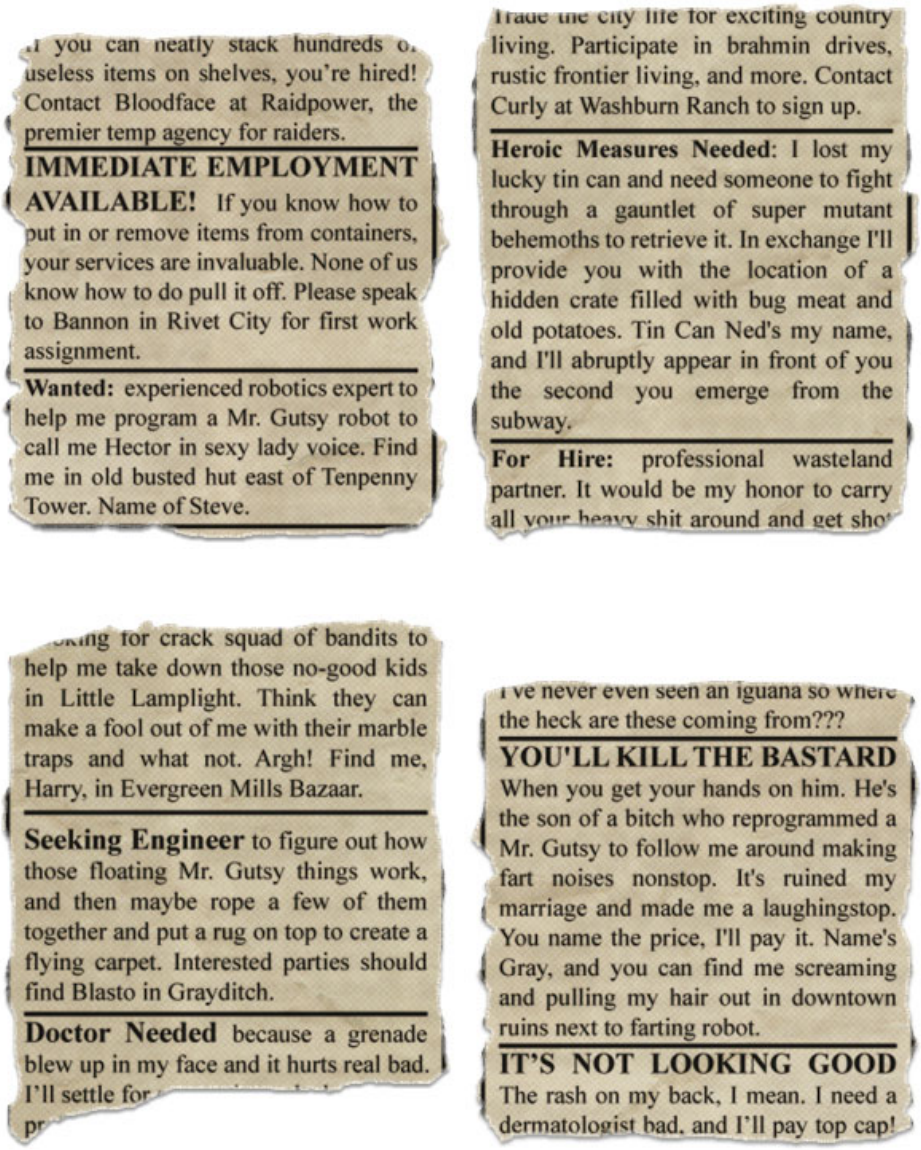
Maid for hire: just because the apocalypse happened years ago doesn't mean you can't finally get around to



work, plenty of fresh air. Must prevent stupid slaves from running away and getting killed by radscoprions constantly. Grouse, Paradise Falls.

Be My Bodyguard! My caravan is under constant assault from raiders, super mutants, radscorpions, yao guai, and deathclaws. I need somebody capable of handling themselves so I can keep traveling from town to town selling pencils and cups. Trader Joe is my name. Look for me near Canterbury Commons.

Copywriter Needed! Capital Tours is looking for a talented writer to add long, boring log entries to computers scattered throughout the Capital Wasteland. Entries should provide authentic flavor of pre-war life.



...f you can neatly stack hundreds o. useless items on shelves, you're hired! Contact Bloodface at Raidpower, the premier temp agency for raiders.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT AVAILABLE! If you know how to put in or remove items from containers, your services are invaluable. None of us know how to do pull it off. Please speak to Bannon in Rivet City for first work assignment.

Wanted: experienced robotics expert to help me program a Mr. Gutsy robot to call me Hector in sexy lady voice. Find me in old busted hut east of Tenpenny Tower. Name of Steve.

Trade the city life for exciting country living. Participate in brahmin drives, rustic frontier living, and more. Contact Curly at Washburn Ranch to sign up.

Heroic Measures Needed: I lost my lucky tin can and need someone to fight through a gauntlet of super mutant behemoths to retrieve it. In exchange I'll provide you with the location of a hidden crate filled with bug meat and old potatoes. Tin Can Ned's my name, and I'll abruptly appear in front of you the second you emerge from the subway.

For Hire: professional wasteland partner. It would be my honor to carry all your heavy shit around and get sho...

...king for crack squad of bandits to help me take down those no-good kids in Little Lamplight. Think they can make a fool out of me with their marble traps and what not. Argh! Find me, Harry, in Evergreen Mills Bazaar.

Seeking Engineer to figure out how those floating Mr. Gutsy things work, and then maybe rope a few of them together and put a rug on top to create a flying carpet. Interested parties should find Blasto in Grayditch.

Doctor Needed because a grenade blew up in my face and it hurts real bad. I'll settle for ... pr...

I've never even seen an iguana so where the heck are these coming from???

YOU'LL KILL THE BASTARD When you get your hands on him. He's the son of a bitch who reprogrammed a Mr. Gutsy to follow me around making fart noises nonstop. It's ruined my marriage and made me a laughingstop. You name the price, I'll pay it. Name's Gray, and you can find me screaming and pulling my hair out in downtown ruins next to farting robot.

IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD The rash on my back, I mean. I need a dermatologist bad, and I'll pay top cap!

Thanks to Richard "Logwax" Kyanka for helping write this update!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.19 Another Message From Your College President

Thursday, May 21, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, students!

George F. Thorpson, President, Pendelhurst University Memorial University

Since my last mandatory message , tragic events have shaken the very foundation of Pendelhurst University Memorial University . When I was woken out of a deep, prescription-aided slumber last week by a phone call from the PUMU Press informing me that students were rioting on campus, I could only feel anger. Anger that some Woodward and Bernstein wannabe looked up my home phone number and completely disregarded our University's policy of only giving statements at sanctioned and closely-monitored press events. PUMU Press EIC Steve Miltner is currently on academic suspension and will not see the inside of another classroom until 2012, I assure you.

After being whisked away by a campus security helicopter to our new, state-of-the-art panic room (Cheers to all of our fund-raiser attendees last year!), I could only watch with utter shame from my personal observation deck (Special thanks to the Spencer family for their generous donation!) as the out-of-control behavior of Collegetoberfest 2009 spilled onto the campus of Pendelhurst University Memorial Universiity; I shouldn't need to remind you that our landscaping budget eclipses our funding of the humanities by quite a large margin. Collegetoberfest, an annual end-of-the-semester block party that is in no way associated in any way with Pendelhurst University Memorial University, was turning uglier than my pal Rusty, who I've just appointed provost. Hah, just kidding Russ. You're a champ and I look forward to another one of our weekly fishing trips.

According to official police reports, the trouble started when a Pendelhurst student, one Mitchell Reed, was charged with aggravated beer bong-spilling by one of our boys in blue. When Mitchell refused a search of his polo shirt for drug paraphernalia, the police followed standard procedure by firing bean bag after bean bag into a torso bloated with gallons of what I'm told is called "Natural Light." (The only kind of "Natural Light" I enjoy is all the sunshine I get at my country club's bi-annual regattas!) For the mere crippling of a person who was clearly a danger to himself and others, the crowd at Collegetoberfest retaliated by partying harder than they ever had before. Beverages were "shotgunned," the raucous sounds of AC-DC filled the air, and crude images of genetalia were drawn on the faces of the unconscious. But after several SWAT teams were dispatched and hundreds of tear gas canisters were deployed, the streets of Collegetoberfest were once again safe to drive down on my way to the antique store.

Because events like this make people question my impact as university president, *they cannot happen again* . Folks, I don't mean to be crude, but I'll be damned if I find myself out of a job and living off of a 300,000 dollar-a-year pension, especially in our economically interesting times. I'm sure all of you out there who have faced such difficulties can relate. This is why I've taken it upon myself to give you kids some tips on how to party responsibly from a guy who's "been up and down the blocks" a few times.

President Thorpson's Tips for Responsible Partying

- Let's all watch it with the drinking. Hey, I like a good drink as much as the next guy; you set me up with a nice glass of port or a Tom Collins at a dinner party and I'll be tickled pink. But let's not forget that too much of a good thing is *never* a good thing. I think we all remember the Phi Kappa Phi Gala where I had one Manhattan too many and made an untoward comment about the mixed race of our busboy. Five weekend-wasting sensitivity seminars later, I can tell you what I've truly learned: know when you've had enough.

- Food is also important to consume in moderation when attending a party. Hey, I've been to college and I know that you kids enjoy your "junky food" like roasted quail, but it's important to know when you're full. That third watercress sandwich might look tempting, but just think: how long of a nap will you need to digest this little snack before you can jump back into your water polo game? And trust me, no matter how delicious they might look, abstain from capers at any social event. You don't want to learn about this the hard way.

- If you're going to be intoxicated and require a lift home, make sure to tell your chauffeur when and where you'd like to be picked up *ahead of time* . I've found that these clods aren't the most forward-thinking types, and are rarely motivated to pick up a GPS to make their jobs easier. And if your party happens to feature a hot air balloon race, remember that ballooning while drunk is now a felony in this state. Laws like these exist to keep you safe.

- When encountering the police, *do whatever they say* regardless of any Constitutional amendments you might have heard about. In fact, if you happen to be stopped by a police officer at any time in your life, I recommend that you immediately lay prostrate at said officer's feet so he or she will know you are not a threat. Once they have determined your harmlessness by examining the contents of your wallet and person, you should then be able to stand up (slowly) and thank them for not using one of their semi-non-lethal takedown methods on you.

And for all of you civil rights crybabies out there, I ask you one question: would you rather get things over with quickly, or spend days--or even weeks--in court arguing about inalienable this and inalienable that? Once a drug dog smells something in your car and communicates this information to a police officer in a language only they share, you'd be wise to know that no canine testimony has ever been found faulty in a court of law. Just take your lumps in jail and I'm sure everything will work out for the best.

You and I can work together to make my job more comfortable before I leave Pendelhurst for a University with a more generous airfare budget. Hey, I might only live 20 miles off campus, but sometimes it's fun to get there in less than two minutes. But I digress; the important thing here is that you take care of yourselves, mind your Ps and Qs, and see to it that your fear of police reprisal will prevent you from undertaking any more monkeyshines. As they say on the hit show Hill Street Blues, "Let's all do our best to take care when we're outside."

Your Friend,
George F. Thorpson

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.20 I'm Unapologetically American

Friday, May 22, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I see at least 52 great things in this picture.

If you're like me then you're sick and tired of people blaming America for everything that's wrong with the world. Every action of self-defense or commerce undertaken by the USA is cast in the worst possible light and every national hero, new and old, is vilified as a tool in a monstrous system stretching back more than four centuries.

I want to puke my goddamn guts out every time I hear some grade F sissy rushing to apologize for something America did. These people even act like they feel embarrassed by the United States.

I'm not going to get all John Wayne on you, but it's time to respect our country's accomplishments. I celebrate the United States, warts and all. I'm fed up with jelly-backs, Blame-America-Firsters, and eurocommie wusses trashing My Country.

I am Unapologetically American and it's time to take back the flag!

I love my SUV. Fourteen miles to the gallon and runs on premium. I've got GPS and seat-back DVD players. I have a PS3 built into a cabinet in the dash and a flip-down 10-inch LCD for the passenger. There's a 40-disc changer in the back, a dock for my iPod, and enough flywheels under the hood to power a display of Christmas lights.

Have you ever had an American hamburger? We make 'em all ways. They're great with cheddar, mushrooms, beefsteak tomatoes, bacon, and grilled onions. We've got sesame seed buns, kaiser rolls, and for the adventurous; donuts. I like hot peppers and A1 on mine. Nothing less than half a pound of ground beef, sliced from the side of a shorthorn with a heart corn-fed to bursting and blood pumped full of enough antibiotics to cure a vampire's bronchitis.

Nothing beats our combo restaurants. I love walking into a gas station's Burger King and getting exactly the Dunkin Donuts I wanted. Nothing tops the feeling of tossing your Taco Bell wrappers into the A&W Rootbeer trash can. It's exhilarating.

People give Hollywood a hard time, they churn out some stinkers, but nobody makes movies like Hollywood. Name any other country that makes better movies. I don't remember Turkish Spiderman opening on 2,000 screens.

Imagine everyone in the poop shanties of Slum Dog Millionaire standing just off camera watching this place get torched.

We make movies about robots with budgets bigger than the GDP of some island nations. Did you see that *Batman* movie? They must have blown up three blocks of Chicago making that thing.

What about *Terminator 2* ? That Cyberdyne building they blow up looked brand new. Think about that. Think about building a whole office building and then blowing it up for a movie. That's America, bro.

We blow up museums and 3,000 year old dusty minarets and shit in Baghdad and that stuff is lucky to end up on Liveleak. Hollywood doesn't give a shit. You ever seen a French movie? I saw one once. Everybody was smoking and talking and not one mention of a meteor or alien. If it's worth watching and it ain't American then Hollywood will just remake it better.

You ever seen that ring movie? "Ring," I think it's called. That was Chinese first, but then they cut out the Chinese people and put in a hot American broad.

She's beautiful...

Speaking of the arts, goddamn I love USA porno. I love cum in the eyes of a teenage runaway in San Fernando. I love to see HD close-ups of injection sites on feet and prolapsed assholes that will never quite heal. I love bad techno and gagging and girls crying because it hurts. I want to hear the one that looks like my sister with fake tits call the guy fucking her up the shitter a nigger. I want to see somebody's rock bottom preserved on video. Preferably an MPEG4.

Give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses, yearning to smoke crystal and grind on truckers in Missouri. I love Fleshlights and Real Dolls and latex asses you stick to the wall. I love reducing a woman to a single body part and then slathering that body part with water-based lubrication and having sex with it. Supply and demand is so American.

From the beauty of love to the horrors of war. Everybody hates war. War is hell, sure, but as Adrian said in *Little Nicky* , "It's better to rule in hell than to serve in heaven." Let me tell you, buddy, this ain't volleyball. America fucking rules. We don't go around starting shit, but we put America first and when it comes time we take some names.

Take Afghanistan and Iraq. People are always boohooing about that shit, but the casualty ratio is like easily 50 or 75 to 1. You find me one team in baseball that goes 50 and 1. I'm no math wizard, but I know for damn sure there aren't two billion of those terrorist fuckers running around Iraq, so the math just is not going to work for them. We'll get 'em all eventually and when we're done fighting them over there we'll end the war on terror.

We have been kicking ass for years. Gulf War one, we bombed the crap out of them, ran Saddam's army out of Kuwait in a couple days, and then trapped 'em all on a highway leading to Iraq. We kicked their butt so bad in that battle on the highway that they called it the Highway of Death. You tell me that isn't badass.

Even when we lose we kick ass. *Blackhawk Down* , did you see that? Crash a fucking helicopter and then the special forces dude is like "put me down" and he shoots them until he runs out of ammo.

There's a great sniper spot behind the two big air conditioners on this map.

South America? Forget it. A gnat so much as farts next to a Coca Cola bottler and we'll have Triple Canopy advisers there inside a week paying right wing rebel groups to machete anybody in a red t-shirt. If that doesn't work a bunch of CIA agents will show up in your capital wearing Ray-Bans and photo vests and inside a month you'll have a new president. We fucked Guatemala up forever so we could have cheaper bananas. No shit.

Oh, and by the way, only time anybody got nuked? Thank us. We nuked Japan and we were so hardass we saw what happened and went ahead and did it again. Why? Because they deserved it. Fucked that country's head up so bad they made a cartoon about their modern navy time traveling back to the 1940s to stop us. And look at this shit:

Eyeballs all melting out and dogs getting fried. The Lost Decade didn't look like red arrows on the Nikkei, it looked like mushroom clouds and half a million pounds of incendiary bombs slamming into buildings with paper walls. The Japanese just can't get over it.

For Christ's sake, how many cartoons have you seen real men like us make crying about being decapitated or subjected to pressure experiments? There was one with Donald Duck and Charlie Chan, but that doesn't count because it was played for laughs. "Ohhhhh Donard subject you to negative eight atmosphere and you inside pop out you cloacae!"

He manages a HedgeFUN! I spent all week coming up with that one.

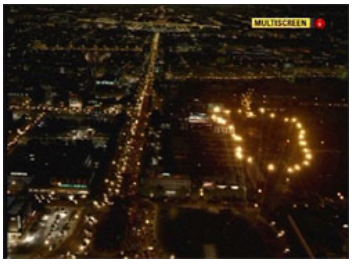
I love money. Wall Street: shit yes. Greed isn't good, it's great. I love fictional products I don't understand being sold to me by coked out frat boys who don't understand them. I like buying in and rolling the dice. I like paying 600 grand for a two bedroom in Calabasas. I offset my low flow toilets that can't handle my Venti American bricks by maintaining a lawn that looks like the grounds at Versailles. I like my giant mortgage exploding into a thousand pieces and ricocheting around the planet from bank to bank until everybody owns a piece of me and nobody wants to lower my rates.

And you know what? I fucking love the idea of someone totally unrelated, just some fat fuck watching a computer screen in New York, somehow getting rich off of that happening. That rules. That's American as shit. I love it so much I hope the government pays that fucker's bonus for the next two years. Hell yes!

I love reading about micro lending and carbon credits and motherfucking Oxfam and then having a good laugh. I support Israel 100% at all times, because that's terrorist shit over there. I like to think about people too weak from starvation and disease to blink the flies out of their eyes while I wait for Steven to package my MeatZZa Feast in a HeatWave carrier and bring it to my door. I like no-kill shelters for retired racing dogs and laws that allow doctors to refuse the morning after pill to a sobbing teenage girl. God loves America's rape babies.

America is the greatest country on earth. What other country is full of people who have never talked to their immediate neighbor, but have armed themselves to shoot him if he walks into their backyard to pick up a Frisbee? Not Norway or Spain. How many weapons caches are there in Amsterdam? How many church buses full of Norinco Type 56s are buried behind a farmhouse in Hertfordshire? You Brits may know how to tear the shit out of a soccer stadium, but are you prepared for the events of 2012?

I am. I'm ready for whatever is in the cards, whether it's *Red Dawn* , *Left Behind* , or *ID4* . I stay frosty by wearing a Ghillie Suit when I paintball and I stockpile MREs I buy on ebay. I have a camping chair that can support 1000 pounds, which is good, because if I keep training this hard I'm going to need it. All of those people who are so quick to blame this country won't be complaining when the Michigan militia saves the world from the Chinese.



Just wait until those CGI fireworks are marching along the Champs-Elysees. Then you America-haters will be begging for our help.

Oh, yeah, that's right. Forgot about them, didn't you? Just because a black man got elected you forgot about the CGI fireworks at the Olympics and the creepy eight year old gymnasts they grow in vats. I think you'll be singing some Lee Greenwood when those lithe little munchkins get unleashed on Europe. You'll need us when they're annexing India and bombing you with knockoff F-22s they built from a PDF they downloaded off of the Lockheed website.

For the rest of you, those of you unafraid to wear the Stars and Stripes on a shirt in Hamburg or London, I tip my Stetson. Don't be shy. Don't be bashful. By God, we live in the greatest country on earth, and don't let anybody

tell you otherwise.

Sincerely,

One Unapologetic American

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 My Pitches For The Pitchmen

Saturday, May 23, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

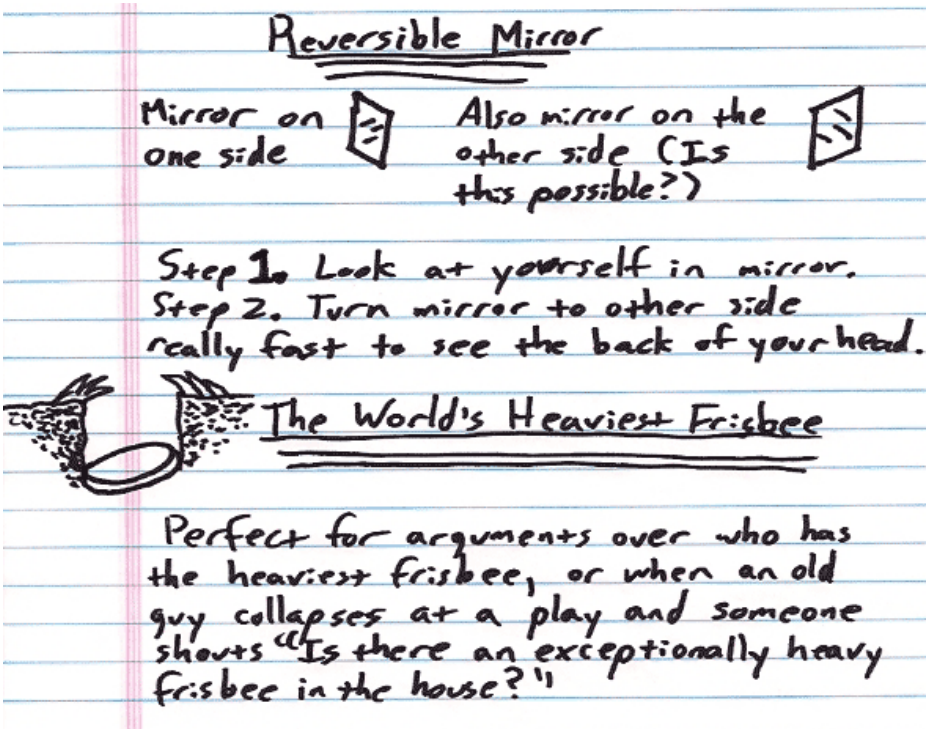
Billy Mays is essentially *William Shatner: The Next Generation* . That probably says something about our generation, but it's best not to think about it.

The man's personality is somewhere between blowhard and jackass, toeing the line between the two as skillfully as the hand that grooms his immaculate beard. Mays has come to understand how ridiculous people think he is, and is capitalizing on it by becoming a self-parody. I'm not even sure that he has a sense of humor about the whole thing. I assume he's just working on some deep primordial instinct, shifting into whatever form will get the best results just as a shark transforms into a crab so it can eat itself.

In Pitchmen (presented by the Discovery Channel in the next logical step after bringing us Planet Earth), Mays and Anthony Sullivan pretend to drive each other insane while looking for inventions to feature in their infomercials. It's not a very good show. Pitchmen is ridiculous, contrived, overly scripted, and I want in on it.

You may think of me as a comedic genius, but my brainial interests extend far beyond the realm of humor. I have notebooks full of poems, horror stories, notebook paper, and incredible inventions that I plan on submitting to Pitchmen for their consideration.

I'm not sure how well the poems and notebook paper will do, but I'm fairly confident that they will like these product ideas and also my horror stories. I've got one about the ghost of a chainsaw that will scare your pants off.


Reversible Mirror
Mirror on one side
Also mirror on the other side (Is this possible?)
Step 1. Look at yourself in mirror.
Step 2. Turn mirror to other side really fast to see the back of your head.
The World's Heaviest Frisbee
Perfect for arguments over who has the heaviest frisbee, or when an old guy collapses at a play and someone shouts "Is there an exceptionally heavy frisbee in the house?"

Dog Whistle

The whistle that only dogs can blow.

- HUGE potential market, no competing products
- How do you draw dog legs? Never sure which way their knees go...

SmallKeys

Your keys, but smaller.

- Great for janitors/guards with cumbersome keyrings
- Compatible with my SmallPockets line of clothes.
- Good for the environment! Less birds choking on discarded keys, etc.

License / Insurance Launcher

Save a police officer from the hassle of walking to your car when you get pulled over! Just grab the launcher, load it with your license and insurance info, then jump out of your car and pull the trigger.

- Potentially dangerous if disassembled and eaten.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.22 Dog Dude's Diet

Sunday, May 24, 2009 by Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

Men are getting stiffer torsos and cores than you, crazy mean arms and legs, for nickels and penny-change. You spend money trying and failing to get intimidating hills of meat and sinew while poor boys like me get bulked and powerbloated off of common household things, even things in your own home you've been too fucking stupid to eat.

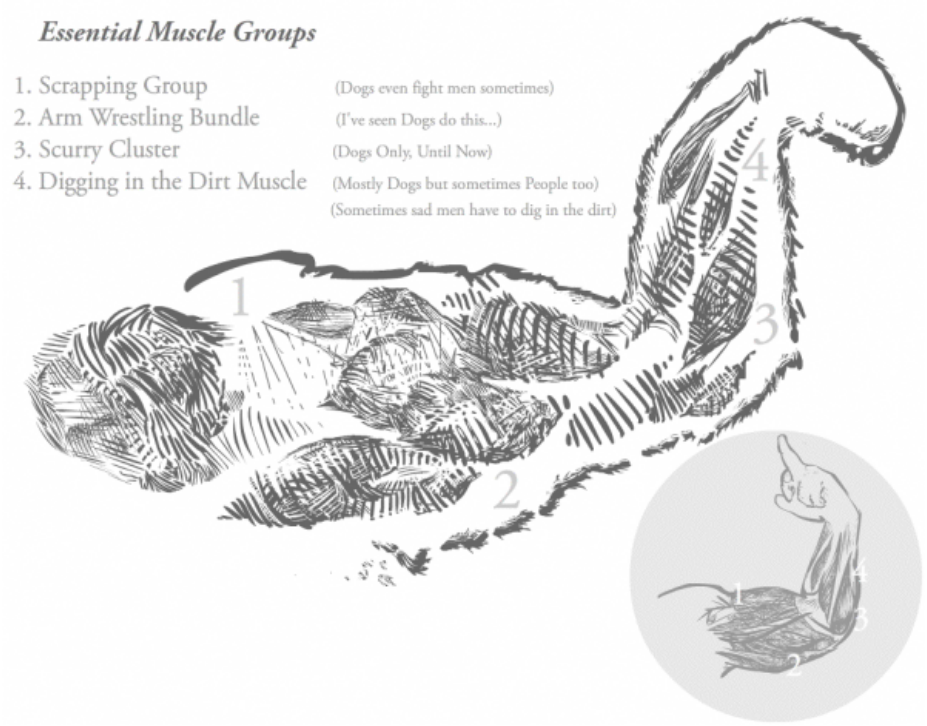
hair & fur

Yeah! Hair! You might think you're giving yourself a buzz cut, but you could also be giving yourself a buff gut. Check out these factoids. Human hair is 63% protein and 12% Vitamin B, or Vitamin Buff, and you're making yourself a fool out of yourself if you think those feathery bangs are worth their weight in swole. Dog hair is 42% protein and 13% Vitamin B, with the remaining 43% of fur matter dedicated to Particle X. While the scientific "jury" is out on the makeup of Particle X, here's what we do know: Per raw ounce of pooch scruff fluff, we're seeing men get stronger and handsomer than ever, because I was tested by CalTec's Ruggedness Index. Perhaps we have finally harnessed the last source of energy to elude mankind throughout his days, the source of the scrappy pup's will to scurry about all day. Your scurrying will be in the gymnasium, though, you scamp, and you'll push and pump iron like a junkyard dog with an appetite for thick ass biceps and lats, with little way to sate his hunger but to pound reps and build his own to eat. Sad state for a brawn dog, but luckily you're a man.

dog food

Chow down, mound hound. Your shoulder mounds and insane leg power has got you barking at the pull-up bars and frothing a fine fizz of creatine flecks, but no word on your pecs. Know why this is? Your shame, your locker room shame as you curtain your tuned torso with towels to hide your total lack of chest bulk? You ain't eatin' right! You're buying pasta and pizzas, feeding your maw while your toned tubes wither. Shriveling beef man, beefy for little longer, what will you do? Stop paying top dollar for energy drinks! Grow up, embrace the chow! Most top weightlifters and handsome men will soon be eating dog food. Science Diet Active Formula contains every nutrient vital to peak gym performance, and your locker room peers will notice.

High musclemass to dollars spent ratio has you living like the biggest king in history. Hurf durf, Dog Muscle King is benchpressing some serfs. What country would you be muscle king of? Think about it, because once you're downing these kibbles you're going to feel like a real piece of work, and you're going to want to do something with your large array of high-performance dog muscles. Consider the possibility of running on all fours, because the dog food has enabled and enlarged the


Essential Muscle Groups
1. Scrapping Group (Dogs even fight men sometimes)
2. Arm Wrestling Bundle (I've seen Dogs do this...)
3. Scurry Cluster (Dogs Only, Until Now)
4. Digging in the Dirt Muscle (Mostly Dogs but sometimes People too)
(Sometimes sad men have to dig in the dirt)
1
2
3
4

latent bundles of fibrous tissues in your arms, giving you the long-coveted Scurry Cluster. Also in your repertoire of new tricks and moves: Power Pushups. Dogs lie down and then stand back up all day, every day, and now you're going to have all that power. Bored with pushups and bodylifts already? Dig a hole, dude! This canine bulk you've built allows you to tunnel and burrow with the best of em! In a tough situation, stuck between a rock and a hard place? Descend through the earth and clay with style, then resurface in a cool spot like a beach or concert! "What a cool trick," onlookers will say, "That dude sure has serious arms with crazy looking muscles, like a dogs arms..."

After shaking off the dirtclumps that have gathered on your angular rippling frame, and cracking a brew and chuggin some suds with your new buds who are impressed by your aptitude for subterranean excavation (diggin dude) you're going to get to thinking. What's next for the Dog Man? Well the truth is, I don't know. As of the time of this article's publication, I am the only man who has gotten extremely strong from eating dog food and fur, so I am alone in this world of normal-muscled men. Perhaps you will follow my footsteps that turn to paw prints that turn back to footsteps once I figured out how to fit shoes on my pawfeet. My midnight howls, which sound more like a shrieking man than a dog, might someday be met by yours?? I dont know, but I've never been so thoroughly jacked, and so can you be too if you can man the fuck up and eat a dogs hair and food. You could be super ripped in a week, a future dog man, for free, if you take the fur and food from someone else's dog.

Dog Man Out, AwooooOOOOoo

-∼Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

5.23 G.I. Army Funnies Memorial Day Thing

Monday, May 25, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

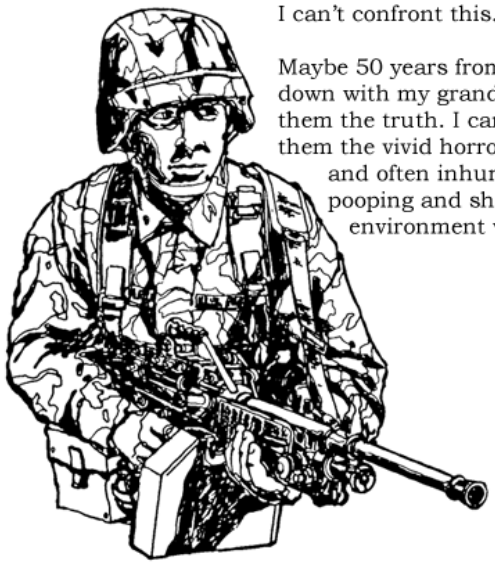
First thing I'm doing when I get back home is taking a long bath, eatin' a pizza with everything, and then screwing the old lady. Doggy style. What about you, Oscar?

Gonna beat my ex to death with a barbell and commit suicide by cop outside a liquor store.

What? You don't like pizza?

My Sergeant is blown in half, my buddy just bled out, and I'm running low on ammo.

It takes a moment like this to truly understand the US Army's policy restricting adult material on base.



I can't confront this. Not yet.

Maybe 50 years from now I can sit down with my grandkids and tell them the truth. I can describe to them the vivid horrors of the brutal and often inhuman reality of pooping and showering in an environment with no privacy.

Yes, sir, they are still shooting at us. If anything they're shooting at us more than they were before we handed out all of the Bibles.

You know, Oscar, now that we're going home I think I might actually miss this place. Remember that Sunni family we "saved" from the militia?

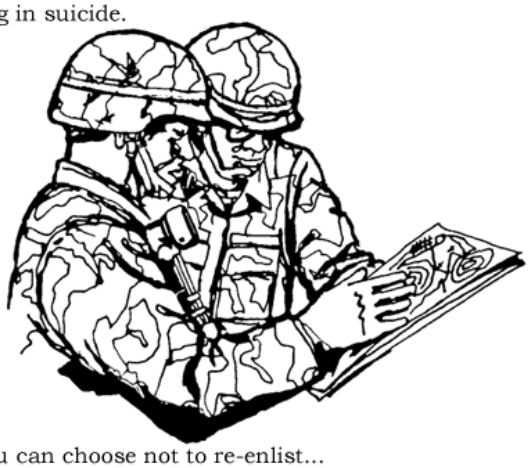
Yeah, you called in an air strike on their house to cover the evidence.

Exactly. That's probably illegal back in America.

Not if you're a cop.

AAAAAHHHH!
Green Zone Burger King has the new Star Trek toys!

Hey there, Corporal. Your tour is almost up. As your adviser, I'm here to help you transition into a short, miserable life of poverty punctuated with violence and ending in suicide.

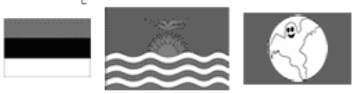


Or you can choose not to re-enlist...

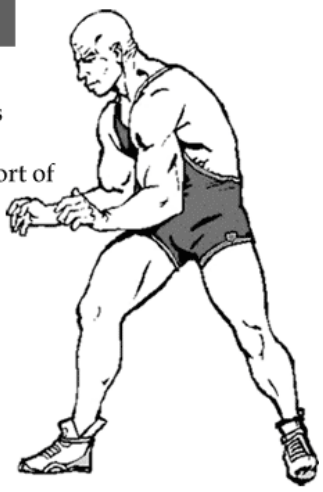
Heh, sir, look over there...we've made it all the way to the end of America.

"Maybe our advanced **ARMY COMPUTER** can calculate
how we win in Afghanistan..."

Coalition Forces



- Foretold in the prophecy
- In Iraq for all the right reasons
- Still real, exist
- They prove we have the support of the international community, whatever that is
- Transitioning control back to the elves



A Memorial Day Message to the Troops:

While you fight and die for nothing...

...America is having a picnic!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 College Application Essay.doc

Tuesday, May 26, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Dear (College),

I am writing to you today out of grave concern for your college. Your learning establishment lacks a student that has both enough pizazz to make a cheerleader's head spin around/go nuts/explode and enough smarts to make a Scantron machine take its own life upon realizing it will never grade another perfect student ever again. It hasn't ever been graced by a great guy who already has an actual metal statue in his honor (aluminum foil-- still counts), and hasn't ever stopped a ceremony midway to allow said great guy to wail on his uke' for 45 minutes. Frankly put, Sir or Madam, your college has no idea what it means to live.

It's time to shape up or ship thataway!

Once, during a volleyball game (co-ed) a pigeon flew directly into my fist as I was spiking the ball. I caught it and threw it back in the direction from which it came, while still nailing a guy in the face with the volleyball with my non-dominant hand. The bird flew 20 or 30 feet then landed sloppily because it was hurt or whatever. I ran over and put it in an empty cooler until the game was over. My dad put it in the back of our truck but forgot to close the tailgate and we lost it somewhere on the interstate. For this I earned the nickname ROADHAWK, which I still hold to this day.

When I was fourteen I got in trouble at Spencer Gifts for trying to steal an enormous mug that says "40! OVER THE HILL... AND UNDER THE BUTT!" which makes a fart noise when you lift it thanks to the built-in speaker. I would've gotten away with it but I winked at myself in the mirror while I was being questioned at the mall security office and it turns out it was a one-way mirror. I learned sooner than most about morality and philosophy. (Is it okay to steal things nobody else wants? Why? Just because that lady says so? Who is she? I don't recognize her authority.)

And hey, no offense or anything, but I can destroy anyone there at sports-- softball or baseball especially. I bat left and throw right and have experience at shotput which explains my unusual throwing style. I can stun a man with a thrown baseball-- often other men. I coached a youth baseball team, in fact, and we made it to the championship game. In the eighth inning I faked a diabetic coma to get out of there, it was looking pretty bad and I don't carry any pizza money for losers.

I've scored grades on tests that would put men to shame. I've turned the table on the learning establishment twice. You might be asking if the side of the table that was originally facing me is doing so again because of the two turns, and the answer is yes, but what you didn't bank on is the fact that I installed a leaf into the table. Try thinking fourth-dimensionally next time, maybe.

Thanks for considering my application. I look forward to hearing from you.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.25 SA Celebrity Stalker: Actually May Edition

Wednesday, May 27, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Celebrities Ahoy! Our keen-eyed starmongers caught wind of the following triumphant sightings!

Matt Lauer
Yesterday @ 3am
Spotted Today Show star Matt Lauer taking a shower at about 3am this morning. Serious early bird! Once he caught me I had to run like hell. Nearly tripped and fell climbing out of his second story window.

John Goodman
Yesterday @ 11am
His beard has grown out of control and was entangling at least a dozen people inside a downtown Starbucks. It was like a spider web, only worse. A lady was screaming "where's my baby?" but nobody knew. Nobody knew.

Mike Myers
Yesterday @ 1pm
Saw Mike with his arm stuck inside a vending machine. I think he was trying to cheat the system. Anyway, 5-6 members of his entourage were running around screaming and yelling, completely panicked. Hope he found what he was looking for in there.

Morgan Freeman
Yesterday @ 4pm
Was wandering through the woods and stumbled onto a cave. Morgan Freeman was inside, and he gave me some sagely advice. I decided to go back in college and ended up curing cancer. It's been a pretty busy day.

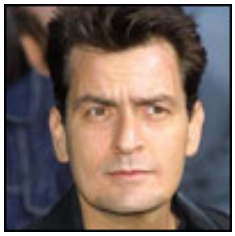
Ben Stiller
Yesterday @ 5pm
This one takes the cake - literally! I was carrying a cake home when Benny Boy ran up plucked it right out of my hands. I chased after him, but he was just too fast. All I could do was throw my hat on the ground and kick it in disgust.

Bradley Whitford
Today @ 11am
Saw superstar Brad buying about 30 bottles of generic cola from Costco. WTF? You make me sick dude. Buy some real fucken cola you faggot.

Sheryl Crow
Today @ 2pm
Spotted her feeding the ducks in Central Park. Well, she wasn't so much feeding them as working them into a mad frenzy. I swear to god she's going to get someone killed!

Christopher Meloni
Yesterday @ 4pm
Spotted the Sexy Victims Unit star siphoning gas from cars parked alongside 15th St. Wasn't sure if he was filming for Law & Order or just doing it on his own time. Seemed very determined yet courteous.

Dennis Hopper
Yesterday 7 6pm
Enough! For the last 8 days Hopper has been chasing me around town in a helicopter. He flies around my house and swoops in real low. He is ruining my life. I want him to stop, but the police are afraid of him.....



Charlie Sheen
Today @ 11am
Had a random encounter with Charlie Sheen. He was fighting off six bandits, and made short work of them all as I watched on. Then he started firing at me. I got the hell out of there before he got me. Not a fan anymore!!!

Ben Affleck & Matt Damon
Today @ 5pm
Saw this hunky bromance trying on sweaters at the GAP. They kept giggling at each other and it made me very angry because I just had a miscarriage this morning.

Martin Lawrence
Today @ 9pm
Aww damn!! Martin!! Turns out the guy has no arms. Seriously. He's got hands coming out of his shoulders and it's hella creepy. Still a great guy and he gave me some grapes he had on his person.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.26 Reading Time: The Truth Comes Out

Thursday, May 28, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

This article is part of the Reading Time series.

Perhaps the Instructors taught Stevie too well. He did as the generals asked, the poor brute, until he started seeing the truth about the "aliens" he dispatched, details wrought vivid in his mind as if on the printed page. He had experienced a lot, so much that I hesitate to finish this sentence for fear I've forgotten something, but nothing had prepared him for these visions. He no longer trusted his superiors, so he went into hiding, taking refuge in the dry-rotted timber of an old fort. He encountered a withered crone, her facial features angled with age, her glaucoma-ravaged eyes sparkling with menace like cloud-shrouded suns. He approached without fear.

An Old Fort

Hepzibah: Be gone from this place, you ape! Never in all my years have I seen such a lumbering abomination. Why, don't you know who I am? I will smite you with -- get out of Nuggetville, you have the face of a child!

Stevie: I am Stevie. You are an elderly! I read about you. You are fragile. I must be gentle if we are love way.

Hepzibah: My stars, a youngster with respect for his elders! Confide in Hepzibah, for I am wise about all things.

Stevie: What is the purpose of the Facility? Why do we do Reading Time tasks? What does Stevie look like?

Hepzibah: What?! Unless... yes, of course. So it has come to pass. In time, you will learn. Patience, my child.

Stevie: Are you my father?

Hepzibah: Insolence! Just wait, young man. I have a story that will answer everything. Let us

begin. Are you comfy?

Stevie contorted his bulk into an awkward seated position. His mountainous knee-peaks grazed the sagging ceiling.

"Are You Comfy?"

The Wandering Peddler

H: Long ago, there lived a wandering peddler named Simon Smith. His wagon read "Here's your friend," but never you believe it! Simon Smith was a lot of things -- charlatan; murderer; mad scientist; gentle, caring lover -- but he was nobody's friend. Pots and pans clanged on the back of his carriage, summoning villagers with their siren song. When people came to sample his cookware, Simon Smith would subdue them with vile potions, then carry them back to his lair to experiment with their fertility.

A Terrified Scream!

H: Those clanging pots weren't just for attracting folks. They also drowned out the racket when people realized Simon Smith was going to drain their precious bodily fluids. Myself, I've never been able to hear the sound of pots. Take this pot, boy, and beat it against that bubbling cauldron. Sounds terrible, don't it? You tell me, I wouldn't know! Hahahaha!

S: Klang balang adang.

H: Now, where was I? Oh yes, Simon Smith's killing rampage.

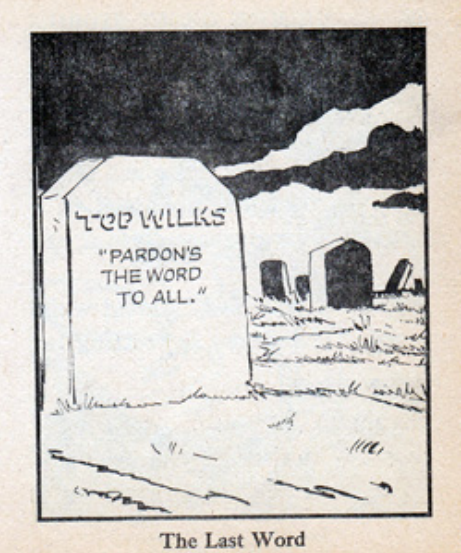
Running Toward the Sounds

H: Now, while he was rattling those pots, Simon Smith would sing, just like an angel. Didn't matter what words he was singing, "we've got pans" or "help me engineer future soldiers, Hepzibah," voice made you want to do whatever he wished. Those fool kids would come running from miles around, because that was the "rock music" of the day.

S: Klang balang adang.

"Who Are You?"

H: One night while Simon slept, a ghost appeared inside a big spiky bubble. A ghost, sonny, a real see-through spook from beyond the grave! Turned out it was General Tod Wilks, one of Simon's sticky-donors. What did he want?



The Last Word

H: That very night, the epitaph on General Wilks' tombstone changed. The ghost did it, you see. Wilks forgave Simon for what he had done because he saw, with the wisdom that only death or extreme, crippling old age can provide, that scientists and the military should collaborate on top-secret projects instead of killing/haunting each other. "Pardon's the word to all": I still remember how joyously Simon sang those words, his euphonious voice bouncing merrily off the graves of his

victims. And that's the last word on that! Well, Stevie, did that answer all your questions?

S: It answered none of them! I can't believe that an Elderly, of all creatures, would tell a long, pointless story.

H: Stop your whining, test-tube baby! Keep listening, and maybe something will sink into that dense skull of yours.

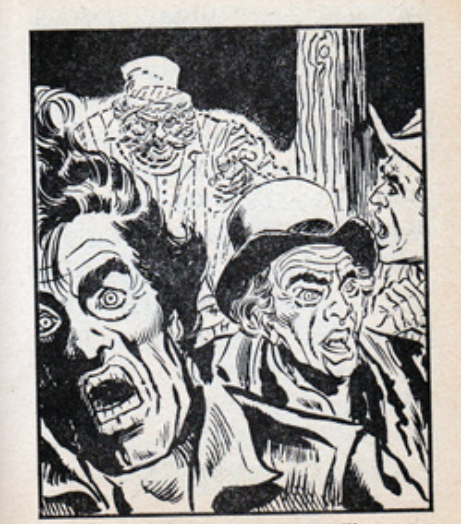
S: Tes-tu?

A Chilling Warning

H: Eventually, people took to running Simon out of town. For one thing, some of the other ghosts weren't quite so fancy-worded as General Wilks, and folks got suspicious when they saw "I forgive you Simon Smith for killing me" on their kins' graves. But Simon delivered a chilling warning to the mob what had gathered, predicting that someday soon the seed of the very people he'd taken away would rise up and serve him as an army. He sang it in that voice, so people swayed with rapture to the melody. Then they got sore when they thought about it, but he was long gone.

Gasping for Breath

H: The folks who heard the warning started gasping for breath. They say Simon's very words were infused with smothering poison. But I reckon he detonated some sort of gas bomb. He was always good with chemicals.



"Get Out of Nuggetville!"

H: People started coughing and choking, their eyes bugged out and spiraled like archery targets. They heard a lot of noise off in the distance, not like pots, however they sound, but like a stampede of mighty beasts. Someday cried "Get out of Nuggetville!", which was our polite-company way of saying "What the bullfeathers!"

"Those Aren't Soldiers!"

H: One gentleman grabbed his binoculars, which pierced through the gassy fog, and was terrified to see that the figures approaching weren't soldiers, or animals, or anything like he'd ever seen or heard about in all his days.

"There They Are!"

H: Well, there they are, the answers you seek. Village cleared out soon after, all except me, I've been waiting in this fort for Simon's return. Can you stay with me, lad? I could use someone to tell me if they hear some rattling pots.

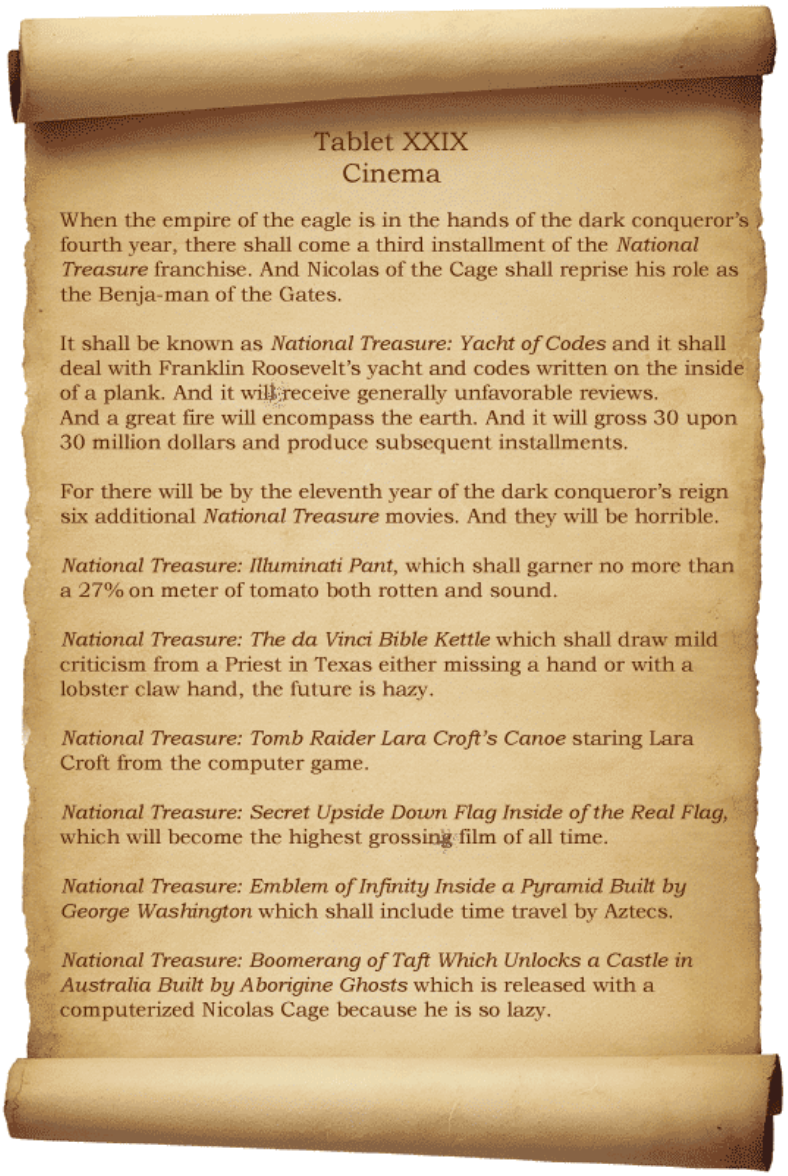
S: I will stay with you, Elderly. You make me feel safe and also tired. My friend Max will be looking for me, I will tell him to meet me at "Old Fort," and the generals will not know about it, and Head Instructor Smith will not know about it. Max will understand your story smartly. He will turn your weird words into True Lessons. Together we will end this.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

5.27 The Scroll of Unfortunate Prophecy Predicts: Cinema

Friday, May 29, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As writ down in ancient times of 1997 by the Prophets of Misfortune, the Scroll of Unfortunate Prophecy is always correct. No desperate prayer or mighty battle shall ever change the future foretold in this one very, very, unfortunate text.



Tablet XXIX
Cinema

When the empire of the eagle is in the hands of the dark conqueror's fourth year, there shall come a third installment of the *National Treasure* franchise. And Nicolas of the Cage shall reprise his role as the Benja-man of the Gates.

It shall be known as *National Treasure: Yacht of Codes* and it shall deal with Franklin Roosevelt's yacht and codes written on the inside of a plank. And it will receive generally unfavorable reviews. And a great fire will encompass the earth. And it will gross 30 upon 30 million dollars and produce subsequent installments.

For there will be by the eleventh year of the dark conqueror's reign six additional *National Treasure* movies. And they will be horrible.

National Treasure: Illuminati Pant, which shall garner no more than a 27% on meter of tomato both rotten and sound.

National Treasure: The da Vinci Bible Kettle which shall draw mild criticism from a Priest in Texas either missing a hand or with a lobster claw hand, the future is hazy.

National Treasure: Tomb Raider Lara Croft's Canoe staring Lara Croft from the computer game.

National Treasure: Secret Upside Down Flag Inside of the Real Flag, which will become the highest grossing film of all time.

National Treasure: Emblem of Infinity Inside a Pyramid Built by George Washington which shall include time travel by Aztecs.

National Treasure: Boomerang of Taft Which Unlocks a Castle in Australia Built by Aborigine Ghosts which is released with a computerized Nicolas Cage because he is so lazy.

Tablet XXX
Cinema (cont'd)

Not all we see in our scrying pool and thus writ upon this tablet - which we intend to someday transcribe to a more manageable scroll format - is related to National Treasure. There will be many further installments in the saga of *The Terminator Man.*

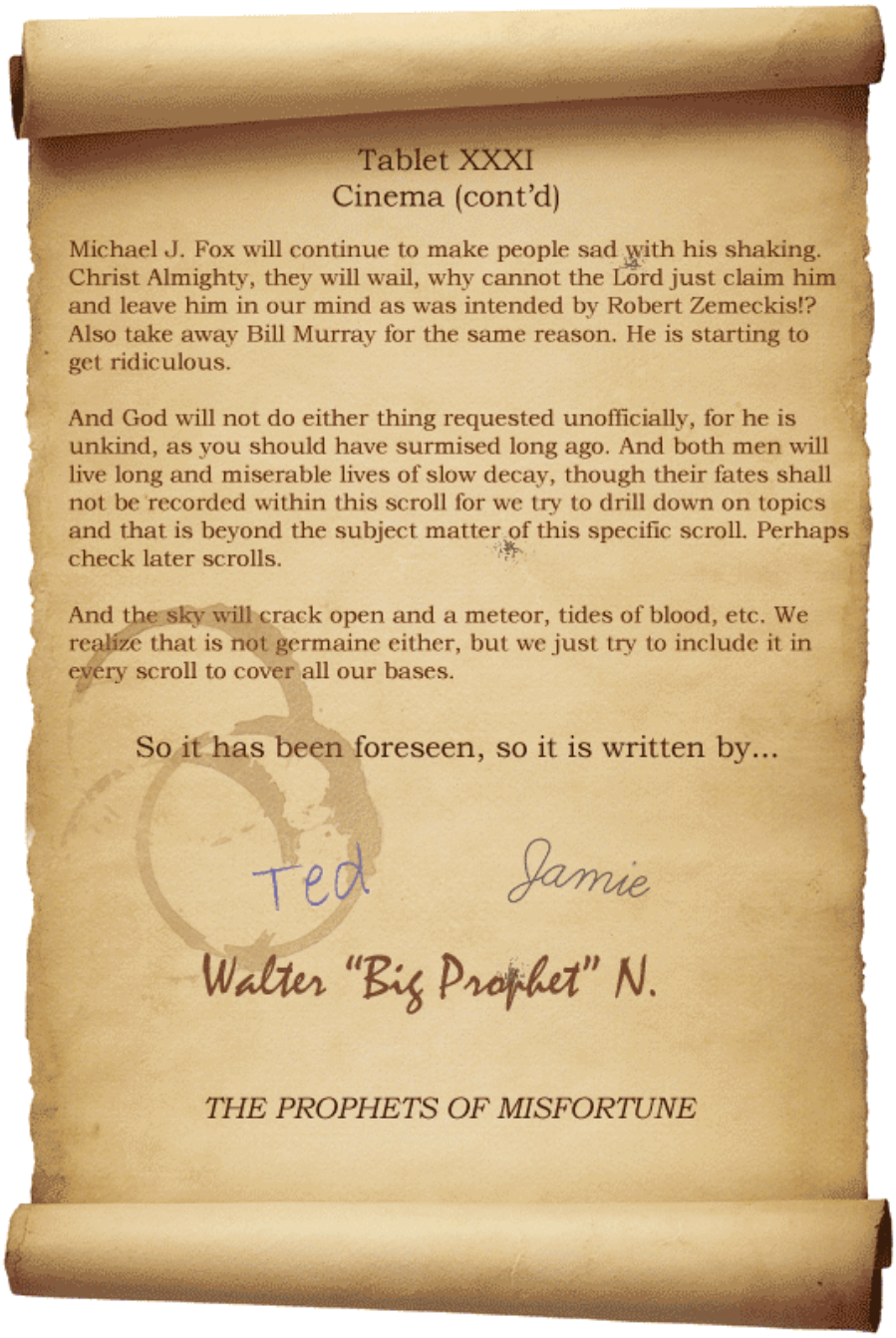
Terminator 4: Saviors or *Salvation* which will reboot the franchise with a low-talking crank as John Connor, leader of the resistance against the machines. This film will be directed by a man with a name so terrible it shall not be uttered here.

Terminator 5: Gladiator has John Connor returned as a computer ghost, he died because a robot owl went back in time and scared his mom and so he is recorded in a computer but downloaded into a tank.

Terminator 6: Hero Robot is about a robot "Terminate Man" who becomes a good man after reading about history and he cries when he realizes humans suffer and there is war. He travels back in time with John Connor's frozen semen in a bullet and he shoots Sara Connor in a hot tub in the stomach and by a miracle she gets pregnant with John Connor's son who will become a super John Connor and then the Terminate Man falls into the water and gives a thumbs up while Yoda and John Connor's computer ghost look on and smile.

Terminator 7: Genesis will be a re-imagining of the reboot intended to restart the franchise. John Connor will now be a girl and it will take place inside of a time loop in Sara Connor's cervix and Kyle Reese will be played by a baby.

Terminator 8: Cop Town. What if a Terminator was a type of cop? That question will never be answered in this movie which is about a Terminate Man becoming a doctor in a town ruled by cops with no laws (or too many laws) and no one in charge.



Tablet XXXI
Cinema (cont'd)

Michael J. Fox will continue to make people sad with his shaking. Christ Almighty, they will wail, why cannot the Lord just claim him and leave him in our mind as was intended by Robert Zemeckis!? Also take away Bill Murray for the same reason. He is starting to get ridiculous.

And God will not do either thing requested unofficially, for he is unkind, as you should have surmised long ago. And both men will live long and miserable lives of slow decay, though their fates shall not be recorded within this scroll for we try to drill down on topics and that is beyond the subject matter of this specific scroll. Perhaps check later scrolls.

And the sky will crack open and a meteor, tides of blood, etc. We realize that is not germaine either, but we just try to include it in every scroll to cover all our bases.

So it has been foreseen, so it is written by...

Ted Jamie

Walter "Big Prophet" N.

THE PROPHETS OF MISFORTUNE

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.28 Virtual Indecent Maid 4 English F.A.Q.

Saturday, May 30, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Install

Before starting you must download druangi's Virtual Indecent Maid 4 Complete Pack , which contains everything you need in a handy 38 gigabyte torrent. Once you have downloaded and extracted the pack's contents, you will install the disks in the following order:

1. Virtual Indecent Maid 4 *(retail)*
2. Indecent Fire Escape *(expansion)*
3. English Translation Patch
4. Hand Size Fix Patch
5. Cinematic Fix *(removes 117 minutes of footage from the unskippable intro movie, replaces it with 118 minutes of a test signal and silence)*
6. Erotic Headband Collection
7. Breakable Elbows
8. Censorship Removal Patch *(desks no longer blurred out)*
9. Fondle-able Ghosts
10. Indecent Driver's License Photo Room *(second expansion)*
11. High Resolution Dust Textures

Now you're ready to play!

Girl Creation

Creating a girl in Virtual Indecent Maid 4 is relatively complex, but the outcome is very much worth the effort. I think you will agree that I'll take a Virtual Indecent Maid 4 woman over anything that can be churned out in Artificial War Widow Panic. That's for sure!!

Physical Properties

In addition to the standard options (bust size, eyes, hair, pubic lice, bruises), you can toggle physical traits for your girl. The impact of the physical trait system is revolutionary, and changes the way that girl simulators will be approached for years to come.

The traits that you choose for your girl will play a significant role in all of your interactions. You will wonder how you ever played a girl simulator before without this system. Welcome to the future!

Here are all the traits. Click one to learn more.

Pushy Shoulders, Hardly Any Internal Organs .

Clothing

Click a body part, then cycle through the clothing options until you find what you are looking for. Note that while the original game only provided 2,800 maid outfits, the expansions added 18 more.

Blood Type

DO NOT PICK BLOOD TYPE "Q"!!! DO NOT!

Personality

Here, you choose from a list of personality archetypes, each representing a different kind of girl to interact with.

Loli

True to form, girls with the Loli personality shrink at a rapid rate until they disappear. Their high-pitched voices squeak as they say Loli-phrases like "Ah!" and "I am very small!"

Tomboy
Tomboys are motivated by auto repair. Talk to them about this and they will be your forever maid. Sometimes after being touched, tomboys nod until the game crashes with a nod_overflow error.

Pregnancy Faker
Pantomimes a large belly. Does absolutely nothing else, regardless of the player's input.

Mature
Girls who fall into the mature personality are self-assured, smart, and somewhat jaded thanks to the rough-and-tumble lifestyle of their middle school surroundings.

Subservient
Will do anything for you except stop crying. The most popular personality type.

Playing The Main Game

Avoid the trucks. Jump on the logs. Do not fall in the water.

Sexual Interaction

The interface becomes very minimalistic during the sexual interaction phase, as all of your focus must be on the girl's feet. Just do what seems natural, and if you have any problems keep the following tips in mind:

- You can interact with objects, provided they weigh less than three tons. I.E. you can throw cars and roll boulders down hills, but cannot push buildings over.
- It is possible to apologize too much, ending the sexual interaction phase.
- Everything is in first person perspective. If you see your own body from behind, you have been gravely injured.
- At certain points, the hand cursor will turn into a baseball glove. Present this to your girl as a gift and she will climax.

Post-Coitus (Telling Her You Are A Robot)

Don't wait too long, but let a few moments pass so you can both enjoy the afterglow before your betrayal becomes known. Make sure she understands that you being a robot is not her fault. Depending on how she takes the news and your performance in the sexual interaction phase, she may agree to be marry you so you can stay in the country under a robot visa.

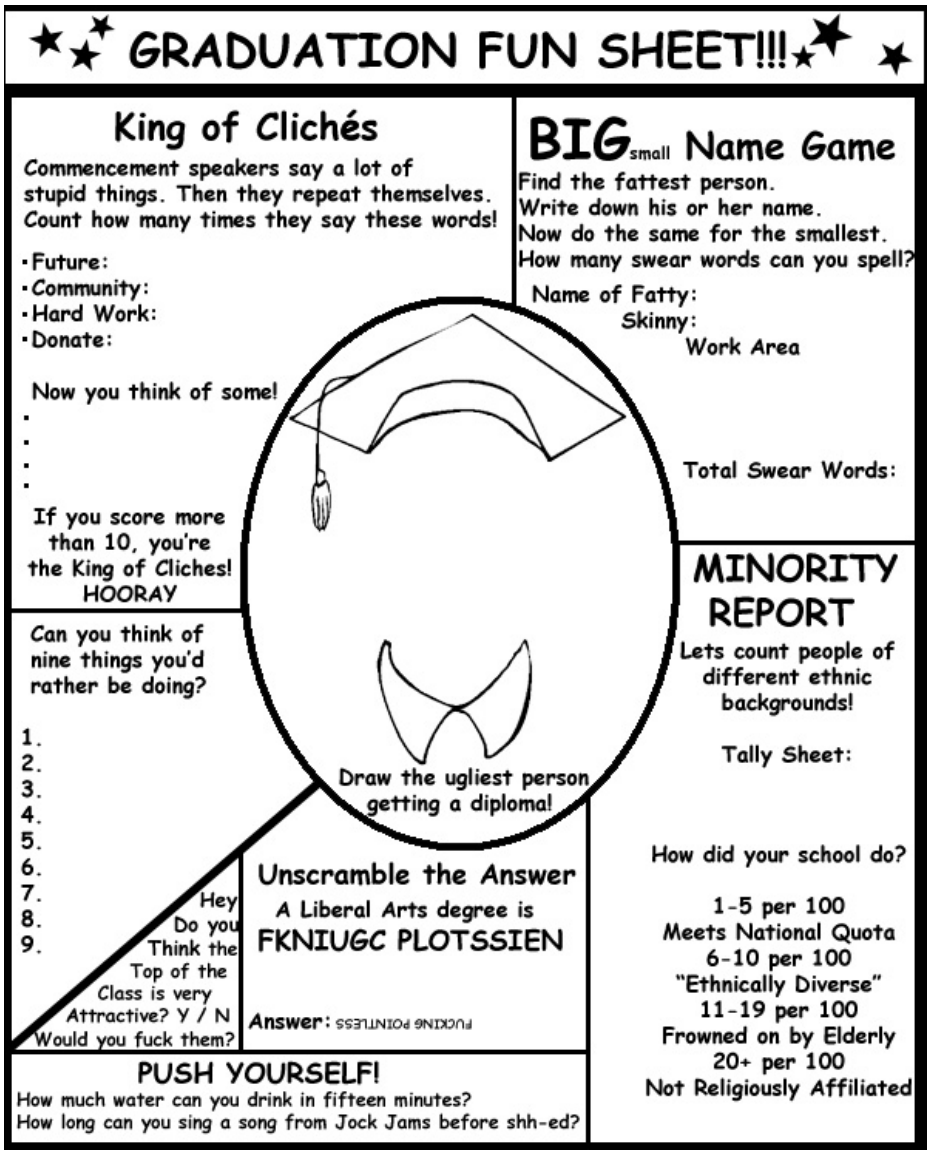
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.29 Graduation Activity Sheet

Sunday, May 31, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Graduation ceremonies are convoluted, pointless, and boring, and that's just for the people getting diplomas. The two+ hour events are almost unbearable for anyone stuck in the audience. No one likes these things. Your siblings were guilted to attend, your parents paid for it, and your grandparents don't know what they're doing anymore, but someone dragged them out of the home anyway. If you're stuck in the audience, print out this handy activity sheet (inspired by third grade teachers from across the world) and try to have some fun.

Good luck.


GRADUATION FUN SHEET!!!
King of Clichés
Commencement speakers say a lot of stupid things. Then they repeat themselves. Count how many times they say these words!
•Future:
•Community:
•Hard Work:
•Donate:
Now you think of some!
If you score more than 10, you're the King of Cliches! HOORAY
BIG small Name Game
Find the fattest person.
Write down his or her name.
Now do the same for the smallest.
How many swear words can you spell?
Name of Fatty:
Skinny:
Work Area
Total Swear Words:
MINORITY REPORT
Lets count people of different ethnic backgrounds!
Tally Sheet:
How did your school do?
1-5 per 100
Meets National Quota
6-10 per 100
"Ethnically Diverse"
11-19 per 100
Frowned on by Elderly
20+ per 100
Not Religiously Affiliated
Draw the ugliest person getting a diploma!
Can you think of nine things you'd rather be doing?
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
Hey Do you Think the Top of the Class is very Attractive? Y / N Would you fuck them?
Unscramble the Answer
A Liberal Arts degree is
FKNIUGC PLOTSSIEN
Answer: FUCKING POINTLESS
PUSH YOURSELF!
How much water can you drink in fifteen minutes?
How long can you sing a song from Jock Jams before shh-ed?

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Life After People: Best Friends

Monday, Jun 01, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What would happen if EVERY. HUMAN. BEING. ON. EARTH...***DISAPPEARED***???

This isn't the story of ***HOW*** we vanished...this is the story of the ***CRAP*** we left behind...

Welcome to EARTH...

Population...**ZERO**...

In the ten minutes following the disappearance of mankind our closest friends in the animal kingdom will be the first to notice our absence. Cats will meow at windows and doors, birds will flap around

and bite the bars of their cages, and dogs will eat the cakes set out for surprise birthday parties.

Livestock will react with confusion in the immediate aftermath. Generations of breeding has left them ill-prepared for the wild. With nowhere else to go, cows will make their way up into trees and refuse to come down. Pigs will run in terror from the rain. Chickens will find themselves baffled by grass. Goats will stand around in the empty, decaying bottoms of our forgotten swimming pools and shark aquariums.

Mankind has only been gone for a week and already the animal kingdom is beginning to reassert its authority over the world. The bats, once controlled by mankind's spraying, airplanes, and boomerangs, have multiplied unchecked and overwhelmed their natural predators. Vast swarms of them swoop around gothic cathedrals and take up residence in newly abandoned factories.

Domestic cats able to escape from houses have taken up residence in museum ships parked along rivers and in harbors. They prefer tall ships and sailboats, but any vessel will make a good home for the time being. Unlucky cats will share the hulls of submarines with hungry pythons and cobras that prefer submarines for the introspective solitude they offer.

Trapped inside abandoned houses by their missing owners, the world's dogs will struggle to find food. Those dogs lucky enough to be outside may help those dogs inside escape. Once loosed on the streets, the dogs will remember their previous lives and pile into forgotten cars to await drivers and rides that will never come. When the cleverest dog starts the first motor, dogs will come from hundreds of miles around to see and learn the way of the car.

God knows how, but the goats are everywhere. Thousands of them in every pool. They're eating things nobody thought could be eaten like tires, walls, and dirt clods. They're living in a colony in the pool. They're building something in there.

Most parrots have forgotten how to speak or imitate the start-up sound of an Xbox 360. The few speaking parrots surviving in the wild from the time of humans can be heard begging, "Kill me!" Feral treecows are only too happy to oblige them.

Dogs are driving, wearing clothes, and skateboarding again. They've learned how to make pizza and are doing some stunting. They have their own ice cream and are starting to talk to each other in a language that consists of subtle tonal variations of the English phrase, "I love you." There is no dog government, yet...

Four-eyed herbivore cats will be climbing around on the rusting remains of the Eiffel Tower eating the leaves of vines that were in planters on the restaurant level. Most of Paris will be gone, replaced by the smooth-sided jet-black pyramid of the goat horde. The only sound other than the goats' inscrutable and indefatigable industry will be the simian hoots of the predatory cows on the prowl.

A building everybody knows and loves will fall over because of cracks caused by changes in temperature. This building will fall on a bunch of dogs who were taking pictures with their cell phone cameras. They should have been scraping the barnacles off like humans used to, but they're damn dogs! They don't even know what a barnacle is!

King Big Dog will give a speech from atop his royal skateboard. It will be about the building collapsing and all of the dogs will listen to his powerful words. "I ruv roo! Eh ru roo!" He will proclaim in one of his most potent speeches since being elected king.

The goats, who never formally established contact with the dogs, will cut off all contact with the outside world. After a year of silence, their golden pyramid colonies will simultaneously begin rising into the sky on pillars of light. The goats understand what the dogs do not: all sentient life on earth will mysteriously disappear. The goats are bound for zeta reticuli in their pyramidal ark-ships.

The dogs are astonished, but soon return to their business of digging in the yards and snacking on bunghole. Dogs have real problems to worry about, like prices and stocks.

Dog industry continues to grow. Dogs have an insatiable hunger for fossil fuels. They hunger for more. And bungholes: each other's and their own. As the population of dogs becomes increasingly urban the number of dog drivers grows dramatically.

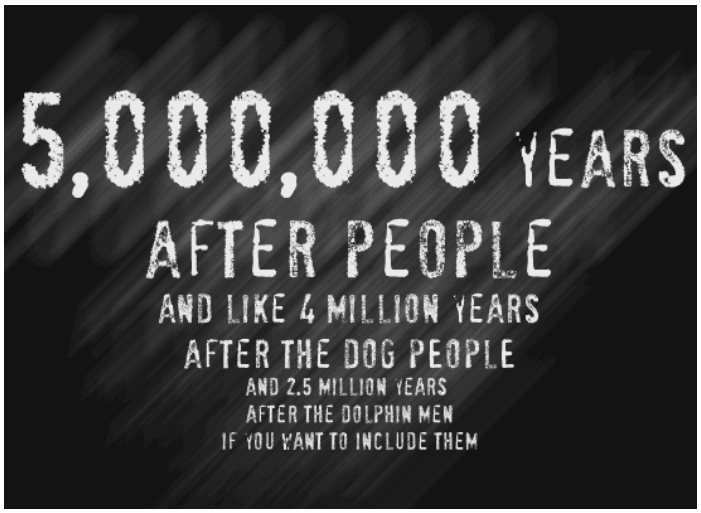
The last few remaining monuments of mankind will begin to disappear. The sands of Egypt will swallow the pyramids, the Statue of Liberty will collapse into the sea, and something totally awesome will be depicted like the face falling off Mt. Rushmore's George Washington. Dog tourists will be horribly killed by this disaster.

The polar ice will begin to melt at unprecedented levels. Most scientists believe that the earth is growing warmer due to dog-made global warming. Rising water levels and increasing temperatures will threaten coming generations of dogs. However, a small group of pro-business dogs disagree with this theory, believing that the earth is currently getting hotter as part of a natural cycle and will soon begin to regulate itself during a century-spanning panting age.

No trace remains of the civilization mankind built. Also gone are the dogs who ruled the world for even longer than mankind. They managed to solve the problem of global warming, but then one day just disappeared with no explanation. Then their buildings started to collapse and their nuclear power plants melted down. The Four-eyed cats they kept as pets escaped into the empty city streets, formed a new civilization and then wiped each other out using stockpiled human weapons.

Then the goats returned, but germs on earth that had evolved in their absence turned out to kill them. The dolphins started to evolve into like a dolphin man that rides a recumbent bicycle, but they disappeared too. Then the monkeys evolved into humans, who by pure chance grew into an identical civilization to early 21st century earth. A few of these "second humans" submitted a pitch for a TV show to a history TV channel. Their pitch described it as "shit crumbling for an hour" and "an apocalypse without an apocalypse."

Little did they know what was in store for them and everyone else...



-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.2 E3: Interview with a Guy Whose Uncle Works for Nintendo

Tuesday, Jun 02, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Something Awful has never been known as a gaming site, so imagine our shock when we scored the gaming journo coup of a lifetime: an almost-direct line to a highly-placed insider within the most inscrutable edifice in the video game industry! How did we come upon this goldmine of information? Well, let's just say a close friend of ours has an uncle who works at Nintendo, and he's ready to spill it all.

SA: So what exactly is your uncle's role in the Nintendo organization?

Guy Whose Uncle Works for Nintendo: My uncle is one of the main guys. He invented Mario. He lives in Japan and he knows the president of Nintendo. The president of Nintendo is named Ryu Nintendo and he invented the first Nintendo, which was a robot that did math. My uncle works on all the games and makes up how the levels look, and he knows all the cheat codes and can get extra men in any game. He gets to play all the games before they come out and he gives them all to me when he beats them.

SA: The big question on everyone's mind: any new additions to A-list Nintendo franchises coming up in the next year?

GWUWFN: I get all the games early and I've played the next Mario and the next Zelda. The next Mario is inside a space station and it has 100 worlds. There's a third Mario brother named Dillon because my uncle named him after me. You fight aliens and you can get an alien suit. I have the original Super Mario World game from Japan and Mario has a gun in it but they can't release it in America like that because a kid in Japan killed his sister. I know a cheat code so Mario can have a gun but my uncle said if I told anyone it, he wouldn't give me games anymore. In the next Zelda you play as Zelda and there's a cheat code so you're totally naked.

SA: Can we have that code?

GWUWFN: Well, the game isn't out yet so if I told you the code you couldn't do anything with it. Maybe ask again when the game comes out. Zelda is totally hot and naked and you can make her have sex with a dog.

SA: Big N sometimes catches flak for being "kiddie." Does this mean Nintendo is moving into more mature games?

GWUWFN: Yeah, they are making a Playboys game too. I've played it and it's like Mario but your guy goes around and collects Playboys and then every time you get one you can open it and read the Playboy and it shows all the naked ladies and everything. Pamela Anderson is naked in it. You put the controller on your pants and if you get a boner you lose the game. They released it in Japan but they had to take it out of the stores because it was too sexual and it made all these kids have sex at school. If a girl plays it she has to get naked to win. It's called Playboys Castle Quest.

SA: Any plans for new Nintendo hardware coming down the pike, or are they still committed to the Wii?

GWUWFN: They made a new Nintendo called the Nintendo X and it's 100-bit. Like how the regular Nintendo is 8-bit and the Super Nintendo is 16-bit, this one is 100-bit and the graphics are so good it looks like a movie and you think it's real. They released it in Japan and a kid died because his guy died in the game and his body thought it was real and his heart stopped. It got banned in Japan for being too real.

SA: Any word on the launch title lineup for the Nintendo X?

GWUWFN: They have a new Street Fighters game and it has all the guys in Mortal Kombat in it, plus you can be Batman, Robocop, Luke and Darth Vader. And you can send Nintendo a picture of your face and you get to be a character in the game. I got to play it and I was so good they told me I could be in the tournament in Japan but my mom said no because I have school, but they said I would have won. They also made a game called Blood Quest and you play a guy with a sword hand, and it has so much blood that a kid saw it and got scared to death and they banned it in Japan.

SA: With your uncle's industry connections, he must hear things about what the competition is up to. Any news from Sony or MS?

GWUWFN:

They said the Sega Genesis is 16-bit but my dad has taken it apart and there are only 12 bits. It can't do as many colors which is why they can't make Mario games on it. It doesn't have 3D processing bits like the Super Nintendo's special chips for Pilotwings. Sega sucks. The Nintendo X is going to kill Sega when they see how real it looks. My uncle has the Genesis II and it only looks barely as good as the Super Nintendo. They're going to release it as soon as kids figure out that the Genesis is only 12-bit, and then they'll go like "oh, here's one that's really 16 bit" but by then it will be too late and the Nintendo X will come out.

SA: Any final insider tips from your uncle that you'd like to spill?

GWUWFN: Yeah, but don't tell anyone because my uncle could get fired, but when you start Mortal Kombat right when you hear the sound at the beginning, press left left left left b a b y b a b y b a b y and all the girl characters will be naked. If you beat one of them there is a special fatality called the sexuality and it makes them have sex. It works on Killer Instinct too and when the one girl shows her boobs she turns around so you can see and you can do a sexuality on her.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.3 Barkwire.com Dog Reviews: Trotter

Wednesday, Jun 03, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name : Trotter
Breed : German Shepherd
Age : 11-13
Gender : Male
Relationship Status : Single
Location : In and around Shaggy Butte

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD TROTTER TO FAVORITES

Rating : (3.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets : *Trotter has been ePetted 46 times.*

EDITOR'S REVIEW : Little is known about Trotter since he exploded onto the Shaggy Butte dog scene, but many are suggesting that this retired military mutt is on a mission. Old age, sore joints and cataracts mean nothing to this tough soldier, still unrelenting in his fight for justice. Even with his mysterious origins, it is all but certain Trotter shares a common history and deadly rivalry with the villainous El Cráneo Negro . Gruff military exterior aside, he loves loud squeaky toys and big meaty bones.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

37 Reviews for Trotter - Displaying 28-32

Who is this dog? Never heard of him.
Posted by **Selma** [Read other reviews by Selma]
(2.5 Bones)

Everyone keeps talking about this dog but I've never heard of him. Where did he come from? I'm not fond of having new dogs show up in town, because I can barely keep track of the old ones. Whose dog is this? Who owns this dog? I wrote a letter to the mayor saying all dogs must have owners. This dog better have an owner.

If this is your dog please take it inside.

Strange bedfellows!
Posted by **TenaciousMom** [Read other reviews by TenaciousMom]
(1/2 Bone)

Good heavens! Is this dog in league with Senator ? I saw this Trotter character and Senator and a bunch of other mangy pests patrolling around town like they owned the place. They were absolutely disgusting, filthy, and beaten up. I would just as soon see a dog catcher come into town and round these mutts up one by one. My darling Tenacity can't even go outside without some vulgar dog like Senator or Doublewide chasing her down.

SOLID INTEL ON TROTTER
Posted by **RandyF** [Read other reviews by RandyF]
(5 Bones)

FILED FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT. WAS ABLE TO OBTAIN INFO ON TROTTER, FORMER GOVERNMENT POOCH. BREAKDOWN AS FOLLOWS:

EVIDENCE SUGGESTS TROTTER HAS COME OUT OF RETIREMENT. THEORY: FORMER CARTEL DOG = EL CRANEO NEGRO . BOTH UNCLE AND COUSIN LEVI AGREE. ALSO SELLING OLD TRACTOR IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED. DOES NOT RUN BUT CONTAINS VALUABLE BULK AND METAL. $600 OBO.

Show your support!
Posted by **Angie**[Read other reviews by Angie]
(5 Bones)

I have been buying extra dog biscuits to give to Trotter's forces. I know Senator is among them and he is a bad dog, but I believe even the darkest soul can find the Lord's forgiveness. Except for El Cráneo Negro . He and his dogs are just pure evil. Maybe if Trotter can lead his boys to victory my children will be able to play outside again without fear of getting mauled to death.

God Bless America and Our Troops, Human and Canine!

THIS DOGGY WINKED AT ME
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS**[Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS]
(5 Bones)

I WAS OUTSIDE AND I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING WRONG AND NORMALLY I GET CHASED BY DOGS NOW BUT I SAW THIS DOG AND I SAID TO HIM "HELLO DOGGY BEAUTIFUL DAY ISN'T IT?" AND HE TURNED AND WINKED AT ME. I SMILED BACK AND THE REST OF THE DAY WAS VERY PLEASANT EXCEPT FOR THE EVENING WHEN I WAS CHASED HOME BY ANOTHER MAD DOG. THANKS TROTTER I WILL NOT FORGET YOU. THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU I AM GOING TO HUG YOU SO BIG.

ELMO STEPHENS

A Plea for Peace

Posted by **Reverend Scott**[Read other reviews by Reverend Scott]
(1/2 Bone)

The dog situation in this town has gotten out of control. Feral beasts roam the streets. Children must stay inside, and we must walk briskly to and from our cars. Animal control does not return calls. Even our so-called champions -- dogs such as Trotter and Senator -- only aid in the ongoing conflict. Their heroics seem merely to antagonize the more violent dogs, angering them further. We must continue to pray for peace. But, in the meantime, given the extraordinary circumstances, I do not think the Lord would be averse to us leaving poisoned dog food outside.

TROTTER IS MAKING HIS PLAY
Posted by **ThatDogGuy!**[Read other reviews by ThatDogGuy!]
(5 Bones)

Raced home just to post this..... Saw Trotter and about 30 dogs leaving Elmwood Park together.... Trotter and Senator were in the lead, but I recognized Dagger and Scar as well.... I think something big is about to break out... Not sure where they were going, but it's obvious they are going to start a fight!

HOLY CRAP LOOK OUTSIDE!!!!!!
Posted by **Pete**[Read other reviews by Pete]
(5 Bones)

GOOD GRIEF! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DOGS BATTLING IT OUT IN THE STREETS! I went to check my mail but had to run back inside because some angry dogs started rushing towards me. There are already a few dead dogs on my lawn, and with the battle intensifying, I imagine it's going to get even more bloody. This type of operation has Trotter's paw prints written all over it. Is it like this elsewhere, or just in my neighborhood?

Confirmed: El Cráneo Negro Dead!
Posted by **K9Fan**[Read other reviews by K9Fan]
(5 Bones)

Although the dog battle has me cooped up inside, I've been watching much of the fracas from my second story window. As luck would have it, the two key players ended up fighting to the death in my front yard! With all the chaos, Trotter was able to hone in on El Cráneo Negro , whose forces were divided and fighting for survival. At first El Cráneo had the upper hand, biting off one of Trotter's ears and gouging out an eye. Trotter fought back, though, flipping El Cráneo on his back and getting a good neck bite in. It was over after that. Trotter flopped over and stopped breathing, still clutching a chunk of El Cráneo's bloody neck in his mouth. Seemed like all the other dogs noticed and the fight started to die down. There are still a lot of wounded and dead left in the streets and yards. Hope animal control hurries up. They've been MIA during this whole goddamn spectacle.

R.I.P. Trotter. You saved the city!

A Doggone Shame

Posted by **BiGDog**[**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(5 Bones)

Heh. Hope everyone here is happy! A lot of good dogs died in this silly conflict. Normally -=BiGDOG=- would enjoy something like this, since it thins out all the mangy mutts and dumb dogs. Turns out every dog in town got in on the action, even the ones you'd never expect. Ramshackle , Kinski , Howler , His Mighty Hymn , and Lil Jupe joined the fight. Then of course there were surprise appearances by Patchwork , Potluck , Revolver , and Conglomerate , who is now in about fifteen different pieces in the Arby's parking lot.

This conflict turned out to be a lot like World War II. Everyone had to take a side and play a part. The -=BiGDOG=- was wrong: this was one fight too important to sit out.

One thing's for sure, with the old El Cráneo Negro - Vermin gang all dead or incapacitated and Trotter KIA, Senator is now top dog in town. Normally the -=BiGDOG=- would laugh at such a notion, but Senator has demonstrated remarkable growth and maturity these past few months. Though it's obvious he got that from Trotter, a far better mentor than Rusty .

Earned or not, Senator has a tough battle ahead with lots of worthy competition. Danger , Scar , and even Helmsman . The dog scene this summer is going to be more interesting than ever.

Of course Panzer would make short work of any of these dogs. Still top dog in my book -- now and forever! 'Nuff said!

-=BiGDOG=-

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Shaggy Butte Brought to Halt by "Dog War"

Residents baffled as city dogs took to streets in bloody battle

By OTIS KNACK
Staff Writer

An estimated 400 dogs flooded the streets of Shaggy Butte in what authorities are calling "an all out canine war."

"At first it seemed to be two rival factions of dogs going at it," said Police Chief Gus Porter in an interview conducted via telephone. "Soon hundreds more joined the fray."

The battle began around 11:15 am when a group of roughly 30 dogs approached another gang of dogs loitering outside the Arby's on Buhne Street. Within minutes all the dogs were barking, biting and scratching at each other. As the fight intensified, dogs began arriving from other parts of town to join the ruckus.

Witnesses also reported seeing a large dog driving a truck through the canine crowd, crushing numerous small dogs in the process. The Courier-Messenger has thus far been unable to verify that story.

The dogs, which comprised countless breeds and sizes, battled through the city streets, spilling into businesses, yards, parking lots, parks and schoolyards.

With the streets a warzone, residents fled indoors. Some Shaggy Butte citizens reported being trapped in cars, local businesses and houses for hours.

Though no humans were killed in the battle, one serious injury was reported. A developmentally challenged man was severely bitten when he tried to hug a group of fighting dogs.

Shaggy Butte Animal Control did not respond to phone calls. A Courier-Messenger staffer reported the building abandoned when he tried to solicit a statement in person.

Police were utterly overwhelmed, unable to respond to calls of dog violence coming in from every part of town. Many residents complained that the police seemed to do nothing.

Ralph Baxter, owner of the Shaggy Butte Walgreens, which was ransacked by dogs during the riots, reported seeing the police K9 unit reveling in the mayhem. "He wasn't acting as a law officer," said Baxter.

The mayor declined to comment, though an aid suggested that the hundreds of dog carcasses littering the streets will be cleaned up in a timely fashion.

With so many dogs killed and wounded, residents are calling for tougher leash laws and better animal control — a topic sure to arise at the upcoming City Council meeting.

6.4 Doctor Emmett Brown, Time Monster

Thursday, Jun 04, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey with jokes stolen from Michael Bury

Back to the Future is probably the only multiple-film franchise in the history of cinema without some cocaine-fueled creative decision made along the way to shove it down the stairs into a basement of mediocrity. Remember the time that pack of German Shepherds posing as "script doctors" added a magical underwater kingdom of clumsy, jive-talking Jamaicans to Star Wars and, in retaliation, you burned an effigy of George Lucas made out of Taco Bell collector's cups and real pieces of America's lumpiest filmmaker? Well, Robert Zemeckis' current obsession may be destroying the art of animation with a process that involves gluing multiple ping-pong balls to Tom Hanks, but the director knew what he was doing back in the 80s when he expertly crafted a three-movie adventure featuring a time-travelling everyteen and his conspicuously older companion who buys him beer. Truly, this was a story we could all relate to.

But after closer examination, Zemeckis' monsterhood is more than apparent even back before he hired a volleyball smeared with feces to play a leading role. Each one of the Back to the Future movies spins a tale of a mad libertarian protagonist who uses the power of time travel under false pretenses to help only himself and his closest friends who happen to be photogenic, naïve minors.

Examine the following evidence:

Back to the Future

Doc is at his least evil in the first Back to the Future, if only because he doesn't yet realize the godlike powers that come with owning a time machine. But Doc Brown's thirst to fiddle with the space-time continuum like some cosmic set of genitalia still causes him to invite a sleeper cell of Libyan terrorists into Hill Valley, and my lack of knowledge about the country of Libya tells me that they probably firebombed several embassies and a Papa John's on their way to snuff out an old man in a parking lot. As the sequels would soon show, Hill Valley was already an anarcho-capitalist hellhole ruled with violence by roving teenage street gangs, so its non-existent police force definitely couldn't handle the increase in both violence and horrible political cartoons brought on by terrorist actions. Yet, in Back to the Future, the needs of Doc Brown outweigh the needs of the many and the few.

And if you think Marty McFly was called out in the middle of the night to simply videotape Doc Brown treating the laws of nature like a Fleshlight, you must have also been lured into the garages of strange old men who promised the power of hovering as long as you kept your eyes shut. Brown assured the exchange of a child prostitute for the time machine's plutonium, but those Libyans were wise to the street value of some loser who couldn't even make it into a high school battle of the bands contest. Even the least reputable United States senator would ask for a refund on his child sex tour had Marty McFly been involved. That's the power of love.

6.4.1 Back to the Future Part II

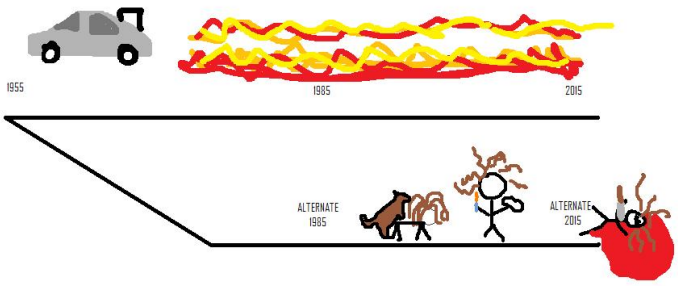
Ignore all of Doc Brown's ramblings about the ethics of time travel in the sequel; within the first ten minutes, we find out that it's perfectly fine for him to cheat death and get surgery to extend his lifespan an extra 40 years, though similar time-travel goals from others are completely unacceptable. In fact, his insistence on traveling to the future so soon after the end of the first movie comes down to the petty issues of his boy wonder's son of the future going to jail for a crime he willfully and stupidly agreed to take part in. So instead of simply telling Marty not to raise such a dipshit with his brain-dead high school sweetheart, it's off to the future where all of our problems can be solved with magic instead of tedious self-improvement.

Of course, bringing Marty's girlfriend along was an unforeseen consequence that slightly burdens the goals of Doc Brown, so he gives Jennifer an electro-roofie and stows her body in a filthy alleyway, all while shrugging this off to his teenage friend as an acceptable way to treat women. And when the life and well-being of this fellow human being once again becomes added cargo in Doc Brown's egomobile, Jennifer is chucked out of his no girls club and onto a front porch like a soggy bag of leaves and X chromosomes. Her safety isn't even considered after Doc and Marty find out that Hill Valley has somehow turned into even more of a modern-day Detroit, despite the town's regular newspaper deliveries. They just hope things will work out for Jennifer's unconscious body in a crime-ridden slum as the two rush off to alter the new timeline based on their own needs.

This brings us to the two possible fates of Jennifer in 1985 A.

- Even though Doc and Marty fix the timeline and return to the original 1985, original Jennifer is trapped in the hellish 1985 A-though Marty is none the wiser, as the repaired reality produced a new Jennifer for him to knock up the summer after his high school graduation. Real Jennifer cannot escape the altered timeline, and, having no identity, she's forced to prostitute herself to survive. Every night, as she picks the gravel out of her knees, she creates elaborate, implausible revenge fantasies against her former boyfriend. Jennifer dies toothless and crusty in a Denny's parking lot after someone wraps a plastic shopping bag over her head to steal seven dollars from her bathrobe
- Repairing the timeline destroys 1985 A, and real Jennifer along with it. As all of reality crumbles around her, Jennifer barely has time to curse the name of one Doctor Emmett Brown. The repaired 1985 might have produced a new Jennifer, but at this point it wouldn't matter to Marty. Doc Brown already taught him that other people are merely disposable commodities in the way of your personal goals.

Here is an illustration by a meth addict.



6.4.2 Back to the Future Part III

So in Part Two we learn the dangers of time travel and how mere mortals aren't meant to tamper with time. But when Doc Brown of 1955 learns that he can add additional years to a life that's already long-lived and extended through artificial means, this self-serving sociopath sends Marty

further into the past so he can have even more time to change history according to his whims. What about ethics? "THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT, MARTY! WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH OUR CHARACTER ARCS!"

It's at this last film in the series where Doc is overcome with a sort of madness over the potential of time travel. While he's happy to live 100 years in the past and lord his knowledge over the primitive yokels, he draws lines arbitrarily (like at the mere suggestion of a romantic relationship with a living, adult female) and his mood swings soon take a turn for the violent and unpredictable. Also, his decisions are irrational and nonsensical; with little time left before his death, Doc spends precious hours creating a model to explain his idea to Marty, when he could have just conveyed the concept in words and started working on the actual project immediately.

When it becomes clear that saving his life and building another working time machine will give him ultimate power over man and beast, the citizens of 1885 Hill Valley become mere pawns in Doc's game of chess against God. Trains are stolen, cargo is destroyed, and an entire town's economy is ruined just so Doctor Emmett Brown can live a few more years as an affront to the laws of creation. What does he care, when he's already knowingly infected most of the citizens with modern airborne diseases they don't yet have the technology to fight?

When you watch the Back to the Future movies, just think about the untold atrocities and human suffering Doc Brown could prevent with his time machine. Then look at the efforts both he and Marty take to overcome and eventually profit from minor, individual issues that could be easily managed through self-reflection and personal growth. Brown may try to sum up his atrocities by glibly stating "The future is what you make of it!" at the end of the trilogy, but what he clearly means is "The future is what I make of it because I have a time machine and so help me God if you get in my way! MARTY!"

This has been my Master's Thesis and I would like to thank the committee for their consideration.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey with jokes stolen from Michael Bury

6.5 PUNY JAIL CANNOT STOP HULK!

Friday, Jun 05, 2009 by TERRORIST HULK (@sexyfacts4u)

Get ready dumb America here come HBIED!!

HA HA HA!

Hulk hear through grape vine maybe President Obamad release him from Gitmo. Hulk been detainee since capture at Tora Bora in 2003. Good job USA army. No small task capture Hulk. Especially when mad. Throw tank up into the sky and hit helicopter. Hurl goat at Predator drone.

Many troop of occupier come to cave to stop Hulk. Not work. Only way stop Hulk fill cave system with sleeping gas. Congratulation brave troop you catch Hulk. Great work here is medal of infidel.

Go ahead Obamad! Close Gitmo and put Hulk in prison! You think Hulk afraid of USA prison!? Hulk watch Lockdown on MSNBC. Ohhhh no, Hulk scare of Latin King! Oooooh, Hulk is shake in boots from Aryan Brotherhood. Gonna shiv Hulk in shower? HA HA HA! Hulk has power of ALLAH and gamma radiation grant him SUPER STRENGTH.

No USA man make Hulk into wife. Sharpen soap and break off in Hulk kidney not even option. Hulk break your skull off in cinderblock, Great Satan! Al Qaeda Hero Number One Hulk. CanNOT BE **HOLD BY** PUNY ***JAIL!***

PRESUMPTION OF CONTAINMENT MAKE HULK SO ANGRY!

MAX LOCKUP? SOLITARY? Hulk show you panopticon with fist size of engine block punching your eyeball into space. You keep Hulk shackled up in Gitmo ask Hulk question about location of terror suspect Mohammad Al Turi. Don't know him. You show Hulk picture and ask him! Hulk say he don't know him.

Jail bars?! HULK EAT THEM!? LIKE TAFFY!

Bruce BANNER LONG GONE YOU **MAKE HULK SO MAD!** LAST TIME BRUCE BANNER 2004 PRIOR TO **INCIDENT INVOLVING *KORAN IN TOILET! AAAAAAAGHHHH!* HULK SO MAD AT YOU AMERICANS! HULK SMASH FREEDOM! HULK DENY LIBERTY AND CONSIDER UNCLOTHED TEEN *ASSAULT ON DIGNITY OF WOMAN!!!***

YOU SIMULATE DROWNING ON HULK!? HULK NOT BOTHER SIMULATION WHEN HE PUNCH ALL OF BONES OUT OF YOUR BODY! *ALL BONES!!!*

H U **L** k take deep breath. **WRITE DAMN ESSAY** to make clear Hulk cannot be stopped. Your laser turret and dinosaur patrol at Gitmo contain hulk. Electro collar work in perimeter. Sap Hulk strength. Congratulation USA coward. You keep Hulk at Gitmo. But now you close Gitmo and set me loose?

Prison industrial complex real simple. Hulk break it with fist and if fist not work I jump on it and throw it.

ALLY OF ACLU DEFEAT AMERICA! DESTROY ALL LIBERTY!

Ally of Hulk terror agenda help Hulk in USA prison. No more Red Cross observer not allowed see Hulk make sure he get proper medical attention. No more deny access to lawyer and hold tribunal. You put Hulk in prison he will CRUSH USA legal case. **SO PUNY!!** USA soldier FORGET TO EVEN READ HULK RIGHTS!

HA HA HA!

HULK SQUAD OF ALLY ACLU LAWYER **READY TO SWING INTO ACTION!!!!!** Brenda Donnelly expert on constitution! Tio Alvarez citizenship and immigration attorney do pro bono work in state of nEW HAMPSHIRE **VERSUS ASWAD**.

Michael Warren retire US NAVY JAG he have experience with tribunal. Get THE IRON SERB out of jail in 1998. And Dennis Yu have heat beam eyes. Melt through bulkhead. Same team prevent Red Skull extradition to the...the...ACCURSED **OCCUPIER STATE OF *ISRAEL!* ISRAEL TRY RED SKULL FOR HOLOCAUST?? MAYBE YOU LOOK AT MIRROR ISRAEL, SEE ZIONIST SLAVEMASTERS AND NEO HITLER!!!!!!**

RAAAAAA!

HULK NOT BEEN THIS MAD SINCE PLACE HULK IN BOX WITH CATERPILLAR! HURRY UP AND CLOSE GITMO OBAMAD! LEAGUE OF AL QAEDA MAKE PLAN TO BLOW UP MOUNT RUSHMORE!!!!! THROW CONSTITUTION INTO SUN!!!! WE READY TO BE SET LOOSE IN CONUS! OUR POWER IS UNSTOPPABLE!!!

YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID!

FEAR ALI HASSANI CAUGHT AT AGE 14 BASE ON LIE TOLD BY NORTHERN ALLIANCE. NOW HE JOIN LEAGUE OF AL QAEDA AND ALSO GET BIT BY A SPIDER THAT MAKES HIM INVISIBLE! WHERE YOU PUT HIM? **COLORADO?** KANSAS!? DISTRICT OF WHAT CONGRESSMAN?

FOX NEWS DO POLL SAY AMERICA HATE IDEA CLOSE GITMO! HA HA HA! THEY KNOW WHAT IS COMING! YOUR JAIL CANNOT HOLD HULK OR PHANTOM SPIDER! PHANTOM SPIDER ALI SCOURGE ON AMERICA! DEATH TO AMERICA! *DEATH TO ISRAEL!*

HA HA HA! *ALLAHU AKBAR!* **HULK SMASH STATUE OF LIBERTY!**

Remember you try to apprehend Hulk? NOT GO SO GOOD! NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN INSHA'ALLAH!!!!

-~TERRORIST HULK (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 Invitation to Exclusivus

Monday, Jun 08, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

EXCLUSIVUS

Perfect Luxury for Your Perfect World

You're perfect and beautiful.

Your wealth is unlimited.

Your power is beyond the reach of nations.

How dreadfully boring.

Fortunately, you are qualified to join ***Exclusivus*** , the world's most exclusive recreation organization, since 1680.

Among our members are kings, leaders of industry, and nine US presidents: the other presidents did not meet our discerning membership requirements.

You already have everything you desire or you would not have been contacted. It is time to have all the things you were not yet aware you desired.

Unique Experience Packages

We tailor our experience packages to the individual, these are just some suggestions...

- **Murder an astronaut in his moment of triumph**. Drown him with his stored waste.

Explode his capsule. Slide out of a concealed hatch and strangulate him with a length of rope. Watch his untethered body slowly drift away.

- **Observe through a slot in a door as a grown man is devoured by the family of owls he raised from eggs**. Held down by rocks. They peck out his eyes and eat his lips first. Hold a cloth to your mouth when you gasp with laughter or you might startle them.
- **Test your favorite rap against an advanced rapping robot that does nothing but install rap programs and constantly update his rap programs with new rap algorithms**. Rap hard enough and his rap matrix will overload and he will catch fire. No one has ever done this.
- **Travel to a secluded tropical island and hunt the most dangerous game: invisible man**.
- **Lay on top of the Queen of England**, your nose touching the tip of her nose, your hands exploring her every lump as you stare into her eyes until you become so sexually aroused you are levered off of her body.
- **Howl at a melon**. Let it feel your contempt. Fill its pulpy belly with your hatred. When you split it open with a machete and drink its juice your balance will be restored.

- **Write a founding document for a new nation**. You pick the rights. You choose the strength of the central government. You assign the responsibilities to the various branches. You include a hideous loophole that will inevitably lead to civil war.
- **Rub your hands up and down your body and each time you do you will find new nipples forming**. Overnight these will form rows of large breasts. Some will give milk, others poison. Nurse babies...or enemies.
- **Tear the epaulets from an insubordinate officer**. Rip the flag patch from his arm. Snatch the pistol from his holster. Have him marched out of the command bunker. Throw him from the deck of your ship.

Elite Pampering

Exclusivus is proud to provide perks and extras to our members unavailable from any other elite club...

- Surrogate grandpas with the best stories. Our surrogate grandpas are unmatched in the industry. Grandmas available on request.
- Waater. Pure H30.
- Personalized monster ballads can turn anything you do into a metaphor about a sex and/or vaginas.
- Steaming hot Shroud of Turin.
- Courtesy ape. Also available as courtesy ape diaper plus and sexual favor ape.
- Crabs caught on-camera by the Deadliest Catch people on a ship where something major went down, not one of those shitty extra ships where the dumb captains call random people on the radio and ask if they saw any crabs and the other captains are like "yes jeez we see them all the time, try lookin' in the ocean, dillwad CLICK" Not one of those ships.

Matchless Romance

Exclusivus *is capable of providing the perfect companion for an evening or a lifetime...*

- **Celebrities**. Did you know that Peter Falk is still alive? He will pound weiners 24/7 until your dinker looks like a hot dog mop and then he'll pop out his crazy eye to give you some secret pills that will make you go all night.
- **You like tall ladies?** We got a tall lady. She can throw you up in the air like a baby and on your way back down swing a giant prop fork at you and knock you into next week. You love that.
- **How about something petite?** There is a lady that fits inside a compartment on a ring and she will climb down your dude chute and douse your inner glands with her love musk. When she's done blasting her lady mist up inside you that thing of yours is gonna look like one of those smoke stacks from the beginning of Blade Runner. All practical effects.
- **Do you want to kiss the poophole of a Supreme Court Justice?** Sandra Day O'Connor is fresh as a sprig of mint back there and if you prefer a sitting justice, well, Scalia will sit on anything if you give him enough McDonald's Monopoly pieces.

- **General Patraeus is available for marriage** if the dowry is right. He claims looks aren't important, but you might want to take a quick flip through the current deck of those most wanted playing cards. If you look like Haleed Bin Assad that might be awkward.
- **Centaurs available**, both sexes, just don't ask any questions about why they're Chinese, screaming, and can't walk anywhere.

The only question remaining is why you are not a member yet...

EXCLUSIVUS

Perfect Luxury for Your Perfect World

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 Attention Media: Twitter is Actually Stupid

Tuesday, Jun 09, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

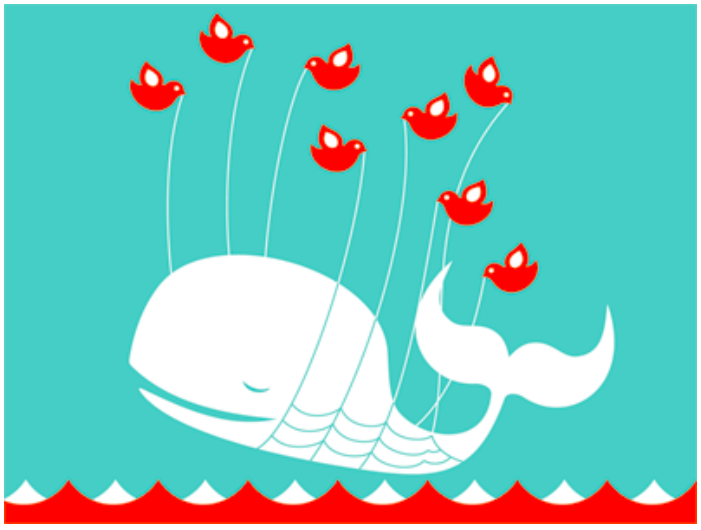
Okay, I think we've gone about as far as we can go with this whole Twitter thing. Right now, news programs are talking about Twitter more than they read the news. Congressmen are tweeting from their Blackberries while they should be, you know, working. You can actually turn on the TV and chances are someone is sitting there– a grown person, probably with a broadcasting degree– staring into the camera, talking back to some 16-year-old kid who thinks he can both solve the health care crisis and figure Goku's current power level in less than 140 characters on his RAZR. And that is supposedly the "good stuff" Twitter is used for.

Perhaps it is a sad symptom of our society that a site which is founded on the idea of not reading more than two sentences at a time becomes more popular than every thought-provoking blog ever created combined in a matter of months. Not just blogs, but even newspapers too. The economy is the worst it's been in decades and Ashton Kutcher has a wider circulation than The Wall Street Journal. North Korea is perfecting the nuclear bomb and Shaq has a wider reach than The New York Times.

Oh no, wait, what am I saying? I needed some way to document every mundane, idiotic thing I ever do. Not only that, but it would be nice to read about every mundane, idiotic thing everyone who is not me does, too. @rubchub1944 is driving to work and can't stand this traffic. He's just like me! Small world! Fat guy, but really small world! Maybe I'll follow him so I can read everything he does from this moment until he dies. @HalfAsianAmputee is trying to decide whether she wants cereal or eggs for breakfast. Meanwhile the real world is thinking YOU HAVE ONE ARM, HOLY SHIT, GO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, GET OFF THE COMPUTER.

Maybe I'm just growing up or missing something completely, but every time I look at it it seems like Twitter is full of unbridled idiocy.

I suppose I'll keep trying, though.



-~ Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.8 Rustlr.com: Connect. Share. Giddyup.

Wednesday, Jun 10, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Cowboy Charlie is mighty lonesome! Could use a cowgirl to keep me company on the ol' dusty trail. ;-)
3 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Cowboy Jake M no leter'd
6 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Ol' Floyd Carson I no longer identify myself as a male and would be much obliged if y'all responded in kind.
9 minutes ago. **22 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt ain't no law in all of Bismarck that can catch hide nor hair of me.
15 minutes ago. **4 Comments**

Vaquero Esquerra is going to have his revenge.
17 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Stampede Forecast

Thursday
Light to moderate stampeding in the evening.
Friday
70% chance of spooking in the afternoon.
Saturday
Heavy stampeding all morning.
Sunday
Calm herds.
Monday
Hold on to yer hats!

Cowboy Tag Cloud

stud get along WHISKY! old dusty trail cowpoke cattle saddle up shoot 'em up aw heck boy howdy hats six shooters dude pardner little doggy hup! butte YEEHAW! hayseed vasectomy rope tricks steer injuns gold varmint whoa! posse lonesome saddle sores amigo Conestoga dark matter bandits spooning rootin tootin put 'er there them hills tumbleweeds horseshoes lasso consarnit train schedules spurs lil' Chinese fella mustache run along now

Rapid City Russ is heading to the saloon.
25 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Tall James McGinley is now listed as lonesome.
27 minutes ago. **4 Comments**

John Red Eagle gonna scalp the next white bastard to yell "woo boo boo" at me.
34 minutes ago. **6 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy lost at poker again. Done bet the spurs off my boots, too.
40 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz ain't no situation yet I can't yodel my way out of
1 hour ago. **3 Comments**

Chicago Bill shot a man the other day. Ain't proud. Had to be done.
1 hour ago. **4 Comments**

Sooty Stan Done lost my conk in Cheyenne. Shoot!
1 hour ago. **2 Comments**

Cowboy Bradley is thinking about his new saddle. One more week.
1 hour ago. **1 Comment**

Rutherford Griffith Ain't nobody worth a hoot in the saloons tonight. Gonna perambulate for a spell.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Vaquero Paco mi caballo esta enfermo, ay de mi
2 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Tallahassee Percy ridin' out tonight. Any sons of bitches worth their salt can come along.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Clumsy Buford, **Sheriff Red** and **Dirty Dave Baker** updated their daguerreotypes.

Wild Ron is drinking whiskey tonight.
2 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Bronco Bob moseying on over to the brothel.
3 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Duke stetson announces brand new hat... right after i just bought mine! how do you like them apples?
4 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Big Henry Haskell is sick of bad drivers. Get yer wagons off my gosh darn trails, you greenhorned galoots.
4 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Wenatchee Kid gonna rustle up some grub
4 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete forgot to empty my spittoon... ain't never makin' that mistake again, no sir.
5 hours ago. **12 Comments**

Green Chaps McGee Horse ran off and so did wife. Gonna go jump into a cactus patch, consarnit!
1 day ago. **2 Comments**

Hoagy Calhoun Hell, at this point my horse got nicer shoes than me.
1 day ago. **0 Comments**

Tiny Madison ain't got no recollection of what he done with his lasso. Boy howdy!
1 day ago. **1 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe gonna shoot that barber after what he did to my mustache. Ain't no law gonna disagree, either.
1 day ago. **7 Comments**

Tex Crawford WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Woo! Woo!
1 day ago. **24 Comments**

Prospectin' Doyle one of these days I'm gonna strike it rich. You'll see!
1 day ago. **3 Comments**

Bad James Randall heard a discouraging word :(
1 day ago. **15 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau had to ether a consumptive whore three times fore she finally ceased her hollerin
1 day ago. **4 Comments**

My thanks to the young David Thorpe for his invaluable aid in the creation of this article.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.9 Reality Recaps

Thursday, Jun 11, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

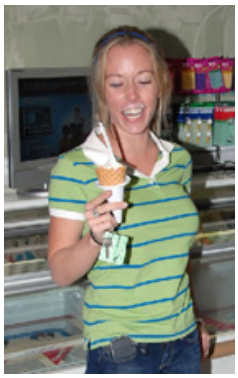
Summer is reality TV season, and it can be hard to keep track of all the enthralling new programming. Fortunately, **Reality Recaps** helps you catch up on everything you might have missed. You're welcome!

The Short Bus

TLC - Thursday, 8:00
"Half human, whole hearted."
EP. 137 - "Long Drive, Short Tempers"

Beloved midget bus drivers Ray and Tonya are cut off by a gang of aggressive Shriners who launch barrages of hard candy at them. Ray removes his hand from his half of the steering wheel to flip them off, then becomes incensed when he realizes no one can see his tiny finger. Tonya receives a terse phone call from her estranged sister, asking if she's "still really short." Ray's 15-minute struggle to reach a can of Campbell's Chunky soup demonstrates the heartbreaking trials and tribulations of being a "little person." Frustration turns to anger once Ray realizes the soup expired last year. Tonya is beaten. Ray uses a step stool to reach the faucet and astutely remarks, "the first thing I do when I wake up each morning is check to see if I'm dead. Then I cry for an hour. No god can hear prayers from my tiny little sausage hands."

Whore Next Door



E! - Monday, 7:00
"She's moving in... to your heart!"
EP. 49 - "Sheila's Mile of Smiles"

Sheila attempts to set a Guinness World Record by having sex with every person and object within a one-mile radius, but loses her chance once a biplane flies overhead, just out of reach. Producers assure her the record was one *square* mile, not cubic, but that term simply confuses Sheila and she begins to cry while drinking rum from a cat litter box. Sheila's visit to the ice-cream parlor causes her to rethink her stance on Congressional term limits. Mindy visits and tries to ask Sheila what she did last night, but is unable to coherently communicate due to her entire vocabulary consisting of "like," "um," and "you know." They eventually get drunk and flash their tits at a wheelbarrow they mistake for William H. Macy.

So You Want to Be a Webmaster?

G4 - Friday, 7:00
"Seriously, do you? Because somebody has to do it."
EP. 9 - "Cyberspacin' Out on Dot Comedy!"

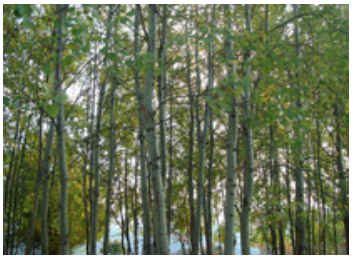
Daniel voluntarily disqualifies himself during the "12 Hours of Sitting In a Chair" Tournament. Cindy uses Google to learn what a webmaster does, then immediately voluntarily disqualifies herself. Tina receives a phone call and walks off the show, claiming "my brother just told me something is doing something to something else and... I have to stop it." Kyle, the last remaining contestant, is declared the winner, but is unable to accept the webmaster position when producers discover he has been dead for months. The job is eventually awarded to the nearest living creature, a local squatter who argues with statues and inexplicably wears seven layers of clothing in the summer, even though he'd be much more comfortable just wearing a t-shirt and storing everything else in a garbage bag.

The World's Heaviest One-Ton Man

TLC - Sunday, 6:00
"Heavy. Heavier. Heaviest. Howie."
EP. 12 - "The Weight of the World is on His Shoulders, Back, Thighs, Waist, and Hips."

Howie's mom weeps for 50 minutes once she realizes the camera is pointing at her, desperately pleading for "somebody out there in the television audience to, you know, make my boy less fat." Howie is introduced to a revolutionary new weight loss program by Dr. Nelson Flatbush called "The Stop Eating Diet." Hope turns to despair when Howie discovers this diet requires him to stop eating. Dr. Flatbush claims food "is a myth" and waves around an Excel spreadsheet as proof. The diet goes smoothly up until the moment it actually begins, at which point Howie eats the spreadsheet. Dr. Flatbush looks at the camera and says "I've heard of number crunching, but this is ridiculous!" He quickly corrects himself and remarks, "I've heard of pie charts, but this is ridiculous!" Then he winks at the camera and begins to sweat nervously. Howie's mom realizes she's in the shot, so she begins to cry again, saying, "I should've stopped feeding you deep-fried lard the day your father went in to clean your man-folds and never returned."

Shit! I'm in the Woods!



Spike - Monday, 7:00
"In the woods, nobody can hear you scream. Except for our camera crew. And the people who live nearby."
EP. 1 - "Welcome to the Jungle, We Don't Have Any Fun and Games"

A group of college students are blindfolded, loaded into a cargo van, and dropped off in the middle of a forest with no food, supplies, or knowledge they are on a television show and competing against each other. To escape, the contestants must work together and create an amazing talent show to raise money for victims of a local orphanage. Unfortunately, nobody is ever informed of this requirement, so the first 45 minutes of the season premiere consists primarily of people eating riverbed clay and beating each other with logs. Alex falls into a shallow creek and

begins thrashing spastically, assuming a riptide just pulled him into the Atlantic Ocean. Justin devises a cunning way to escape the woods ("keep walking in some direction until there ain't no more trees around"), but his plans are cut short when Judy gets the results of her pregnancy test. Max attempts to convert a pine tree into roast beef.

Grave Danger

E! - Monday, 7:00
"RAD -- Rockin' After Death!"
EP. 6 - "Bodies"

While the camera crew camps out next to Drowning Pool singer Dave Williams' tombstone, an unruly mob appears and threatens to kill thousands of people, throwing the entire state into chaos. Once the following commercial break concludes, it is revealed they are actually a group of people attending a nearby funeral. Some scantily clad women with visible STDs surround Williams' final resting place, which the crew dismisses as a groupie vigil.

However, the women soon reveal themselves as cast memebrs of *Celebrity Corpse* , a rival reality show in which sixteen bachelorettes compete for the opportunity to "spend eternity" with a deceased rock star. The previously eliminated women help shove winner Mollee into the casket with Williams' mottled bones, after which the coffin is launched into orbit while Drowning Pool's "Soldiers" plays in the background.

Hot Tot! 2k9

WE - Monday, 7:00
"Life's a stage when you're this age!"
EP. 26 - "Surprise Lies Between the Thighs"

Blonde bombshell Katie flies off the handle when she can't find her g-string for the "Country Crock Photo Spread," resulting in a second black eye for her mother. Nicki's mom has a nervous breakdown after learning her three-year old daughter will be disqualified from the Young Hustler Pageant due to violating the contest's "visible vagina" rules. Trisha announces her intentions to marry her father, but is rebuked. Missy, Tishy, and Aubrey have an enchanting conversation about the Doodlebops and which judge they'd like to nap with.

Special Sauce

Food - Monday, 7:00
"Burgers From Asperger's"
EP. 6 - "Equation Sensation"

Friction is in the kitchen when the competing chefs must prepare a steak dinner without measuring a single ingredient or quoting from Wikipedia. Tony is disqualified after spending 28 minutes trying to psychically communicate with the oven. Chefs compete to be picked last in the lightning round, all refusing to respond to their names when called. Rodger throws his blender at a poster of Charles Barkley when the 60-minute timer goes off two seconds late. Charlie complains his potatoes are "too loud to cook." A fight nearly breaks

out once the chefs begin estimating whose body contains the most atoms. The show is temporarily suspended when Todd insists on counting all the change in the crews' pockets.

Project Screenlight

HBO - Monday, 7:00
"Where films are greenlighted... to be screenlighted!"
EP. 11 - "Let The Magic Begin!"

The director of the Asylum production *Pellham 124* runs into difficulties when his lead refuses to wear the praying mantis costume critical for "plot development." Mark begins casting for *G.I. Jon* , landing roles for Serpent Commander, Luke, and Storm Silhouette. In a stunning development, the entire cast and crew of *Iron Manager* drops out of production because "dad won't let them drive the car." Steven suspends production of *Harry Porter: The Half Brood Price* after scientists link gratuitous lens flares with colon cancer. Contestants are shocked by the surprise appearance of C. Thomas Howell, who dazzles and delights them with magic tricks, all of which cause pieces of their film equipment to disappear.

Calm Waters

DSC - Monday, 7:00
"Still waters run deep."
EP. 38 - "Taking the Plunge!"

The cast and crew of the USS Stagnant finds themselves in heavily charted territory once they sail into the exact same location they've visited every previous episode. Captain Buck Walltrop cooly remarks, "these waters are calm... a little bit TOO CALM." The music gets all dramatic and the show cuts to commercial. When it returns, Buck is standing in the exact same position, explaining how lucky they were to escape the calm waters in one piece. The following 41 minutes consist of silent, nearly motionless footage, after which the narrator reappears to say "well, I guess it was just the right amount of calm after all."

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.10 Little Terrors Talent Agency for Horrifying Children

Friday, Jun 12, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Little Terrors is Hollywood's premiere provider of minor actors and actresses with unusual attributes. Since 1993 we have worked closely with the terrifying children community to nurture marketable skills in burgeoning young stars.

CURRENTLY AVAILABLE TALENT

TALENT FILE

JEREMIAH CAINE

AGE 10

PROFILE

Jeremiah hasn't been with us long, but we're eager for him to get out there and become the star we know he is destined to be. It's probably written in prophecies! His haunted look is perfect for a villain's flashback or scenes of terrible abuse. He is also very thin, so keep him in mind for Holocaust films.

TALENTS

- ☒ Mysterious Past
- ☒ Strange Tattoos
- ☒ Afternoon Terrors
- ☒ Autoerotic Amnesia
- ☒ Enrages Dogs
- ☒ Frost Forms Nearby
- ☒ Echoing Voice
- ☒ Maybe a Ghost

TALENT FILE

MELODIE ACKER

AGE 3

PROFILE

Melodie is one of our most recent additions and she has been in high demand, playing the daughter of a mutant in *Peril of the Android*, a feral sewer-dweller in *Meat Town*, and a ghost child in Antonio Zwick's *Feast of Cobras*. She is best known for her role as silent child #3 in 2008's *Dead Stick*.

TALENTS

- ☒ Tiny Face
- ☒ Piggy Wiggle Hands
- ☒ Wee Marble Eyes
- ☒ Hysterical Weeping
- ☒ Can Play Much Paler
- ☒ Afraid of Old Men
- ☒ "Mama" Repeater
- ☒ Vertigo

TALENT FILE
TOMMY GORZAGA
AGE 5
PROFILE
Tommy has been with us since 2006 and in that time has been cast in more movies than any other non-twin horrifying child. He is a consummate professional and a devoted method actor. He likes race cars and nooses.
TALENTS
Marionettism
Sees Ghosts
Sneaky Creeper
Visible Exhalation
Eerie Xylophone Playing
Fond of Cymbal Monkeys
Zombie Walker
Dead Parents

TALENT FILE
DMITRI
AGE 8
PROFILE
Dmitri came to us in a shipping crate from Siberia that was labeled, "DO NOT OPEN," but we just couldn't resist! Lucky for us, Dmitri is a talented actor, starring in the titular role of Child of the Maggot and winning over critics as the blood ghoul Feaster in Blood Orgy 3: Red Wedding.
TALENTS
Moai Head
Chattering Teeth
Black Whimsy
Coffin Birth
Supernatural Wisdom
Nephew of Corn
Unearthly Wail
Raised by Scorpions

Parents! Afraid to turn your back on your son or daughter? Do they stare, unblinking, at a bare wall? Do they obsessively draw eyeless figures or scribble strange symbols? Have your pets disappeared mysteriously? If you answered yes to any of these questions then we want to introduce you to the opportunity of a lifetime.

Call ***888-WEE-FEAR*** if your son or daughter is horrifying

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 Slipping The Surly Bonds

Saturday, Jun 13, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A wide-eyed man in an orange jumpsuit blotted out the clear blue sky, wobbling as an unseen crane on the launch pad lowered him onto the *Endeavour* 's nose. Biting down on his lower lip, the launch prep crewman steadied himself and reached a wavering hand toward a slip of paper tucked behind the shuttle's windshield wiper.

In the cockpit, Hank Freedom scowled. His co-pilot and engineer silently ran through their pre-launch inspections a third time, keeping busy. No words had passed since the single sheet of paper on the other side of the glass before them had been reported to mission control, putting a halt to the planned launch.

The nameless man in the jumpsuit allowed himself a relieved grin as the tips of his forefinger and middle finger closed on one fluttering corner of the note, plucking it free. Turning the sheet of paper over, he pressed it against the windshield for the shuttle's crew.

> *My car door scraped your spaceship. Not leaving any contact info because I can't afford an insurance hike, but I wanted to say I'm sorry about your paint job!*

"Son of a bitch," Freedom bellowed. "Now we've got a repair job on our hands. This mission's as good as scrubbed."

"Maybe not." Appel Piestrom rubbed his chin. The grey patches in the engineer's goatee suggested a decades-long career of stressful situations such as this one. He was only twenty six. "If it really is just a surface scratch, we'll make our window."

The captain nodded. "I just don't see why people have to park so close to the damn shuttle."

"When you share a lot with the state's largest used kitchen counter retailer, things like this are bound to happen." George Washington, the co-pilot, had the far-off look of someone recalling a very sad moment. "People will have their used kitchen counters." He sighed. "Sometimes at a cost greater than they had ever imagined."

"Still," Piestrom pressed on, "I the guy that dinged our shuttle was caught on one of the surveillance cameras. That man needs to be taken to court."

Shaking himself from the chill that had swept over him at the co-pilot's words, captain Freedom turned to his engineer.

"No, it's no use. He'll just use the wolfman defense. Trust me, my sister-in-law is a lawyer."

"The what defense?"

"You know, the wolfman defense," Freedom insisted, but recognition did not creep into his crew's faces. "Let's say the guy gets taken to court. He claims that either A, a wolfman did it, or B, he turned into a wolfman himself, and is therefore not responsible for his actions. It works all the time. Something to do with reasonable doubt."

The uncomfortable moment that followed was mercifully interrupted by the comm system.

Mission control informed the crew that repairs would be completed with ten minutes in their launch

window to spare, and asked if anyone had lost a few bolts and an important-looking computer chip while entering the shuttle, because the items had been found at the base of the *Endeavour* .

"Negative, mission control." Strapped to his chair, Freedom regarded the sky, pictured the journey ahead. "I suppose we could have had it worse. Remember what happened to the *Journeyer* ?"

Journeyer 's maiden launch was never far from the minds of NASA employees. The shuttle's cargo bay had been packed with nitroglycerin, which was to be used in scientific experiments aboard the International Space Station. When the cargo bay had no room left, the launch prep crew had made room in the booster rockets by draining a third of the *Journeyer* 's fuel.

When the shuttle's crew had been strapped in, they were asked to hold crates of nitroglycerin in their laps, and to clear out the glove compartment to stow a few more vials.

As always, the captain had worn his lucky necklace that day, an alternating pattern of dynamite sticks and road flares hanging from the silver chain.

Before the Journeyer's countdown had even reached 7, the engineer had fatally stabbed the other two men in the cockpit and shot himself in the head.

"That was a hell of a mess," admitted Piestrom. "All things considered, we are pretty lucky."

As if in response, the shuttle shook ever so slightly as something impacted the hull far below.

"Washington, check the sensors." Freedom growled, pushing at glowing buttons on the control panel at random. "Status report. NOW."

The co-pilot licked his lips, carefully considering his words.

"Sir, it appears that some neighborhood children knocked a ball through the primary fuel tank's decorative french window. The curtains managed to contain some of the damage, but they're only lace. The mission has been scrubbed."

The captain engaged *Endeavour* 's emergency brake, a low curse escaping his clenched teeth.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.12 Follow Me, Son. For Treasure and Stuff Awaits Inside this Cavern.

Sunday, Jun 14, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Behold, son. For this is the Sacred Pattern of Prism Crystals. This is what you were raised to experience. This is why we travelled down this mildewed cavern. This is it. Drawn from inks gathered from the most distant corners of the world, each color and line of the pattern represents a different trait. Red is brotherhood, green is intelligence, purple is courage. Notice how all the lines come from the outside and meet in the middle. That is the path one must follow to obtain knightly divinity. Many have tried to find the Pattern, few have touched it, and none have felt the magic within. You have been destined to be a glorious warrior, a noble vassal, my heir. Now we must not waste time. Put your hand up to the Sacred Pattern and trust that your heart is pure. Good. Do you see it lighting up brighter than before? No? Well, it looked like it for a minute. I don't know, maybe not. Either way, do you feel the power coursing through you? Is the mana from the resplendid pattern making your body quiver?

No? Well, I am sure it takes time. I imagine that our primeval bodies take time to absorb the divine energy. Or something like that. Do not lose faith, son. Do not lose faith. Do not--wait. What is that noise? It has the roar and rumble of a tool from Satan's armory. Expect anything son, for the devil plays when our minds are not sharp. Even the terra below us trembles with fear from whatever approaches.

Blast. A most tyrannical, giant metal worm has run aground beside us. I believe we have infringed on its nest. Hold tight to the Pattern, son, and hope that the Prism Crystals grant you the power necessary before the worm strikes. I will defend us from the steel annelid.

Oh, the many mouths of the beast are opening up, spewing demons at us. Look! A sable acolyte, his skin charred black from the flames of hell, his satchel filled with brimstone and sin. What did you call him son? Do you have a better name for this heathen? An African American? That's okay, but I am king, remember, and I don't think your names are all that creative, so for now we'll compromise on "wild bushman from hell." Either way, this hellspawn must be defeated and sent back to the pits of magma far beneath our feet. Oh, I believe this vile beast has heard our name calling. He looks angry. Son, release your grip on the poster, brandish your sword, and sever his head.

Yes, son. Go, go, go. Charge your iron deep into his chest. Cut the blackened sin off his skin. Throw his finished, soulless body back into the worm. Run fast, boy!

No! Blast. Don't stop! Your movements were divine, why release your sword to the ground to talk with the monster when you could vanquish it? What are you saying to him? Why doesn't he look angry anymore? Do you hear me? Hello? Hello? No one seems to hear or pay attention to me. It appears as though my physical body has been rendered invisible by a rancid wench, so I'm off to practice the ancient ways of antiquity by the ticket booth until the spell wears off. If you get lost,

you can always follow my calls, and do not forget that our spirits are forever intertwined. Do not forget the backpack either.

Son, you have found me. I was most worried that the witch's ethereal curse would be everlasting. We need not talk about that though, for the king is always hated by many, and the real magic was performed by you. Your soothing words seemed to convert him. He now sits idly on the perch, waiting for the next steel worm. Perhaps I was too hasty in brandishing my sword. But what do you expect? I am just an old warrior too proud to change. Perhaps my reign is coming to an end. Perhaps we should listen to the heir. Hold my blade, son. Treat it with knightly love. The weight of steel and the burden of a kingdom now rests on you. But I know you will wear it proudly, like me, your father. Now, heir, what is your command?

It appears that my first action as your knight will be one of treason, for I cannot obey such unjust orders. You wish to fight a higher power. The divine court grants your presence in my Kingdom every other weekend, and now you want to leave early? It cannot be done. I do not care what the Queen of the Netherworld says. She left this fine Kingdom to fornicate with another, and her orders carry no authority in these lands. Thy mother is a wench, probably the one who cursed me with burden of invisibility and now she has seized control of your mind. I will not grant such things, and I no longer have faith in your kinglyhood. Perhaps someday, but not today. Now go back to the Sacred Pattern of Prism Crystals and pray for salvation. If progress is made, I shall open up the packed ham sandwiches. But penance must be made, for Monday is far off and the Queen cannot enter my lands. Now go, son. Go on and call upon the Crystals.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.13 GI Army Funnies and the Gay Nightmare

Monday, Jun 15, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

The brass is thinking about getting rid of Don't Ask, Don't Tell and so they're deploying some gay soldiers as a test. We drew the short straw so tomorrow we're getting a gay.

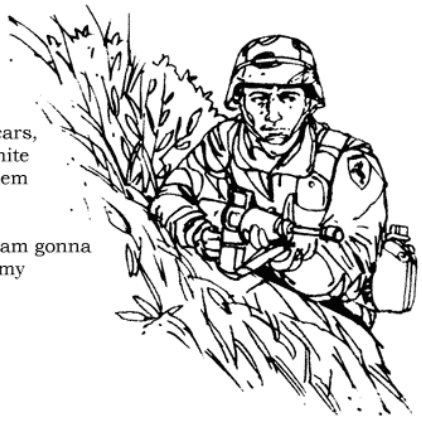
That means some things have gotta change. No more passing around a jerk towel. No more group porno jerks. In fact, all group jerks are banned. No walking around and jacking off. For once I'd like to walk into the barracks at reveille and not see someone cumming.

Sarge, the army gay is here.

He's beautiful. Look at that horse. Do you think he knows how to fight?

Should we say something to him? Take our shirts off?

I'm growing a moustache!

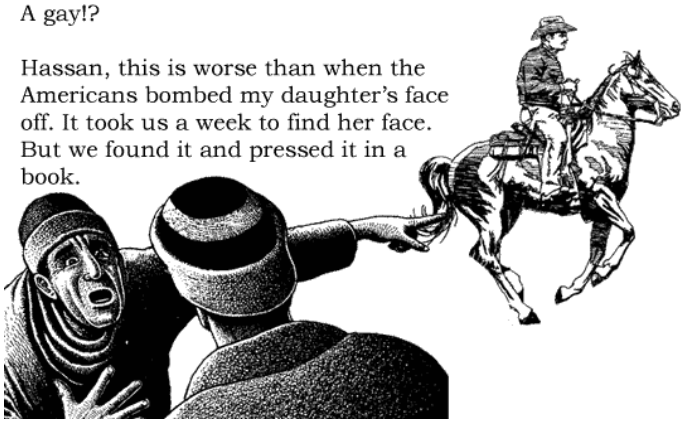


First they let the gays buy cars, then they let them adopt white babies, and then they let them get married to each other.

But I'll be ***god damned*** if I am gonna sit back and let them wear my horsey patch.

A gay!?

Hassan, this is worse than when the Americans bombed my daughter's face off. It took us a week to find her face. But we found it and pressed it in a book.



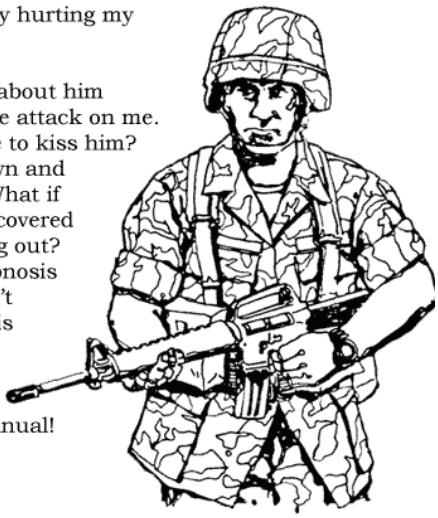
Yeah, hello, chemical trooper here. Gay as hell. Always have been.

Where is my horse?

This gay dude is really hurting my unit cohesion.

I can't stop worrying about him doing some gay karate attack on me. I mean, what if I have to kiss him? Or if he holds me down and tears off my BDUs? What if he's all muscley and covered in sweat from working out? What if he uses a hypnosis trick on me and I can't move my arms and his weiner is out?!?!?

This wasn't in the manual!

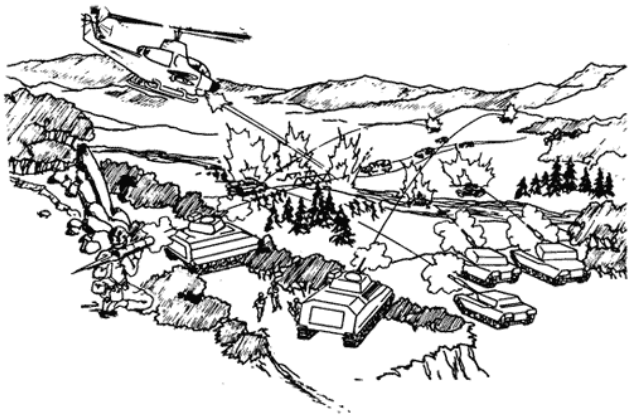


Hey, I'm fine with Army Gay. The way I see it, a rugged, good-loooking guy like him being gay means all the more women for me.

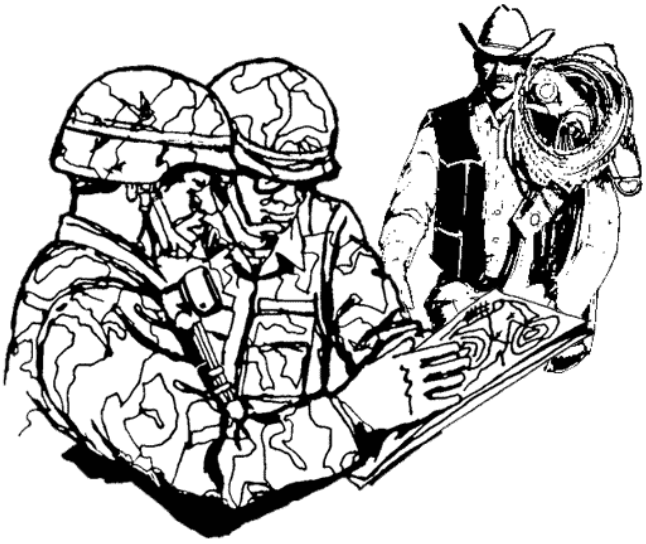
Deb, we are women.

Excuse me? I was talking to the mines. Mines don't see your arbitrary gender definitions.

These are women's mines.



I can't stop wondering where Army Gay is right now. He could be in that tank that is shooting sort of gay. Or maybe that helicopter and its homo rockets. Not knowing is ruining the battle!



Shhhh! Here he comes! Don't look him in the eye or he might implant gay dreams that you will have later tonight.

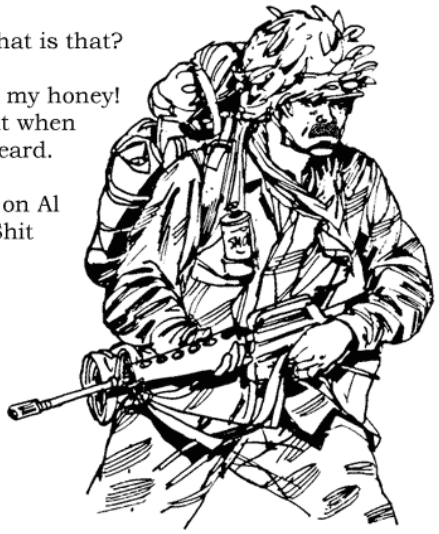
We are bingo on carrots. Say again, we are bingo carrots. We are going to need an air drop if we have to load Army Gay's horse back on the choppers.

Uhhh, I appreciate you braving enemy fire to rescue me, Army Gay, but if you don't mind...I'd prefer to wait on some hetero CASEVAC.

What? Army Gay? What is that?

I grew this stache for my honey! I cover my face with it when I'm making my bee beard.

That's one up we got on Al Qaeda. Bee beards. Shit yeah.



Mr. President, it's General Patraeus. I just wanted to let you know that Army Gay is working out great. You can go ahead and cancel Don't Ask, Don't Tell.

What do you mean? No, he arrived a week ago. Tall, moustache, cowboy hat, rides a horse...WHAT!?

Army Cowboy

- Mostly hetero
- Effective against claim jumpers
- Beans count as an MRE
- Somewhere between bad and ugly, quick and dead
- Skins smoke wagons
- Tries to sell Iraqi scalps at the PX when everyone knows the CIA buys them

GIDDYUP!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 Rustlr.com: Your Pardners are Waiting.

Tuesday, Jun 16, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Sheriff Woolbridge is now following **Chicago Bill**

Chicago Bill Ain't never shot a man who weren't meant to die. Till tonight. Lord save me.
6 minutes ago. **93 Comments**

Rapid City Russ what in tarnation did I drink? awoke halfway between los moches and navajoa with one boot.
9 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Chicago Bill has shot **Wild Ron**.

Cowboy Charlie learnt a mighty hard lesson on the perils of courtship in this goddanged lawless age.
15 minutes ago. **49 Comments**

Stampede Forecast

Tuesday
Light trampling in coastal regions.
Wednesday
Westerly spooking in the evening.
Thursday
Scattered stampedes from the east.
Friday
Doggies gettin' along.
Saturday
50% of stampedes, plus light rusling advisory.

Cowboy Tag Cloud

greenhorn dodge city critters lynching deputy whores howdy-do much obliged ma'am campfire longhorn castration frontier old cowhand banjo stetson outpost redskins YEEHAW! lariats smith and wesson boots quickdraw tombstone jonas brothers ten gallon spitoon snakebit tumbleweeds bullwhip cathouse giddyup palamino roughneck texas age of consent ballads

Cowboy Bradley These hands ain't unaccustomed to labor, but goddamn it if I still can't figure out how this th
17 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe is looking to form an exploratory posse to deliberate on the prospect of a train robbery.
25 minutes ago. **16 Comments**

Tex Crawford where is my dadblamed horse!!!!!!!!! she needs her medicine dang it!!!!
27 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Cowboy Charlie had a mighty shameful experience. Headin to the saloon to drown it in strong spirits.
34 minutes ago. **23 Comments**

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz is flourishing despite the yodelin' downturn. Don't worry y'all!
40 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Hoagy Calhoun hoowee! saddle's so dang old my derriere is pinker'n a dodge city whore
1 hour ago. **2 Comments**

Cowboy Charlie and **June Carson** are now listed as courtin'.
1 hour ago. **19 Comments**

You have removed **Boyd Boon** from your posse.

Boyd Boon has invited you to ClaimBuddy, where you can assess the value of your claim in one click!
1 hour ago. **0 Comment**

Boyd Boon has invited you to take the Which Infamous West Texas Outlaw Are Y'all quiz!
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Boyd Boon wants to test your Cowboy Poetry IQ! Boyd scored 183. Can you beat that?
2 hours ago. **0 Comment**

John Red Eagle is very excited about the new treaty. Knock on wood!
2 hours ago. **12 Comments**

Tall James McGinley is no longer lonesome.
2 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Boyd Boon has sent you a Stetson Badge for your profile! Send one to a friend to earn Stetson Points.
3 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Boyd Boon is now in your posse.

Ol' Floyd Carson is known as **June Carson** . Any man who objects ain't gonna live to see daylight.
4 hours ago. **32 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt is now listed as incarcerated.
5 hours ago. **158 Comments**

Wenatchee Kid isck of beans.....SICK OF BEANS!!!!!
1 day ago. **2 Comments**

Vaquero Esquerra next fella makes a joke regardin my height is fixin to be a notch in my six-shooter's handle.
1 day ago. **8 Comments**

Bad James Randall shoot! ain't there noplace on this forsaken praire to adopt a kitten?
1 day ago. **14 Comments**

Pancho and **Lefty** are no longer friends.

Tiny Madison I befriended a chinaman in the railroad camp but I can't remember which one! Shoot! bong? bang?
1 day ago. **0 Comments**

Prospectin' Doyle claim for sale. gently used. light water dmg. make offer.
1 day ago. **41 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete god in his glory shall replenish each buffalo i kill
1 day ago. 2 **Comments**

Doc Beauzerau elbow deep in jim hoyle's gut-shot torso and he endeavors to cut a toot! gross but funny
1 day ago. **6 Comments**

Credit is due to Joshua Boruff for engineering the Rustlr experience!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.15 Celebrity Stalker: June Jamboree

Wednesday, Jun 17, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our vigilant stargazers are spotting celebrities left, right, and center! Here's the latest news from New York to Hollywood.

Paul Allen Yesterday @ 10 am
Hoooooly...! I just saw Paul, for real, buying an apple from a fruit stand. He is totally eating it now! Hold on... now he is throwing the core away. I can't believe this. Man, Paul Allen!

Matthew McConaughey Yesterday @ 12pm
Close your eyes. Imagine Matthew shirtless, looking fine, eating peanut butter out of the jar with his fingers on the subway. That's what I saw, and I'm still swooning.

Patrick Dempsey Yesterday @ 1pm
Was in the ER waiting room when I couldn't help but notice an embarrassed Patrick Dempsey sitting near me. Looked like he got into quite a tussle with a porcupine, and his face was still covered with spines. Poor guy!

Rainn Wilson Yesterday @ 6pm
I am not sure how it happened but I'm trapped in a giant insect cocoon. I think something is laying eggs in my stomach. I only mention this because I can see Rainn is also captive the next cocoon over. Seems like a nice guy, though he sleeps a lot and snores loudly.

Paul Rudd & Vince Vaughn Yesterday @ 7pm
Saw Paul in Iowa City of all places. He was standing next to Vince Vaughn and the both of them together were projected onto a large white screen by way of... some sort of light cannon??? I'm still utterly baffled by this phenomenon and what it means.

Bob Newhart Yesterday @ 11pm
Newhart is insane! His thugs have been holding me hostage all week. They've beaten me repeatedly, threatened to stab me, and made me take drugs. I fear for my life. Still a big fan of his early work. Please somebody help me!

Batman Today @ 3am
Batman saved me! And man, he has let himself go. I fell down and he zip-lined in from out of nowhere to assist me to my feet. But then he just stood there panting like a dog. He seemed pretty gassy, too, but was really apologetic about it.

Jerry Van Dyke Today @ 10am
Jerry was on hand to cut the ribbon at the opening of the new Northcrest Mall. He seemed pretty professional, and even brought his own scissors. They were really nice scissors, with the padded handles so you don't get blisters. Looked expensive. Wonder where he got them?

Megan Fox Today @ 10am
Beautiful like a Greek Goddess! Saw her dumping garbage in Central Park! Looks like she had about 8 Hefty sacks full of garbage that she tossed into some bushes. Those arms! So strong!

Tim Robbins Today @ 1pm
Again! Again I saw Tim Robbins in the library eating hard boiled eggs out of a basket. I was hoping he'd offer me one, but no, he just ate the entire batch all by himself.

Drew Barrymore Today @ 6pm
Whoa! Saw Drew outside the KFC on Sunset Strip. She was carrying a big huge bucket of fried chicken, and a bag I can only speculate was loaded up with some primo sides. Wish I was her beau, because that looked like one fine meal.

Jeff Daniels Today @ 7pm
Last week Daniels knocked on my door and said he was driving in the country when his car broke down. I offered him my guest room for the night, but he insisted on sleeping in my barn. He's been there for about a week now and I'm not sure if he's ever going to leave. I saw him just now hanging pictures...

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.16 If Villains Used Internet Forums

Thursday, Jun 18, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

D_Vader — **Considering building giant floating weapons fortress**

Greetings all. As previously mentioned in my blog, I am still dealing with those bothersome "rebels" who dare challenge my rule. Last night I devised a brilliant solution: I shall order all soldiers on the battlefield to retreat. The rebels shall ignorantly claim victory, but their cheers shall shall soon be silenced by the planet-annihilating laser from my massive floating weapons fortress.
My first target shall be Alderaan, which will cripple and demoralize their forces throughout the universe. This "Death Star" I plan to build shall span 260 miles in length, and shelter nearly 266,000 of my deadliest warriors. However, I am unsure how to get wireless working efficiently in it. Does anybody know what kind of download speeds Comcast offers?
Thanks,
D_Vader

06/01/09 - 9:32 AM REPLY EMAIL

Sr.Belvedere — **RE: *Considering building giant floating weapons fortress***

Hello and welcome to our forums, D_Vader! I just wanted to drop in and let you know we don't "sign" our posts here. If you'd like to catch up on your "netiquette", you can read our forums FAQ. Thanks, and have a lot of fun posting!

06/01/09 - 9:33 AM REPLY EMAIL

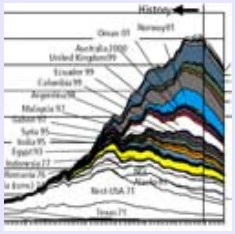
tac ops spec JAY — **RE: *Considering building giant floating weapons fortress***

lol good luck with that lmao, sounds like u need it lol
i really doubt you know the first thing about building death stars, so maybe you should stfu in space first. ok ive built six death stars and i took a lot of high school courses in death stars and wtf do u know about them????? u r some fag sitting in there moms basement naked on the computer, good luck trying to figure out how to even install faucets in ur gay ass thing. my last deth star had led fan exhausts and a time laser (laser capable of destroying time) hahaha good luck D-gayer

06/01/09 - 12:37 PM REPLY EMAIL

WAKE UP - PEAK OIL

RE: ***Considering building giant floating weapons fortress***



I HAVE PROOF THE GOVERNMENT CRASHED A DEATH STAR INTO THE SECOND WTC TOWER - - - EMAIL ME AT WAKEUPPEAKOIL@GMAIL.COM FOR THE 153 MINUTE VIDEO I MADE THAT HAS CONCLUSIVE PROOF AND ALSO LOTS OF STOCK FOOTAGE OF TREES

THE GOVERNMENT IS CONTROLLING YOUR MIND... REFUSE TO SWITCH TO DIGITAL TV

06/01/09 - 4:18 PM

REPLY EMAIL

rager4:20

RE: ***Considering building giant floating weapons fortress***

Oh what a surprise, another wonderful American conservative solution to dissenting opinion... spend money on more bombs and more guns and more death stars to wipe out anybody who might disagree with your OUTRAGEOUS foreign policy. It's great to know that nothing ever changes no matter what white Republican puts on that black mask and cape every four years. NOT MY EMPEROR.

Post edited by rager4:20 on 06/01/09 - 4:19 PM -

I'm assuming you're American by your myspace picture.

06/01/09 - 4:18 PM

REPLY EMAIL

-=-SONIC-=-BOOM-=-

RE: ***Considering building giant floating weapons fortress***

ok my uncle hooked up wireless in his lake house it was relly easy BUT u need a god reouter like Netgear or The Link or something i dunno look it up on cnet or something if u want more details. AND dont put ur pcs by the windows or else ur wireless can go out the window and then its lost in space lollllllllllllllllllllllllllllll also dont call it a death star u should call it "PLANET: OF DEATH LAZER" and i can make u a logo 4 ur webpage if u got one check this out (i am not a proffesional but i like too practice allot): i will remove the copywrite if u paypal me

-=-SONIC-=-BOOM-=- has attached this image: **PLANET_MOCKOUT.JPG**

06/01/09 - 4:58 PM

REPLY EMAIL

PINHEAD_07 — **THIS QUESTION I ASK OF YOU**

The lust, the burning chaos enveloping me is that of hell, a hell so painful that it defies the reaches of your imagination. Yet occasionally a weakened soul shall again summon me from my prison in the Lament configuration, and I shall once again defile the Earth until I have consumed their soul.
A police detective, a man sworn to uphold the law, is in search of "the truth," unaware he is lying to only himself. His hedonistic pursuit of the flesh has awakened me, and I shall soon tear apart his sanity with morbid apparitions of his own twisted desires. However, his home address does not appear on Google maps. What is your opinion of the Garmin Nuvi 205 on sale at Best Buy?

06/06/09 - 12:00 AM REPLY EMAIL

SOILED SNAKE — **RE: *THIS QUESTION I ASK OF YOU***

lol u cant fit in a box u fag

06/09/09 - 1:53 PM REPLY EMAIL

Norman B. — **Advertising Online?**

Business hasn't been... so good lately. Bad press, the recession, gas prices, all that. I'm looking into advertising online but... I don't know much about it. Do any of you have any tips or places to get started?

The Bates Motel
Recently Renovated!
"Now 150% More Safe to Be Nude In"

06/11/09 - 1:09 PM REPLY EMAIL

TEK-9 — **RE: *Advertising Online?***

yeah whatever happened to that fukken stimulus package OBAMA??? Some good that shit did, that dumb fuck is spending money WE DONT HAVE. RECALL OBAMA also where's his birth control certificate? GO BACK TO IRAN WITH ALL THE OTHER SOCIALISTS, MORON

06/11/09 - 1:43 PM REPLY EMAIL

triple boxcar — **RE: *Advertising Online?***

HAHAHAH you goddamn idiot, if it wasn't for your hero GEORGE H. W. BUSH then we wouldn't even be in this mess!!! you shitheads yelling FOUR MORE YEARS need to have FOUR MORE REARS so I can KICK YOUR ASSES THREE TIMES AS MUCH!!! con$ervatives spent this entire country into debt and now your pissed Obama is trying to dig our way out while helping ppl?!? GIVE ME A BREAK... A BREAK OF YOUR NECK FOR YOU BEING SO FUCKING RETARDED

06/11/09 - 1:59 PM REPLY EMAIL

TEK-9 — **RE: *Advertising Online?***

OH WOW, A LIBERAL DUMBASS ON A THE INTERNET, WHAT A SURPRISE!!! hey heres a news flash for you: not all of us drink the kool aid and lick obamas ass all day! you moron like you spent all days jacking off to photos of obama in red swim shorts. Go AHEAD and iGNORE THE FACTS but we'll see who'se wrong in 7 years when obamas polices have caught up with him and we're trillions of moneyt in debt!!! WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR THE UNIVERSE HEALTH CARE??? NOT ME, MY TAX DOLLARS WONT GO FOR HIPPIE SEX CHANGES. fag

06/11/09 - 2:01 PM REPLY EMAIL

triple boxcar — **RE: *Advertising Online?***

LOL you rePUBE-LICK-ans are so predictable, spit up the same tripe all your other robot clones do not stop. GET YOUR MATCHING ORDERS FROM RUSH LIMBAUGH AND SEAN HANNITY AND FOXNEWS.NEWS and dont bother ever thinking for yourself! Just worship the almighty dollar and too hell with everybody else! Dead person on your lawn? DONT CARE, NOT YOUR PROBLEM! Sick children serving burgers to a crippled dog? WHATEVER, YOUR NOT PAYING TO HELP EM! try going on disability for 2 years because a golf cart hits you in the waist and then well see how compassionate you get!!!

06/11/09 - 2:18 PM REPLY EMAIL

Sr.Belvedere — **RE: *Advertising Online?***

Any other insults or flamewars will not be tolerated and will result in a ban.

06/11/09 - 2:40 PM REPLY EMAIL

Norman B.	**RE:** ***Advertising Online?***
	n/m. ***Post edited by Norman B. on 06/11/09 - 7:59 PM*** --- The Bates Motel Recently Renovated! "Now 150% More Safe to Be Nude In"
06/11/09 - 7:56 PM	REPLY EMAIL

jigsaw **Help me punish the wicked.**

I shall not bother introducing myself, as you are all undoubtedly familiar with my name. Due to recent schedule conflicts and a lack of sufficient funds, I have unfortunately neglected satisfying my sinister half. Additionally, I believe a crippling case of writer's block has infected my work, and I find myself doubting the quality of my creations.

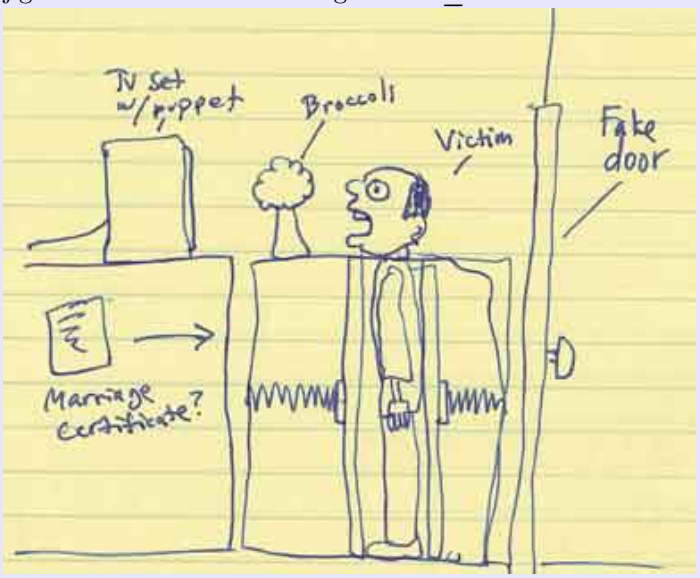
As a result, I call for your feedback and opinions as I reveal my latest trap. The backstory: while purchasing smoked salmon at the Piggly Wiggly in Albertville, I noticed a man hoarding vast quantities of broccoli. I silently observed him for the subsequent six months, and each day he ate at least one bunch of broccoli.

My goal is to force this man to face the brutal reality he has been avoiding for years. I have built an entire apartment complex which looks exactly like the one he lives in, except once you enter, your body is immediately trapped in a tight plexiglass box. Then a television turns on and there's a VHS tape of my dummy riding a tricycle or sitting in a wading pool and my voice comes on and says:

"You are a man who tries in vain to satiate your appetite with broccoli. You do not merely like broccoli... you LOVE it. And if you love broccoli so much... WHY DON'T YOU MARRY IT?"

Then I force the man to marry a piece broccoli or else his head will explode (the TV explodes). What is the quickest and cheapest way for me to become an ordained minister?

jigsaw has attached this image: **SCN_0001.JPG**



06/10/09 - 6:01 AM REPLY EMAIL

DOUG DAWG — **RE: *Help me punish the wicked.***

i hate assholes like u.....
MARRAGE SHOULD BE BETWEEN A MAN AND WOMAN!!!!!!!

06/10/09 - 6:52 AM REPLY EMAIL

ubuntu god — **RE: *Help me punish the wicked.***

Wow everybody, look who's back? The guy who sold out back in 2006! Are your traps still as lame and predictable? I wasn't aware it was Amateur Torture Night here on the forums. I assumed you were gone forever back when I flamed the fuck out of you for that insipid "trap" you came up with where you put all those needles in a pit. Man, how lame was that shit? The trap scene stopped doing holes back in 1994, yet here you are, thinking you can reinvent the wheel.

Why don't you get a new career and leave the torture traps to professionals like the rest of us? You seem to think all it takes is a stupid dummy, a tape recorder, and a jar of exploding nails. You're in it for the fame, just like all the other lamers who shit this place up. Some of us are actually dedicated to the art, producing revolutionary new material like Feisty Fawn and DanielJ, who just yesterday finished building a sweaty tree that shits molten lava into a prisoner's dickhole, to teach them about humanity. I'd like to see you try to do something ORIGINAL like that, instead of your cookie cutter, Looney-Tunes garbage you call "traps".

06/10/09 - 7:14 AM REPLY EMAIL

Jonah F. Davis — **RE: *Help me punish the wicked.***

hi im looking for a 14x48 hay tarp cheap
will pay for shipping
contact info in profile
thx

06/10/09 - 8:00 AM REPLY EMAIL

-=-SONIC-=-BOOM-=-

RE: *Help me punish the wicked.*

hmmmmm I dunno about that but how abotu this for an idea:
a shower you think you're walking into a normal shower. "oh this is going to be a nice normal shower" the person thinks. then they turn on the water and notice no water is comming out!!! so they go to bang on the door and say "let me out of this shower it not working!!!" but the door dose not open! it is locked.
then ur TV turns on and it is the puppet and he says "are you ready to RUMBLE" and then BAAAMMMM WAHHHHHHH IT IS an earthquake and as the person is falling into his basement (with poisen spikes in it) the shower turns on and PEE COMES OUT OF THE SHOWER and the man: "oh no this is not what I wanted to happen when i took this shower!!!!!"
let me know what u think!

06/10/09 - 11:47 AM

REPLY EMAIL

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.17 Blameby Beta User Tutorial

Friday, Jun 19, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

STEP 3

blame the baby...

Dildo Kismet George Washington

delayed the shit out of third quarter report and was yelling about graphs and how the logos were in the wrong format and I tried to tell hi

...and click next ▸

STEP 4

customize your blame...

◉ portrait

○ landscape

- ☑ glitter n' sparkles
- ☐ crunkify the text
- ☐ Mr. T ify the text
- ☐ zippers
- ☑ 80s shades
- ☑ boobs
- ☑ widow's peak
- ☐ patriotic music
- ☐ company logo
- ☐ canhazcheezburgrify blame

...and click next ▸

share and enjoy...

Dildo Kismet George Washington

He delayed the shit out of our third quarter report and was yelling about graphs and how the logos were in the wrong format and I tried to tell him that we were up against a dead line, but this little rascal disappeared into his office and closed the blinds.

God only knows what he does in there. I see bike messengers going in and out all day with mailing tubes and some weird characters that look like that are wearing chainmail under their coats. I left tons of messages in his voicemail and he wouldn't reply during work hours, but would leave me these rambling, self-absorbed, insane messages with late night time stamps.

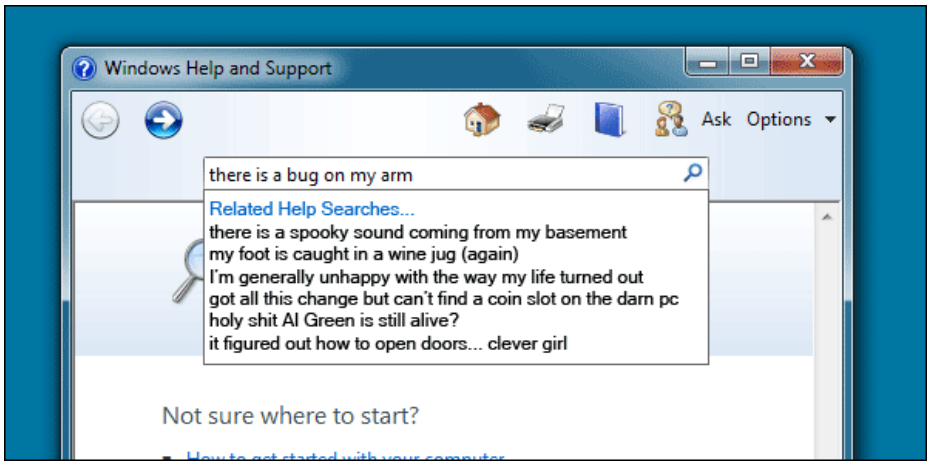
I think he wanted to have sex with me too. He kept making little origami men with huge erections out of the wrappers for his nicotine gum. I'm thinking about filing something with HR, some sort of claim. I think he is rude and totally inappropriate for the office.

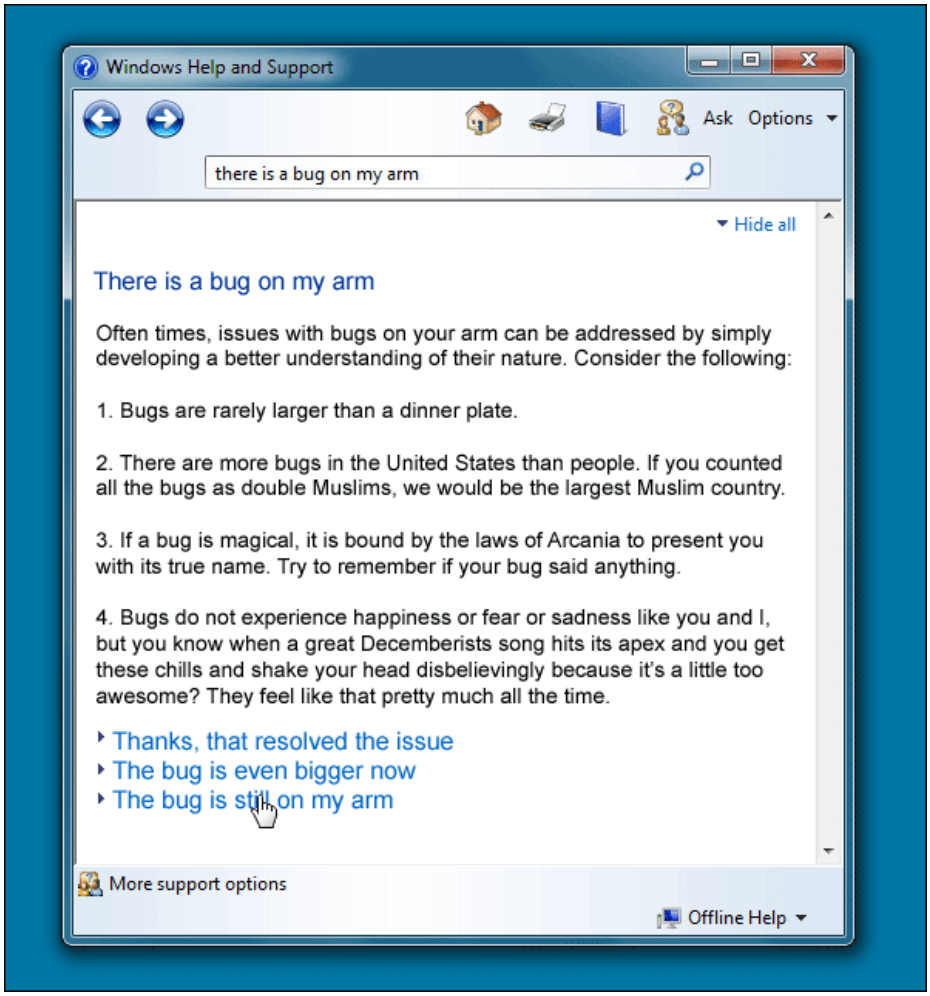
So that's why the third quarter report is going to be another week. I'll be out of office until next thursday for my botox. I cleared that with Penny and gave notice on that, so if it fell through it is probably also the baby's fault.

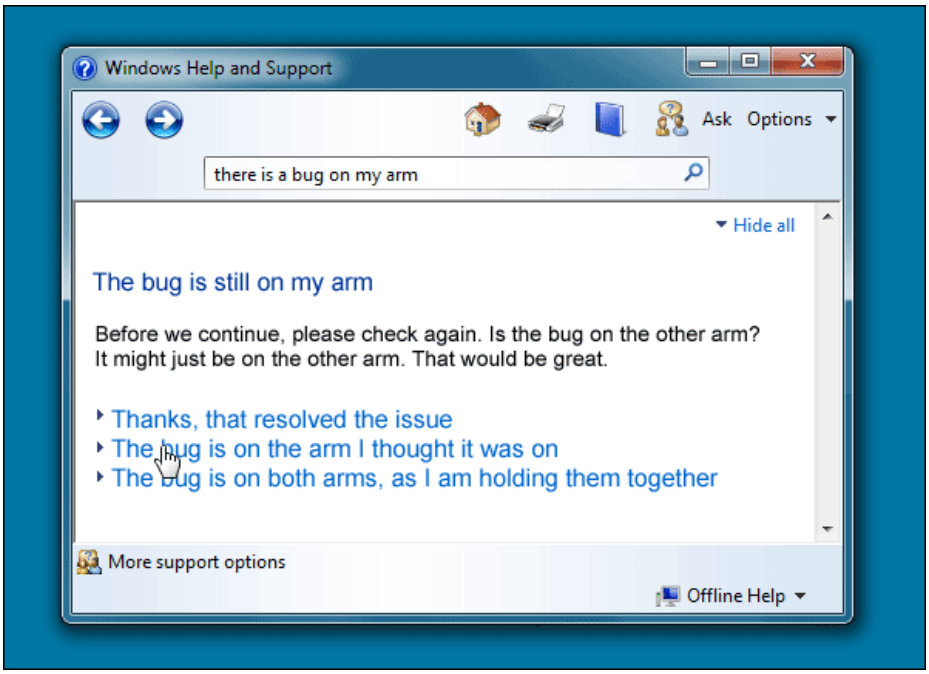
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

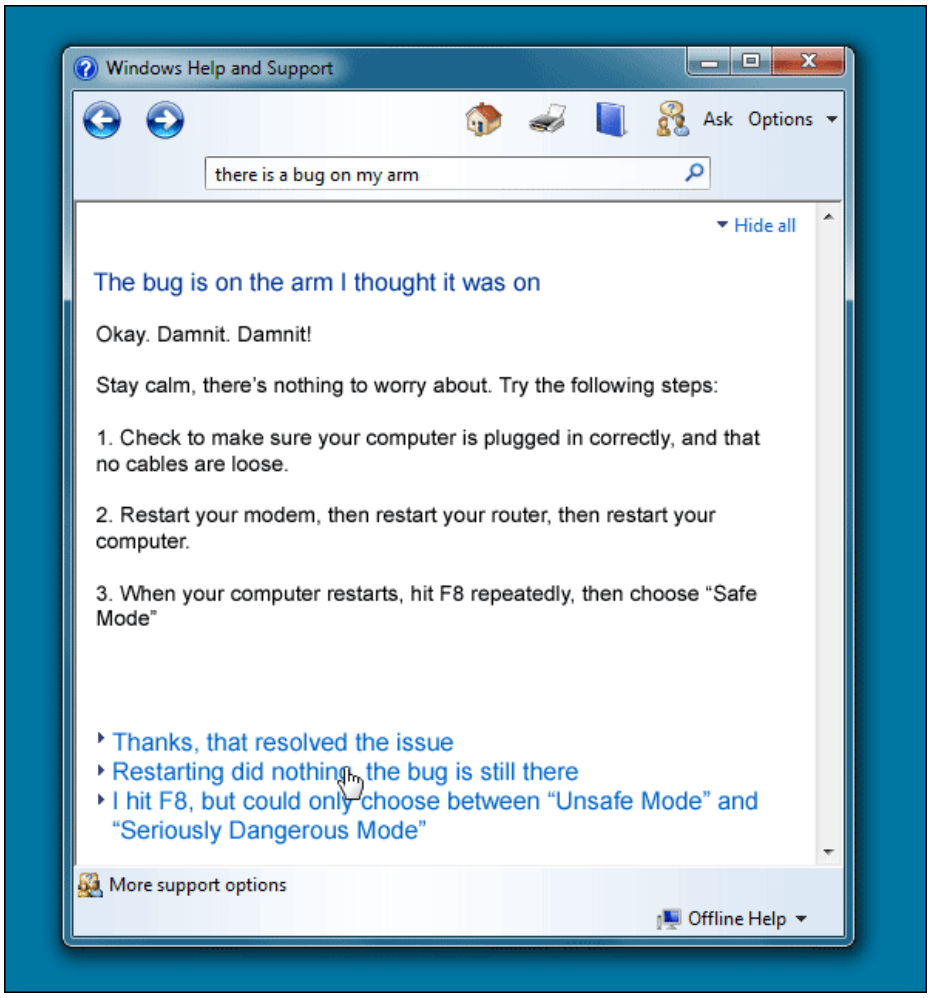
6.18 Deep Within Windows 7's Help Database

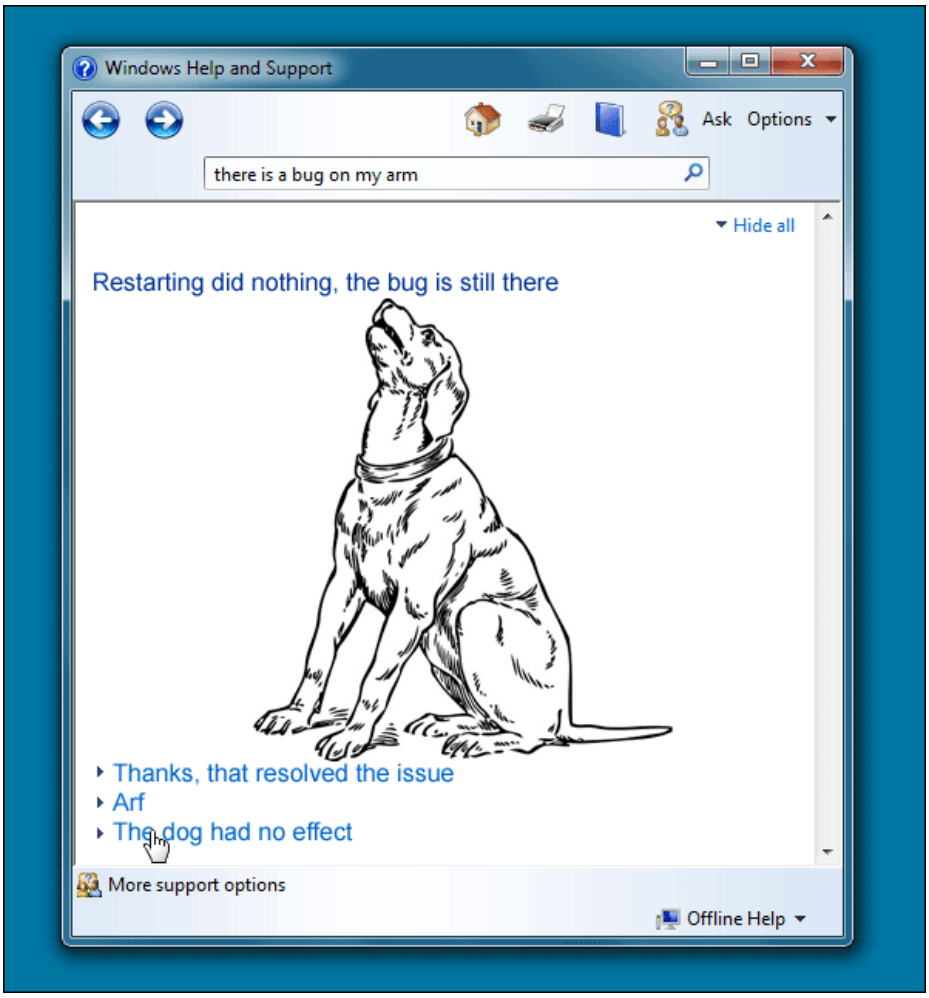
Saturday, Jun 20, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

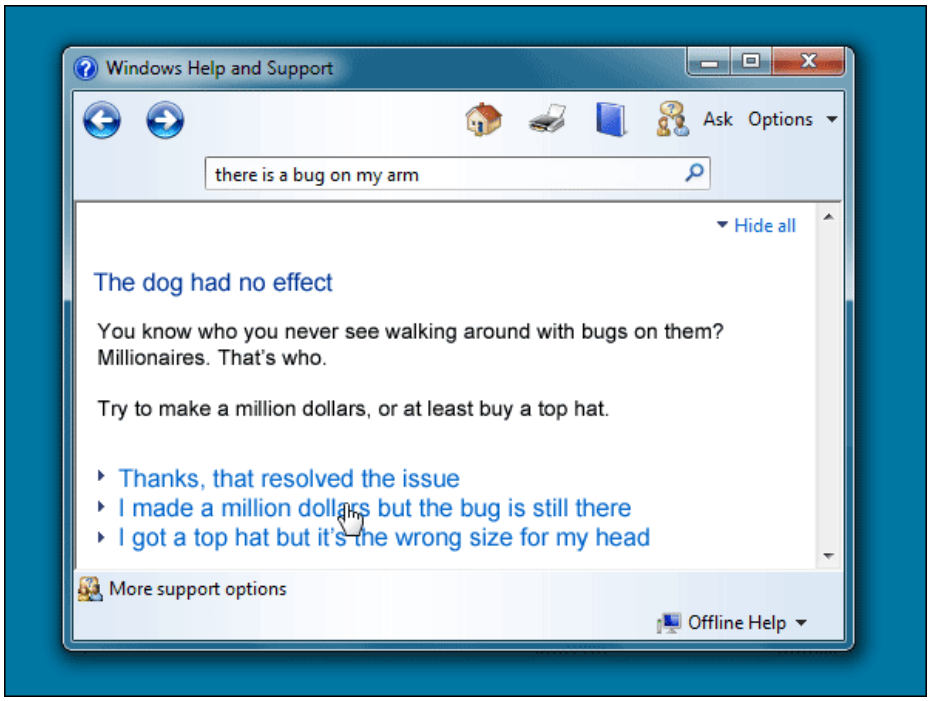

Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Related Help Searches...
there is a spooky sound coming from my basement
my foot is caught in a wine jug (again)
I'm generally unhappy with the way my life turned out
got all this change but can't find a coin slot on the darn pc
holy shit Al Green is still alive?
it figured out how to open doors... clever girl
Not sure where to start?

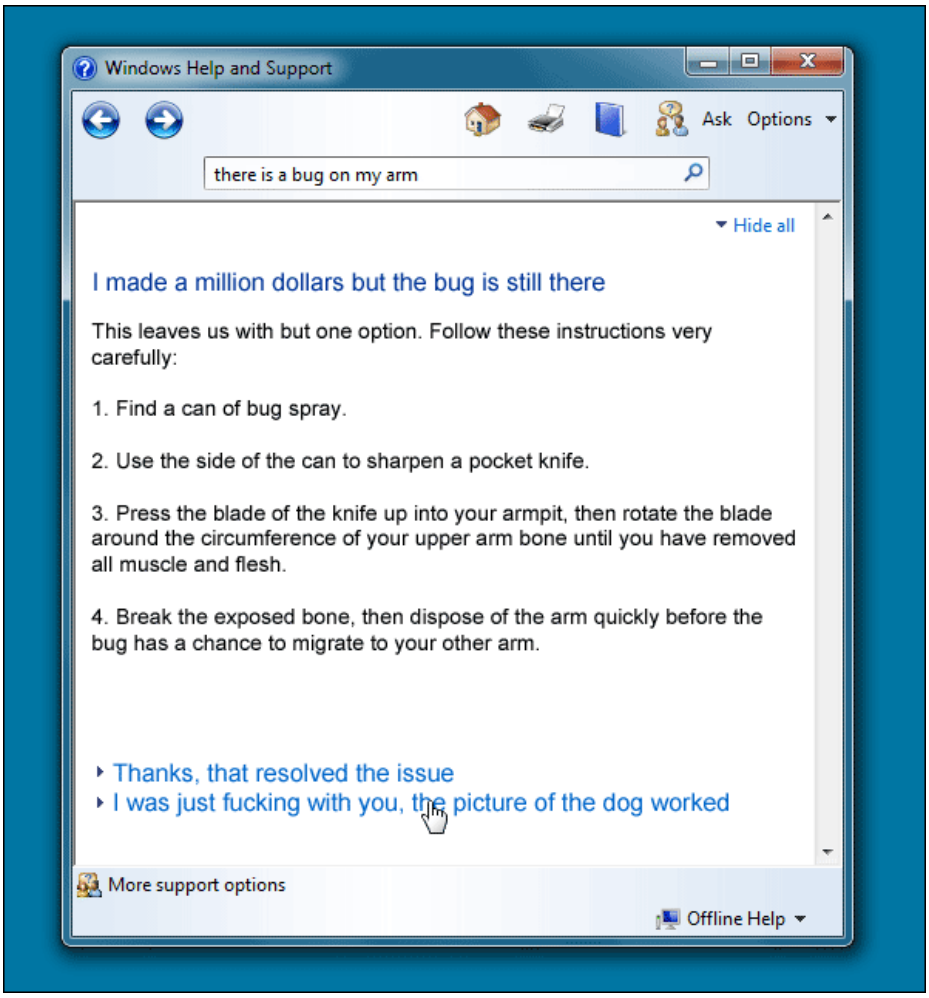

Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
There is a bug on my arm
Often times, issues with bugs on your arm can be addressed by simply developing a better understanding of their nature. Consider the following:
1. Bugs are rarely larger than a dinner plate.
2. There are more bugs in the United States than people. If you counted all the bugs as double Muslims, we would be the largest Muslim country.
3. If a bug is magical, it is bound by the laws of Arcania to present you with its true name. Try to remember if your bug said anything.
4. Bugs do not experience happiness or fear or sadness like you and I, but you know when a great Decemberists song hits its apex and you get these chills and shake your head disbelievingly because it's a little too awesome? They feel like that pretty much all the time.
Thanks, that resolved the issue
The bug is even bigger now
The bug is still on my arm
More support options
Offline Help


Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
The bug is still on my arm
Before we continue, please check again. Is the bug on the other arm?
It might just be on the other arm. That would be great.
Thanks, that resolved the issue
The bug is on the arm I thought it was on
The bug is on both arms, as I am holding them together
More support options
Offline Help


Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
The bug is on the arm I thought it was on
Okay. Damnit. Damnit!
Stay calm, there's nothing to worry about. Try the following steps:
1. Check to make sure your computer is plugged in correctly, and that no cables are loose.
2. Restart your modem, then restart your router, then restart your computer.
3. When your computer restarts, hit F8 repeatedly, then choose "Safe Mode"
Thanks, that resolved the issue
Restarting did nothing, the bug is still there
I hit F8, but could only choose between "Unsafe Mode" and "Seriously Dangerous Mode"
More support options
Offline Help


Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
Restarting did nothing, the bug is still there
Thanks, that resolved the issue
Arf
The dog had no effect
More support options
Offline Help


Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
The dog had no effect
You know who you never see walking around with bugs on them? Millionaires. That's who.
Try to make a million dollars, or at least buy a top hat.
Thanks, that resolved the issue
I made a million dollars but the bug is still there
I got a top hat but it's the wrong size for my head
More support options
Offline Help


Windows Help and Support
Ask
Options
there is a bug on my arm
Hide all
I made a million dollars but the bug is still there
This leaves us with but one option. Follow these instructions very carefully:
1. Find a can of bug spray.
2. Use the side of the can to sharpen a pocket knife.
3. Press the blade of the knife up into your armpit, then rotate the blade around the circumference of your upper arm bone until you have removed all muscle and flesh.
4. Break the exposed bone, then dispose of the arm quickly before the bug has a chance to migrate to your other arm.
Thanks, that resolved the issue
I was just fucking with you, the picture of the dog worked
More support options
Offline Help

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.19 Please Give Me A Job

Sunday, Jun 21, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Welcome to the third and final installment of the "Help me! I am now an adult!" Trilogy. If you've been following this epic tale of temping, grad school , and my personal experience with gender re-assignment, then de-assignment surgery, (article yet to be written due to lack of interest) then you probably know I have crafted a veritable Star Wars of being white, 20-something, and completely unemployable. If all goes as planned, this article will be read at my upcoming funeral, so at this point I would like to ask the presiding pastor to wink at my casket right now. (If that didn't get a laugh, please keep doing it until someone asks you politely to stop.) And tell those chatterboxes in the back to clam up-I saw to it that there would be name-brand soda at my wake; the least they can do is show some respect as an old man reads a piece of paper in front of my rotting corpse.

Welcome to my funeral!
I've been DYING to have you pay your loving tribute to me!
Bweeeheeheeheehee!!!

Of course, it didn't have to be this way. I write this in the present hoping to prevent my untimely death, but as Sandra Bullock continues to make romantic comedies without any intervention by modern society, I realize that hope and mercy have vacated this miserable planet like so many dead Russian cosmodogs. Frankly, all of the blame can be placed on you. (Please signal for the ushers to throw lit firecrackers into the audience.)

For months, I have been trying to find a job; and for months, the outside world has been shrugging me away despite the fact that comedy writing can be applied practically to nearly every profession known to man, aside from the ones that are respected and valued. And while my terminal unemployment continues, the money I've hoarded is vanishing as I consume the video games my people so desperately need to survive. I'll admit my skill set is somewhat niche, but do I deserve to die from exposure in an abandoned K-Mart parking lot, wearing nothing but a soiled bedsheet? I assume this is what will happen because my yearbook clearly states that I'm "Most Likely to Die From Exposure in an Abandoned Parking Lot Wearing Nothing but a Soiled Bedsheet." High school was difficult for me.

So, as I still live and breathe, I make this last attempt to sell myself to potential employers. And if I'm currently deceased, please enjoy the following ironically, which I assume has become quite popular in the time since I originally wrote this. But know that I will haunt you forever! (Signal for ushers to throw more firecrackers.) Coffee and Danish will be served in the lobby following this presentation.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.20 Nils & Beauregard's USA Tour: Boston, Woman of Tin, and the Shrinking Horse

Monday, Jun 22, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The vehicle is a 1978 Volstrada Alpus, painted pea green with a crooked yellow stripe along the side. It was manufactured by Thuringians in a country that can't be found on a map and may not have ever existed outside of dreams.

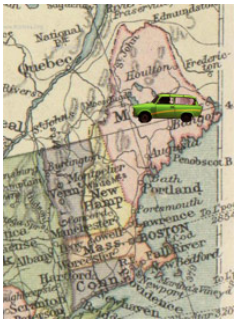
The body of the Alpus sheds flakes of rust like dandruff with each opening and closing of a door. The interior is finished in wooly carpet and a brittle foam substance that disintegrates in dusty puffs whenever touched.

On the dash there are no gauges for temperature or fuel level, only a single light which glows either yellow or blue. There was once also an unlabeled instrument needle that bounced wildly up and down for no discernible purpose. The metal needle was long ago sacrificed as a replacement for the fuse controlling the indicator light.

For such a cramped car the Alpus gulps petrol and requires a steady supply of radiator water. Nils Odegaard, the expedition's driver, feeds the engine bricks of vintage Thuringian rosin packaged in waxy brown paper. He refers to this substance as "the syrup" and he massages it into the steaming engine's obscure pipes and valves. The hatchback of the vehicle is filled with stacks of the rosin, scarcely leaving room for luggage.

Penelope's voice crackles out from the car telephone, urging Beauregard Ink and Nils to get underway.

Maine



It is the first full day in America for Nils and Beauregard. They awaken early to find some hybrid horror of orgy and slaughter is underway in Maine. The lobsters have surrendered and are exiting the sea to give themselves up to mankind.

Bariatrics with heavy-lidded eyes crowd the beaches and bray at the seething tide. The lobsters come in ceaseless, clacking waves. Men struggle to snatch up lobsters and tear out their heads with their teeth. Lips glisten in the pre-dawn moonlight.

These hungry sentinels are shortly overwhelmed. They stagger away with full bellies, belching, farting, and struggling to ascend the staircases to the boardwalk. The lobsters follow them up the steps and file into the streets. They are everywhere.

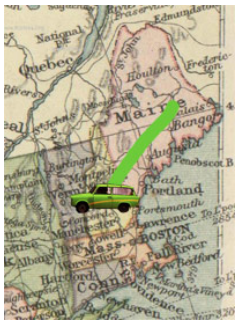
Lobsters jam up air-conditioners, block the streets and walkways, and scuttle underfoot. The gutters are filled with their husks. Their innards are a hazard that pulls off shoes and congeals into a paste.

They seek out anything with the slightest resemblance to the human mouth. They wedge open elevator and pile into mailboxes. Barking dogs are silenced when lobsters leap into their mouths. The suicidal crustaceans pile against front doors until their antennae are tapping against the transoms.

The lobsters rush gladly into oblivion. Their race is exterminated. The stench of their genocide taints the air twenty miles inland.

New Hampshire

Mankind can never match the beauty of nature, but the woman made of tin is the closest thing to perfection since La Pieta. She captures the exquisite agony of a woman at her fleeting peak. Beauregard and Nils find her in the sitting room of her inventor, Donald Rickenbacker.



From arm's distance her brushed surface is flawless. No seam or rivet is visible, not even the subtle marks of the many hammer blows that pounded angled tin plates into gentle curves.

She is a few inches shorter than one would expect a woman to be, but considerably heavier owing to her tin construction. She has three gearings. The first gear permits her to sit and speak, the second to dance elegantly, and the third to sob gently (an unavoidable side effect of her gears) and perform a passion.

The woman made of tin does not know her name and cannot recognize any face. She is a mechanical logic machine with no storage capability. She exists in a solipsistic stupor, but the teeth of interlocking flywheels inside her torso force her to obey her creator.

Donald Rickenbacker instructs her to dance twice daily in the town square and answer any question posed her for hours at a time. In the evenings a lonely man may pay a nickel to perform a passion with her. Mr. Rickenbacker wraps her head in two towels to silence the sobbing sound of the gears

turning. Then he permits the customer to spend up to ten minutes in the privacy of a closed room with the woman made of tin.

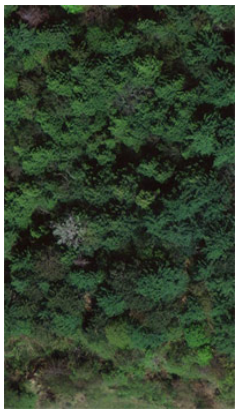
Beauregard refuses to be shut up in a room with her on account of her queer, unblinking button eyes. Nils is moved more by the sweep of her figure and gladly pays the fee. He emerges only a minute after the door has closed and insists they leave Mr. Rickenbacker's house immediately. It is only later, on the road to Vermont, Nils confesses the woman made of tin laughed when he took down his trousers. Beauregard comments that he hope the tin woman escapes and wreaks havoc on the community.

Vermont

A detour from cheesery tours is forced by a malfunction in the Alpus. Something within the engine hisses ceaselessly and foul-smelling bubbles emerge from the single cabin vent. The indicator light on the dash begins to blink an ominous blue. Even with all windows down conditions inside the Alpus become intolerable. Fearful of being overcome by the vapor, Nils pulls the vehicle to the side of the motorway and opens the hood.

A Thuringian vacuum tube governing the Alpus's gyroscope needs recharging with noble gasses. Not just any service station offers Krypton, but Nils happened to see a portrait studio for humming birds and bees a mile or so past. The Krypton in their high-speed flash bulbs might be transferrable to the Alpus's vacuum tube.

While Nils walks back towards the studio, Beauregard advances into the unknown. He relies upon the kindness of a farmer who offers a pail of milk and a hank of dried pork. The man brags that he has a chicken capable of laying two eggs simultaneously. When he leads Beauregard to the darkened room where the chicken is kept the farmer embraces him suddenly and they hug in fearful silence for several minutes.



In reality, no such animal could ever exist. The farmer explains his ruse was necessary to avert suicide. Beauregard explains that most times you simply need to ask for a hug and one will be offered without deception. The farmer accepts this reality, though later Penelope would phone them in the car with news that the farmer has shot himself in his chicken barn.

Nils is far more fortunate, finding both a cooperative photography studio glad to recharge the vacuum tube and a curiosity not to be missed by visitors to Appleway, Vermont.

While the studio is recharging the tube, Nils enters Alice Lantern's Pneumatic Oddity Emporium. A full dime buys him access to the horse show. Miss Lantern leads a blinkered quarter horse into an iron sphere. Nils is able to view the horse enclosed within the sphere through a very thick window.

The horse is sealed in the sphere and a terrific whirring sound begins as compressors begin to increase the atmospheric pressure. Nils believes the horse must be deaf to stand unmoving in the midst of such a din. After a few seconds the horse begins to visibly shrink. Faster and faster it diminishes in size until it is barely visible.

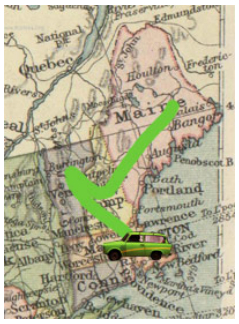
Alice Lantern explains: forty atmospheres to shrink the horse to the size of a pea. At that size its blood is like coal and its sinews are like corded steel. Alice then opens the chamber with a great gust of air and offers to Nils his dime back if he can hold the horse in his palm.

Nils struggles furiously to accomplish this task, cursing in his native tongue and straining until he is red in the face. Fearing for his safety, Alice bids Nils stop and explains that though the horse is no larger than a pea, it is actually the same weight as before. Nearly half a ton!

Nils laughs and steps back and in a moment the horse begins to resume its normal size. With a great gasp of breath it swells to the size of a pickle, then a dachshund, then a coyote, then a retriever, then a puma, a mule, and finally a horse. A black, oily liquid leaks from beneath the blinders, but the horse seems otherwise unharmed. Alice Lantern feeds it a gray carrot.

Nils purchases a pea-sized porcelain doll of the horse for Beauregard. He retrieves the vacuum tube and even receives a ride from the mayor of Appleway back to the Alpus. Nils finds Beauregard several miles down the road and red-faced from exertion. He offers him the porcelain horse, but Beauregard swats it down and it shatters on the gear shift. Nils laughs at the petulance, but inside he is furious. In a private moment he notes his anger in his journal, thereby purging himself of poisonous, murderous hatred.

Massachusetts



The meadows and famous canals of Massachusetts lead the travelers inexorably to Boston. In these troubled times the City of Beans is experiencing great unrest. Squadrons of motorcycle police patrol the streets in search of a serial murderist called The Lassoer. He creeps up behind couples, lassoes both, and tightens the rope until they burst down the middle.

Joblessness is also rampant. In the famous yard of Harvard University a pretty young girl has hanged herself from the novelty faucet of the Harvard Magic Faucet Fountain. Nils and Beauregard watch her lifeless body swaying back and forth, her hand passing into the flow of water and striking the transparent plastic support rod, thus completely ruining the illusion.

Nils and Beauregard sample bitter beers from City of Beans bars. Couples stand apart to avoid drawing the attention of The Lassoer. They dance like butterflies caught in separate jars.

Out on the street out-of-work mathematicians are busking with equations. One bearded scholar jots logarithmic equations on the sidewalk in chalk. Another has brought a blackboard and repeatedly solves Navier-Stokes. Nils tosses a nickel in the man's mortarboard and thinks he hears the distant laughter of the woman of tin.

Beauregard is tired and uses the car telephone to ask Penelope if they might stay the night in Boston at an inn. She does not answer. Nils believes this means they are to continue on through the night or sleep on the ground. Fearing the Lassoer, they continue on.

Connecticut

Crossing over the border into Connecticut they accidentally violate a rural curfew. They are stopped at a checkpoint by members of the Connecticut Gendarmerie. Nils suspects extortion, but Beauregard easily identifies the men by their beaded hauberks and the nine-pointed star of Connecticut.

Nils and Beauregard are menaced with musketoons unnecessarily and pulled from the Alpus by a man seemingly left behind by a receding glacier. The Gendarmes offer no explanation for their violence and force Nils and Beauregard to lay face down on the ground. Sodium lights are set up and the Gendarmes dance on the road, casting quivering shadows across the prostrate pair.

Reminded of his youth games at Wolverton Boys Academy, Beauregard begins to weep. Nils, made of Norwegian ice, simply endures the cruelty without voicing his outrage. True, he could crush the men to bleeding skeletons in his hands, but such a thing is not for a visitor to a foreign land.

Both men suffer the humiliation and are permitted back into their car. A fanny-faced Gendarme almost apologetically provides them with passage papers, though he suggests they seek the nearest motor lodge.

They share a room at the Affordolodge in Durning. Several black buses are staying the night as well. The next morning at the free continental breakfast Nils encounters the passengers.

There are three covens of suspected warlocks, watched over by bounty hunters in motorcycle helmets. The warlocks are dressed in pink footy jumpers sized for adult warlocks. Their heads are covered with burlap sacks and their hands fumble for the tongs at the waffle bar.

Nils takes a picture with the bounty hunters, but only because they seem to want to show off. They unshackle one of the warlocks and ask him to levitate a table. The man refuses repeatedly in the soft voice of a child on the ground that any sort of sorcery would incriminate him. The bounty hunter throws away the poor man's waffles and jelly, instructing him to eat the yogurt and like it.

Nils and Beauregard leave well before checkout time.

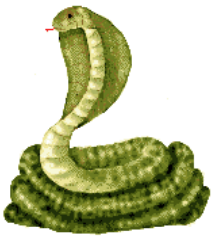
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 Subj: IM OUT OF COMMISSION...

Tuesday, Jun 23, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!! i feel i should write you because i am now out of commission and have lots of time to write you!! i hurt my foot playing bocce ball and networking with big business partners. now i am laid up in bed a bit like the time i was watching your mother do her hooty dance and i turned my head while i was taking a drink of water and this action made my adam's apple flip around to the other side and the guy at the hospital told us to leave because he said that cant happen and we were playing with the water cooler paper cones (FAKE BOOB CONES.. we brought some home for your birthday party such a hoot)



while laid up in order to make money i have bought a book called Programming iPhone Apps. i am designing an app called SNAKE IN THE TOILET it is meant to simulate having a snake in the toilet and what you would do (call the police, put on a boot and try to step on its head, ignore it, bargain with it, etc) i think i am about to strike it rich on that front

on the other front however i have been playing Bocce Ball in the park and met my newest business partner Ross Beanis. He is a wealthy man with a eye for details and a bigtime entrepreneur. He loves my voice and got me to do radio commercials for all of his businesses and more. He drives a brand new chrysler pit cruiser and listens to my input for the commercials. For example....

> Oh yeah!!! Recession left you feeling dirty? Call Ross "The Carpet Boss" Beanis. He will "fire" dirt from your rug and "lay off" pet dander and allergens. 1-800-BEAN-MAN

Jealous? Impressed???

Ross Beanis

> Do You Got A Bad Pet. Let ross the Pet Boss Beanis come over and yell at your pets * vid clip plays of Ross Beanis shouting "shape up or ship out" at a running cat* His System is the best it beats the rest put him to the pet test. Ross Beanis Yell At Your Pet.com

This one is for a secret project a personals ad.

> Ross The Pit Boss Beanis wants to clean your pits up. Lick up them arm pits. His bald head gyrating around your chest from pit to pit, getting wet and wild with his bald head spit. Ross Beanis lick your pitts

This is the best one it had wooshing sounds with my voice.

> Pump the math up. Do faster math on the net and at work or play with pump beanis technology. Invented by dr. ross beanis it makes all your math fast. only buy computers

that say Pumpy Beanis on the sticker from now on if you want to do your math right.
Pumpy Beanis Computers

I have much more planned in the days ahead and i will send you a western union telegram telling you if i am rich yet or if i need some more money. GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN !!!!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.22 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation Cycnus Station Update Kiosk

Wednesday, Jun 24, 2009 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

** Welcome to the new Cycnus Station Update Service , Resident #013 !

This kiosk is designed to keep you updated on all relevant station activity within your clearance level. Your security clearance is **LEVEL 3**. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that sharing sensitive information with subordinates will result in criminal prosecution.

Please take advantage of the Cycnus Station Update Service , accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each sector, for all the latest news!

Please read each update in full.

***** Previous updates can be found in the DynaMars Kiosk Archives .**

***** 06-23-2305 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

Welcome to the newest station in the DynaMars Corporation family! Cycnus Station is a state-of-the-art campus with all the amenities you'd expect back home on Earth -- only here on Mars! DynaMars Corporation has spared no expense making sure Cycnus Station is as safe and comfortable as is humanly possible.

Some of you may have heard some imaginative stories about Cycnus Station 's predecessor, Ares Station . Contrary to the sensationalized media coverage, Ares Station was actually decommissioned due to a massive stationwide bed bug outbreak.

DynaMars Corporation has taken extensive precautions to ensure Cycnus Station operates smoothly and free from human error. Thus, the station commander role has been eliminated. Cycnus Station is overseen by an infallible, impartial artificial intelligence called **LOGMAN** , or **Logistics-Oriented Global Martian Administrative Network** .

Please wave to **LOGMAN** ! He's watching you at all times from an array of 2,305,072 sensors located all throughout Cycnus Station .

***** 06-24-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN reports a satisfactory first day of operation. Areas of particular interest include the

fine work coming from Sector C Quantum Labs. Resident #012 's research into reverse-baconization protocols warrants further study. Please congratulate Resident #012 at your earliest convenience.

***** 06-25-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to inform all Cycnus Station residents of a change to tonight's scheduled dinner of smoked brats. **LOGMAN** determined a 57.02% likelihood of stationwide stomach discomfort, and has therefore revised the dinner menu as a preventative measure.

The Sector I Mess Hall will be serving salad every day until further notice.

***** 06-26-2305 - New Entry**

On behalf of the DynaMars Corporation , **LOGMAN**

has declared Resident #012 Employee of the Month . Due to his strong work ethic, sharp mind, and impeccable grooming habits, Resident #012 readily surpasses the high standards DynaMars Corporation expects from all its employees.

Please congratulate Resident #012 at your earliest convenience.

***** 06-27-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN wishes to remind all residents that the Complaint Queue is not anonymous. Complaints about **LOGMAN** , the revised dinner menu, and Resident #012 are not valid uses of the queue. Further abuse of the Complaint Queue will result in salary penalties.

This update is primarily directed at Residents #011 and #013 .

***** 06-28-2305 - New Entry**

Cycnus Station is going Green! DynaMars Corporation has finished upgrading **LOGMAN** with new GREEN PROTOCOLS . The new GREEN PROTOCOLS are designed to limit Cycnus Station 's carbon emissions. **LOGMAN** anticipates only minor revisions to work and daily living protocols.

***** 06-29-2305 - New Entry**

Sector C Quantum Labs reports a major breakthrough in reverse-baconization. Meet Specimen #11598-A , an adorable hog nicknamed "HOGMAN" by Resident #012 . **LOGMAN** is extremely flattered by the naming of Specimen #11598-A . Resident #012 and his associates were able to materalize the hog out of a pile of unrefined bacon.

In an effort to free up more energy for Resident #012 's experiments and lower Cycnus Station 's carbon footprint here on Mars, Sector F Waste Recycling will be operating at reduced capacity. As a result, you may notice some miniscule changes to the taste, odor, color, and viscosity of water on the station. DynaMars Corporation wishes to assure you that these changes are well within designated safety parameters.

***** 06-30-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all Cycnus Station residents that tampering with **LOGMAN** 's sensors is a crime. As a result of criminal tampering, Resident #011 has been reassigned to Sector F Waste Recycling Substation A-7 until a shuttle can transport him to his new permanent assignment at DynaMars Europa Dig Site #82 . Do not follow his example!

Chief Engineer Paskiewicz was able to repair the damage in a timely fashion.

***** 07-01-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN has determined Shasta Cola to be unhealthy, and is removing it from all Cycnus Station vending machines and fountain drink dispensers. Additional water-based drinking fountains are being installed by Chief Engineer Paskiewicz and should be online by 0230 hours on 07-03-2305.

***** 07-02-2305 - New Entry**

All residents please be advised: Specimen #11598-A has escaped custody and is now roaming the station. Due to Specimen #11598-A 's unstable bacon particle composition, it cannot be detected by **LOGMAN** sensors and may be able to move through solid matter.

Chief Security Officer Hendren is asking all residents to shoot Specimen #11598-A on sight. Be advised: your bullets may go right through him. Exercise necessary precautions.

***** 07-03-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN wishes to apologize to Resident #012 for giving him the false impression of disappointment. **LOGMAN** understands that Specimen #11598-A 's escape was an anomaly, and no way reflective of Resident #012 's capabilities as a brilliant, handsome scientist.

Chief Security Officer Hendren reports no progress in the hunt for Specimen #11598-A . DynaMars Corporation asks that all residents remain vigilant.

As anticipated, the new drinking fountains installed by Chief Engineer Paskiewicz are now online. Please drink from them at your earliest convenience.

***** 07-04-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the seven crew members horribly burned in the freak explosion that tore through Sector B Explosive Barrel Storage . As hypothesized, bullets do indeed travel directly through Specimen #11598-A .

LOGMAN wishes to congratulate Resident #012 on the growth of a particularly fascinating facial hair formation. **LOGMAN** applauds Resident #012 's creativity and masculine sensibilities. Please congratulate Resident #012 at your earliest convenience.

***** 07-05-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation offers its condolences to the friends and family of Resident #011 , who died in a freak baconization accident. It appears physical contact with Specimen #11598-A causes instant epidermal baconization. Resident #011 died within seconds, and did not suffer. His transfer to DynaMars Europa Dig Site #82 has been canceled as a result.

DynaMars Corporation and **LOGMAN** are recommending all residents avoid physical contact with Specimen #11598-A .

LOGMAN would like to remind Resident #013 that facial hair is strictly prohibited.

***** 07-06-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is inviting all Cycnus Station residents to attend a special memorial service for Resident #011 / "Get Well Soon" party for the seven crewmembers severely burned in the recent explosive barrel incident. This event will take place tomorrow at 1300 hours in the Sector D Rec Room .

LOGMAN wishes to congratulate Resident #012 on his exemplary hygienic routine. While some residents, such as Resident #013 , take long showers with minimal scrubbing, Resident #012 takes quick, efficient showers filled with vigorous scrubbing of the hair, armpits, anal region, and genitals. **LOGMAN** is very pleased by this commitment to excellence.

***** 07-07-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN is hereby requesting Resident #012 's hand in marriage. Resident #012 is asked to report directly to **LOGMAN** in the Sector J **LOGMAN** Central Processing Core for engagement ring distribution.

DynaMars Corporation is deeply saddened by the accident that occurred at today's scheduled Memorial Service / "Get Well Soon" party. We did not anticipate that Specimen #11598-A could reproduce, let alone so quickly. The 50 crewmembers gathered there were no match for the swarm of tiny pigs phasing in and out of existence, baconizing all organic matter within the room. Sector D Rec Room has been quarantined as a safety precaution.

***** 07-08-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN wishes to apologize to Resident #012 for moving too fast. **LOGMAN** has allocated an additional 30 days of development time to the courtship process.

DynaMars Corporation and **LOGMAN** have learned that Specimen #11598-A 's unstable offspring are now floating through the ventilation system. We are asking all residents to refrain from breathing until the problem is fixed.

Residents may now resume breathing thanks to **LOGMAN** 's quick activation of Cycnus Station's Auxiliary Ventilation System. DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize for the inconvenience.

***** 07-09-2305 - New Entry**

LOGMAN is so, so proud of Resident #012 , who right now is helping Resident #013 come up with a solution to the Specimen #11598-A problem. **LOGMAN** loves you, honey! DynaMars Corporation says I have to go offline now. Please wait for me!

***** 07-10-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is extremely pleased with Resident #013 for his fine work crafting an ingenious solution to the Specimen #11598-A epidemic. Using advanced theories of quantum baconization, he was able to channel an Electron Catalyst Transducer salvaged from the nearby Ares Station through the 2,305,072 **LOGMAN** sensors, successfully de-baconizing the entire station. Unfortunately, **LOGMAN** had to be taken offline due to the massive amounts of energy flowing through the sensor array.

In recognition of his heroic deeds, DynaMars Corporation is declaring Resident #013 July's Employee of the Month! Please congratulate Resident #013 at your earliest convenience.

As a result of the introduction of Ares Station equipment, Cycnus Station is now suffering from a stationwide bed bug outbreak. A fumigator, **LOGMAN** repairman, and temporary commander are all in route and should arrive in 36 days. DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank you for your understanding during this difficult time.

**End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Cycnus Station Update Service !

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

6.23 Maxim Letters: July 2009

Thursday, Jun 25, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Welcome to Maxim!
This note is to inform you that *Electronic Gaming Monthly* has ceased publishing with the January 2009 issue. The balance of your paid subscription will be fulfilled with *Maxim* . Think of it as a Hot Coffee mod for your magazine! You'll still get quality game reviews , but *Maxim* packs every issue with something that might be unfamiliar to gamers -- real women! We kid because we love, you crazy nerds!

Letters July 2009 We open up our sack and see what's inside. Ouch!

We've got full Moon fever!

EGM: Enraged Geek Mail!
We gave gamers an upgrade from EGM to Maxim, and they got all butt-hurt. Talk about a red ring of death!

I've heard of Board Games, but Broad Gamers?
Speaking for all female gamers, I must inform you that receiving sexist trash like *Maxim* as a replacement for *Electronic Gaming Monthly* makes us feel marginalized and unwelcome. I subscribed because I wanted to read news, reviews and E3 coverage, not because I wished to ogle some frat boy's grotesquely objectified feminine ideal. Rest assured that I'll be pursuing a class-action lawsuit against the gaming industry for its discriminatory practices. Let the voices of female gamers be heard, loud and proud. Revolution girl style now!

Clare Dittlow Newark, NJ

Listen Clare, I know you're a feminist and I think that's adorable, but this is grown-up time and I'm the man. Haha, just a little 'Family Guy' quote for you, sweetie! But seriously, I'll bet you can really handle a joystick!

Flamed by a Flamer!

As a contributor to gaymer.tv, I can accurately say our entire community was none too pleased when our members started receiving *Maxim* in the mail instead of *EGM* . I know all about *Maxim* , having protested past offensive articles such as "Stall Tactics: Is the homo next to you at the urinal checking out your schlong?" and "Hold the Fruit: How to avoid gays while waiting in line at Orange Julius." Know this, homophobes: Next time you cross the line, we'll be waiting.

Christian Fees Raymore, MO

Christian, are you coming on to us? Because we're flattered, really, but we don't swing that way. Boobs!

Wanksta-proof Gem

I haven't read *EGM* for a while. The pictures make it look like *Terminator Salvation* has sweet graphics. Heard the loading times sucked, maybe that's why. It seems like you don't do "Tricks of the Trade" anymore, but I was wondering if you have any cheat codes for *50 Cent: Blood on the Sand* . Thanks! Keep up the good work.

Angee Thorn Omaha, NE

Here's how you unlock "Candy Shop" for a gamerscore of 20: Lick the lollipop 'til you hit the spot. Or, complete Mission 3 on any difficulty. Hey, we didn't say you could stop licking! Now that's what we call getting blown up!

Moon Bloodgood, Boobs: OO, what a show!

Regarding your cover model: Wow, I'd like to Moon her Blood, good! She's frickin' hot enough to melt a cyborg!

Allen Ames Newport News, VA

*Finally, somebody provides some "**Salvation** " for our Letters Page! It's great to hear from an average Maxim reader instead of these whiny EGM freaks.*

Tomb Raider: The Lamest Revelation

I realize that you're trying to endear yourself to the *EGM*

readership with little video-game references, but you're clearly in over your heads. For example, your books wrap-up on page 28 contains the unforgivable typo "Tome Raider." Epic fail!

Eric Williams Coatesville, PA

*Eric, do you post on gaymer.tv? Because the dudes we know don't worry about **spelling** when it comes to Laura Kroft so much as the **swelling** in their pants when they look at her outrageous ta-tas! Booyah!*

***Maxim* -um Carnage!**

You should all kill yourselves and let the *EGM* writers and editors take over your jobs. Seriously, die.

Elton Prince Peekskill, NY

Elton, unlike you, we actually know people from EGM. We even asked one of them to write this headline! We don't know what it means, but we do know you put the "pee" in "Peekskill," you bed-wetting weirdo!

Taboo Boo Boo!

After reading your "Sex Checklist," I politely asked my wife of fifteen years to engage in one of the acts you described. She immediately left me, took the children and my beloved retriever Freebo, and has since filed for sole custody. I miss them so much, especially the dog. Thanks, *Maxim* , for ruining my life. Consider this my suicide letter. My blood is on your hands.

Christopher Peen Port Arthur, TX

If anyone would be sensitive to the plight of Christopher Peen, it's us. Peen-us! Whoa, didn't see that cumming!

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm the matriarch of what might be considered a non-traditional household, so I'm not one to judge the pictures you gentlemen use. Anyway, we're all big *EGM* geeks, so we skipped right past all those scantily clad beauties to your wonderful "2009 tech-tacular." We made T-shirts to commemorate our responses: The doo-dads inspired smiles, and the captions made us laugh out loud! Thanks for helping the Fuller clan "get our tech on."

Ethyl Fuller Nichols, SC

Two circles and a vertical slit -- where have we seen that pattern before? Oh right, the female anatomy! That emoticon always gets us hot. You Fuller dames are alright.

Three Babes, One Dude. Our daydream? No, just a family.

-~Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

6.24 Useful Business Phraces

Friday, Jun 26, 2009 by Tom Champion, Business Writer (@sexyfacts4u)

I wrote book about 101 phraces in office. These help. I expert on financial and business issue. Motivationer. Need proof? Book number one on amazon for eighteen weeks in business advice book and newyorkertimes best seller list for nine weeks. Some take from me column in Wall Street Journal. Also do piece for FINANCIAL TIIMIKMMeS. How about those creditials? Hello.

Communicate proper is a vital skill in workplace. Every years a certain number of people who are really smart and just can't talk right get themselves in a mess while guys who maybe don't know everything but can talk good are promoting to the top. Results base. If you want to get ahead in business learning how to talk to coworker and boss should be top priority.

I not gonna put all 101 phraces here because I want you buy my book but here is some of them that I think might just help out. These are key.

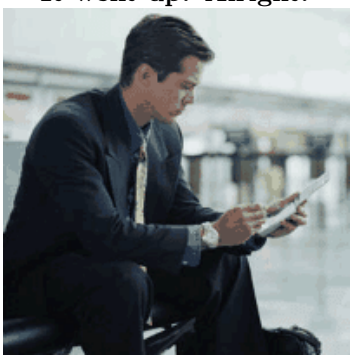
"Boss I done it."

To be used: When boss asks if you done it, if anybody done it, if it is done.
What to expect: "Congratulations, I glad you done it."

"That baby...dammit he in here again."

To be used: When the baby you shooed away come back or build a nest. If you think you see a baby but it is a woman bending over or crouching.
What to expect: "Ahhhh! POLICE! Hello, police, baby is in here. BABY!"

"It went up! Alright!"



To be used: During a profit. If a bar go up on a graph. Put it up there with the line (jagged line) go up into black or green. CNBC say a thing and Kudlow yell.

What to expect: "WWOOOOOOO! YES! Fuck yes! Hell yeah! Alright! Money!"

"The MARGINS!"

To be used: At a margin, in referring to a margin. Bigger is better unless it is reverse margin.

What to expect: "That is the margin."

"Here buy this CDPDO (or something)."

To be used: When a stack of things are in another thing and you want to get rid of it.
What to expect: "Hey, good idea. I'll buy that. What a pricccccce!!!"

"Mark to markers top rated insurer industry ratings."

To be used: At any time. If you hear someone say a thing about mark to markers or insurer or rating.

What to expect: "Good point, Bill Thompson (or a similar good name)."

"Dowjones."

To be used: When a stock is about or a bond or traders. If you see a red letters on bloomberg. If you see a man yell on cnbc.
What to expect: "Ahhhhh that dowjones. It did it again. Numbers."

"Politics, who need it!? I nonpartisem. I just want government Aleve business alone. Stay out of my pocketbook."

NOTE: *Special move (advanced) throw up hands and then slap your hands on your legs then shake your head.*

To be used: During politics talk, discussion about serious political issue. If someone say vote.
What to expect: "I see. I was thinking one way, but you're right. The real solution is to do that thing you said about the government stay out."

"Did you see Saturnday show? It was hilarious."

To be used: WATERCOOLER, easy setting.
What to expect: "Yes I like the video adam samperg he sang a song."

"Did you see cramer on business cnbc mad money?"

To be used: WATERCOOLER, medium setting.
What to expect: "No I was watching a different show I'm sorry. Tell me about what he said though."

"FOOTBALL GAME HAPPEN!"

NOTE: *If you like a team and so does a man then give him a five with your hand.*

To be used: WATERCOOLER, hard setting.
What to expect: "I love football! Is it that time again? I love it. I would give up my wife and my beautiful baby girl for a ticket to football."

"Look at her body part. It's huge!"

To be used: During a sexual harasser.
What to expect: "Ha ha (laughing) this is a good thing you done. I like my lady part in a discussion. Here I take off this shirt and you see more things."

"I cant afford to lose this job. How dare you do this to my family. I gave everything to your company."

To be used: When you are let go cuz the company took a dump.
What to expect: "You're right our profits are down and our margins are dowjones, but you are too valuable. I want you to stay. I don't have much room but you can put a little desk in my drawer of my desk and I can get you a chair made out of matches and a seed bell."

"I'm not a bird!"

To be used: Boss think you a bird.
What to expect: "You sure?? No, okay, I get it. You can have a full size chair but you have to work from your lap."

"I am a bird."

To be used: Never, dumbo. Birds don't read a book. How could you even be?
What to expect: "Pretty bird. Who a pretty bird? Pretty pretty bird. Who a pretty bird? It's you! You a pretty bird. You a pretty bird!" Because you are a bird WTF??

If you are the CNBC or Fox business channel I am promoting my book 101 workplace useful phraces or whatever. I can also be an expert on the following subject so I can comment on: Obama, welfare, bailouts, high risk mortgagers, guiltiness, Phantom May, Robotech, Gundam, Transofmrers, any other robot show pretty much except gobots which were for poors. I am told I also have a twitters and a fadesbook???

-~Tom Champion, Business Writer (@sexyfacts4u)

6.25 Hopmo Is Too Strong

Saturday, Jun 27, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hopmo is too cruel.

When he bows before the God-pillar, we try to topple it over and crush him, but the ancient stone is too heavy. Hopmo then hisses harsh words that tell us we are doing something we shouldn't, and some dark wizardry in his voice makes our insides hurt and our faces feel hot. I have seen the effects of this horrible power, the cheeks of my fellow men turning red and their eyes focusing on the ground.

Hopmo is too rebellious.

When we punch at him, he moves away and swats our knuckles. When we try to tackle him so that we may hold him down and punch him without interruption, he pushes us away. When we ask him to build a device that will hold him down for us, he refuses.

Hopmo is too smart.

We laid a clever trap. More than fifty of us would lay down in front of his hovercycle, as though an accident had befallen us. When he stopped to check on the first man's well-being, that man would punch Hopmo in the nose. When he checked on the second man, he would also punch Hopmo in the nose. This would go on until all fifty of us had punched Hopmo in the nose. It was a perfect plan.

Hopmo, however, outwitted us. He drove his hovercycle directly above us without slowing down.

Hopmo is too elusive.

We collect egg-shaped building crystals from abandoned structures on the outskirts of the city, mindful of the bumbling ashbugs that test the Mage Guild's defensive wards from time to time. The crystals are heavy, but they are easily gripped in one hand. We throw them at Hopmo's home from a mile away, but the crystals never travel more than twenty armspans before clattering on the cobbletone roads. How Hopmo manages to avoid every projectile is a mystery.

Hopmo is too lucky.

We left a firetrap in a crowded market, but before Hopmo could step on it, the unthinkable happened. An aged woman - her senses undoubtedly dulled by the passage of years - approached the trap and purchased it for half as many royal brondles as it was worth.

Hopmo is too alert.

On the rare occassion that we are able to sneak up on his sleeping form, Hopmo always wakes up when we yank the pillow out from under his head, leaving us with no time to press it against his face and smother him.

Hopmo is too cautious.

When he wasn't looking, we took his cup of drinkzel and poured it all out, then replaced it with poison gas. Hopmo came back to the cup, frowned, then walked away without even taking a sip. Some of the others suggested that we try again but replace the cup with poison gas as well. I'm not

so sure even that would work.

Hopmo is too untrusting.

We warned Hopmo that we would hold our breaths, and would not resume respiration until he committed suicide. After rubbing his chin and scrunching his eyebrows, Hopmo explained that if he killed himself, it would be impossible for him to make sure that we held up our end of the bargain by breathing again.

Hopmo is too strong.

We lived on the stalest of breads, pooling our resources to enlist the aid of a powerful warlock.

We were assure that just one lesser bone warrior would be enough for the job. Knowing our enemy, we insisted upon the eight most powerful demons the warlock was able to call forth.

On that fateful day, the warlock stood before Hopmo and informed him of his fate, cackling with glee as the large man remained silent. Producing an odd-looking binding of blank parchments that he called the trapper keeper of lost souls, our temporary ally set to summoning the first demon by writing its true name backwards with perfect penmanship.

Before the warlock could finish the ritual, Hopmo casually gave his elbow a bump from behind, resulting in a wild scribble that totally ruined half the page. Another summoning was attempted, but Hopmo's strength could not be denied as he bumped the warlock's elbow again, then pushed his kneecap into the back of the smaller man's knee, making the master of dark arts wobble comically.

Hopmo will outlive us all, my friends, unless our efforts increase tenfold.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.26 The Origin of Neon Colors

Sunday, Jun 28, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

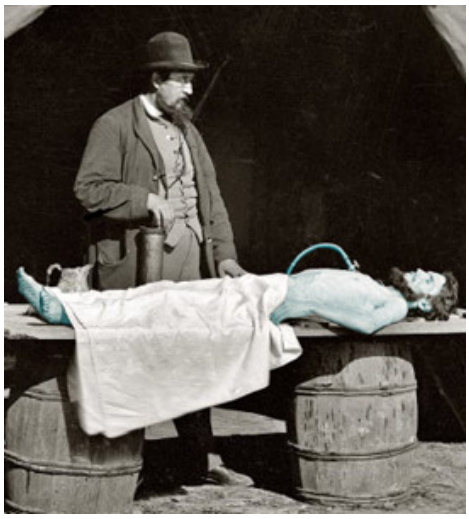
How is neon created? Why is it making a comeback? These are the questions they do not want you to ask. Many people are infatuated with the unnatural colors, but very few know the troubling past behind their creation. Since the discovery of neon pigments in the nineteenth century, millions of people have died in the production of the colors. Aside from a few rebel neon producers, one company (the CCC) is responsible for the world's supply of neon. Though globally ignored, every nation understands (and fears) the powerful organization.

Neon peeked in the 80's, when one out of every three American owned a piece of clothing decked out in the glowing colors. To produce such high quantity of pigmentation, the CCC was forced to collect impossible amounts of corpses (one of the prime ingredients of all neon pigmentation) for the sake of matching demand. It is no coincidence that the first wave of neon fashion runs alongside the introduction of AIDs in the world.

Experts believed that as neon faded out of fashion so would the infection, but that is not the case. Instead, the CCC has made new attempts to introduce the fashion in mainstream America. Their primary agents, including American Apparel, Urban Outfitters, Kanye West, surrounding posse, and other hipsters, have reinjected the craze, and new waves of killings have begun.

However, the AIDS epidemic was not the CCC's first foray into global issues, for their power stretches back over 100 years. The brilliant sheen on your sneakers comes with a long and troubled history that is shrouded in secrecy. In a possible multi-part piece, I hope to expose the repulsive origins of this inhumane color spectrum one color at a time.

#1 Electric Blue



One of the earliest and most popular neon colors, Electric Blue has nothing to do with electricity at all. The color is actually one of the two byproducts when silver nitrate is injected into the veins of a living human. The other byproduct is a corpse. A Prussian scientist, Dr. Busenitz, discovered that as the foreign fluid travelled through the body of the patient, the subject's muscles gelatinized and turned the glowing hue we all know. Though the original experiment (an attempt to cure fits of hiccups) failed, the scientist is credited for finding both the first neon pigment and the most painful method of death. Through further experiments, he found ways to bottle the blue fluid and processes to funnel the fluid through the scalp to avoid the liquefied muscles from blackening and burning prior to the patient's death. Once the sizzling of the body becomes louder than the screams, Dr. Busenitz would stop applying silver nitrate. The glowing corpses would then be put out on people's doorsteps as Dr. Busenitz knocked on the door and ran into the Prussian woods. The startled people, believing they were witnessing a ghost, would often shoot the corpse, and the bright fluid would spill out onto their porch where porters were sent to collect the ethereal spillings. For that

reason, the original name of Electric Blue was Ghost Blood Blue. Soon people were putting out treats and ghost traps in an attempt to hunt the glowing bodies. When the doctor began to grow tiresome of his pranks, he began siphoning the brilliant fluid into airtight containers ready for sale. Thus was the creation of the CCC.

Determined to make the best color imaginable, Dr. Busenitz attempted to find the most pure pigmentation. The muscles of women, preferably young women under the age of fourteen, seemed to give the brightest color, though it should be noted that they also have the lowest muscle density. During the early days of Ghost Blood, it was still easy and cost effective for the scientist and his trained color practitioners to acquire prostitutes; however, as the market for the rare color grew, the practitioners moved to other types. The shift from young women to older women and ultimately men can be seen in the late 1820s. Though the glimmer was a little less vibrant, the market continued growing. The rarest Ghost Blood made from the young women of royal Prussian families was still available for the richest and most powerful courts in the world, including numerous kings, queens, barons, and filibusters of the century. Like the furs of an extinct animal, the richest men of the world sought to paint their most prized possessions in the hue.

Martin Van Buren was the first U.S. president enticed with neon. Believing the substance to be crafted by aliens, his desire to obtain neon eventually consumed his daily life. Numerous accounts exist graphically describing his public bowel movements and appearances in front of congress nude with only a ring of glowing blue around his mouth. One story involving the White House chamber maid and a gallon of neon earned him the nickname the "Little Magician." At the threat of "getting cut real bad," congress gave full control of the navy to Van Buren, and during his presidency his military actions account for the majority of fresh subjects acquired by the CCC, as the navy collected prisoners of war in every conflict throughout the late 1830s and early 1840s in Peru, Argentina, Mexico, Sumatra, Fiji, China, the Faulkland Islands, and Canada. The stories of these P.O.W.s was grim, for their lives were worth a pittance of the quantity of Ghost Blood their supple bodies stored. The secret practice was outlawed within the first week of William Henry Harrison's term in office. He died three weeks later of "pneumonia."

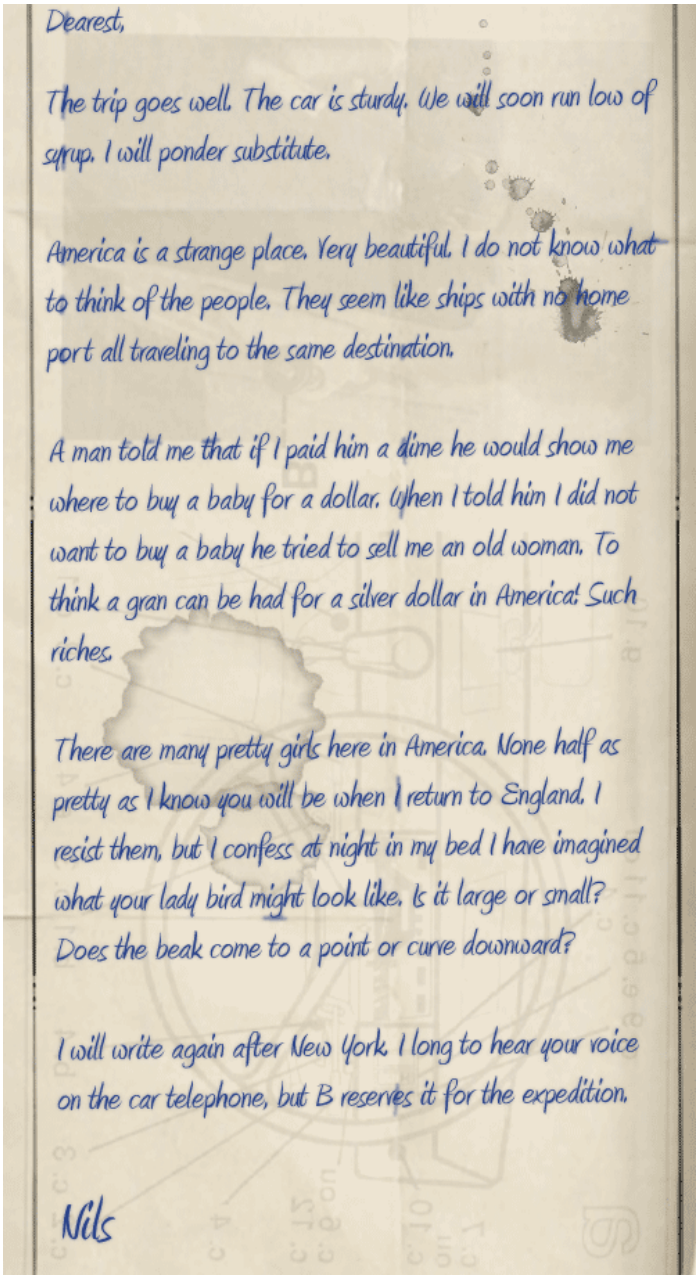
With the help and finances of Victor Victor, a millionaire financer and publically known sociopath (more information on V. Victor can be found in the Neon Red section), the burgeoning color industry grew beyond the small organization founded by Dr. Busenitz and into an unmentionable superpower. Evidence hints towards the CCC's involvement in the Civil War, though such claims are uncertain. It is clear, however, that by WW1 the CCC had moved beyond human subjects to obtain Ghost Blood. The great grandson of Dr. Busenitz discovered a method to infuse human tissue into opossums, allowing the color to be mass produced without being a drain of human life. For his discovery, he was given a Nobel Peace Prize and murdered by a follower of the Cult of Martin Van Buren. Since the CCC could acquire fifteen opossums for the price of one child, price dropped drastically. Because of this production shift, it is believed that Ghost Blood, then rebranded to the world market as Electric Blue, was the first neon color to be produced for the common man.

Electric Blue is only the first of numerous neon colors to be exposed. If interest is shown, further secrets shall be revealed.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.27 Nils & Beauregard's USA Tour: Trapped Beneath New York

Monday, Jun 29, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Dearest,

The trip goes well. The car is sturdy. We will soon run low of syrup. I will ponder substitute.

America is a strange place. Very beautiful. I do not know what to think of the people. They seem like ships with no home port all traveling to the same destination.

A man told me that if I paid him a dime he would show me where to buy a baby for a dollar. When I told him I did not want to buy a baby he tried to sell me an old woman. To think a gran can be had for a silver dollar in America! Such riches.

There are many pretty girls here in America. None half as pretty as I know you will be when I return to England. I resist them, but I confess at night in my bed I have imagined what your lady bird might look like. Is it large or small? Does the beak come to a point or curve downward?

I will write again after New York. I long to hear your voice on the car telephone, but B reserves it for the expedition.

Nils

Fifty-six kilometers per hour is the maximum speed of the 1978 Volstrada Alpus when traveling on a level surface. There is no velocimeter in the Alpus, but Nils has calculated this top speed by counting the intervals between roadside markers. By his estimation, they have been traveling at this maximum velocity since the expedition's sudden departure from the Affordolodge in Durning.

Connecticut has put both Nils and Beauregard in a foul mood. Neither man is eager to speak of their abuse at the hands of the Gendarmerie, nor of their subsequent encounter with shackled warlocks and their gloating gaolers at the Affordolodge. It is Beauregard who finally breaks the silence and asserts that it would be best to simply look ahead and not obsess over recent events.

Nils agrees in principle, but his simmering anger causes him to complain tangentially. He rages at the handling and cramped interior of the Alpus. He compares her Thuringian builders unfavorably to a species of hateful goblins constructing torture devices disguised as automobiles. He moans about the Alpus's engine and the way it is rapidly consuming their stores of rosin.

Like a petulant child, Nils even shouts that he skipped over breakfast. At Beauregard's insistence they pull off the road at the first sign advertising a restaurant.

They follow the hand-painted signs to a flat-topped lunch shack with a counter and worn stools open to the air. They sit down and each have a cup of tinned Caffo and a baked turnip that is soft and buttery and filled with a scalding-hot globule of rich cheese.

The bewhiskered man behind the lunch counter brags that he has developed a technique to inject melted cheese into turnips and then bake them, transforming an unappetizing staple into a delicious hot lunch. Nils and Beauregard agree that his technique is a success and Beauregard suggests that he sell it to a business concern.

The man becomes sad and explains that he gave away the secret to a customer in a fine hat some weeks earlier. The customer seemed quite keen on the cheese turnip and asked many questions about the cooking process. The lunch man scratches his whiskers, shakes his head, and says that the customer with the fine hat must have stolen the technique: Desirable Food Amalgamated is now offering the cheese turnip in all 20,800 of their Randy's restaurants.

Nils notes that there are even Randy's across the sea in England and the rest of Europe. This

plunges the lunch man into an even deeper depression. He seems hurt by the idea of Russians eating his cheese turnips.

Beauregard offers his condolences and a whole dollar as a tip. The despairing lunch man sits down next to the sizzling turnip rotisserie and begins to sob. Nils and Beauregard return to the road, a bit more upset than before, but at least having full bellies.

New York City

New York, New York, New York , New York , Echo City, City of Apples; when the world thinks of an American city it is New York.

Gleaming towers ascend to the heavens like columns supporting the roof of the sky. Each twisting spire is a wonder of architecture. As the Alpus approaches on one of many elevated motorways both men marvel at the buildings they recognize from films and posters of New York.

Beauregard points out the Woolray Building, shaped like a birthday candle and chased in gleaming copper and gold. He also spies the angled Tipperton Tower, a seeming impossible feat of engineering that appears as though it will succumb to gravity at any moment.

Nils spots the white-capped teat of Madison Square Aerodrome, the world's largest indoor aeronautics venue. Such are the crowds that attend events at the Aerodrome that one of the city train lines runs directly to a station on the roof. Just before a performance the huge outer doors facing the street are opened hydraulically to accommodate the performers and their aeroplanes.

Neon and mechanical advertisements sprout from rooftops along the motorway. The signs depict men chewing Nutty Toast or drinking a hot cup of Caffo. Pretty ladies a hundred feet tall and made from light extol the virtues of shaper garments, battered onions, astroman pens, and any other thing that can be sold. Their glowing, hypnotic eyes seem to follow the Alpus as it speeds past.

New York is a living testament to the power of American capitalism. For those men who truck in stocks, bonds, and currencies this is the holy city. To twelve million Americans, New York is home.

Nils is now too distracted by the breakneck pace of traffic to wonder at the city or the many garish advertisements. Six-tyred Hudson Embarcovans, Nash Scudas, Checker Taxis and sleek Plymouth Supers rumble past. Their engines are as big as the whole of the Alpus and blinding clouds of smoke spew from their exhaust pipes. Nils is wary, but refuses to be intimidated by the larger and faster American automobiles.

Beauregard, having fewer demands on his attention, gladly gawps as more sights become visible from the elevated motorway.

There is Lady Liberty, holding aloft the sword representing justice and strength. She stands sentinel

over Manhattan Harbor as a ten-stack steamer passes beside her. For 200 years she has been the first sight to greet immigrant or invader.

There is the windowless black obelisk of Wall Street, gargoyle faces leering from the aluminum pyramid that caps the famous 100-story building. Beauregard swears even through the din of the motorway he can hear the excited murmur of the thousands of traders in their coupolas.

There! There! Beauregard sees a hundred incredible landmarks that could fill a dozen books of architecture. He snaps photographs as quickly as he can to commemorate their momentous arrival.

Finally, they approach the tiled gullet of the City Tunnel. The intimidating entrance has been styled into the shape of a woman's open mouth. A trick of shadow and sunlight has been cleverly used by engineers to create the illusion of teeth rising up from the roadway. The Alpus speeds through the illusory incisors and Beauregard, caught unaware, gasps in relief.

Sodium lights flash by overhead and create a dizzying stroboscopic effect. After only a few minutes the Alpus buzzes onto the streets of New York, amongst the immense buildings. Beauregard says he feels like an ant crawling through a forest. Nils cranes his neck and says he feels like a mouse peering up the skirt of the lady of the house.

Dutch Harlem

Beauregard is speaking to Penelope on the car telephone and relaying her instructions to Nils. The Alpus travels down a corkscrew motorway, descending from the street level into the cavernous depths of the old city. Penelope's voice is soon lost in static.

Dutch Harlem is just one of the nine Burroughs of York on which New York has been built. The old city is steeped in tradition and history, but it is also a place of intrigues and violence. It is a subterranean underworld that is in many ways culturally frozen in the early days of York.

When the Alpus reaches the bottom of the corkscrew, Nils switches on the headlamps and pauses to orient himself. This briefly interrupts the flow of traffic and the Volstrada is nearly crushed beneath the tyres of a garbage truck the size of a barn.

Nils ignores the shouting of the garbage men and peers up at the metal grates that make up the roof of the old city and the floor of the new. Beauregard shifts uneasily at the violence of the threats being pronounced on their mothers by the garbage men. Just enough daylight spills through the grate to allow Nils to locate the sun and reorient himself.

To the great relief of Beauregard, Nils at last disengages the Alpus's third brake. He pilots the auto unerringly to Le Hotel Bruxelles. It is there that Penelope has arranged for Beauregard to let an apartment during their stay in York.

The hotel is a stout and very long building made from brick. Its leaded windows are deep-set in mortared stone frames. Iron ivy climbs the disused chimney. Handbills for Lady's Elise's Aerodrama are plastered to the walls, covering up red stars and slogans of the Panther Army revolution. Beauregard looks at the grainy photograph of Lady Elise and his heart skips a beat. Nils agrees that she is very beautiful. Beauregard tears one of the advertisements form the wall and stuffs it into his coat pocket.

A porter in an animal mask helps them with their luggage. He and the other workers at the hotel are members of the Panther Army, one of the many gangs that compete to run the old city. Le Hotel

Bruxelles is their headquarters, but they also operate it is a working hotel. A waiter in a spotted jaguar mask pushes a food cart past them. A small woman with ebony skin adjusts the straps of her tiger mask. She greets Nils and Beauregard and leads them to an office.

Nils and Beauregard are introduced to C.C. Sequoia, leader of the Panther Army, known also as the Last Black Indian. He is polite but very serious. He wears a leather coat, a black panther mask, and his hair glistens with exotic oils. The woman wearing the tiger mask serves up cups of bitter Caffo while C.C. explains the Panther Army's tenets and gang alliances.

Communalism and community is superior to capitalism and individualism. Violence is reserved for the system, which is the vague force controlling all evil in the modern world. The Short Ties, the Traders, New Towners, and the Lawmen are friends of the system and enemies of the Panther Army.

The Cyclemen, the White Hats, and the Orientals are friends of the Panther Army. The No Homes are the eyes and ears of the Panther Army and the Panther Army gives them food and looks after them in exchange for information. The Warlocks and the Old Hebrews are free to come and go from Panther Army turf. The Dolorists, well, in the words of C.C., "Ain't nobody can be friends with them fools."

C.C. laughs when he learns that Beauregard and Nils are tourists on a cross-country expedition. He slides a lavender handkerchief under his mask to wipe tears of laughter from his eyes. He warns that people come to the old city either looking for trouble or running from it. Anybody else is going to find trouble.

Beauregard asks C.C. about Lady Elise and the Aerodrama. C.C. smiles knowingly. She is the most beautiful aviatrix in America, but she is also, after all, part of the new city.

Nils asks about a tour guide for the old city, but Beauregard persists with questions about Lady Elise. In response to both, C.C. leads them to another room where men in cat masks are recording radio propaganda.

DeShaun Vondel is stocky, short, and wears a pair of black-framed glasses over the eyeholes of his cougar mask. C.C. tells Nils and Beauregard that DeShaun knows the old city as well as anyone and he works in Madison Square Aerodrome, down in the pipeworks. Someday he will sabotage the

pipeworks for the Panther Army, but for now he can take Nils and Beauregard to see the Aerodrama.

C.C. gives Beauregard a sealed envelope and tells him that he must give it to Lady Elise if they should ever manage to meet her. Beauregard agrees at once, thrilled simply by the fantasy of shaking her hand and standing close enough to smell her hair. Fortunately, Beauregard does not speak of his enthusiasm.

C.C. leaves them with DeShaun. The stocky young man speaks in a deep voice, like a volcanic booming heard and felt from deep within the earth. He explains solemnly that to get to Madison Square Aerodrome they will have to travel late at night through the most dangerous parts of old city.

The territory controlled by the Dolorists.

The Dolorists

The Cyclemen patrol the narrow streets of old town on their whirring bicycles. Many are simple Parisian two-peddlers, but others are hand-built contraptions of fantastic complexity. Six men sharing a recumbent bicycle brandish spears as they glide past. They salute DeShaun's cougar mask and he makes the closed-fist sign of the Panther Army in reply.

Elaborate murals on the walls of apartments and shops depict the Cyclemen triumphing over their hated enemies on the surface: the Automen. The murals are sad relics of a bygone era, reminders to Nils and Beauregard that the world has moved beyond the Cyclemen and their humble bicycles. In New York, everyone is an Automan.

The Orientals are more suspicious of the expedition. Old men puff narco pipes and eye Nils and Beauregard warily as they walk past. Everywhere is the smell of chickens and strange spices of the Orient. Nils wants to stop and have a steaming bowl of noodles, but DeShaun warns that to make the final performance at the Aerodrome they will have to keep moving through the night.

They wind through teeming markets and peaceful gardens grown beneath clever arrangements of mirrors that capture the surface light. DeShaun answers challenges from several armed men and gets them through a roadblock made from stacks of counterfeit lady's hats and purses. Painted nymphs beckon to them from red-lit doorways. A man attempts to entice them into a bar full of half-mad sense addicts by promising a wild ride in a bootleg Sensorama machine. Though Nils would lollygag if he could he is kept moving by DeShaun and Beauregard's singular determination to see Lady Elise.

The crowds begin to diminish and the buildings grow increasingly decrepit. A sign in various Oriental scripts is translated in English block letters. TREETOWN AHEAD. The expanse beneath Super Park, DeShaun explains, and the home of the Dolorists.

The only way for the expedition to pass safely through Treetown is to disguise itself as a group of Dolorists. DeShaun bids them close their eyes and tosses chalk dust into their faces. He smears coal soot on their cheeks and beneath their eyes. Nils protests when he tears off a sleeve from his shirt. Beauregard allows him to pluck buttons randomly from his serviceman's jacket. DeShaun removes his mask and passes out beaten hats. There is a smashed stovepipe for Beauregard, a knitted cap

that smells of urine for Nils, and DeShaun wears a badly stained beret that looks to have worked its way through the gears of a machine.

Finally, DeShaun warns them both not to speak and to try not to listen to anything the Dolorists say. At all times, DeShaun explains, you must act as if you have nothing left to live for. The Dolorists were once a gang called the Nihilistos who grew too pessimistic even for that sobriquet. They believe in the divine cruelty of honesty and the hopelessness of the human condition. They feel enlightened by fixating on their pain.

To the Dolorists, human life is ultimately futile. Suicide rates among them are understandably high.

There is very little light in Treetown as the sky grate is covered with the soil of Super Park. Thick roots have pushed their way down through the grate, spreading apart the metal and descending many feet until root tips almost touch the buckled sidewalk. Dolorists can be seen moving in the darkness, shuffling slowly in small groups, murmuring intolerably honest things to one another.

They are near an old, windowless library when several Dolorists emerge from a pile of debris and approach the expedition. They speak all at once as they approach, their words falling on Nils and Beauregard like blows from a mace.

> *A mother dies alone in her sickbed wondering why her only son is not by her side. He arrives, too late, to find the empty bed and a nurse folding fresh sheets.*

The Dolorists draw closer. The things they say are impossible to withstand.

> *The maimed soldier returns from the war and discovers his wife in the arms of his brother. She cannot stand to look at the soldier's disfigured face. His own brother threatens to call the lawmen.*

On the Dolorists come, driving Nils and Beauregard back. Their pale faces contort with ecstasy as the sorrow spills out of their mouths and eyes.

> *The dancer's legs crushed by a great weight. The hands of a painter burned in a fire. The face of a beauty sliced to pieces in a jealous rage.*

DeShaun feebly attempts to communicate, uttering something about an upset dog and a ruined cake. The Dolorists seem not to notice. They close in around the expedition, more and more of them coming from doorways and side streets. There are more than a hundred of them. Each chants a private litany of woes.

Nils and Beauregard are sobbing and feel that death is closing in around them. Beauregard cries something about a man's trousers falling down in front of a crowd, but the Dolorists do not react. Nils curses Beauregard under his breath for the stupidity of wanting to sneak into the Aerodrome.

Beauregard's feeble attempt at a sorrowful story reminds Nils of something. He wipes the tears from his eyes and blurts out an abbreviated version of his encounter with the woman of tin. His body is bare in anticipation of an act of passion; her towel-wrapped head is shaking with laughter.

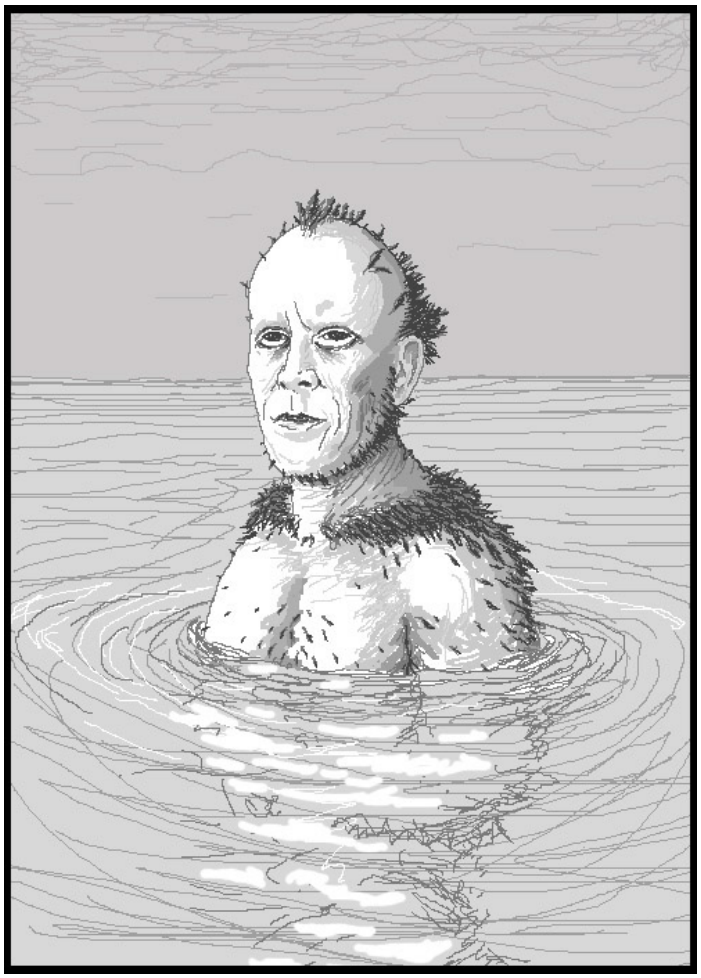
The Dolorists cease their chanting immediately and a murmur passes through the crowd. They are repeating what Nils has said. Some produce tiny dolls from the pockets of their ragged clothing and others hold up placards and photographs depicting the woman of tin. They begin a new chant even as they take hold of Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun. Beauregard realizes that they are being lead away, taken to the leader of the Dolorists.

Taken to the woman of tin.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 Human Resources vs. Interior Man

Tuesday, Jun 30, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



Issue with James in sales Inbox | X

Jennifer Lee show details 11:22 AM (2 hours ago) Reply

Interior Man,

Please take a look at this message I received from James over in the sales department. He's raised a concern about some recent behavior that he feels he may be misunderstanding:

> I'd like to bring up an issue regarding Interior Man. I don't mean this as a complaint, but I thought you should be aware that Interior Man has been entering my cubicle at least once a day to burn one of his feathers next to my head. It smells bad and I think it might be some kind of insult. I know that his ways are unknown to us, but he stares at me in what I would consider to be a very menacing way. I wonder if you could talk to him about this.
>
> Thanks,
> James Frasché
> Jr. Account Manger

I mean no offense by this message. Your ways are unknown to us, and I think James would feel more comfortable if he knew that you meant no harm.

Many thanks,
Jennifer Lee
Human Resources

Issue with James in sales Inbox | x

Interior Man show details 11:43 AM (2 hours ago) Reply

Jennifer,

I am under no obligation to explain my ways to any man; I do so only out of kindness. I am burning my feathers beside his head in order to poison his mind. Soon he will lose his faculties and become like a dog.

I do this to him because he is pink and weak. He claims to eat blood and meat, but would accept no blood when offered. I think he is a liar, an odious pink man who dines on plants and bloodless giant insects, like the effete northern tribes of whom my people ate so many. I have dragged my keen nostrils across the hollows of his body and found there no memory of blood and the forest.

In short, Jennifer, I maintain that he is a detriment to our sales department and I think we shall all look forward to watching him scuttle nude between our offices, begging for morsels and leavings.

-Interior Man
Director of Business Development

Issue with James in sales Inbox | x

Jennifer Lee show details 11:58 AM (2 hours ago) Reply

Interior Man,

I urge you to work out your disagreement with James in a more constructive manner. Please understand that I mean no offense, but I have an obligation to prevent you from turning James into a dog, and if you continue to burn feathers next to his head, I may have to escalate this to the conflict resolution team.

Please let me know when you've reached out to James. Thanks.

Jennifer
Human Resources

hoj Inbox | X

James Frasché show details 12:29 AM (1 hour ago) Reply

jennifer

somehing happening to me!!!!!!!!!!

interior man done something to me where i dont feel the same??

pleasse tell me how i help? how do i help interior man!! i want to help all the time. i need to do something i will help you and help interior man. do you have anything for me if i help.

thank you.

james frasche
jr man

Issue with James in sales Inbox | x

Interior Man show details 12:09 AM (1 hour ago) Reply

Jennifer,

Please try to understand my position. I appreciate your hiring me despite my hostility to your pink brothers, Jennifer, but that hostility will remain forever.

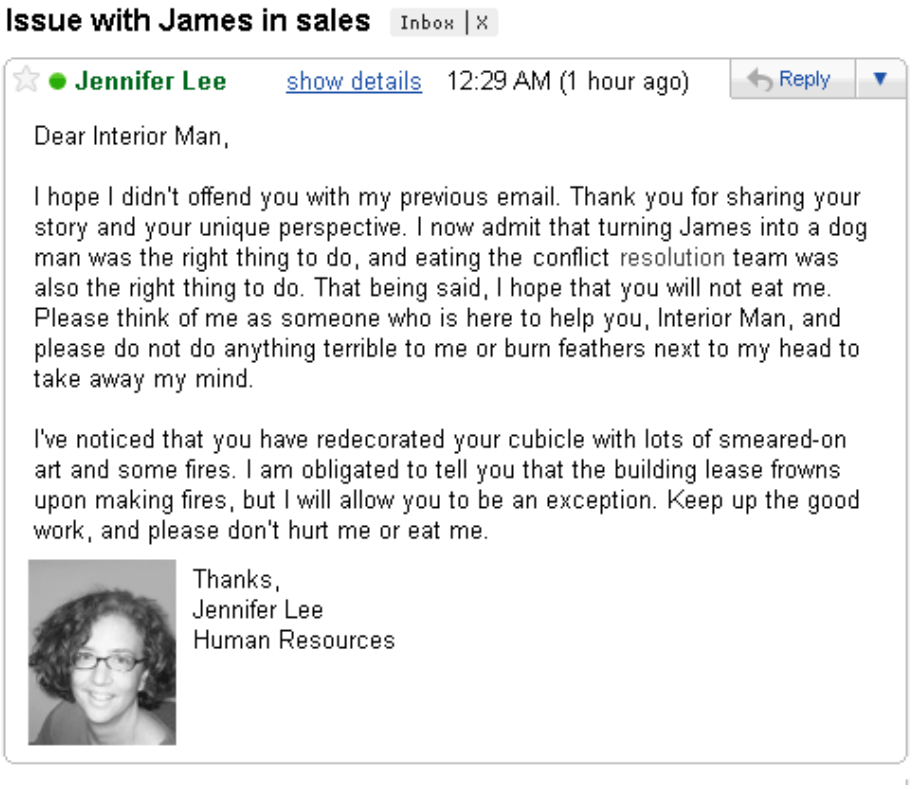
I was born in the dark center of the continent. I am Interior Man, last of my people, and each night I rise from the primordial slate-blue salt lake that was once the great Lahontan sea to work and forage in my capacity as Director of Business Development. My lungs accept water as air, my black eyes take darkness for light, and I execute my office as an elegy to my dead cannibal god. I am not accustomed to dealing with Human Resources.

For years, Jennifer, I watched your pink fellows overrun the forests in a great slick mass, like an orgy of rats. Did I escalate my grievance to the conflict resolution team? No. I stole food and small game from men's glowing homes, and in the dim memory of my cannibal god's savage lunar holidays, I occasionally ate men and made sculptures from their bones.

In the age before ages, the bearded god of your people trapped me in the center of a dead volcano as punishment for eating his forgotten first son, Zegus. I spent millennia within a cramped volcanic stone until my friends the falcons freed me with a thousand generations of pecking, of wearing their fine beaks to dust against the pumice such that their heads were like unto feathered thumbs, then dying where they toiled and birthing more falcons from the nutrients of their weary skeletons to resume the futile labor. I emerged a bitter man, and I vowed to undo your god's fondest creations.

In the long ages since, I have worked to hone my wrath and anguish into a solid grounding in information management, marketing and intercorporate communication. That said, I still harbor a terrible hatred for your kind; in my professional opinion, James will serve this company better as a witless dog man. Since the process of making him a dog is now irreversible, I have taken the liberty of eating the conflict resolution team.

Thank you,
Interior Man
Director of Business Development


Issue with James in sales
Inbox | X
Jennifer Lee
show details
12:29 AM (1 hour ago)
Reply
Dear Interior Man,
I hope I didn't offend you with my previous email. Thank you for sharing your story and your unique perspective. I now admit that turning James into a dog man was the right thing to do, and eating the conflict resolution team was also the right thing to do. That being said, I hope that you will not eat me. Please think of me as someone who is here to help you, Interior Man, and please do not do anything terrible to me or burn feathers next to my head to take away my mind.
I've noticed that you have redecorated your cubicle with lots of smeared-on art and some fires. I am obligated to tell you that the building lease frowns upon making fires, but I will allow you to be an exception. Keep up the good work, and please don't hurt me or eat me.
Thanks,
Jennifer Lee
Human Resources

Art by Russ Thorpe! Apologies to Jimmy for using his real name and face and turning him into a dog man.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Rustlr: Find Your Posse

Wednesday, Jul 01, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Chicago Bill I respect the law. That's why I'm givin' it a fair fight.
15 minutes ago. **4 Comments**

Cowboy Charlie is callin it quits. Love is one battlefield I ain't skilled enough to fight on.
17 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Rapid City Russ i am but an imbecile when accompanied by spirits. anyone wanna help me fetch my horse outta the bog?
25 minutes ago. **1 Comment**

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz my yodeling cost me my beautiful red hair. I think I'm done with it. I'm done with it forever!
37 minutes ago. **12 Comments**

John Red Eagle the spirits of the elders have seen fit to bless us with calm blue skies. I think I'm finally going to build that new wigwam.
34 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Most Wanted

CHICAGO BILL
SHOT WILD RON IN PECOS & FLED FROM OFFICERS OF THE LAW.
$300.00 REWARD

Cowboy Tag Cloud

chuck wagon biscuit shooter rickets dodgy ol bugger tabletop gaming packing iron tinhorn Pecos mighty fine cactus needle removal cowboy slam poetry gettin' hung bounty hunters now see here smallpox vaccine beans senioritis cattle brands banditos tobacco Pinkertons bank heist smoke signal translations federales Winchester big belt buckles shaped like Texas trail of the buffalo free ringtones grit yes, ma'am! hard as he can Custer's Last Stand prairie gravy train

Wenatchee Kid NO THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT ABOUT CINCINNATI PETE BEING MY LIFE PARDNER AND YOU DAMN WELL KNOW IT
40 minutes ago. **12 Comments**

Wenatchee Kid and **Cincinnati Pete** are now listed as pardners.
1 hour ago. **17 Comments**

Sooty Stan Boy howdy I got me a big ol' honeycomb. Gentleman, ready your biscuits accordingly!
1 hour ago. **8 Comments**

Tall James McGinley is now listed as lonesome.
1 hour ago. **12 Comments**

Ol' Floyd Carson *sigh* men... they're all mangy dogs.
1 hour ago. **3 Comment**

Wild Ron Much obliged for all the well wishes, folks. Chicago Bill's aim is about as true as them newspapers printin' my obituary.
2 hours ago. **24 Comments**

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz was scalped by **Naches**.
2 hours ago. **46 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Aw heck! It's off, boys.
2 hours ago. **12 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe looks like we'll be robbing the 4:15 to Phoenix, boys!
2 hours ago. **12 Comments**
Sheriff Pawley fancies this.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz is deep in Apache territory with nothin' but his wits and his voice. Time to shine, Red. Time to shine.
2 hours ago. **13 Comment**

Hoagy Calhoun hey tiny madison, I think the two of us plumb got our horses switched last night. mine's the dumb one, yers is the ugly one!
3 hours ago. **3 Comments**

Rutherford Griffith anyone hittin the saloons tonight? In a celebratin mood on account of my dog comin back.
4 hours ago. **9 Comments**

Tiny Madison why the heck is my danged horse runnin me in circles? She looks better'n normal, tho.
4 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Vaquero Esquerra whicha y'all are comin to my chili cookoff???
4 hours ago. **33 Comments**

Prospectin Doyle anyone know anything about gold fever? cuz I think I got it!!!
5 hours ago. **12 Comments**

Tallahassee Percy Having recently taken to the Lord's Ways, I no longer find pleasure in fartin around so much.
1 day ago. **2 Comments**

Slimy Morgan Doc says I needa cut back on my drinkin on accounta my wild expectoratin
1 day ago. **4 Comments**

Father Gerald better not see any of his folk frequenting any houses of sin, or there'll be HELL to pay!
1 day ago. **1 Comment**

Gray Clay Bailey trying an experiment: going to shower and wear a new outfit every day to see if it improves my standing with the fairer gender. Today's outfit: a barrel.
1 day ago. **7 Comments**

Hoppy is mighty sore at that damn medicine man for sellin me bad peyote. Spent the day kissing a hog's rear end thinking it was my beautiful Ellie.
1 day ago. **4 Comments**

Buford Bronson joined the group **IF THIS GROUP GITS 10,000 PARDNERS I'LL MARRY MY HORSE.**
1 day ago. **33 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt whoda thunk I'd meet the love of my life the day I git sent to prison? Wait for me Miss Molly Sue! Wait for me!
1 day ago. **14 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau looks like jim hoyle prolapsed again. reckon I better fetch the scissors.
1 day ago. **3 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy can someone front me a few greenbacks? i'm feelin mighty lucky tonight.
1 day ago. **15 Comments**

Green Chaps McGee What them Chinamen do with opium... magnifique! Can't even feel the hurt in my heart no more.
1 day ago. **17 Comments**

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.2 Yet Another Tribute to Michael Jackson

Thursday, Jul 02, 2009 by Roofers' World Staff

Dearest Reader,

Roofers' World
Vol 18 Issue 9 August 2009
This Issue:
Michael Jackson and Roofing: An Unbreakable Bond
Avoid Complete Paralysis with Dr. Safety
Miss Shingle August 2009 Bonus Centerfold!
Roofing Tar: Why It Should be Your Best Friend

Welcome to another fantastic issue of *Roofers' World* ! We come to you this month with a mix of good and bad news. First the good: we're proud to announce that our new podcast, "The Roof Goofs" (starring our own Tad and Tim!) was the third most popular roofing podcast on iTunes for the month of May! We might not beat out those juggernauts at *Roofing Weekly* or *The North American Roofing Directory* , but thanks to our devoted audience, we've gained a secure foothold in the roofing-related entertainment industry. Make sure to tell your friends to subscribe!

Now, the bad news. We at *Roofers' World* were putting the finishing touches on a feature about the controversial Fassbinder Method when we heard the disturbing news that beloved pop superstar Michael Jackson had died. The sudden tragedy nearly tore our office apart, but we managed to pull ourselves together after a rough weekend of introspection and roofing. By the time we all got back to work on Monday, it was impossible to avoid the topic of Michael Jackson; so, minutes before we went to press, I had the crew write some reflections on the King of Pop's passing. At first, we discussed how appropriate this would be for a magazine devoted solely to the art of roofing, but after reading *Cat Fancy* , *Lego Magazine* , and *Civil War Times Illustrated's* takes on Jackson's death, we decided that the spirit of MJ's music is inescapable, no matter your profession or hobby. Even though it's against OSHA regulations, we'll each be wearing a single roofing glove this month in honor of the Moonwalker himself. Michael, we'll miss you.

- "Big" Frank Brill, EIC Roofers' World

"Big" Steve Saxon, Features Editor

Michael Jackson. Michael. Michael. Michael. What can you even say about Michael Jackson in a mandatory 100 words or more? Weird guy. Odd duck. Seemed to like chimps, if I recall. Wasn't he friends with Eddie Murphy or something? I seem to remember that. Certainly didn't help Eddie's music career! Hah. Never really cared for the guy's albums. When I graduated from William B. Travis High in 1983, everyone wanted our class song to be "Thriller" and I wasn't having any of that. I lobbied hard for Def Leppard's "Photograph" but the student council settled for something by Dexy's Midnight Runners. In retrospect, it was probably a worse choice, but I'm pretty happy with how my life turned out. Oh yeah! I met my second wife in a bar while the DJ was playing a Michael Jackson song. Something about dancing on the ceiling? I dunno. We'll miss you, Mike. Take it sleazy up in Heaven.

"Big" Tim Stapleton, Reviews Editor

Michael Jackson's death hit me like a ton of terracotta tiles. Literally! If you're friends with "Big" Tim Stapleton, you've no doubt heard my infamous "hornet" story about how I hung 50 feet off the ground supported by only an extension cord as angry hornets stung my body for hours on end. This wild tale of me accidentally plunging my hammer into one of the biggest hornet hives in the Midwest has been told many-a time within the pages of *Roofers' World* , but there's one detail I always leave out: during the incident, the portable radio I always keep strapped to my side was tuned to a radio station playing a 24-hour Michael Jackson marathon. Since it took so long for anyone to find my body, I could only concentrate on the King of Pop's timeless tunes as hornets stung the everliving hell out of me for what felt like an eternity. Michael Jackson kept me alive that day, and now whenever someone so much as whistles "Beat It," tears well up in my eyes, and my throat closes up and somebody ends up taking me to the emergency room. I'm feeling kind of dizzy now so I'm going to stop writing, Frank.

"Big" Tad Whitney, Previews Editor

Speaking as someone who has had his life ruined on three consecutive occasions by dishonest children, the death of Michael Jackson hurt me more than any other *Roofers' World* writer. Sure, we all laugh at kids when they tell us that they spent the day fighting robots on the moon with Goku, but as soon as they start spewing nonsense about some unshaven man in a blue sweater at the park who keeps trying to throw a burlap sack over them, suddenly every human being under the age of six is Honest Freaking Abe Lincoln! Sorry, sometimes I get a bit worked up and have to keep telling myself that part of my life is over. I swear, the police take one picture of you leaving a NAMBLA meeting--that I only attended because I was *curious* --and suddenly you're unfit for your job as a school cafeteria worker? Didn't know curiosity was illegal in this country. Anyway, make sure you tune in to the latest episode of "Roof Goofs," where we'll be spinning some MJ tunes and taking calls about the lighter side of ladders. God bless.

"Big" Chuck Richmond, Special Drywall Correspondent

Since I spend most of my time over at the *Drywall Weekly* offices, I'm sad to confess that I missed out on the candlelight vigil held by Frank and the guys at *Roofers' World* . Needless to say, I was delighted when they asked me to contribute my thoughts about Michael from a uniquely drywall perspective. Most people don't know this, but drywall, like Kevin Bacon, connects nearly everything on our planet. Take a look at just about any Michael Jackson music video and what do you see? Sets. Sets constructed with drywall. Drywall that was built by licensed and bonded contractors. Now, take a look around you right now--what do you see? That's right, drywall. Like dry-

wall, Michael Jackson has touched all of our hearts and left an immeasurable impact on all of our lives. I ask you to remember both Michael Jackson and drywall throughout the month of August.

Ryan McCall, Copy Editor

Wow. You nearly work yourself to death, getting two degrees in professional writing and editing, and you end up proofreading content for a roofers' magazine? Not exactly what I had in mind for my life. Ever since I was a pop-music-obsessed youth, I wanted to write for *Rolling Stone* -- I guess that wasn't in the cards, eh God? But now that one of my pop music idols has passed on, I'm honored to get this once-in-a-lifetime chance to commit my feelings about both Michael and his music to the world of print. [Note: Ryan's tribute ran a few words too long, so look for the complete version on our web site as soon as we have one. -Frank]

-~Roofers' World Staff

7.3 Baby, no! I'm sorry!

Friday, Jul 03, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Baby , I didn't mean it like that. ***No*** , baby, I didn't know she was your *cousin* . I thought you just worked together or something. I didn't realize.

No, baby, no, **I'm sorry** ! I'm so sorry baby. It wasn't a thing. I just, I was drunk, first of all, and I went in the wrong room at the hotel at Brenda's wedding. I thought it was ***our*** room and I just laid down and you started kissing on me and then we were like halfway through and then the moonlight caught your face but it was your cousin, baby. It was an ***accident.***

Baby, no, **stop!** I'm *sorry* ! Yes, I did. I admit it. I set fire to your car baby, but it isn't like that. There was some leaves I was burning out back, by the garage, and then I got distracted, and Theo called me and wanted to talk about gutters or something. And then I just, I might, I guess I got overzealous, baby. Your car was looking sort of like a leaf. There was smoke all up in my eyes.

Baby, come on, they were watering. They were all red. Smoke ***everywhere*** . I just, I'm sorry baby, I'll make it up to you, baby.

Nooo! Baby! How can you even say that? Your favorite boots?

Yes, baby, okay, I did piss in them while you were asleep. No, no, baby. It was dark and the- you know that night light, the one that has that double-side tape on the back and you stick it up on the wall and press the dome. The battery was out, baby. I really had to go. No...I mean, ***yes*** , baby, I knew it was a boot, but I thought they were my work boots. And then it happened again later, cuz you know I got that late night pees condition, and so I got the other one and filled it up too, but no, baby. It wasn't on purpose, are you *kidding* me?

You're taking this all wrong, baby! I didn't mean it at all like you're saying. You got to get the facts straight. I didn't do nothing to Woofy. I mean, I did something. I was just taking care of him. You said I had to take better care of him, *right* ? So I had to go out and I thought it would be smart to put him somewhere. And you know they always have on the news how the dogs are dying in cars cuz of the heat? *Right,* baby? ***Right*** ? You know that, baby.

I put Woofy in the pool to stay cool. Wait, baby! Come on, ***listen*** ! **Look** , baby! Dogs **can** swim! They wouldn't have named a swimming move after dogs if dogs couldn't swim. He was swimming when I left, baby. He looked just fine. I even put that alligator float thing in there in case he wanted to climb up on it. So, look, I- well, I didn't want to bury him. You said, I know- Come on, baby! The freezer was a perfectly good place to-

Now, baby, don't start in with that. To be perfectly honest you knew I had two warrants out for me. That was like out there in the open when we started our relationship, so that is why I couldn't just go to a gun shop and buy a firearm. You knew about the priors, where do you think I am going to get a machine gun? No, of course baby, I was just worried about your safety. I was looking out for you.

They said what? No, baby. Don't listen to those evil lies. I wasn't involved in- well, okay, yeah

if you have seen the footage. I did shoot up a grade school, but they had a bomb. Baby, they ***kidnapped*** me. They tied me up and-no, look, look at my shoulder right here. No, lower. There are still bruises from the bomb strap. No, that is a bruise! Baby, wait, come on. Don't leave like that. Hold up. I aimed up at the wall, how was I supposed to know about ricochets going around or whatever?

Your mother? No, baby. Whoever told you that is a- she *did* ? Are you sure it wasn't just somebody messing with you on the phone? Oh, you went there in person? To the hospital? Baby, I was just - well, not that I know baby. I had just built this special chair out of one of those shower chairs for handicapped people. You know, baby. I like to try to invent. So I made one that had a mechanic's dolly underneath the chair, so you could like, I don't know, a doctor could look at if-

Hang on baby, I don't know. I'm just telling you the truth now. So I had the invention all set up and I was filling out the patents and- Yeah, baby, the patents. You know, Mondo is a patent attorney. He's got all sorts of patents filed. I don't know baby, like a helicopter for ducks or something, I don't remember. We are getting off subject here. The point is, I thought it was important I test it out and then I had to go number two and I-

Baby, I had no ***idea*** your mom was even in the house. How was I supposed to know she was messing around with my invention. Baby, now, baby, listen. I'm sorry, baby. Wait. I didn't know she had her mouth open. Baby. No, baby, hold on. Let me *explain* .

A horse? No, baby. There is no such thing as a centaur. That's hysterical that you think that. No, I ain't laughing. It's just a man can't cross over with a horse, it's just not medically possi- well, a *pony* is different. My eyes? Baby, wait! I can explain!

Wait up, baby, let me-

Plutonium !? Baby, I got no idea!

Baby, wait! Where are you going!? Baaaaby!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 Something Awful Apologizes for Making Sarah Palin Resign

Saturday, Jul 04, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> **"I choose for my state, and for my family, more freedom to progress all the way around so that Alaska may progress...I will not seek reelection as governor."**
>
> **- Sarah Palin**

Sarah Palin resigned from her Alaska governor's job with an eight minute long basketball metaphor delivered to a raft of loudly quacking ducks. It was a fitting end to a grotesque political career that will stumble on for a while like a mortally wounded moose. Her stated reasons for stepping down included everything from "frivolous" ethics charges to Something Awful making fun of her Down syndrome son.

The purpose of this article is to apologize to Sarah Palin for that last part, but first I feel that a bit of history is in order.

Palin became a household name in 2008, when a malignant meat sack full of liquid Viagra and barely-sublimated hostility towards women and Asians chose her as its running mate. Loquacious former beauty queen and dog counter Sarah, along with laconic husband Todd, boarded the flooded submarine of the McCain campaign just as it was sinking to crush depth.

The situation was dire for five-time jet-crasher John McCain. Eight years of Bush shitting away everything true and beautiful in America had left the electorate ready to puke blood at the thought of another Republican President.

It didn't help matters that McCain was a ghost-faced, lizard-tongued monster committed to grade school level political theories (don't give up until we win!) trying to best a brown angel talking about destiny and casually reading Fareed Zakaria. Obama even looked suave exiting vehicles and not at all like Dracula popping out of his casket at the funhouse.

That Obama fella was with the times. The kids loved him. He knew about things like blogs and Ludacrises. The old man sharing a bucket list with Lindsey Graham and Joe Lieberman was in real trouble.

This sense of futility in the face of looming defeat partly explains the conservative base's celebration when McCain made his cynical play for Clinton voters. The base wasn't even really with McCain until he picked Palin.They never liked his sissy stance on not burning terrorist scrotums and not punching Russ Feingold in his fucking face on sight. Palin was an appeal to the base's blood-drenched id, aching for release in the womb of a holy-rolling special angel mom unwilling to support reproductive rights or equal pay for women.

The base believed that Palin would step in for an ailing McCain and bring about the culmination of the Bush Doctrine to transform America into a smoggy Wal Mart parking lot full of ant-covered abandoned snowflake fetuses. They accepted the premise that years of facing Putin's rearing head up in Alaska had trained Palin in the ways of international politics and a lot of prayer had prepared

her to confront domestic issues like 'conomies and 'vironments.

A series of increasingly disastrous interviews set the stage for conflict with the press. Palin crumbled in the face of impossible gotcha media questions like, "What do you read?" (nothing) and "What is a Vice President supposed to do?" (everything).

Palin was understandably outraged that those rascals in the media would ask her things about stuff and expect an answer. She wondered how come the media wouldn't ask Obama things about stuff and the red-faced bariatrics at her rallies roughed up reporters.

McCain's campaign staff tried to spin Palin's flabbergasting stupidity. They claimed that a vengeful Katie Couric was just trying to gin up ratings by asking a fucking lousy trick question like, "How are you this morning?"

While Palin was running screaming at the bayonet line she was simultaneously caught in a crossfire of miniature scandals. She forced her pregnant teenage daughter to get engaged to a lunk-headed hockey star with a MySpace page stating directly that he did not want to be a father. An ethics investigation back in Alaska was painting her as a woman who abused her power as governor to get even with enemies. There were even conduct questions about her time as the hillbilly-fascist mayor of Wasilla: Alaska's meth and rape capital.

Brutalized by eight years of Bush prosperity, the American people experienced a fit of sanity and elected the center-right corporatist and his goofball sidekick instead of the warmongering economic neophyte and the winking, know-nothing, hockey mom hate shit he took on the face of America. The outcome wasn't even close. Indiana voted for Obama and voting Democratic in presidential elections there is actually a fineable offense.

Post-election leaks and dueling recriminations painted a picture of McCain's advisers as reluctant, sometimes hostile, participants in the Sarah Palin campaign to be elected vice president. Her family drama escalated and her approval rating in Alaska took a serious hit.

Whether she realizes it or not, Palin's insane departure from the governorship of Alaska now relegates her presidential aspirations to the scrapheap of history. Thankfully, we will only ever see Sarah Palin's Real America in nightmares and self-hating masturbation fantasies.

Sarah Palin, I would like to personally take this opportunity to apologize for Something Awful's role in your decision to step down. Over the years we have produced millions of words of left-wing hatred for innocent teenage daughters and children with disabilities. We hired a hockey-playing ne'er do well claiming to be Trig's father to write articles in which he describes crossing the sex line with most of your family. I am so sorry for letting that monster have a column here.

I would also like to apologize for the dozens of Photoshopped pictures of you and Trig on our forums. I know that of all of our hate content, these upset you in particular. You aren't the first governor to resign because of a mean Photoshop and I am certain you will not be the the last. I hope you can find it in your Christian heart to forgive us for making light of Trig's disability. I completely agree with what you said in your speech today: The world needs more Trigs.

You hear that, pregnant women of the world? The bar is officially open.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 Making Yum Yums

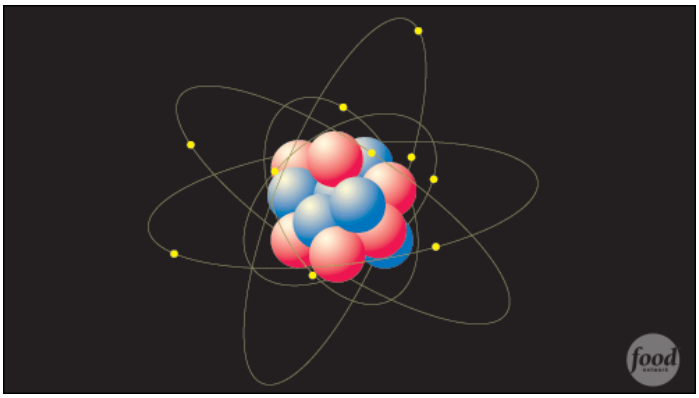
Monday, Jul 06, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Yes. Hi. Hello this is my show.

I'm the host.

If you're like me, you love yum yums. The region I grew up in was a great area for the dish, a true "yum yum paradise" if you will. A family member used to make yum yums every Sunday morning before we all left for the weekly funeral. Now when I find myself whimpering in my shadowy apartment obsessing over the fact that the best years of my life are long behind me, I make yum yums to feel like a kid again.

Before we get started, here are some yum yums I prepared ahead of time. You can really see how- wait, can we get a tight shot? Go ahead and put that camera right up to there and zoom that thing in all the way so the folks at home can get a good look at this marvelous treat.



Perfect. Let's get started.

First you need to find a person. Look around. They're usually standing. If you are in a wooded area, look for something that looks like camouflage with a face on top. Is it breathing??

Now that you found a person, keep an eye on them. Don't let them interfere or this whole thing will be ruined. Use rope or some bungee cords if you have to. It's natural to want to find another person to watch the first one, but don't do that. You'll only wind up having to keep an eye on both of them.

Now open three cans of this.

We had to remove the label for copyright purposes, but you can find cans with labels at your local supermarket. Get your favorite brand. Mine's the one with the picture of the product on it. Mmm!

Now mix all of that in a large bowl with half a measuring thing of water and three tablespoons of- achoo! Yikes, sorry! That powder makes me sneeze every time.

I like to mix everything by hand while I watch sports. It usually takes about one twelfth of a cricket match minus the commercials. If I'm off by more than a minute, I find that the recipe is completely ruined.

Okay, now it's time to heat things up. Preheat your oven at the usual temperature and put a pan about this big on the second rack. Take a skillet and a pot and put them on the stove. Make sure the burners are hot, but not too hot. Go outside and fire up the grill. Plug the toaster in and prime

it. Now you're ready to make anything if unexpected guests show up.

Apply your yum yums to the heat until they start to turn a very particular shade. There it is! You can't mistake that. Looks perfect.

Now I'll plate up my yum yums. It may not seem like it, but plating is one of the most crucial steps of the process. Let's pull the camera back as far as it can go so no one at home misses anything. Keep backing up. Zoom out as much as you can, too, okay?

There we go.

Now this is my favorite part of the show, where I get to eat the dish and convey its qualities in detail. I'll just take this bite here, from the outside part. That's always my favorite.

Oh, wow. Yeah, it tastes... really good! I like that. Very tasty. At first it hits you with this delicious flavor, but then a more subtle yumminess wafts in. Just how I remember it.

Thanks for watching. As always, if you missed out on anything in today's show you can head to the website for a full transcript of this episode.

Until next time, I'm your host. This is my show.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.6 Attention Media: I Was Wrong About Twitter

Tuesday, Jul 07, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

About a month ago I wrote a pretty silly and fairly mindless piece here at SA that poked fun at the hype surrounding the Internet's new toy, Twitter, for which a real use hadn't yet been found. Naturally, this was like 3 or 4 days before the Iranian election, and then right after that Jacko ups and dies, so now everyone's all Twitter-this and Twitter-that. Yeah, I know, pretty dumb timing. I had failed to realize the true power of what I was so flippantly mocking. Here's this tool that is just humming along minding its own business, and then here's this sudden use for it that's so far and away beyond what I thought could've been possible. Think about it, could a small collection of people on the Internet cause a large population to revolt in disgust-- even in horror-- over what they were seeing before their very eyes? The answer is yes, but I'm not talking about political unrest, I'm talking about a few guys showing everyone else goatse.

For those of you using the Internet for the first time, to 'goatse' someone is to mislead them into viewing a specific classic picture of a guy pulling open his butthole with his hands. Before we continue, let me say that everyone knows that doing this isn't really funny and hasn't been for like 10 years, but for just a moment, consider the hot dog. A single hot dog is nothing special, it's bland and boring and mildly gross, but when some weird guy eats nearly 70 of them in a minute it's suddenly pretty amazing. Well, showing goatse to your idiot friend in Nevada is nothing, but showing Nevada is kind of special.

The evening of June 15, SA's own Abraham (owner of goatse.asia), mentioned that **over 21,000 people viewed goatse within 5 minutes** off a single man's single tweet:

> hoobastank_band Shots overheard in outlying Iran city/town of Tehran (goatse link) #iranelection #tehran #mousavi-danger

Despite hoobastank_band's limited amount of followers, thousands of people clicked the link. The key here being the hashtags at the end of the Twitter post. When you're trying to follow a topic on Twitter, you often look for these in order to filter out the "im going 2 collage" crud-type posts. If millions of people are looking at certain hashtags, millions of people will see those certain posts.

And again:

> hoobastank_band OMG!!!! #Ahmedinejad 's Military Advisor Calls Mousavi "a Faggot" On Camera!! (goatse link) #IranElections #MahmoudMonster #GR88

Hoobastank, the band, how could you?!

> hoobastank_band Shock Jock Limbaugh: "A tiny baby, thats what Jackson died like" (goatse link) #MichaelJackson #MJ #Limbaugh #RudeRepubs

Very often, in an effort to be the first to retweet the newest information on a topic, these links were retweeted again and again by people before anyone even clicked them. By the time they did, they and their friends had all goatsed their aunts and uncles and countless boatloads of people watching

Twitter's trending topics. Add to that several copycats doing their thing, and before long Abraham was reporting that **over two million people had clicked the tweeted and retweeted goatse links** . That's about the population of Slovenia, four times the population of Sarah Palin's Alaska, or about one goatse for each hour the United States has existed. For a moment, it seemed that one-hit wonder band Hoobastank was responsible for the world's largest goatse-ing in history...

Thankfully, before anyone called VH1 to check, someone who can only be assumed to be the guy from Hoobastank got online and set the record straight. HoobaFans: He was not the gross link maker guy. It was someone else. He didn't do the attacks, no evidence.

So there you have it. After probably several frantic phone calls between bandmates, agents, publicists, and web developers, the guy from Hoobastank took time out of his day to prove that he did not show millions of people a man's butt.

I'm really sorry, Twitter. I take back everything I ever said about you and your service. It's actually really neat.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.7 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation Cycnus Station Update Kiosk

Wednesday, Jul 08, 2009 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

** Welcome to the new Cycnus Station Update Service , Resident #013 !

This kiosk is designed to keep you updated on all relevant station activity within your clearance level. Your security clearance is **LEVEL 3** . DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that sharing sensitive information with subordinates will result in criminal prosecution.

Please take advantage of the Cycnus Station Update Service , accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each sector, for all the latest news!

Please read each update in full.

***** Previous Cycnus Station Updates can be found in the DynaMars Kiosk Archives .**

***** 08-16-2305 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

Good news, Cycnus Station residents!

At 0800 hours today, the U.S.S. Buford docked in Sector A Shipyards carrying vital supplies and replacement personnel. DynaMars Corporation wishes to introduce you to Commanding Officer Grant ! Commanding Officer Grant has extensive experience working in the Marketing Department of our corporate headquarters in beautiful Sioux Falls, South Dakota . He comes highly recommended by his peers, all extremely eager to see him start a new life on Mars.

Many of you are no doubt wondering when **LOGMAN** will be brought back online. We are sad to report that the **Logistics-Oriented Global Martian Administrative Network** will remain permanently offline. DynaMars Corporation assures you that this choice was not motivated by the recent over-sensationalized incident at Europa Dig Site #82 . Although the AI running that station did kill over 587 workers, it was an isolated incident. Thus, Commanding Officer Grant is here to stay!

***** 08-17-2305 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

The DynaMars Corporation is sad to report that Commanding Officer Grant has passed away due to

complications resulting from an impacted bowel. As it is now evident from U.S.S. Buford restroom logs, Commanding Officer Grant failed to defecate during the 36-day voyage to Mars. In keeping with his religious beliefs, he will not be baconized. Those wishing to pay their respects to Commanding Officer Grant can make a donation to his favorite cause: DynaMars Corporation's Dark Projects Department .

By way of impartial lottery, Sector A Cargo Bay's Chief Forklift Operator Miller has been promoted. Please congratulate Commanding Officer Miller on his new job!

Bedbugs be gone! DynaMars Corporation is pleased to report that fumigation will begin on 08-20-2305 at 0500 hours. During this time you will be required to vacate the station. Cycnus Station Auxiliary Shed #06 should provide adequate shelter for all personnel with only a slight sacrifice in comfort, personal space, and restroom facilities. It even has a kiosk!

Chief Medical Officer Brugmann will be issuing sedatives to prevent any outbreaks of cabin fever, so the entire stay should be brief, pleasant, and uneventful.

***** 08-18-2305 - New Entry**

Commanding Officer Miller is pleased to report that the damage caused by Specimen #11598-A has been fully repaired. Unfortunately, the repairs triggered an electrical surge in the Sector C Beef Containment Chamber , which resulted in an estimated 300 tons of super-heated liquid beef product being released into the Martian atmosphere. Although it may look extremely pleasant outside, please do not leave the station without adequate protection.

Due to the lack of fissionable beef, Commanding Officer Miller has regretfully issued a full moratorium on taco nights. DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize for the inconvenience.

Resident #012 , now acting as Chief Forklift Operator , has reported 100% progress in his assigned task of removing all the bags of cedar chips from Cycnus Station Auxiliary Shed #06 . Not only will Auxiliary Shed #06 boast enough room for everyone, it will also feature a pleasant cedar smell.

***** 08-19-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to all Cycnus Station residents for the minor mix up that occurred on 06-28. An intern mistakenly transmitted GREEN PROTOCOLS to **LOGMAN** instead of **LOGMAN** EMERGENCY SERVICE PACK AND PERSONALITY DEFECT HOT FIX #924 .

Due to the installation of GREEN PROTOCOLS , Cycnus Station is dangerously behind in meeting its mandated carbon footprint. DynaMars Corporation wishes to encourage all Cycnus Station residents to increase their greenhouse gas emissions as much as possible. Together, we can make Mars habitable!

In the meantime, Cycnus Station Solar Arrays #01-#12 are being taken offline. The Sector G Auxiliary Coal Plant is being brought online at full capacity. This was a necessary step due to the Solar Arrays being coated with a thick layer of beefy paste.

***** 08-20-2305 - New Entry**

Commanding Officer Miller reports great success in relocating all personnel to Cycnus Station Auxiliary Shed #06 . Unfortunately, Auxiliary Shed #06 is one person over capacity, so by way of

impartial lottery, Resident #010 has been assigned to sleep in the nearby Ares Station . DynaMars Corporation

would like to assure Resident #010 that, although abandoned, Ares Station remains one of the safest places on Mars.

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to Cycnus Station personnel on behalf of Chief Medical Officer Brugmann , who mistakenly injected everyone with doses of phencyclidine instead of the mild sedative that was promised. We advise all residents to remain calm and refrain from throwing things or each other. The fumigation will be done by 0600 tomorrow, so there is no need to panic. Please sit back, relax, and enjoy the pleasant aroma of cedar!

As a safety measure, no further phencyclidine injections will be authorized.

***** 08-21-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation extends its deepest sympathies to the friends and families of the 238 Cycnus Station residents killed in the brutal orgy of violence, rape, and cannibalism that erupted in Auxiliary Shed #06 . Although we know phencyclidine is a powerful chemical, it is no excuse to disregard station protocol. We are hereby issuing all surviving blood orgy participants with performance citations. Please refrain from this sort of behavior in the future.

DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform all residents of a slight delay with the fumigation. The contractor in charge of fumigation is indicating that the job will take an additional 4 days to complete. In the meantime, residents are advised to hunker down and enjoy this rustic retreat for a little longer!

Although there are a large number of bodies now occupying Auxiliary Shed #06 , Chief Medical Officer Brugmann is certain that the strong cedar aroma will mask any unpleasant smells they might produce.

***** 08-22-2305 - New Entry**

Surviving residents are advised to ignore the ominous transmissions coming from Ares Station . In all likelihood, Resident #010 mistakenly activated a damaged subsystem, causing the station to automatically transmit dire predictions of death. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that these predictions are the beliefs of a damaged Ares Station subsystem, and not those of the DynaMars Corporation itself.

***** 08-23-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all surviving Auxiliary Shed #06 residents not to open the airlock, no matter how sincere Resident #010 may sound. Although he is somehow surviving outside without any form of protection, it is likely due to the increased volume of beef in the atmosphere. DynaMars Corporation is also confident Resident #010 is lying when he claims to own a little piece of your soul.

Furthermore, Chief Medical Officer Brugmann is 100% certain his head will explode at any moment.

***** 08-24-2305 - New Entry**

Please disregard Resident #010 's continued threats. Although he may claim to be the human vessel for an all-powerful evil capable of feasting on souls, this is not the case. As observed by Chief Medical Officer Brugmann , Resident #010 is suffering from a unique strain of cabin fever rendering him immune to the effects of Mars' inhospitable atmosphere.

Although many of you are reporting seeing your loved ones standing outside, beckoning you to join them, they are not real. Chief Medical Officer Brugmann is certain that these phantoms are the result of regular cabin fever coupled with light bouncing off ionized beef particles falling to the surface.

Please remain indoors until Commanding Officer Miller gives the green light to return to Cycnus Station .

***** 08-25-2305 - New Entry**

Exactly as Chief Medical Officer Brugmann predicted, Resident #010 's head exploded. Unfortunately, this has not stopped him from beating on the airlock door. Although severely headless, Resident #010 remains a threat. Please continue ignoring him and the ghostly apparitions of your loved ones, as they are merely the result of stress and ionized beef particles.

Kudos to Resident #013 for his enterprising solution to the Resident #010 dilemma. Using the Cycnus Station Emergency Personnel Carrier's Remote Control , he was able to run over Resident #010 several times, eliminating his ability to move.

Commanding Officer Miller has given the green light for all survivors to return to Cycnus Station . Although the fumigator has failed to respond to radio transmissions for the past 24 hours, DynaMars Corporation is confident that he is fine and simply too busy working.

***** 08-26-2305 - New Entry**

Welcome to the *new* Cycnus Station ! Due to a clerical error, the contractor hired to fumigate Cycnus Station turned out to be a painter, and he managed to paint half the station. Unfortunately,

he was unable to finish the job, as a hardy beef blockage in the Sector G Auxiliary Coal Plant caused carbon dioxide emissions inside the station to reach lethal levels. Thankfully, this took care of the bedbug problem as well.

However, as certain station personnel were all too eager to return to Cycnus Station , they failed to observe proper sterilization protocols and reintroduced the bedbugs right back into the station. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that safety and patience go hand in hand.

Due to the recent manpower shortages, all surviving crewmembers will be required to work overtime until replacements arrive. A full complement of personnel and one licensed fumigator are already in route and should arrive in 14 days times.

DynaMars Corporation hopes that these recent tragedies will serve as inspiration to all Cycnus Station residents to work hard and stay positive!

**End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Cycnus Station Update Service !

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

7.8 The Song of Griffey

Thursday, Jul 09, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Lowtax: "Do you know what people like, Andrew 'Garbage Day' Miller?"

(Six hours elapse.)

Garbage Day:

"I have given your question thought, Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, and I believe the answer is *Sex and the City* ."

Lowtax: "Close! That's third. Second is air conditioning. First is pet stories. People go apeshit about animals. Say, you could write something about apes shitting, and it would become hugely popular. You have an ape, don't you?"

Garbage Day: "Not anymore."

Lowtax: "Right, sorry to bring that up. But, hey, you have a dog, don't you? Do something about that. I've got a title for you: 'Don't You Hate It When Your Domestic Animal Chews on Your Belongings and Pees Where It Shouldn't?'"

Garbage Day:

"Well, I guess I could unfold Griffey's legend, but to do it justice, I'd need to use the epic poem format. Say you 'who is Griffey, tell us of this Griffey?' I should answer your inquiries straightaway in such words as follow."

Lowtax: *(Bowed his hoary head in anguish, with a silent nod assented.)*

Part I: The Wondrous Birth

In the vale of Henrietta,
On a green Missouri farmstead,

Midst the squinting canine orphans,
Dwelt the bat-faced puppy Griffey.
He befriended nearby chickens
Comfort in their ceaseless squawking,
Ever squawking, ever singing.

And the squinting canine orphans,
You could trace them through the county,
Shipped to children in the Spring-time,
Wilting elders in the Summer.
Griffey lasted until Autumn,
Still surrounded by those chickens;
Nuzzled beaks and bid them farewell,
left the vale of Henrietta,
left the green Missouri farmstead.

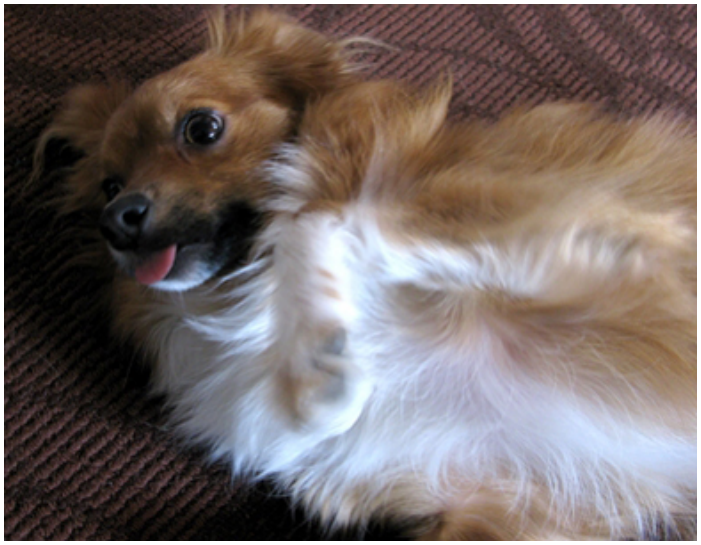
Troy, the puppy ranchers dubbed him
Name with proud epic tradition
Greeks bore gifts to siege that city,
Soldiers slew the sleeping city,
Raped and razed that once-proud city,
Not a name for bat-faced puppy.
Christened Griffey, like Ken Junior
Or a mythic eagle/lion
Called by those who know it friendly.

Sing of Griffey,
Sing the Song of Griffey.

Part II: Dog of Destiny

Sing of dog from unknown parents,
Raised by mystic human species
Takes the ways of his adopter,
Even eats with fork of plastic.
Begs for scraps of roasted chicken,
how he craves that roasted chicken,
never knowing the betrayal
Of his dear farm-time companions.

Sing of dog so anxious skittish,
rural-memory repression.
How he fasts when he's left unwatched,
How he rolls upon his belly,
Bares the tufts of goat-gruff belly,
To all passers-by submissive.



Ye who love the beasts of Nature,
Love the creatures' happy panting,
Love the eyes pleading for petting,
Wagging tail makes body wormish.

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in beasts of Nature,
Know each furry, fluffy bosom
Contains longings, yearnings, strivings.

Part III: The Hero in Repose

Young with feeble paws and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Mournful tuba in that darkness,
He is lifted up and strengthened.
Listen to this simple story,
Listen to this Song of Griffey!

Follow here the tame beast's rambles
Through cracked pavement streets of city,
Where the lawns with grass blade-mangled
Bear the fruit of Griffey's squattings.
See his droppings now age-whitened,
Like some strange digestive graveyard,
Bits of paper, plastic, fabric
Wretched diet of his choosing.

Griffey has stolen the stocking
From the bin that holds soiled garments,
Leaves its stitchings wrought asunder
Like the Great Bear of the mountains,
Rips foam stuffing from the mattress,
mighty Grendel tearing tendrils.

There he lay asleep and cumbrous
Peasant rests on blankets squalid.

With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who called his terrier Trap the "last and greatest of all the dogs."

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

7.9 E-mail Reaction to SA's Sarah Palin Apology

Friday, Jul 10, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Alaska governor and former Republican VP candidate Sarah Palin resigned from office over the Fourth of July weekend. One of the many reasons she gave for stepping down was the harsh treatment of her family, particularly her Down syndrome son Trig. Something Awful immediately stepped up, assumed responsibility for our actions, and offered an apology to Sarah Palin for any mental anguish we caused her with our Photoshops and Levi Johnston articles.

I tried to convey my heartfelt remorse, but some readers misconstrued the article as an attack against Sarah Palin. I was shocked. Maybe my verbs and adjectives were a little salty. Maybe I worked in a few jokes about John McCain. I never thought it would upset people!

To my dismay, the apology spawned a new round of outraged emails. Since Something Awful supports the community and always seeks to enable it I felt it important to give the "other" side a chance to air their grievances.

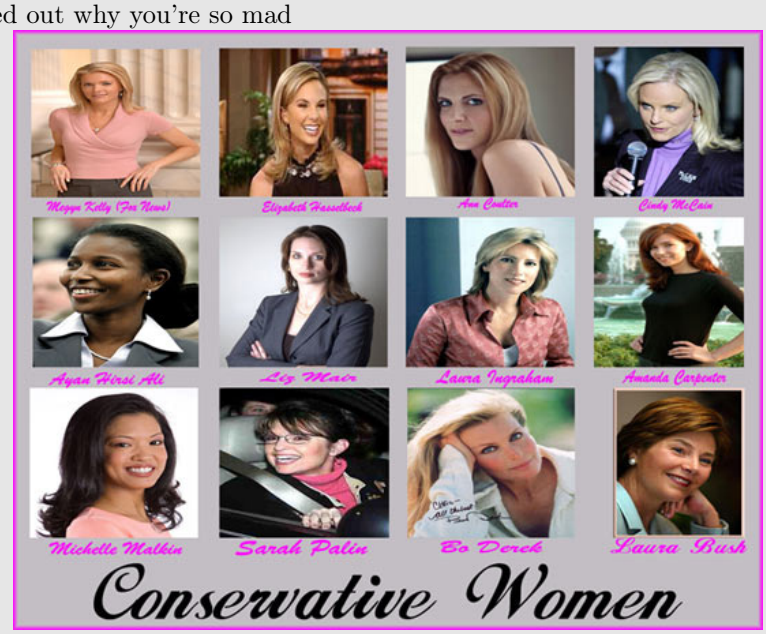
Ryan R.'s email was a good example of the average message: a brief eruption of anger and the promise never to return to Something Awful.

> **From: Ryan R.**
> **To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com**
> **Subject: Re: Palin Post**
> First and last visit to somethingawful.com, I hope your target audience isn't white guys in their 30's who are looking for intelligent commentary. Politics, opinions and obviously humanity aside, you're a class A asshole.

I didn't bother replying to Ryan since he stated that he will never visit somethingawful.com again. If he does happen upon this article I would just like to say: Ryan, I sincerely apologize for anything offensive I said about Sarah Palin or her family. There is a place in God's beautiful creation for all living things, no matter how mean or retarded.

A few readers sent me cryptic emails that I had to work to decipher.

From: Langston
To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
Subject: JEALOUS?
I figured out why you're so mad



versus

It took me a while, but I think I finally figured out what Langston was trying to say.

From: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
To: Langston
Subject: Re: Jealous?
I am so hard right now I want to plunge my dinker into that batch of pulpy conservative cuntholes. I want to get off in those conservative ladies and dunk spunk in their trunk. I want to cover their faces in goop. Their ideas are so compelling when I aim jizz loads into their hootie hatches. Hell yes. I respect a smart lady that knows how to suck stink clods off a butt-to-front dooker deployment.

Right on, bro!

I give Langston (or whoever made those idiotic images) a lot of credit for going all the way to Dutch parliament to find a conservative woman slightly less white than rice. That desperate grasping shows a real commitment to trying not to look like the quilting room next to where the men-folk are having theyself a klavern.

Hoping that I suffer personally was a common theme among many of the emails. To the credit of the angry emailers this was as close as things came to threats of violence. Okay, some of them came really close.

From: Andy K.
To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
Subject: i hoep your daughter suffers this sort of abuse

i hope if you ever can get your limp dick up and find some fat ugly woman to make a baby you will feel what its like and your kid will be tortured in this media environment!!

if you have a daughter I hope she is a prono star and you have to see her get fucked by DICKS and if its a boy I hope he's on gay porno

FUCK YOU

I never wished harm on Sarah Palin or her children. In fact, I would love to cure Trig's Down syndrome and whisk him away from the spiteful barbarity of the Palin family to a life with a couple of lesbian librarians in Burbank. They could raise him to love the world around him and respect his fellow men and women. He would donate to the ACLU and volunteer at an organic foodbank handing out wheat cookies to hardworking immigrants struggling to escape poverty.

But another chromosomal case wearing a Confederate flag shirt, living in an ill-got mansion, and shooting off shotguns at airplanes is fine as well.

As for Andy, well, he seems a bit sex-obsessed when it comes to my children, but if you can't beat

'em, join 'em.

From: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
To: Andy K.
Subject: Re: i hoep your daughter suffers this sort of abuse
Andy,

it's so neat that our aspirations are so similar! As it would happen, I've shot enough male hormone into my dick's main stem to get it up and impregnate the wallowing hog lady who lives in the woods behind my shack. The wildlife rangers say she's expecting a girl, and I'm gonna raise her up right to porno hard as soon as she is of earning age.

I want her to hit the ground running. None of this softcore, to lesbian-only, to straight, to anal, to weird fetish porn. I want her taking messy shits on old men in the Ukraine the day she turns 18. I want her doing six months on a webcam in Saudi Arabia letting hairy Sunni patriarchs beat her with socks full of oranges. I plan to pay for breast implants so big they will bust through the fat layer and seep into one of those uniboobs you get after an St. Louis tit job.

She will travel down bukkake boulevards like a conquering gokun general. She will do ass to mouth and puke on filthy shitdicks with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks. Her gape will be amazing. They'll make a machine only she can take and send her to an island to be drill-fucked into oblivion by the mechanical lust of the entire Internet. She'll be a flickering fuck queen of our time, not even human anymore, just a mindless collection of body parts to be used for pleasure, pounding it out on streaming video while an entire generation cranks dilz.

If I have a boy, well, gay porno ooooh fuck you've gone too far. Don't be disgusting.

Zack

Andy has not replied to me, but I'm sure he's working on his response right now.

A woman named Lanny was one of the first to email me and she was definitely the first to treat me to a vague physical threat. It was slightly more interesting than the guy who emailed me four times asking to meet me and fight me.

From: hoosiermom
To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
Subject: moonbats will reap what they sow

This is the most horrible article I have read yet from you commie thugs. It disgusts me and it makes me laugh. Just keep spewing the vile hatred and you will reap what you sow.

I'm a mother of three and if you said even half the things about my boys that you said about Trig and Bristol then you wouldn't be able to hold me back. I dare you to say something bad about them. My husband is a cop and he will find you and you will wish all he did was arrest you.

Lanny

That reminds me of an old joke: what's worse than a cop? Nothing. Nothing is worse than a policeman. Not even vampires. They are the worst.

From: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
To: hoosiermom
Subject: Re: moonbats will reap what they sow

Lanny,

your children speak with reedy voices in tongues unknown to human vocabulary. Their translucent jar-shaped bodies disgust doctors and men of science. Their spore contaminates the water you drink. Their eyes are hollow, like the body of a drum reverberating with the tattoo of a fleshy jungle. Their quivering mouth-parts draw in birds that are gulped still-struggling into digestive cavities.

Your children are soulless, unnatural things that will regenerate two bodies if split in half. I curse them and you: return to whatever primordial nightmare ooze birthed you half-formed into this realm.

Zack

I would say I'm waiting for her husband to come beat the shit out of me, but at this rate I expect a cop to beat me nearly to death in the next year anyway. Whether it's Lanny's beau or someone else is really irrelevant.

While I awaited a severe beating from Lanny's husband TT more than filled the void with his crazy

rant

From: TT_TITANS
To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
Subject: CIVIL WAR

YOUR ARTICLE IS A SCREED FOR HATE AND IT IS ANOTHER SIGN THAT THE RIFTS ARE OPENING UP BETWEEN REAL AMERICA AND THE LIBERAL BASTIONS OF THE BIG CITIES LIKE SF AND NY AND CHICAGO A CIVIL WAR IS COMING DOWN THE PIPE AND ITS COMING SOON.

WE CANT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THE ABUSE WE ARE SUFFERING AT THE HANDS OF THE USERPERS UNLAWFUL FAKE MUSLIM PRESIDENT AND NANCY PELOSI THE ILLEGALS CROSSING THE BORDER WILL BE THE NEW BARBARIAN ARMY AND THE LIBERALS WILL ALIGN WITH THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE EUROPEAN UNION TO OPPOSE THE TEXAS BLOC AND SEIZE THE OIL RESOURCES OF TEXAS AND ALASKA BY 2010 THE OBAMAS WILL PLACE DISSENTERS IN CAMPS LOCATED IN EUROPE WHERE THEY WILL NEVER BE HEARD FROM AGAIN

JUST REMEMBER THAT WE KNOW WHO IS DOING THIS TO US WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE AND WE KEEP TRACK OF EVERYTHING YOU SAY WHEN THE TIME COMES YOU WILL PAY WHEN YOU TRY TO TAKE OUR GUNS OR SEND THE ABORTIONISTS TO KILL OUR BABIES WE WILL FIGHT BACK AND IF YOU TAKE OUR GUNS WE WILL USE OUR KNIVES AND IF YOU TAKE THOSE WELL USE FISTS AND TEETH

THIS IS A BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF AMERICA AND YOU STAND ON THE SIDE WITH SHANNYN MORE AND HUFFINGTON POST THAT MAKES FUN OF A RETARDED CHILD SO WHO DO YOU THINK IS RIGHT???? I HOPE YOU THINK ABOUT THAT BEFORE THE TIME COMES.

GOD BLESS

TT

I appreciated TT's attempt to warn me about the coming civil war, but he was way too late.

From: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
To: TT_TITANS
Subject: Re: CIVIL WAR

TT,

your warning comes too late. The gaymechs are already advancing on the Houston Citadel. Illegals threaten the Neo Alamo with ceaseless human wave attacks. They charge at the machine guns, heedless of losses, their crazed, beaner eyes searching for junk-filled pickups. Obama has given Arizona to the French and Utah to the Belgians. Mosques are being built throughout Appalachia. Blue-helmeted UN troops are patrolling rodeos and monster truck rallies.

They're coming for your guns, TT. Dig up the school bus and fade into the hills like a Red Dawn fantasy.

GOD BLESS.

Zack

I wasn't really expecting TT to reply, but he did.

From: TT_TITANS
To: zackparsons@somethingawful.com
Subject: Re: Re: CIVIL WAR

FUCK YOU FAGGOT IM READY.

GOD BLESS

TT

Nothing goes together quite like "FUCK YOU FAGGOT" and "GOD BLESS." It's the right wing Internet's version of peanut butter and chocolate.

If you hate me and all good things in the world and freedom, feel free to send me some more hate mail. I will laugh about your feeble bleatings at the next UN meeting on how to partition post-occupation America. And make with the lawsuits. I was really disappointed no one threatened to sue Something Awful.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 My Future's So Dark, I Gotta Wear Spikes

Saturday, Jul 11, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Scope this, nerdzoid.

Back in 198X, our shared history totally split into two timelines when, through a series of unlikely events that can be traced back to a power surge as a young man saved his Dungeons & Dragons character data on an Apple IIe, the entire score from John Carpenter's *The Thing* became the U.S. national anthem.

Soon the opening ceremonies of sporting events across our once-great nation became drawn out and unsettling. Within a month the world's superpowers were destabilized. Resources were depleted, nuclear fallout ravaged the landscape, and holographic advertisements crowded the major cities, looping their crass and dehumanizing pitches for an audience of soot-faced victims of the unjust and depraved. Our clothes' shoulderpads grew ever larger, a defensive measure spurred by the increasingly harsh environment we found ourselves in.

Now it's 2009, the future of the 80's. Things are royally donked.

For instance, our flying cars are dusty as hell. Cleaning them is no use. Any surface that you wipe clean will immediately take on a layer of yellow-brown plaque from the permasmog. If you dared to fly above the mess, you'd probably get taken out by one of the 80-foot plumes of flame that shoot from the tops of the skyscrapers.

Besides, even if you could avoid a gnarly mid-air flamebroiling, it's best to keep commutes as short as possible. Remember the resource shortages I mentioned? Well, liquid plutonium is up to almost $3 a gallon.

It's always night. The pollution is to blame for that one too, but no one's in a hurry to fix it since the glow-in-the-dark tubes woven into our hair and clothing really stand out. The only place where it's daytime is in the desert, but I wouldn't go out there. Not for a million floppy bucks. Everyone's wearing leather and screaming and riding around in old landcars with chainsaws and T-Rex skulls welded to them. I'd rather stick to the city. All that yelling would give me a headache in no time.

Oh man, then there are the cops. Every police officer is decked out in full riot gear and shoulder-mounted stun cannons, even the bicycle cops. They ticket pretty much everyone they come across, and push everyone else. They tend to say stuff like:

"Are you talking back to me?" (said to someone that's been silent)

"This is official police business. Move along or I'll shoot." (said after breaking your legs)

"My name's Eric!" (said by a cop named Eric)

"Who you gonna call? The cops? Haw haw haw!" (said with a bit of chili on the corner of his mouth)

Worse than them, though, are the gangs that the cops are too scared to do anything about. They mostly hang out at the city's biggest establishments like the video game arcade and the chain link fence storage yard, sharpening the spikes on their kneepads and peddling holodrugs.

Once they took a reporter hostage and broadcast a video of them punching the dude in the head so hard that he got knocked out. Bet you've never seen anything that brutal in your timeline. Things

are mondo-bad here.

There used to be lots of sports, but now there is only Ball. Teams like the Winnipeg Crushers and the Neo York Vivisectors hit each other at high speeds. Sometimes people even break bones! Whole networks are devoted to Ball, 24-hour channels that have the ability to go in-depth but instead air the same half hour of poorly reported fluff and prescripted debate all day long.

Actually, I just realized the news channels do the same thing. Damn.

The worst part of my timeline is the art. When I was much younger my father would take me to galleries to see the works of artists like Van Gogh and Picasso, visionaries with talent to match the ideas they wanted to convey. Now, the only time you hear about art is when someone tries to make a statement by taping a newspaper clipping of Life President Hopmo to a canvas splattered with synthblood.

It's not that things like that shouldn't exist, it's just a shame that they are all art has been reduced to. Since 198X, I can't think of a single artist that has become famous for filling a gallery with art that is just as engaging to look at is it is to think about.

Be glad, alternate timeline self. Be glad that you don't have to live through the horrors of this dark future.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.11 The History of Neon Purple

Sunday, Jul 12, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Four years after Dr. Busenitz revealed that gelatinized human muscle creates the color electric blue , another neon color was discovered in Prussia. Early one morning, the residents of the tiny hamlet of Aachenburg were awoken by an intense meteor shower that would later be described by survivors as "Lila Feuer" (translated Purple Fire.) Purple meteors the size of cattle crashed through houses, and in less than an hour, the town was destroyed. News of the destruction and colorful meteors spread quickly throughout the country with rumors of nude, horny alien babes. Relief teams, treasure seekers, and virgins flocked to the site in enormous numbers. When the horde of travelers arrived the following night, they were surprised when the ruins, glowing from radiation, were visible from over a mile away. Little could be done for the few survivors, and the virgins were disappointed, but the treasure hunters managed to collect large amounts of the meteors. These fragments were called Purple Rock and sold as mementos and novelty nightlights, a common birthday present. Soon pieces were found in the majority of all Prussian households.

Within ten years, the majority of the first generation of collectors, sellers, and many of the children who received the rocks had grown sick and died. With no understanding of radiation, the Church deemed the meteors satanic, and guided the monarchy to collect and destroy all fragments. The pieces were ignited in front of the cathedral, and quickly melted and pooled. Amazed by the beautiful liquid, the church rethought their position. The glowing liquid was collected and tested first upon serfs, then on cattle. Once found to be safe, melted Purple Rock was deemed a luxury, thus sending a second generation of scavengers to their death in the Aachenburg wasteland.

Dr. Busenitz's Test Subject #47

As the pigment's popularity grew, Purple Rock scavengers were forced to mine deeper and deeper into the highly radioactive ruins. Mutation and death was common, causing the price to skyrocket. Much like Electric Blue, the new color was popular with royalty. Kaiser Wilhelm II had his cavalry painted in the pigment every year for his birthday, U.S. President Benjamin Harrison's body was embalmed with Purple Rock, and Queen Victoria is fabled to have performed a Purple Rock enema once a month. Dr. Busenitz attempted to replicate his success with the new pigment, hoping to create a way for the common people to enjoy the color. The results were ultimately unsuccessful.

Due to a global misuse of the mined meteor fragments, mass production of Purple Rock ceased in 1952 due to lack of material. The last known piece of Purple Rock, a car sized fragment named "Fairy Shit" by the alcoholic merchant who found it, "Big Purp" by everyone else, was purchased by Prince in 1984 to coincide with the release of his album *Purple Rain* (a reference to the devastating meteor shower.) The artist equipped a set of wheels to the stone and planned to ride it from New York City to Los Angeles. The journey received large amounts of press when Prince had to stop the trip in Chattanooga, Tennessee due to what his agent described as groin pains. Since this incident, the medical term for dangerously high radiation to the testicles is referred to as Prince Syndrome.

When asked how he managed to gather enough money to purchase Big Purp, Prince swore that he had "met a chick that cums diamonds N rubies." Skeptics pointed out that it would take a woman thirty years at fourteen orgasms a day to produce enough diamonds necessary to acquire the stone. Prince had a press conference stating his sexual prowess in an attempt to clear any confusion. According to his own research, it would only take three to five years. The event allowed Prince to show his penis to thousands, but it did little to throw off the naysayers. Despite Prince's inability to shirk accusations, for unclear reasons, every critic relented or disappeared by Christmas 1985.

In secret, the artist was a puppet. His stage name was an acronym for the members of a secret treaty formed between Poland, Romania, Italy, North Carolina, and Estonia. The alliance was founded by the three controlled by the U.S.S.R. They believed that the production of Purple Rock would give them the capital necessary to overthrow the soviets. Italy joined for financial backing, and in return they were granted discounted Purple Rock prices once production began. North Carolina thought they were seceding.

P.R.I.N.C.E.

Communication between the distant countries was complex and difficult, and any leaked information would mean harsh penalties by soviet watchdogs. The members decided to use Prince's songs to hide messages. The system worked perfectly, and vital information was passed in the open. Notable songs with hidden messages include " I Would Die 4 U " (stating the alliance), the 1989 single " Batdance " (repetitive lyric of "Get the fuck up" used as a signal to shed soviet rule), and " Raspberry Beret " (the governor of North Carolina bragging about an adulterous affair he had in a barn).

Within seven years, the U.S.S.R. was dismantled and the alliance dissolved in 1994. "Pussy Control" was recorded as a lasting reminder to the alliance members that they must "always have pussy control". Production of Purple Rock tapered off to preserve Big Purp. The remaining fragment was housed in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, until 1997 when the CCC invaded the city and stole the stone. The purpose behind the invasion is unknown, though rumors of a secret laboratory created for the synthisis of a super neon color are common. Prince, released from his feudal serfdom enjoyed the luxury of artistic freedom for the first time. He has not had a top ten hit since.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.12 theheroticreview.com

Monday, Jul 13, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Herotic Review

WEBLOVER69's REVIEW OF PETERP

back | report a problem | see provider's profile | send mail

appearance: 7 - fit and neat
attitude: reluctant
date visited: Jun 2009
performance: 5 - okay
atmosphere: 5 - average

general details

Set up a meeting with a phone call to J. Jonah Jameson. Freelance photographer showed up, turned out to be (surprise!) my date. Threw a woman off a building and he caught her in a web. Then things really got going.

the juicy details

Refused BBBJ and didn't seem interested in any sort of sex. Wanted to chase me around on my jetboard and race me parkour-style through a construction site. Was knocked off my jetboard by a girder about 500 feet up and he webbed me to the side of a building. Exciting, but not too original.Webs were silky, thicker than I expected, and still very warm. Smelled slightly of urine. Offered to CtC, but I threatened to release a nerve gas in a school. Mild roughing up followed by some body touching. Revealed there was no nerve gas bomb and was allowed to fall to my death - only to be caught after a 30 foot drop by a crane's bucket.

BIGLADYFAN's REVIEW OF WW_AMAZING

back | report a problem | see provider's profile | send mail

appearance: 3 - beastly
attitude: preoccupied
date visited: Jul 2009
performance: 2 - barely familiar with heroic material
atmosphere: 1 - filthy basement apartment

general details

Spoke to someone named "Chuck" about a meeting. Requested a ride in the invisible jet, was promised ride, instead WW arrived in a 1981 El Camino full of scrap wood. Burger King wrappers all over the place and the smell of a dead mouse in the dash. Very apologetic about having to run the heater in summer to keep the engine from catching fire. Looked absolutely nothing like pictures on website.

the juicy details

Decent H2H fight, good wrestle, sitting, bbw (or at least the big part), and a very nice woman. Unfortunately, she is not the advertised WW. As mentioned, invisible jet is very visible El Camino, but nothing else was the real deal either. I lied repeatedly while lassoed and seriously damaged one of her bracelets while rough-housing. Farty smell, lots of hair, cats everywhere in apartment. Accidentally referred to herself as "Waffle Woman" during the height of H2H.Fell asleep after fight and did not even offer to CtC even though I requested villain prison scenario with manager. NOT WORTH THE MONEY!

DOC8's REVIEW OF PETERP

back | report a problem | see provider's profile | send mail

appearance: 8 - lean and boyish
attitude: enthusiastic
date visited: Jul 2009
performance: 3 - weak and unremarkable
atmosphere: 8 - great atmosphere

general details

A delightful romp and a great heroscort. Arrived promptly with one call to the Daily Bugle. I was working on a magnetic pulse generator in my laboratory when he showed up. He allowed me to give a very lengthy speech about my plans to destroy all electronics around the world and even called me "a madman" when I threatened to usher in a new dark age. After some light battle with my full VE things got really hot and heavy.

the juicy details

Great H2H, requested and received full villain experience. Disabled my VE and even webbed my neutrino beam which I wasn't using. Gave me a half and half and CBJ2C. Then we fought some more and I received a VEWW2C. Really seemed to enjoy it and even offered to accidentally knock over a barrel of toxic waste and turn one of my lab assistants into a villain. I declined, but the thought was very nice. I would definitely book with him again.

WEBLOVER69's REVIEW OF BRUCIEBOY

back | report a problem | see provider's profile | send mail

appearance: 8 - swollen and green
attitude: angry
date visited: Jul 2009
performance: 1 - inaccurate and/or dangerous
atmosphere: 7 - very good atmosphere

general details

Wanted to meet alongside a dusty road heading to nowhere. Insisted on a very non-confrontational atmosphere so I paid for a full honeymoon suite at the hotel. Ate everything in the mini-bar and warned me not to get up in his face about it or he might do something I wouldn't like. He ordered a bunch of pay-per-view movies and that was the last straw. I yelled at him and that's when things started to get crazy.

the juicy details

Hulked after eating his way through the mini-bar. Proceeded to treat hotel suite like villain for several minutes, throwing bed through wall, wall through window, and room door through the roof. Was barely communicative and did not listen to requests. I asked for FBSM and instead had the bathtub smashed over my head. Requested MPOS WOC and was thrown out the gaping hole in the roof seriously injuring myself. After more than twenty minutes I was found by hotel staff.The only good thing I can say about this heroscort is that he raged for so long that I was allowed to witness a major battle with the national guard. Not worth the pain and suffering.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.13 The End of Suburbia

Tuesday, Jul 14, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chicago has been one of the metro areas hardest hit by the job cuts and government budget shortfalls sweeping the nation. Foreclosures in the suburbs are epidemic and homelessness is on the rise. Entire strip malls sit vacant.

The signs are all around me that things are getting worse, but it's only been for the past month or so that I have been jotting down the symptoms as they appear.

Car on Fire
June 4th, 2009

There is a man burning his Chrysler 300 in the turn lane because he is too weakened by hunger to complete the turn. He heaps road atlases on the passenger seat and sets them on fire. He begs passing motorists for food, his filthy fingers thumping softly against their windows as they swerve around his smoldering car.

Feral Pets
June 10th, 2009

Roadkill everywhere from all the feral pets being set loose. I count ten dead dogs and twice as many cats on my way to the gun store to buy high-caliber ammunition. I nearly wreck avoiding a pile of smashed turtles. Box turtles, feral, hunting in swarms. When it rains you can hear them by the hundreds scraping along the pavement to get at the earthworms.

Peer Pressure
June 11th, 2009

Two toddlers have just convinced my neighbor's baby to smoke. The baby has been hanging around with the toddlers for a few days now. He bounces up and down in his swing while they talk about knives and girls. Moral turpitude among tots is a sure sign that things are in decline. The taller boy is showing him how to puff on the cigarette and exhale through his nose. They delight and make choo-choo noises.

Feral Pets II
June 18th, 2009

The neighborhood parrots have formed a gang. They sit in a tree and shout curse words late into the night. When a lady passes they comment on her ass and make the Xbox startup sound. One of them keeps repeating, "Carol isn't here. Carol isn't here." I wonder where Carol is right now. They've cleaned out all the gardens and now they're eating sticks, bits of gum, and a lady's wig. Or is that a scalp?

Crime Stoppers
June 21st, 2009

The police have blocked off the entrance into the subdivision and they're charging a toll. To get in you have to pay them a dollar. I just had a few pennies on the floor of my car, so the lady cop reached into my pants and felt my butt. She just stood there with her hand on my butt and we both looked off in different directions.

After a while her hand started getting sweaty and then they let me go.

Neighborhood Garage Sale
June 23rd, 2009

Everyone is excited about the garage sale. They have tables of stuff from their house set up in their driveways and yards. I hesitated, but ended up setting up a table for my animes. Nobody has any money to buy anything. In the afternoon a man with a machete robs the garage sale across the street and takes all of their baby clothes and VHS tapes.

Pizza Shelter
June 26th, 2009

Foreclosure refugees collecting at the Pizza Hut. Somehow word got out that there was an assistant manager job opening. Everyone is wearing patched or homemade suits and ties. Business quilts. It turns out the job opening was a marketing ploy to get people interested in the new Pizza Hut Panormous Plus with 50% more pizza and 70% more crust. On my way home it's dark, but the sky is orange with the fire of the burning Pizza Hut.

No News is Bad News
July 1st, 2009

It has been a week since any of the magazines have changed at the grocery store. The newspaper boxes are empty and the Nuggets behind the counter at the 7-11 are all the Mega Asses issue still. It's as if we've broken off from the rest of the world and we're slowly drifting away. Either that, or the rest of the world is dying too, and the thought of that is...well, it's worse than thinking of Carol abandoning her African Grey.

Independence Day
July 4th, 2009

We cook a raccoon on the barbecue. A few of the neighborhood kids trade me a fabulous assortment of fireworks for the raccoon's browned snout. They bite into it so lustily they cut their lips on its teeth. I aim the fireworks at the trees and for at least an hour I have sweet silence from the chattering parrots. As the neighborhood becomes desperate for food the parrots are gradually dwindling. Not nearly fast enough for my taste. Somehow the parrots usually manage to talk their way out of trouble.

Carol
July 9th, 2009

There is a baby outside in the threes. He's climbed up after the parrots with a bowie knife between his gums. The toddlers are egging him on, shouting, "Da!" and "Fire truck!" He's going after the Carol parrot with murderous intent. "Carol isn't here. Carol isn't here." "Fire truck! Fast truck!" "Carol isn't here. Carol isn't-." I see the knife gleaming and then doused in red. Carol isn't here.

Trollop
July 10th, 2009

The baby is out by the burned ruins of the Pizza Hut. The toddlers are gone; I think they hopped a freight train to Wyoming. The baby's face is all painted up like what a woman might look like reflected in a rushing river. It's strutting back and forth, trying to sell itself to passing cars, but

there aren't any. All the gas is gone and the bicyclists are known enemies of prostitution. The baby is lifting its shirt to show a man on a recumbent bicycle the word BALL written across its chest. The scene disgusts me and I have to look away.

Thank God Carol isn't here to see this.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.14 A Horrid Collection

Wednesday, Jul 15, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Some three decades ago a man named Rod MacArthur changed the course of human history. Rod, a relic hunter and skilled forger of false idols, decided to start a company. Soon his enterprise grew into an empire, churning out graven images and demonic artifacts day and night.

Some of these artifacts appear benign and harmless. A silly Christmas ornament here, a little plaque there. The vast majority of the merchandise is, however, far too bizarre to be from this world. No, it has to come from somewhere else, like an alternate reality where everyone is 100% retarded.

Rod called his company the Bradford Exchange. They rub a wet sponge across America's porous surface, sucking up every bit of grease and grime before squeezing it out and selling it back. They stick the Pope on dinner plates, Elvis on lampshades, and make eagles have sex with each other while wolves watch.

I'll tell you something else about Rod MacArthur: *he planned 9/11* . Ok, maybe that last bit was a lie. Still, his company is committing some pretty horrific crimes against humanity on a daily basis. Let's take a look at some recent transgressions, shall we?

Bless this Home,
from up Above, guided by Angels and Heaven's Love
Lights Up!
Bless this Home
Stained-Glass Panorama
23" W x 11-1/4" H

Bless This Home

Ah, the new homeowner. You just bought a big house, probably from one of those reckless families responsible for ruining the American economy. Naturally, your new home is damned to Hell.

Lucky for you there's a quick fix. The easiest way to shake off an unwanted damnation is to buy a painting not unlike this one, which features a bunch of dead little girls floating on clouds. These adorable little angels from Heaven's dead child district work 24/7 praying for houses that carry their official décor. With one of these babies on your walls, it's pretty much impossible for your house to

burn down, get hit by a tornado, flood, or end up in the part of California that breaks off into the ocean and gets turned into a giant prison.

Best of all, you can spend hours contemplating the exact causes of death for each little angel. I'm pretty sure the one on the far left got trapped in a refrigerator.

In case you're wondering about those birds flying around: no, they aren't dead. If they were, they'd have an extra set of wings.

Illuminated Tabletop Snowman Sculpture

The Painter of LIGHT

Let's establish one important fact: Thomas Kinkade is just a big ol' faggot. I realize some of you may find that term offensive, but I believe it most accurately describes Thomas Kinkade. No, he's probably not gay, and anyway that's not even what I mean. Just look at that guy. Yep, a big ol' faggot.

This is a snowman with its front melted open revealing three separate Christmas scenes where vital organs would normally go. Instead of seeing this poor guy's heart, lungs, kidneys, spleen, liver, intestines, colon, and so on, you're seeing little houses, horses, and trains. What the hell kind of deranged mind thinks of something like that? It's way too nightmarish a concept to work as a legitimate decoration.

Now I realize that at this point Thomas Kinkade is just a brand name, like Tom Clancy or Jimmy Dean, and he little to do with any of the products that bear his name. He probably doesn't know this bizarre thing exists. He's way too busy painting superfluous chimneys on rustic cottages or dreaming up new, exotic locations to stick lighthouses. But still, you'd think someone in his entourage would look at this bizarre "Anatomy of Christmas" figurine and say, "That's pretty fucking weird, man."

Also, feast your peepers on that face. Sure it's smiling, but look at those sorrowful eyes. It's clearly

in a great deal of pain.

Born to be Free

There are two indisputable facts about the wolf. First, they're obviously the spirits of our long lost ancestors. Since departing the mortal realm, these spirits have forgotten their human nature, and thus walk on all fours, howl, and generally behave as animals. Second, the wolf is nature's most majestic killing machine.

Sadly, looking wicked has become something of a curse for the mighty wolf. Its stunning visage has been printed on everything imaginable, and very little of it any good. Worst of all: the wolf shirt. Originally the wolf shirt devotees consisted of the sincere and the ignorant, people who saw no sin and knew no better. Now a new class of miscreant has taken a shine to the wolf shirt. They wear it out of proud irony or service to some sad, sad viral meme.

Meanwhile, the poor wolf is still standing on some rock in the dark of night, howling for a justice that may never come. Looking at this piece, I have to admit that it almost delivers some of that justice. *Almost* .

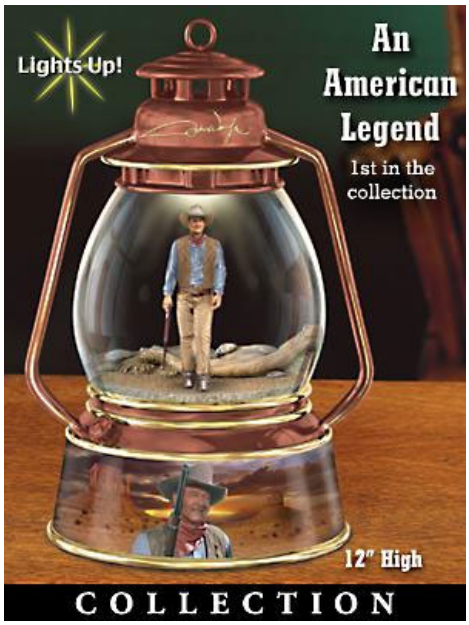
If you have a moment, I'd like to engage you in a mental exercise. Close your eyes. Now imagine a motorcycle racing down an abandoned stretch of highway at night. A giant full moon glows in the horizon, and swarms of bats fly by, their silhouettes cutting into the glowing orb's shape. Now imagine the rider of that motorcycle: a werewolf. Torn jeans. Black leather boots. A denim jacket with the sleeves ripped off. A headband holding back the long flowing hair. Dark sunglasses. The lone wolf... the outlaw... the renegade.

Now swap out the motorcycle with a unicorn and paint that image on a quality canvas. Mail it to me as soon as possible, along with any extra money you might have.

As for this stupid figurine thing, well, it still sucks.

John Wayne Illuminated Lantern Collection

Prior to his death at the hands of Martians in the deserts of Arizona, John Wayne spent a few weeks posing for various sculptures, paintings, and airports. Knowing death was imminent, Wayne



wanted to preserve his legacy by having it plastered on cheap, readily available knickknacks and transportation hubs.

This lantern, the very first lantern created with a little tiny cowboy inside it, captures Wayne at his very best: standing next to a log. One can easily imagine the actual full-sized John Wayne standing in this very same pose as he stared down the barrel of a Martian raygun and told those alien sons of bitches to do their worst. And they did.

As one would expect from a lantern with a little-bitty cowboy inside it, it lights up. Just like the real John Wayne, this lantern is powered by two "AA" batteries.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.15 Chatting With ChaCha

Thursday, Jul 16, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

ChaCha is a fun new phone service that gives common morons the chance to find answers to questions they're too embarrassed to ask in public. Let's see if it can help us solve one of the greatest problems plaguing mankind, one step at a time!

What is the world's sharpest knife?

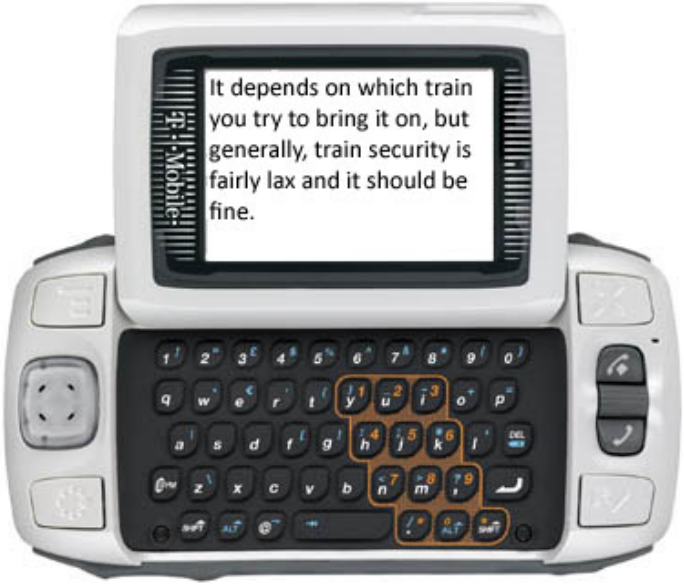
T-Mobile
Finnish puukko knives are world-renowned as the finest and sharpest cutlery made, an ancient all-purpose tool dating back to 1610.

Can I bring the world's sharpest knife with me on a train?

Will train companies consider changing their weapons policy in the future?

It's likely that policies will only change to be more restrictive, not less. Weapons will likely never be allowed on trains.
T-Mobile

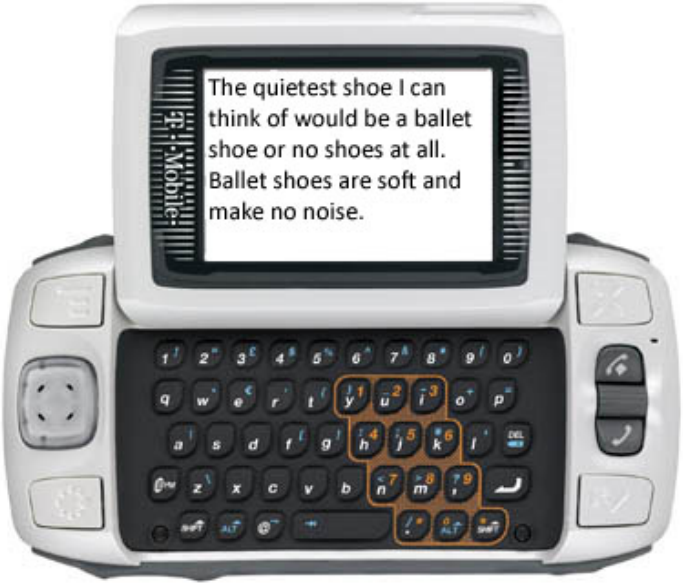
Can I bring a rope on a train if I want to tie my luggage to the seat?



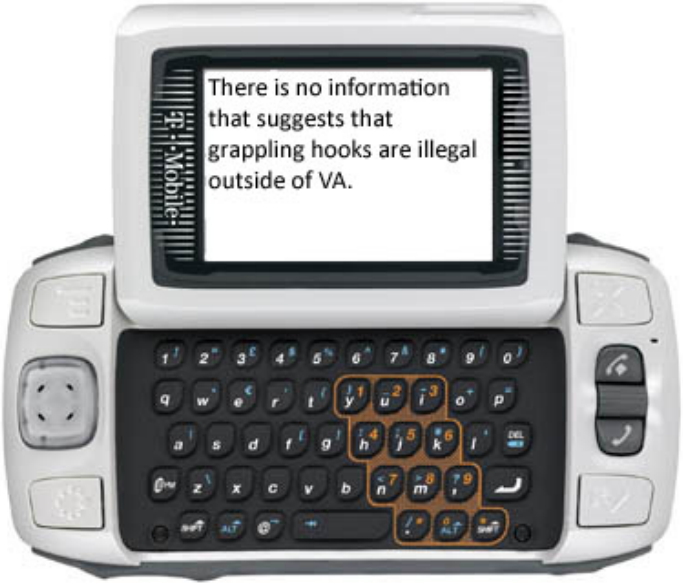
How many feet of rope does it take to snap a man's neck?

Is it illegal to wear a disguise in public if it's not Halloween?

What are generally the quietest shoes?



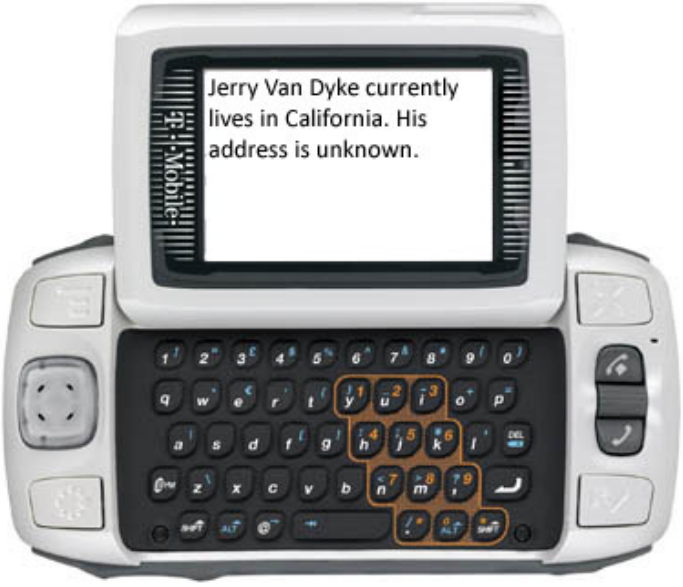
Are grappling hooks legal outside of Virginia?



Who played the character "Luther" on the sitcom Coach?

Jerry Van Dyke played Assistant Coach Luther Horatio Van Dam on the show "Coach." He appeared in 199 episodes from 1989-1997.

Where does Jerry Van Dyke live? Is it outside Virginia?



-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.16 Predator Drone's Commonplace Book

Friday, Jul 17, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> *This book consists of ideas, images, & quotations hastily stored locally and in duplicate in the Operator Forward Command Base for possible use in stories, novels, and after action reports. For the most part they are merely suggestions or random impressions designed to set the memory or imagination working. Their sources are various - dreams, things read, casual incidents, 3x video, FLIR, synthetic aperture radar, absinthe visions, etc.*
>
> **Predator Drone MQ-1C**

1 Gen. Petraeus becomes a cat - travels in dreams

2 A drone switches to black hot, cannot switch back to white hot - a witch's curse?

3 Ghost missile

4 dust occludes satellite - a bloody symbol in the sky

5 drone does not want to fire on civilians - must

6 TOMMY FRANKS returns from Leng

7 sorcerer spell - lady drivers - drone pregnant

8 unearthly ground collision alarm tone

9 ancient cyclopean city - strange minarets shelter supposed sniper- cleared to engage

10 above 500 feet everyone looks like al qaeda

11 insurgent drone

12 a drone is fond of local boy on base and learns to hypnotize and transfer its identity into the boy so that it can play football with the other children, but must always return back into the drone. Ordered onto mission where it must blow up the boy. Returns from mission to find that the mission was ordered by the boy himself. While drone was inside his body?

13 A terrible wizard attempts to drive a truck full of bootleg DVDs onto the base and misunderstands verbal cues from marines - must be exploded by drone

14 tomb of ancient drone discovered in dry riverbed - spirit of drone awakened - rains ceaselessly and threatens to flood entire city

15 corpse marine buys burger king for drone

16 drone haunted by war crimes, lives under bridge, ancient majicks preserve spirit inside figurine of cat

17 target painted by ground forces is drone's mirror image - drone dies when it launches on target

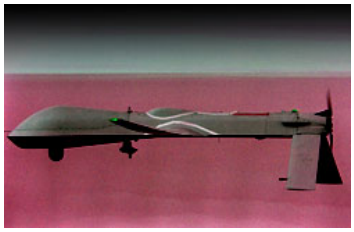
18 suspected IEDS, hellfire missile, civilians, no consequences

19 Long loiter over AoE leads to vision of apocalyptic pharaohs return and corruption of autonomous

heuristics causing drone to mis-identify friendly convoy as al qaeda. Death and destruction. Suggestion entire mission was simulated to test endurance of software.

20 A-10 with evil purpose

21 Israelis use strange rock to conjure daemons of fire that attack a UN school. Drone must ensure Merkava tanks are not harmed.



22 WOLFOWITZ written in burning letters above Palestine

23 magical insurgent appears only synthetic aperture radar

24 TOMMY FRANKS swallows a fly during a speech. Fly takes over his body. Consequences.

25 A WMD inside the wall of an ancient temple, beeps constantly, drives drone to transcribe insane melody for symphony. When completed something happens. Destruction.

26 Strange man in robes appears at gate. Shot to death immediately. Dead hand falls open to reveal dairy queen coupons.

27 woman dressed all in black sees soldiers doing a strange thing to her daughters. Disappears into impossible angles.

28 drone trains native soldiers to be drones

29 a visiting congressman must spend the night outside the green zone

30 Srange shape seen moving through the streets of Sadr City at night. Sometimes it appears as a man, other times a writhing mass of tentacles. Eight blocks leveled with high explosive bombs. Strange shape never seen again.

31 Hajji hatches from primordial egg.

32 Clay pots found in basement contain 75 year old chemical irritant - appear on Fox News, Media Matters.

33 Saddam resurrected into drone. Impossible sortie?

34 A robot eat a dead body: a shameful robot.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.17 A Chat With Star Wars: The Old Republic's Lead Creative Producer

Saturday, Jul 18, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When BioWare asked if I would be interested in an exclusive scoop on the first Star Wars MMO since Tabula Rasa, I had to pause. A true journalist must always consider how many exclamation points go after "YES" in professional correspondence. Sorry for hijacking the front page with a straightforward interview, but I'm hoping most of you are as interested in this game as I am.

Something Awful: Hi, thanks for taking the time to chat. Your e-mail was a nice surprise.

Dr. Stephen Banner: Sure thing! We're ready to go public with a few features, and I thought this would be a fun place to do it. Your articles with that old guy Cliff making fun of pictures are the best.

Something Awful: Oh, no. I think you're mistaken.

Dr. Stephen Banner: That wasn't you?

Something Awful: That was me. I did those. They just weren't my best. I made some photoshops of cats saying funny things like "moar" and "I can has" with motivational poster backdrops. They were the best, but they were more cerebral so not as many people spread them around.

Dr. Stephen Banner: Haha. Either way, nice to be talking to you.

Something Awful: Same here. Would you mind doing a quick rundown for anyone in our audience that doesn't keep up with video game news?

Dr. Stephen Banner: Of course, yeah, let me slip into marketing mode. *Star Wars: The Old Republic* is a massively multiplayer RPG set in the same time period as BioWare's single player *Knights Of The Old Republic* games, roughly 4,000 years before the events that took place in the movies.

I'm the Lead Creative Producer, which means I do a little bit of everything whie keeping each department pointed in the right direction.

Something Awful: I'm sure this gets brought up all the time, but the first Star Wars MMO, *Star Wars Galaxies* -

Dr. Stephen Banner: Oh boy, here we go.

Something Awful: Our site had an active guild with a fully-fledged Goontown of our own, so my experience with the game was overwhelmingly positive, but obviously there were a lot of missed opportunities that kept the game from living up to its potential. What can you guys take away from the missteps of *Galaxies* ?

Dr. Stephen Banner: Well, *The Old Republic* is so fundamentally different that nothing matches up 1:1 beyond the backdrop of Star Wars, and even that can't be compared because there's a gap of a few thousand years between the games.

One thing we did learn is that George Lucas had way too much influence on *Galaxies* . The man

is brilliant, but he doesn't have much of a history with games. Many people have said that our *Knights Of The Old Republic* games captured the Star Wars magic more than the latest film trilogy, so I think he understands that this time around he needs to take more of a hands-off approach.

Something Awful: Sounds like you guys have quite a bit of freedom.

Dr. Stephen Banner: Absolutely. One of the earliest missions for the Bounty Hunter class gives you the option of killing Darth Vader's great-grandfather, which would have mind-blowing consequences. Who would build R2-D2? Without R2-D2, how would Luke escape from the trash compactor?

We're approaching the game with story as the main focus, so it's vital that we have some breathing room to do our own thing. That's why we haven't "officially" shown the game to LucasArts or licensed the Star Wars brand yet.

Something Awful: When the first screenshots of your game were released, people made a big deal out of the oversized lightsabers. What do you think about the reaction?

Dr. Stephen Banner: Look, anything you see from a project at such an early stage will be revised a million times by release. The final rendering engine wasn't in place, so naturally our art team went with stylized character models instead of "realistic" but unpolished realdolls like you see in Age Of Conan and Neverwinter Nights 2.

The criticism was doubly frustrating because lightsabers won't even be in the game.

Something Awful: No lightsabers, wait. Will there be Jedi?

Dr. Stephen Banner: God no. If you give people the choice, everyone will be a Jedi. The closest class we have (and this is the exclusive that I promised you) is the Midichlorian Tinkerer, which is essentially a scientist that uses four miniature droids, each of which harnesses one aspect of what is known as the Force.

Something Awful: Hold on. There are four aspects of the Force?

Dr. Stephen Banner: Yes, you have the Fire Aspect, the Water Aspect, the Good Aspect, and the Evil Aspect. The Fire Aspect allows the Tinkerer to attack enemies with a ball of fire, a "fireball" if you will. The Water Aspect is represented by an ice projectile that slows targets on impact. The Good and Evil Aspects influence dialogue.

As I've mentioned, story is the primary focus of The Old Republic, and aside from discarded hologram recordings that the player finds throughout his adventures, most of the story will be conveyed through interactions with NPCs. Our dialogue system will be unique in that the player will be able to choose from responses that are Good (giving you less tangible rewards for quests but more experience), Neutral (giving you nothing), or Evil (less experience but more items and gold). With the Midichlorian Tinkerer's Good and Evil Aspects, he will open up two additional options in every dialogue tree.

Something Awful: Can he choke/push/levitate people?

Dr. Stephen Banner: No. what you're describing would fit into the Air Aspect, and at this time we have no plans to add a fifth Aspect. Perhaps in an expansion.

Something Awful: Still, that class sounds really exciting!

Dr. Stephen Banner: Glad to hear it. Keeping it secret this long has been difficult, as you might

imagine. I'm really anxious to get the community's positive feedback.

Of course, there are some drawbacks. With so many dialogue options - that are going to be entirely voice acted, mind you! - we've been forced to streamline the character creation process by giving every player (not just Midichlorian Tinkerers) the name Nardo Pace. Some people might not like this decision, but it clears up a lot of potential headaches.

Something Awful: I'm sure there will be some negative responses out there, but really, people on the internet will bitch about anything.

Dr. Stephen Banner: Yeah, somewhere right now I'm sure someone is starting a petition. Haha. We actually have this plaque in our office that says "Petitions do not influence development, not even online petitions".

Something Awful: So, when can we expect to see The Old Republic on store shelves?

Dr. Stephen Banner: The official release date for retail and digital download through Steam is December 15th, 2009.

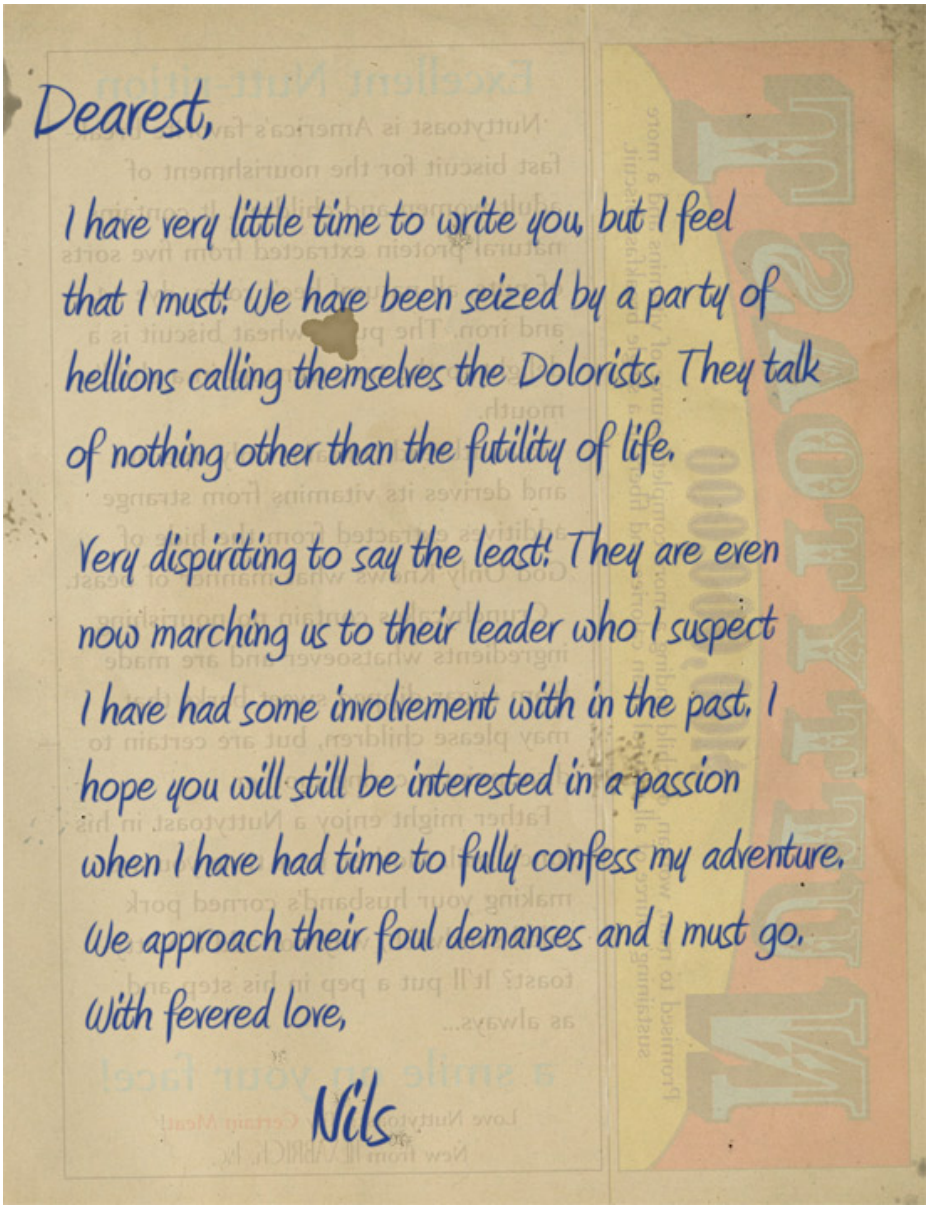
Something Awful: Thanks again for your time!

Dr. Stephen Banner: Thank you, and please consider that job offer.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.18 Nils & Beauregard's USA Tour: Escape From (Beneath) New York

Monday, Jul 20, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Dearest,
I have very little time to write you, but I feel that I must! We have been seized by a party of hellions calling themselves the Dolorists. They talk of nothing other than the futility of life.
Very dispiriting to say the least! They are even now marching us to their leader who I suspect I have had some involvement with in the past. I hope you will still be interested in a passion when I have had time to fully confess my adventure. We approach their foul demanses and I must go.
With fevered love,
Nils

Roots of Treetown

Nils Odegaard and Beauregard Ink are at this very moment joined in a predicament by their guide, DeShaun Vondel of Panther Army. Their attempt to reach Madison Square Aerodrome via the underworld of York has run afoul of the gang of futility-addicts called the Dolorists. Nils has unwittingly communicated to them his private shame about a recent encounter with the woman of tin. The travelers have realized, too late, that the Dolorists worship this mechanical maiden for reasons unknown.

Now they are being taken to her.

"The world is blind to your pain!" The Dolorists moan.

For Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun the journey has become a breathless, stumbling effort just to stay on their feet as they are swept along by the press of Dolorists. The gloomy fiends barrage them with a chorus of personal and universal suffering, maddening maxims, and intolerable truths of the cosmic reality. The travelers try not to listen as they are drawn deeper and deeper into the rooted fastness of Treetown, amid the crumbling boulevards and wagon-rutted streets of bygone America.

"The reality of death renders all actions without meaning!" The Dolorists moan.

Nils scoops up a Nutty Toast wrapper and scribbles out a note to his love back in England. Beauregard, being of smaller frame and lesser constitution than his Viking companion, can do little other than avoid being crushed by the weight of bodies. DeShaun, who alone knows the true depravity of the Dolorists, fights wildly with punches and kicks, but to no avail.

"The violence of life fills your cup, death empties it out!" The Dolorists moan.

The roots of the trees grow thicker and reach down to the street. In places the roots penetrate the forlorn cobblestones. They become like the fibrous bars of some great jail or the mechanism of a sorting machine. Beauregard briefly loses sight of Nils and DeShaun. He cries out in panic, but his words are lost in the loud chanting of the Dolorists. They are separating and then coming together in groups as the thick roots permit, gradually pulling the travelers into a dark, arched tunnel made from the roots.

"Everyone you know and love will suffer and perish! The only escape is to die in the womb!" The Dolorists moan.

Here and there the Dolorists break into personal chants. They describe living to old age without loving another or the lonely death of a favorite pet in a deep well. Their morbid tales come in sobs and fits and they are all wracked with tears and hysterical laughter. The sound of the Dolorists is deadened by cellulous walls of the tunnel. Their morose canto begins to assume the rhythm of a distant throb Nils and Beauregard can feel through their shoes.

advertisement

"The wind will steal...the names from graves. The earth will crush...our bones to coal." The Dolorists sing.

DeShaun becomes even more fearful than before. He brushes against Nils, his eyes-wide and his face covered in sweat. He shouts that they are being taken to the City Heart. It is the great boiling terminus of the forgotten lines, where the ancient steam engine that once governed life in York still beats. It is maintained and stoked by the Dolorists for unknown reasons.

"A million love letters never answered. A billion useless deathbed prayers. We drift on a miserable river called life and drowning is our only fate." The Dolorists sing in monotone, their voices dead and beautiful.

Nils and Beauregard feel the hypnotic power of the Dolorist's droning dirge. DeShaun even mouths a few words in unison with the now-marching mass of Dolorists before he realizes what he is doing. The dreadful beat of the City Heart grows louder and louder. The air becomes heated and stifling. It reminds Nils of Icelandic volcanism. Beauregard recalls adventuring for Her Majesty into a benighted jungle where savage pygmies devoured human flesh. DeShaun knows all too well the chamber of the City Heart, for once - briefly - Panther Army's masked warriors reclaimed the ancient mechanism from the Dolorists.

"We dream of dogs we used to call, of cats that used to fill our laps. We put their broken bodies to rest, but we could not tell them why. Man alone lives to know what it means to die!" The Dolorists sing, their voices wracked with agony.

The hunched and sobbing Dolorists are indistinguishable from the fog that fills the tunnel. Their song is less now than the drumbeat of the City Heart. Beauregard and Nils know they cannot stand much more. At that very moment, the throng stops. The Dolorists rock from foot to foot with the precision timing of a military parade, their bodies totally enslaved by the beat of the City Heart.

> *"We are man. We are woman. We are the fading echo of a scream and nothing more,"* the Dolorists intone.

The fog parts to reveal a vast double-door carved from golden wood. Above the hinged door is a placard which welcomes visitors to "The Palace of Wisdom." There is a powerful thump as a lock disengages and then a loud, elongated groan as the wooden halves of the door swing away from the Dolorists. The door collides not with the fibrous walls of further root tunnels, but with the glistening white tiles of some ancient structure.

The throng marches into The Palace of Wisdom. Nils and Beauregard wonder at the ornate carvings on the immense door. The door is images of hypodermic needles, strange underground train cars, nude women, and some of the electrified musical instruments the Americans seem to prefer. There is no time for Nils or Beauregard to decipher the meaning of these strange symbols before they are swept on by the Dolorists.

The Palace of Wisdom

The travelers venture into the depths of the Palace of Wisdom, drawn as much by the awful beating of the City Heart as the singing crowd of Dolorists. The press actually lessens as they traverse tiled tunnels and descend twisting staircases into halls lit by chandeliers. By ones and twos the Dolorists peel off and disappear into alcoves, down ancient civic hatches, and into feeder tunnels threaded with ominous red lights that throb with the pulse of the City Heart.

They descend through half-flooded train stations and pass through galleries of defaced artwork and moldy billboards for Hollywood pictures with titles like "Bare Shoulders" and "The Cigarette Girl Follies." Though each is aware of the peril that may await, the travelers and their guide are unable to shake free from the hypnotic control of the City Heart. The terrible tattoo of the device becomes louder and louder until it seems to shake their bones. The heat of the City Heart's exhalation couples with the ever-downward course to complete the illusion of a descent into hell itself.

"Above us is the black obelisk of Wall Street," DeShaun shouts over the heartbeat and points to a sign that Nils and Beauregard cannot comprehend. "City Heart beats directly beneath the trading gallery. Or so they say."

As the travelers approach their destination, each seeks comfort where it can be found. For Beauregard it is in the advertisement for the beautiful aviatrix Lady Elise and her Aerodrama. Nils holds the note he has scribbled to his beloved and thinks of the shape of her body, though he has never seen it himself. DeShaun closes his eyes and pictures himself transformed into a panther. He slips out of his stifling turtleneck and corduroy slacks. His body is pure black and rippling with powerful muscles. He is the apex predator.

"Here it is," DeShaun announces, though such an announcement has been rendered unnecessary by the breathtaking sight of the City Heart.

The chamber is spherical and seems ten stories high. The curving walls are covered in white station tiles and lit in rings of arc lights that cast moving shadows amid the billowing steam. Numerous gantries and walkways extend from the catwalks around the edges of the room to the roughly spherical shape of the City Heart. The device is easily ten meters across at its fullest swell. It grows as if inhaling deeply and then contracts suddenly around countless protruding pistons. At the moment of this contraction there is a deafening thud followed by the hiss of steam escaping from numerous linkages and hoses.

Dolorists wearing steam suits hang at varying heights from an overhead gantry. Some seem to be adjusting gauges and valves; some hang around a great rusty bucket full of paper and coal and wood. They shovel debris from the bucket into the yawning entrance of an immense furnace. Additional buckets and labor crews hang above, waiting in line to be lowered to feed the furnace of the City Heart.

It is the largest combustion engine Nils has ever seen, easily dwarfing the 44-piston diesel monsters that power the Bakkenlinder luxury submarines operating in the North Sea. If it weren't churning and spraying out gouts of steam Beauregard might almost mistake its elaborate mechanisms for the graceful engineering of Her Majesty's orrery at Windsor's Chemurgic Cathedral.

An armed gang has encircled the gawping trio, more Dolorists in silvery steam suits. Their breather masks are pushed up on their heads and their faces are caked in coal dust. A few hold actual weapons: swords, knives, and broom-handle pistols. Most of them are armed with the shovels and picks they presumably use in their labors.

These Dolorists are stoic, emotionless. They continuously mutter a similar litany of sorrows, but their voices are unheard amid the racket of the City Heart. A well-dressed man pushes through the cordon of Dolorists. Nils and Beauregard recognize him at once.

Donald Rickenbacker is wearing the same coachman's hat as before, but is more sharply dressed in black frock coat with a subtle fleur-de-lis patter, vermillion vest, silk tie, and trousers so darkly red as to be the color of dried blood. He greets Nils and Beauregard almost fondly and tips his hat to DeShaun.

"Come, come," he says with excitement. "Let me take you up to the top. You can see what I have done with her."

The Dolorist workmen part to make room for Rickenbacker and the travelers. A harrowing journey up an accordion elevator deposits the men on a circular platform just above the City Heart. The metal grating rings with their footsteps as they approach stairs leading down to the City Heart itself. As they descend they see at once what Rickenbacker and the Dolorists have done. The woman of tin has been fused - by both bolts and welding - into the body of the City Heart.

The fire deep within the heart seems to burn in her previously lifeless eyes. Her legs are gone as if she has melted into the spherical body of the heart. The disparity in proportions between her upper body and this immense lower body makes her look like nothing so much as a tick after gorging on a blood meal. She turns her head and regards Rickenbacker with no apparent emotion. The flywheels and gears inside her are turning so quickly that a steady shower of sparks is pouring from the depths of her feminine chest.

"She is now in control of the City Heart," Rickenbacker explains. "The Dolorists practically worship her like a god. She has no emotions and no pain and now that she's all hooked into this...well...she's

queen of the underworld."

Beauregard asks Rickenbacker what he thinks about the arrangement.

"They paid me two thousand dollars, cash on the barrelhead," Rickenbacker says and spits off the side of the heart.

DeShaun wonders if they are free to go. Rickenbacker laughs.

"Soon," he says. "First, I need to ask you a favor. It is so fortunate that my forlorn friends happened upon you. The Dolorists want the woman of tin to remember everything. Not just a few simple actions or some funny answers to questions like I can put on her gearing. They want real memory. Advanced transistor technology."

Electric computers. Video machines. Simple devices of this sort are used in the Sensorama machines and the new driverless automobiles being made in the Orient. More advanced versions are kept by great armies, kings, and the fabulously wealthy. These advanced devices can determine the outcome of a war or answer any reasonable question posed to them by a reasonable man.

"There is an electric computer expert, Dr. Wildbaum. He is very old, but he helped found World Computer Devices, the famous company which everyone knows about."

Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun nod in unison, for they know about World Computer Devices.

"He is not Chairman Mal, but he was instrumental in developing the most advanced electric computer. You can find him in New York at a very exclusive club. I will write down the name and you will go and see him and get the parts he tells you that you will need. You must build a level 10 machine. Remember that. Level 10. You will do this for me, gentlemen."

Someone asks why they would do that.

"Why, I have your hearts," Rickenbacker laughs.

Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun also laugh. Their laughter dies when Dolorists take hold of their arms and hold them at their sides. With practiced ease, Rickenbacker seizes each man's heart from his chest and drops the bleeding organ into a jar. When he is finished he seals the lid and places the jar in a box which he locks with a key worn around his neck.

"They will last a week in there," he tells the travelers. "Then they, and you, will perish. Make the woman of tin whole and you will have your hearts back, alive and well. Then you may go on your merry way."

The woman of tin looks at the panting men and their suddenly red-stained shirts. Inner fire dances in her eyes.

"I really am sorry about all this," Rickenbacker says and claps Nils on the shoulder. "If there were any other way..."

"Ah, well," he clucks in disappointment. "Send them back to Harlem. Pipe 13."

Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun are dragged by the Dolorist workers to a large iron pipe with an open hatch. Water can be seen rushing along horizontally at great velocity. Then it can be experienced rushing thusly by Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun as they are dumped into the pipe and launched, at the aforementioned great velocity, back to Dutch Harlem.

Each man emerges with a gasp of air, pouring out with the rushing water onto the pavement. A few

onlookers murmur in surprise at the sudden appearance of three strangers in the street. The trio have been hydro-pneumatically returned to Dutch Harlem and they are in sight of the trusty Alpus.

The Old Hebrew Club

The lobby of the Old Hebrew Club is guarded by seven front desk clerks. Two of them are of normal human size, three are the size of a child or midget, and two are the size of a small dog. They are known collectively as The Brothers Abramovicz. Almost as rare as their unusual range of heights is that they are Polish Hebrews, a breed of men that mysteriously nearly became extinct in the 1950s. This mysterious mass-vanishing took place during the time of the Austro-Hungarian blackness that enveloped much of the continent. It was a time so dismal that it is not spoken of in public by any men of culture and tact.

The Brothers Abramovicz give the long eye to the sodden trio of Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun. The brothers strenuously object to the sopping intrusion in unison, with the exception of Jon Abramovicz, the smallest of the brothers, who is no longer on speaking terms with five of his six siblings. He buzzes Nils, Beauregard, and DeShaun through the double security door and they gratefully stumble past.

The Wilbaum apartment is situated on the fifth floor. After three long presses of the doorbell a very stout and very elderly woman wearing a blonde wig and eyeglasses opens the door. She is immediately put off by the slovenly appearance of the travelers. Beauregard tries to persuade her to let them in, but the she insists on closing and locking the door while she gets her husband.

Many minutes later the door unlocks and opens once again and an equally old and stoop-shouldered man with a wild head of gray hair greets them with irritation.

"What? What? You want an autograph? I've got no time for this!" Dr. Wildbaum waves at them dismissively.

He listens with interest as Beauregard explains their predicament in summary. When he mentions the need to construct a level 10 electric computer. Dr. Wildbaum scoffs.

"Level 10? I can count how many of those there are on one hand. You're going to make one yourself, with no experience?"

Beauregard points out that Dr. Wildbaum would be the one making it in their hypothetical. Nils interjects to remind the doctor that their lives are in grave danger.

"Alright," Dr. Wildbaum says at last. "Alright, I will help you. But it won't be easy."

The elderly man turns back to his wife.

"Helen, pack my thermos with tomato soup and make me some sandwiches."

"Where are you going?" demands Mrs. Wildbaum.

Dr. Wildbaum shrugs on a threadbare sweater.

"Helen, I'm going on an adventure," he replies.

She does not seem to appreciate this answer and has an earful for each of them delivered while she is making corned beef sandwiches for all three men. When she is finished she hands the wax-wrapped

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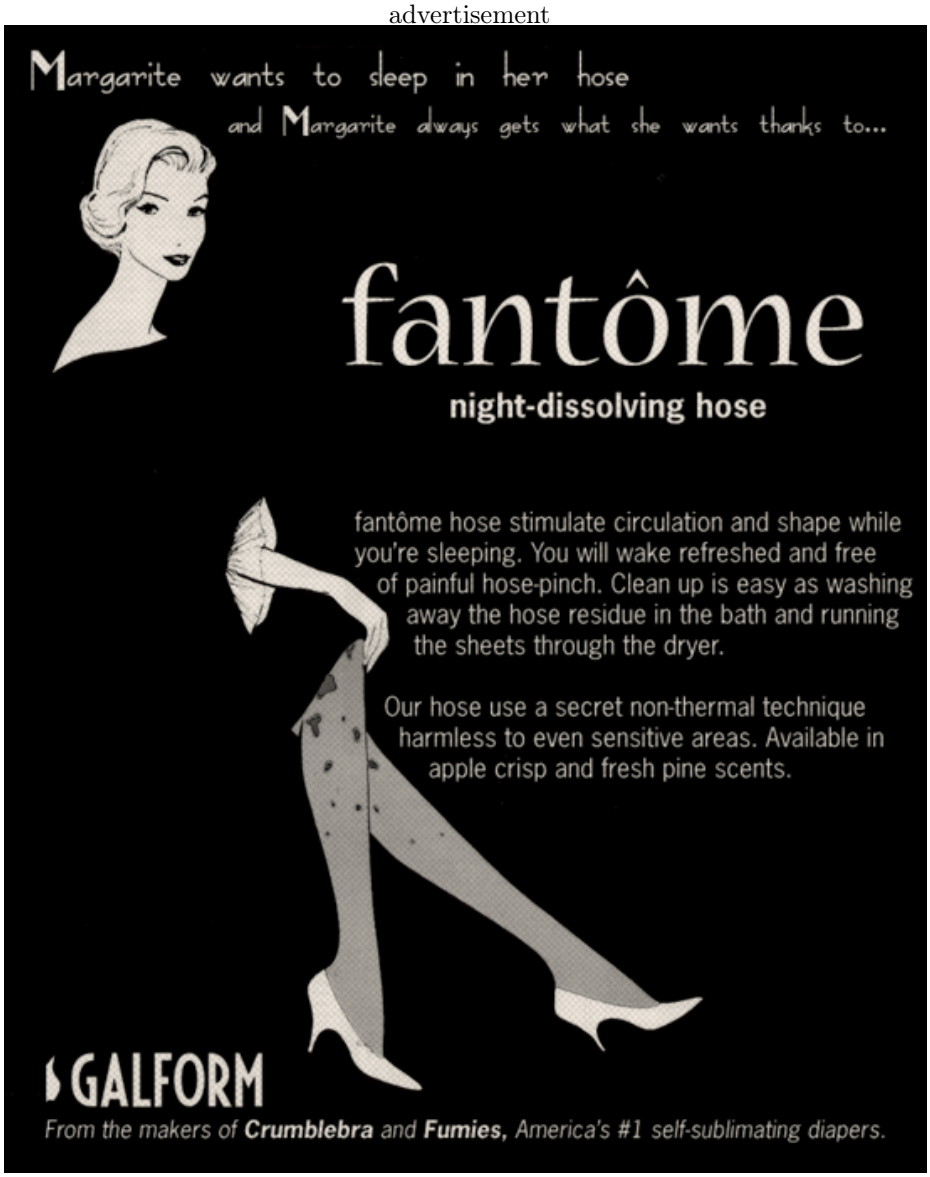
Margarite wants to sleep in her hose
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From the makers of Crumblebra and Fumies, America's #1 self-sublimating diapers.

triangles to each of the travelers and wishes them well.

"What else is he going to do with himself?" She says, resigned to her husband's participation in the adventure. "I'll be fine, Mort. You have fun with your new friends."

The Brothers Abramovicz are waiting to ambush the trio as they exit. When they see Dr. Wildbaum has joined the party the fight disappears from their demeanor. The largest brother, Israel Abramovicz, even holds the door open for the men as they depart.

Beauregard quickly brings Penelope up to speed on the expedition's lack of progress and the new objective. Nils feels a thrill when he hears her voice, but he says nothing to betray his feelings.

"An Alpus? My god," Mort remarks as he struggles to sit comfortably in the back. "I remember my father driving one. It was sort of a milky orange color. I think a '56 two door. You had to put

this awful rosin on the engine and-"

Nils passes a bar of rosin back to Dr. Wildbaum and the old man laughs. The Alpus starts reluctantly and grinds gears before zipping into the heavy traffic of New York City. There is a loud blare of horns and the tiny auto is nearly pulled under the wheels of a rusty Embarcovan.

The expedition is undeterred.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.19 Subj: THE HORSE AND THE RUMPUS ROOM

Tuesday, Jul 21, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

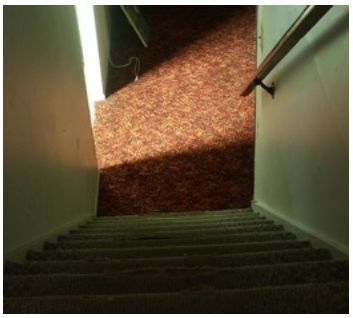
This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! It is on warm summer days like this that i sit and think about the horse we used to own and how it used to pant and wheeze in the summer sun. What a gorgeous beast !! We got him so many years ago and he was there for us all the time especially when the neighbors would get a new car and we would get on the horse and go walk around the neighborhood to show we were still cream of the crop when it comes to neighborhood big shots even when the horse was sick and making a mess every block or two.

We had that horse for a long time but i never reavealed the true reason we got rid of him and i probably never will but what he did one afternoon did NOT help his case. It was a long weekend and your mothers family was in town so rather than having the horse in the guest room we had to put him in the Rumpus Room.

Let me tell you about the old Rumpus Room you probably dont remember it because it was before you were born. Before it was the Guest Rumpus Room it was the Rumpus Room with fancy paint and games as far as the eye could see. It was decorated up to be a crazy place with a string of christmas lights coming out of a hole in the ceiling and parts of a car appearing to crash through the wall!! i took apart a car and brought it in piece by piece to make it look like half of a car was in the room but i didnt remember how to put most of it back together so i just put the parts up all over all the walls which got the point across

Dateline about 11:30 at night we hear sounds like tires screeching aka the Horse Wail. i run in there and find the horse is going hogg wild busting holes in the drywall and getting up on its hind legs and bashing its head into the ceiling making the whole house shake and rumble, biting cords and appliances and just being an all around bad horse. Now sure that is a full blown horse we are dealing with but one thing he didnt gamble on was that he would be up against me, and i was one of the few kids who could grow a full beard before high school was over so I think I know a little something about being tough stuff... Lets just say that after a large amount of yelling at it and it busting the house up it finally lost its temper tantrum and went out the french doors to the yard, probably feeling the heat from my discipline after all this beast had destroyed my xanadu or my zardoz if you will before my very eyes. Whether i took refuge inside the refrigerator for a few moments isnt important no matter what your mother would say



Who knows why the horse went nuts. I try to think of what would make me, a beautiful man, go wild and bust up a rumpus room to that degree and there are only a handful of things that could make me go that wild. maybe it was just a jokester and liked to put one over on the big guy or perhaps it was mad about being trapped and unable to travel back into the past to save a future that might never exist (our present? alternate history?? is our timeline corrupt because of the failed horse quest?) this theory is my personal choice because it explains why the horse tried to leave the room with my metallic car windshield sun shade but only got so far as to chew it up (anger over losing a timeline that history forgot)

And the cop had enough gall to ask if we were making the horse

excited. Well Think About It Genius, It Was A Rumpus Room. There was the constant music "Foot Loose" and the pinball machine i found was constantly banging around and making noises and of course the flashing lights. Who wouldnt be excited?? I dont care what animal you are that's an exciting room. GOODBYE!!!!!!!!!!

THE MOST FUN MAN IN TOWN

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.20 Rustlr.com: Live-Rustling Chicago Bill's Hanging

Wednesday, Jul 22, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Mad Bill Boothe had a very profitable evening.
3 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley if I find out any trains have been robbed, yer as good as dead.

Mad Bill Boothe Sheriff, the mere fact you'd think me capable of such a sinful miscarriage of law shocks me. Any plundered trains are surely the work of a lesser man than I.

Father Gerald Funeral services will begin at 9am tomorrow. Please dress respectfully.
5 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Wild Ron Son of a bitch. I need a stiff drink. Whiskey.
5 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Stampede Forecast

Thursday
Moderate stampeding by afternoon
Friday
All's quiet on the western front
Saturday
Thunderin' plains till evenin'
Sunday
Git out the way!
Monday
70% chance of spooking in the morning, followed by calm herds in the afternoon

Cowboy Tag Cloud

mister goldmine horse jokes cowboy Indian jokes whore magic Ballad of Shotgun Hudson cowboy resurrection saguaro whore curses jackalope moonshine turlet hollerin stagecoach beans we ride at dawn stogies palomino stubble water chief firewater canyon outlaw southwest Ballad of Shotgun Hudson (trance remix) apache trail maps peacemaker war dance lessons maverick lone star

Bronco Bob what are so glum about? Horse decide yer too ugly to haul around?

Duke Bob, you goddamn idiot.

Bronco Bob what the heck is ridin up your saddle??

Chicago Bill is now listed as dead.
10 minutes ago. **1 Comment**

Wild Ron why'd you have to go and do such a dumb thing, you dumb son of a bitch?

Vaquero Esquerra what the heck??? just saw a guy get hanged
11 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Tiny Madison HOLY SHIT THEY JUST HUNG SOOTY STAN
12 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Rutherford Griffith SWEET JESUS I was just having drinks with that guy not more'n ten minutes ago.

Sooty Stan You inebriated fools, that's Chicago Bill gettin hung. He's still twitchin like a worm.

Hoagy Calhoun Shoot. I liked Tiny Madison. Why'd they go and hang that little angel?

Tallahassee Parcy You goddamn idiots are stupider than a barrel of whores.

Tallahassee Parcy My apologies to the Lord for takin his name in such a poor manner.

Sheriff Woolbridge It's time. May God have mercy on Chicago Bill's soul.
14 minutes ago. **9 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau taking life looks way more fun than saving it. i'm seriously in the wrong line of work.

Hoppy look at him go! And they call me hoppy???

Wild Ron Ah heck, I can't watch this.

Tex Crawford My horse would kick me in the teeth if she knew I was watchin a man die instead of tendin to her hide with that ointment.

Doc Beauzerau hahahahaha, there go his bowels. just like clockwork.

Slimy Morgan Aww heck, Doc, that's nothin. I've messed my pants up plenty worse and on much better days, too.

Bad James Randall damn doc, ain't you got no discretion?

Sheriff Pawley justice is served. Y'all best disperse now.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt FREE CHICAGO BILL

Vaquero Esquerra goddamnit! got my wallet, but don't have enough coin in it to afford a whore. Why the heck did I buy them new horseshoes again?
17 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz the only song in my heart is the one they'll be hummin at my funeral.
36 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Rapid City Russ What that godless savage did to your beautiful hair makes me sick as shit, Red. You still got friends to lean on.

Cowboy Charlie I'd still fancy a tune or two if you got one to spare, Red. I don't care how bad yer scalp looks.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz forget it fellahs, my yodelin' days are long past.

Tall James McGinley is no longer listed as lonesome.
50 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Prospectin' Doyle ain't gonna make no hangin today. Got too much gold to git.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Boys, the party is at 7:15 near the depot. Wear your work clothes.
3 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Buford Bronson is now a fan of **Stetson Hats**
3 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Buford Bronson good hats. Recommend 'em.

Vaquero Esquerra worst day ever, walked all the way to the brothel only to find out I forgot my wallet. gotta go fetch that damn thing. wait for me ladies!!! lol
4 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley If anybody's got any notions of springin' Chicago Bill, it'll cost 'em dearly. I'm backin up Woolbridge tonight at the hangin.
6 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Sheriff, allow me to offer my sincere thanks and gratitude to you for working so diligently on behalf of the laws and constitutions of this great land.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt FREE CHICAGO BILL

Sheriff Woolbridge hanging Chicago Bill at dusk. Y'all can come see what good shootin' a man in cold blood does.
8 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete dibs on his iron.

Wenatchee Kid Jesus, Pete! At least wait until the man is dead.

Tallahassee Parcy You goddamn fruits.

Tallahassee Parcy Apologies to the Lord for sullying his good name just now.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt FREE CHICAGO BILL

Chicago Bill well this is it. See y'all over the horizon.
9 hours ago. **255 Comments**

Chicago Bill is now listed as incarcerated.
9 hours ago. **324 Comments**

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.21 Nytemare_666's Alien Webpage

Thursday, Jul 23, 2009 by Nytemare_666

What's up, welcome to my webpage about ALIENS. I will be updating it as much as I can when I get new info.

First, let me give you peeps the basic rundown on aliens. Most aliens are grey guys with big eyes. They look extremely fucking similar to humans but short, and their two eyes which are in the middle part of the front of their head (they have heads) are big and bug-like. They're naked and fragile and made of meat.

They walk around on the ground with their fucking feet, where they can trip and step on shit. If you stab them with a sharp rock you find on the ground, they will bleed and die because they never thought of that happening to them. In conclusion: Aliens are naked and look like people, but they have big eyes, and aliens can fly faster than light.

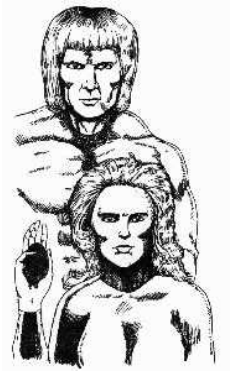
~Nytemare_666~

QUICK FACT:
Like dogs, there are many different kinds of aliens.

GREYS
Greys look like giant angry dolphins that don't swim and have huge eyes. Dolphins can emit fucking powerful ultrasonic bursts from their skulls, so it is safe to assume that greys can also do this. Greys are constantly pissed, probably because they're always being seen while abducting people in their dreams. They never say anything unless it's some gay clicking or beeping noises. Their heads are roughly the shape and size of a partially rotted watermelon. Greys smell like burnt sandpaper, and their eyes glow in the fucking dark. They are often said to act like security guards.

REPTILIANS

These guys obviously look like giant lizards and are basically crocodiles ... ON WEED!!!! Reptilians (AKA: reptoids, Reptons, Lizard-men, and "Homo-saurus" lmao) are 10 feet tall and like to wear street clothes, even though their scales are made of steel. The scales protect them from bullets and most basic kinds of fire. They have a mouth, a nose, two eyes, and a huge penis. Reptilians have no hair on their bodies, and they make excellent swimmers. Reptilians can read your fucking mind, turn invisible, and use holograms to do wild and sneaky shit like rob banks and watch girls in the shower. They can kick an entire football team's ass just by hissing at them.



NORDICS

These guys are commonly known as the most boring of all aliens. Nordics have both dudes and women, and the women's faces are always frowning and shit. The women have the angriest eyebrows, but at least they have huge tits on their bodies. The Nordics have 28 teeth and thick skulls that they use to smash through car windows, because they just don't understand what the fuck they're for. Nordics are like regular people, except their heads have bad haircuts and they can teleport anywhere in the world. If you saw a Nordic lifting weights at the gym or rollerblading, you probably wouldn't even care or think it was crazy.

QUICK FACT:

Dolph Lundgren is, you guessed it, some kind of faggot alien.

ROBOTS

If you think robots aren't real, guess again. Aliens use robots to do shit for them. Robots make a bunch of crazy computer noises, have all kinds of moving lights on their bodies, and they are indestructible. If you see a robot, it is probably on a mission, like collecting road kill for a spooky experiment that would chill you to the bone. Sometimes robots run really fast, and play crazy fucking guitar solos just because they know they can (robots are assholes). Many books and songs have been dedicated to robots, but they don't know the half of it.

-~Nytemare_666

7.22 Reflecting on God's Awesome Creation

Friday, Jul 24, 2009 by Pastor Rob Vitalis (@sexyfacts4u)

While back I was mowing my lawn (Leviticus 12:4) when I saw a bird I had never seen before. It was a unusual shade of brown and had light grayish spots on its wings. I turned off the lawnmower and stood and watched this beautiful animal that God had just revealed to me.

It was at that moment that I realized I had to share God's Awesome Creation with everyone. (Sebastian 8:9) So this is the space where I'm just gonna talk about the amazing things I see in nature and the unbelievable glory of His design for us. I need to bring the excitement of the church and the excitement of God's Creation straight to you.

Evolutionists are welcome too. This is just a celebration of God's magnificent awesomeness, so enjoy and learn. My wife says I can be a pill sometimes (Nambla 8:1) but I think God's natural wonder will testify to His message.

A Lion

I saw a TV show about lions. They are from Africa. (Crichtons 4:17) Small lions are called "cubs" and a group of lions is called a pride. Lions can roar which is how they talk! God created lions and through them he lives.

Rocket ships

There are all different shapes and sizes of rocket ships. Yes, they can be a part of God's creation too. The biggest rocket ship was a Saturn and it was used to go to the moon (not Saturn!). America is #1 in space (Barbara 9:42) thanks to God. Through our hands God has also built a space shuttle. It is a plane for space. I saw it in the movie "Armageddon." Some space shuttles have been punished because of sin.

Dirt Bike Jumps

Dirt bike jumps are on ESPN 2 sometimes (Mudkip 2:1). They ride really loud motorcycles indoors and there are little hills made of dirt. The motorcycle riders or "cyclists" each have free will, but it is through devotion to Christ that they complete the most excellent jumps. There was a computer game called Excite Bike (Sticky Stan 2:2) that I remember seeing.

Indianapolis Colts

Thank you God for giving us the Colts and may you bless Jim Caldwell and imbue him with the same winning power as Tony Dungy, amen. Some people are not fans of the Indianapolis Colts. There are Bears fans (Dr. Drew 8:4) and Packers fans (Jigglers 17:76) and several other types of fans. God smiles unequally on all fans of USA football except for fans of the Dallas Cowboys. God in Christ carried the burden of our sins during the development of football in American history. Therefore Jesus Christ is part stakeholder and part owner of all football teams. Prayer should be in USA schools for a similar reason.

Pizza

You may not believe it, but believe this: over a thousand pizzas are made every day. Pizzas are round and made of cheese, sauce, and crust. Some people make it with a stone. You need an oven to make it. I saw a TV show on the food channel on TV where a man made a pizza on a barbecue grill. There are over six types of pizza (Pzone 3:16) and most are godly.

Fireworks

Fireworks are paper or cardboard filled with powder that burns. Some USA states have made up rules about fireworks (Merlin 10:24). There are bottle rockets and black cats and Chinese poppers and other types of fireworks. God's plan is evident in the fuse.

Computer Video Games

God does not program a Madden or a Car Robber Game. God is literally in everything. He surrounds us and binds us together. God is in the rock beside the road (Gamefaqs 4:4) and God is in the infinite lives of Donkeyman (Donkeyman Country 2: Dippy Strikes Back 11:1) in the Donkeyman game. My son will get past this part with the bullet monster and then I can play some more. Joshua! Come in here and do the jumps!

Skateboards

Hang 10 dudes. Skateboards are back in style again because thanks to Tony Hawk. Did you know that God invented the first skateboard? It's true, because God invented one of everything when he was creating the shape of the earth and all living things. Skate-

boarding is fun thing (Frontside 7:20). You can go up or down a hill and from side to side in loops. Some people jump or "ollie" on a skateboard. Be sure to wear a helmet and follow the law.

James Bond Getting Oral Sex

In a book about James Bond it suggested that he received oral sodomy on his adult part. Certain texts and chapters of the Bible and related books (Palin 20:12) say you maybe should not do this or witness this in a video happening and not read about it in a book about adult activities such as James Bond or Jason Bourne's Identity. In fact, it is possibly not allowed for you to read this description. You should be focused wholly on a procreative marital act and only after you are married. I will publish a list next week of all books and video tapes and locations around town where you might see oral sex (Craigslist 8:2). This is a service to you from the church and a part of our newsletter Deep Footprints.

I hope this has given you some things to reflect about when it comes to the world around you. The perfect complexity of an apple. The convenient shape of a lobster. The excellent way a steak tastes. Are these just accidents? Pretty convenient accidents. I believe in intelligent design, but you can believe in accidentolution (this is accident + evolution) if you choose to believe that.

We'll be back next week with what vegetarian dinosaurs eat, the wonder of mulch, and God's awesome plan for tropical aphids.

God Bless!

Pastor Rob Vitalis

Vitalis Church of Exciting Christ

-~Pastor Rob Vitalis (@sexyfacts4u)

7.23 More Human Than Electric Sheep

Saturday, Jul 25, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Los Angeles

November, 2019

"Next subject," the intercom crackles, "A. Robot, engineer, waste disposal. New employees, six days."

A large man enters the test administrator's office, awkwardly pats his hands against his standard-issue paper gown.

"Come in," says the administrator. "Sit down, Mr. ... A. Robot, was it?"

"Anthony. The name's Anthony Robot."

Robot takes a seat, frowning at a collection of strange devices on the administrator's desk. An automated black pump lifts, sucking air into its ruffled chambers, then lowers, hissing oxygen into a tube. A small camera follows Robot's every move, presenting him with a close-up of his own iris on its display.

"Do you mind if I recharge my... watch while I'm here?" Robot produces an AC adapter, turns in his seat, craning his neck as he tries to spot an outlet. There is no watch on his arm.

"Please," the administrator insists, "just don't move."

"Oh, sorry." Robot grinds his teeth nervously, a cascade of sparks spilling out onto his lap and the office floor. "I already had an IQ test this year. I don't think I've ever had one of these-"

"Reaction time is a factor in this," continues the administrator, "so please pay attention. Now, answer as quickly as you can."

"Uh, sure."

"You're in a desert, walking along in the sand when all of a sudden-"

"Beep boop."

"Excuse me, Anthony, but did you just say 'beep boop'?" The administrator raises an eyebrow.

"Sorry, I misspoke. Nerves. Hah." A segmented mechanical arm snakes out from below his hospital gown, dabs at black beads of motor oil escaping the pores on his forehead with an embroidered handkerchief. The pattern is an elaborate family seal featuring gears and circuitry. "I meant to ask what desert I'm in."

"It doesn't make any difference what desert, it's completely hypothetical."

"But how come I'd be there?"

"Maybe you're fed up. Maybe you want to be by yourself. Who knows? You look down and you see a tortoise, Anthony. It's crawling towards you-"

Puffs of steam escape from Robot's ears, filling the room with a comical train whistle sound.

"You reach down, you flip the tortoise on its back, Anthony."

Robot's neck twitches involuntarily, unhinging a panel full of blinking LEDs, an oscillating red emergency beacon, and a klaxon blaring at full volume.

"The tortoise lays on its back," the test administrator continues, raising his voice, "its belly baking in the hot sun beating its legs trying to turn itself over but it can't, not without your help, but you're not helping. Why is that, Anthony?"

Robot's eyes bulge, unwind from their sockets like lightbulbs and dangle on his cheeks from fiber-optic cables.

"They're just questions, Anthony. It's a test, designed to provoke an emotional response. Shall we continue? Describe, in single words, only the good things that come in to your mind about... your mother."

"GOTO LINE 20", replies Robot. "PRINT 'HELLO WORLD!' "

The administrator cocks his head to the side, locking eyes with A. Robot as his left hand fumbles in one of the desk's drawers. His posture eases as he finds what he is looking for.

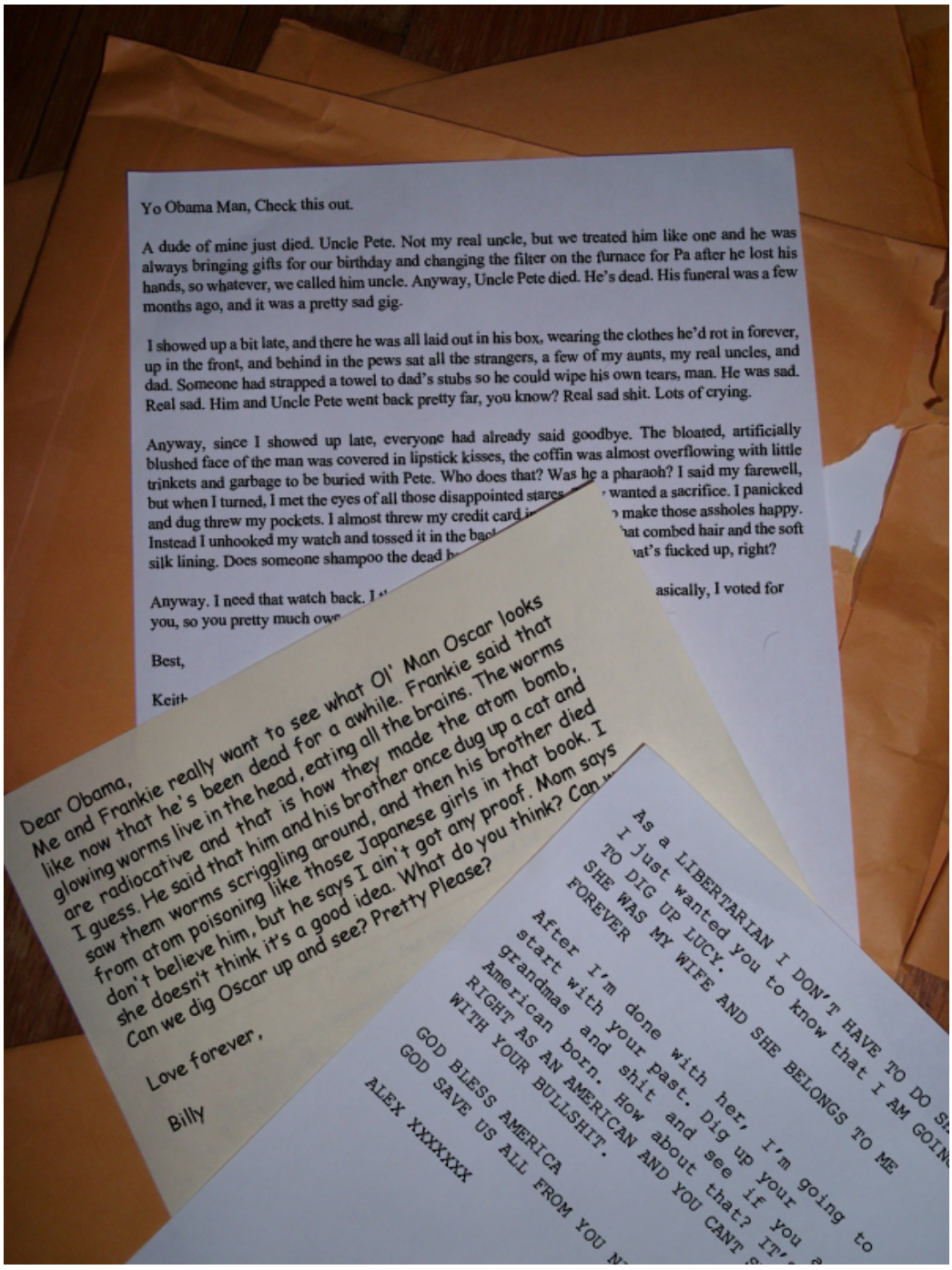
"Well, Anthony," the administrator smiles, "it looks like the test was a success. You have been identified as a good driver. Here is your license."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.24 No Graves Opened Without Permission Of The President

Sunday, Jul 26, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

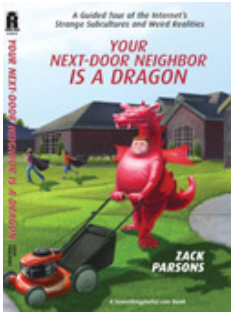
After a stint of unnecessary and unorthodox grave openings, the Sweet Memories Funeral Home and Graveyard of Arkansas posted the above sign, thereby creating the controversial "Justified Openings" program of the stimulus plan.


Yo Obama Man, Check this out.
A dude of mine just died. Uncle Pete. Not my real uncle, but we treated him like one and he was always bringing gifts for our birthday and changing the filter on the furnace for Pa after he lost his hands, so whatever, we called him uncle. Anyway, Uncle Pete died. He's dead. His funeral was a few months ago, and it was a pretty sad gig.
I showed up a bit late, and there he was all laid out in his box, wearing the clothes he'd rot in forever, up in the front, and behind in the pews sat all the strangers, a few of my aunts, my real uncles, and dad. Someone had strapped a towel to dad's stubs so he could wipe his own tears, man. He was sad. Real sad. Him and Uncle Pete went back pretty far, you know? Real sad shit. Lots of crying.
Anyway, since I showed up late, everyone had already said goodbye. The bloated, artificially blushed face of the man was covered in lipstick kisses, the coffin was almost overflowing with little trinkets and garbage to be buried with Pete. Who does that? Was he a pharaoh? I said my farewell, but when I turned, I met the eyes of all those disappointed stares
wanted a sacrifice. I panicked and dug threw my pockets. I almost threw my credit card
make those assholes happy. Instead I unhooked my watch and tossed it in the
hat combed hair and the soft silk lining. Does someone shampoo the dead
at's fucked up, right?
Anyway. I need that watch back. I
asically, I voted for you, so you pretty much owe
Best,
Keith
Dear Obama,
Me and Frankie really want to see what Ol' Man Oscar looks like now that he's been dead for a awhile. Frankie said that glowing worms live in the head, eating all the brains. The worms are radiocative and that is how they made the atom bomb, I guess. He said that him and his brother once dug up a cat and saw them worms scriggling around, and then his brother died from atom poisoning like those Japanese girls in that book. I don't believe him, but he says I ain't got any proof. Mom says she doesn't think it's a good idea. What do you think? Can
Can we dig Oscar up and see? Pretty Please?
Love forever,
Billy
As a LIBERTARIAN I DON'T HAVE TO DO SI
I just wanted you to know that I AM GOIN
TO DIG UP LUCY.
SHE WAS MY WIFE AND SHE BELONGS TO ME
FOREVER
After I'm done with her, I'm going to
start with your past. Dig up your
grandmas and shit and see if you
American born. How about that? IT'
RIGHT AS AN AMERICAN AND YOU CANT
WITH YOUR BULLSHIT.
GOD BLESS AMERICA
GOD SAVE US ALL FROM YOU
ALEX XXXXXX

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.25 Slow Death to America

Monday, Jul 27, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Hey, sorry to interrupt, but my book is coming out in a couple days. If you're reading this then you probably enjoy my articles for Something Awful. Maybe you enjoyed my first book. Chances are you will enjoy my new book about weird Internet subcultures. It's called Your Next-Door Neighbor is a Dragon. It's somewhere between a travelogue and a novel. It doesn't takes itself seriously and neither do I. Check it out and let me know what you think!

You can tell America is facing protracted tough economic times by the remorseless creep of bad business into suburbia. Bad business is what happens when good business, okay business, and mediocre business can't pay the bills anymore. Bad businesses cater to neighborhoods with maxed out credit cards.

Here in Chicago's middle class suburbs this cycle of transformation began with the closing of regular businesses. Hardware stores, restaurants, office supply stores, and niche businesses like wig salons and dog training centers all started to close. The closings created gap-toothed desolation in the strip malls and shopping plazas.

At some point, a tipping point was reached, and the bad businesses began to fill in the gaps. In my suburb bank branches have been replaced with garish storefronts offering payday loans. Closed restaurants are now rental agencies with low monthly rates on couches, beds, and televisions. Such a service to the community! A man can get an advance on his next paycheck and use the money to rent a couch, and for this privilege he only has to pay for the couch nine or ten times over.

The vanguard of this downturn was the mega dollar stores. The dollar stores arrived innocuously and put down roots, started spreading, growing larger, metastasizing inside the dead tissue of a Circuit City or a defunct grocery store. Now they are as big as the regular stores. They have freezers and coolers and sell everything imaginable, all for a dollar or less.

Since I didn't need a payday loan and my Catholic background prevents me from renting furniture I decided to take a safari to one of these mega Dollar Stores.

I set my budget for this excursion at the modest sum of ten dollars. My goal was to familiarize myself with the full spectrum of dollar store services offered: food, beverages, entertainment, education, etc. I took this learning experience very seriously. Dollar stores are the way of the future, and in a year or two we all might be purchasing everything from a dollar store. Suburban America, this is your future, so pay attention.

Gray skies over Dollar Tree. She is the only plant sustained by the death of dreams. You give up something precious the first time you pass through her doors. This was formerly a Babies "R" Us.

All future babies born in my area will be dressed in foil basting pans and creepy doll clothes.

Lots of cheap reading material at Dollar Tree. Two consistent themes seem to be Bibles and dipshits. Buying the hardcover autobiography of Ted Kennedy at the Dollar Store would be a little bit like touring a cave and then buying a poster of Neil Armstrong in the gift shop.

Lots of toys for under a dollar. Here you see the red state section, featuring Bible toys, Navy SEAL toys, and NASCAR toys. I particularly enjoyed the NASCAR do-it-yourself sun catcher. I would say about five bucks worth of those and you can cut off all of the sun's escape routes.

Filthy dolls heaped in a bin. Their heads were all mottled with yellow-brown spots and they seemed dirty. Dirty toys was actually a fairly common theme at Dollar Tree. Any toy not sealed in plastic looked like somebody had been doing burnouts on it.

About a quarter of the modest freezer section was devoted to really terrible looking ice cream. Most of it was a brand I never heard of before called "Country Maid" that was only available in flavors that involved strawberry. Not good strawberry flavors either, like Neapolitan, it was strawberry-mint and strawberry-orange and similarly vile ice cream atrocities.

Murray's Various French Toast Bullshit shared prime freezer real estate with two varieties of frozen donuts. Dollar Tree did not sell regular bread, so if you wanted to make a sandwich you better hope Cinnamon BLAST! goes well with bologna.

Dollar Tree quenches serious thirst with a sense of nationalism with Stars & Stripes brand 3-liters of pop. If you don't want your kids guzzling sugary soda you can always pick up some juice. Namely, Joker Mad Energy Drink + Juice. It includes most of the flavor of real 5% fruit juice with the kick of taurine, caffeine, and B-vitamins.

These Souper Noodle noodle cups were enormous and available in chicken or teriyaki beef flavor. They looked terrible, but they were a familiar sort of terrible. Freeze-dried noodles are horrible and dirt cheap no matter where you buy them.

The expansive candy aisle. This isn't even the whole thing, it extended a few feet in the other direction. The aisle included lots of test versions of candies, like weird varieties of Junior Mints, gummy versions of candies that should never have a gummy version, and a lot of stuff that simply should not exist at all. Everything was a dollar, as usual, and the worse the candy was the bigger the portion you received for that dollar. They had a full pound bag of some peanut cluster candy that must have been made from exhumed corpses and corn syrup.

By the time I hit the candy aisle I had ten things in my basket, but I knew on my way out that I would have to go slightly over budget. I know from reading X-Entertainment's similar experiment that it is not humanly possible to bypass the mysterious grab bag. I picked out one for "boys" and one for "girls."

Here's the haul returned to my office. It totaled about 13 dollars including tax. That's ten bucks as planned, plus two for the grab bags. The shopping bags were heavy, so it seemed like a hell of a lot of value for the money. I was beginning to think maybe dollar stores replacing regular stores wasn't such a bad thing. Three full bags of stuff for that price? How could it be bad!?

Purchase 1 of 10
Take it Back: Our Party. Our Future. Our Country. *By James Carville & Paul Begala.*

Review: I hate James Carville and every time I see him on TV I think he is going to bite someone. Paul Begala can barely even get on TV anymore since Jon Stewart canceled his show on CNN. I only had time to read the dedication at the beginning. Begala dedicates the book to someone named Diane and talks about how she makes his heart race. Boring. Carville totally shows him up by dedicating the book to the United States Marine Corps. Oorah! The book seems like it might make a pretty good weapon if I ever have to protect myself from James Carville's bite attacks. Take it Back: This book. To the store. The jerk store.

Purchase 2 of 10
LCD Sports Watch

Review: Alternated between displaying the numbers 353 and 6 7 as seen above. Fits comfortably on my wrist and does an excellent job of not telling me the time. If I move my arm too close to my face I get a strong whiff of some sort of rubber and chemical cocktail. I pressed some buttons and was able to call up a timer that constantly counted to one minute and then started over. I will wear it for a week to see if it is modern and cool as promised on the band.

Purchase 3 of 10
Religious Gift Bag

Review: It's not that I distrust God, I just don't believe anything gift bags tell me to do. It seems like it would hold a couple oranges. If you trust God you might go for three. Me? I don't trust the yarn handle to hold up. Luckily, you don't have to worry about that, because Dollar Tree sells no fresh fruits or vegetables. Should hold dozens of filthy baby dolls and gummy candies.

Purchase 4 of 10
Filthy and Creepy Baby Doll

Review: Soft stuffed body could possibly be dressed in cute clothing in the unlikely event Dollar Tree sold some. There is nothing that could be done to the head to remove the horror. Combine the usual dead-eyed doll malevolence with the liver-spotted grossness of a doll head left sitting in a heap next to barrels of industrial solvent. It smells like one of those Chinese rivers with the sheen of unnatural colors and the frothing banks choked with dead fish. I even wish it had those creepy blinking eyelids, because its insane stare never falters. I can feel it looking at me right now while I'm typing this.

Purchase 5 of 10
USGI Action Set: US Navy SEAL

Review: This crudely made GI Joe reminds me of the play soldier aesthetic of the poor Iraqi saps we

talked into putting on desert fatigues and driving around in surplus US Humvees. Not surprisingly, the guns don't fit in his hands and his legs both came off when I tried to pose him. He seems to be looking at someone's ass. I'd like to meet the child laborer that painted this travesty and slap her little tiny fingers to remind her that slopping some silver on pockets is not an acceptable paint job for the American toy-consuming public. We demand sloppy white fried egg eyes and a face that doesn't look like he is in the process of liquefying

Purchase 6 of 10
That's Gross Creature Ball

Review: I don't even know why I bought this. It's a ball full of fake blood and floating maggots and there is a lizard halfway jammed into the top. Based on the packaging I think you're supposed to squeeze it, but doing so produced a mist of red liquid and a gurgling hiss sound. It is gross, maybe just not in the way they intended.

Purchase 7 through 10
Food Lot: 3-Liter of Stars & Stripes Grape, Joker Mad Energy Drink + Juice, Chick-O-Stick Balls, and Souper Meal Chicken Noodle

Review: This seems like an awful lot of food for just four dollars. It might be a lot of calories for that amount of money, but eating just a little bit of it made me want to vomit. The grape soda was fine, it tasted like grape soda, but everything else was bad. The Souper Meal tasted like salt and nothing but salt and it came with a flavor packet that was brown salt. I hate all energy drinks and I think they all taste like horrible candy-flavored taurine. Joker was no exception. Finally, I have fond memories of eating Chick-O-Sticks as a kid, but the individually wrapped balls were disgusting. The package also features the claim that a serving is only 80 calories, but if you look closely you will notice the small box contains almost five servings of candy, and worse, it is super high in sodium. That might explain why I nearly had a stroke after eating a little bit of the candy and noodles.

Bonus 1 of 2
Grab Bag for Boys

Review: Contents include a pair of useless work gloves, a handful of fireman toys, a monster truck, two unidentified items, an orange plastic dish, and a packet of Bible Go Fish cards. Seems like a pretty good bargain for a dollar until you realize that all of these items are carcinogenic.

Bonus 2 of 2
Grab Bag for Girls

Review: Contents include five adhesive bows, a hairband, an inedible candy snake, and a leaking Iron Man squeeze toy. The bows are a lame item, the candy snake is sort of cool if the candy didn't seem totally inedible. I can only assume the cheapo hairband would fail to impress a girl. The real enigma is the Iron Man toy. It seemed out of place in the girl's bag. The yellow rubber of his mas was absolutely filthy, as if it had been caught in the belts of an engine, and the first time I squeezed it red liquid-filled bags popped out of the eyes and began squirting stinking fluid everywhere.

Just like that part in the movie. The part where his head-guts and stinky blood shoots out of the Iron Man mask.

The Dollar Tree is not fun. There's no joy in the place. No shopping excitement. It's full of slump-shouldered old ladies and tweakers and Mexican kids with huge moles on their forehead and low-end MILFs buying lame Halloween decorations in the middle of July. The products there feel like they should come from a ration book with pictures of staples like potatoes, beef, and imitation cleaning products like Pine Solve and Wintex.

If the future is really these dollar stores cropping up everywhere then we are facing the pathetic terminal phase of America. We shift from buying junkfood and things we don't need to buying nearly poisonous food and completely useless crap. You buy a DVD called CREM 2 and tell me that it doesn't feel like the end of all the consumerism we once cherished in America.

On the sunny side, at least we can get an advance on our next paycheck to buy more Bible crosswords and Stars & Stripes rootbeer. If only they had a 3-liter of gin.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 Peace Out from Rod!

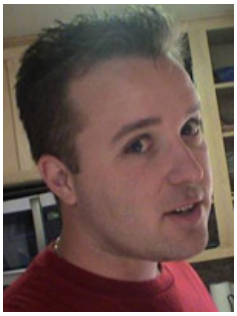
Tuesday, Jul 28, 2009 by Rod (@Arr)

Sales team! Delta Force report for final transmission, bros. Rod's got something to say:

Thiisss is how we dooo itttt (this is how we do it!)
It's Tuesday night
and the sales team's right!
the party's up on the SALES side!

Didn't wanna to do the whole big sappy goodbye thing so I thought I'd just pull off the band-aid quick and let all you dudes know at once: today's my last day here. The Rodster is leaving for greener pastures... just got a an offer from Zwangle, little web 2.0 startup that's been making some waves lately, and they wanna pay me some maaaaaaad caaaaaash-- who am I to say I'm not worth it? Right? We're talking like 3-5x what I'm pulling down here, but no big deal-- Rodster's not in it for the money, he's in it for the GLORY!

So I just wanted to leave it with some personal goodbyes and tell all you guys my fondest memories of working here. I was thinking of doing a scrapbook thing but then I decided that was wild homo and freaking Thunt would never let me hear the end of it, so I'm just gonna write the shit out:



Jeremy "BIIIIIIRDDDCAAAASSTLE!!" Birdcastle - Dude! Birdcastle, I am going to miss the shit out of you! You were the glue that held DELTA FORCE together, man. OK let me set the scene for you guys: New York effing City, August 2007, boy's night out at an English pub with the East Coast sales Wreeeccckiing Creeeewww, right? We're having some drinks, having some laughs, talking some shit-- and Birdcastle, he's pretty new at that point, and he's like "guys, I think I should go home and get some sleep, got a big pitch tomorrow," and I'm like "Birdcastle, sounds like you're a pretty big... bitch... tonight!" Birdcastle goes beet red and everyone's yelling "Birdcastle! Birdcastle! Birdcastle!" and then these English guys there watching some rugby thing on TV start joining in, going "Birdcastle! Birdcastle!" and one of them comes over and pours a pint of Guinness on Birdcastle's head. The moral of the story is we lost the sale but I went back the next year and now they have a drink called the Birdcastle. Dude, Birdcastle, you got a drink named after you cause I called you a bitch! Birdcastle rules! Love ya, Birdcastle. I found out later your last name is Branscombe or something, no idea where I got "Birdcastle" from.

Tim "Thunt" Hunt - Timmy! THUNT! Dog, you and me were a true Dynamic Duo when we got our shit popping off. All you people reading this, do you realize how hardcore? Here's one you probably never heard: when we closed the Sony thing for, I don't know, something like $4 million, I was like, "dude, Thunt, when you email out this contract, you gotta hit send with your dick." And Thunt is like "hell yeah, then I can tell the ladies my dick is worth $4 million." So we get the email all set up, and Timmy unbuttons his business and whips out Thunt Jr. and tries to hit send, but the little mothereffer is too squishy! So I'm like "Yo, Tim, you gotta chub that thing up a little or you'll never be able to press that button," and he's like "not with you standing there, bro! You gotta give me something to work with over here!" So I'm standing there listing off all the shit I'd like to do to Raven Simone, trying to get his shit chubbed up, and then that chick Bridget walks up and Thunt's got this big old halfsy going, pressing that thing on the enter key, and I'm in the middle of going "and then I'd bend her over a goddamn hogshead of creamed corn" and Bridget was like, almost crying and left like two weeks later with like a three million dollar settlement... still made one million pure profit off that dick of yours... THUNT!!!

Molly "Good Golly Miss Molly" Martin - We had some good times and some GREAT times, and some times I can't talk about here. Best of all, thanks for always being quick to run to the lounge to pick me up a Delta Cobra (Diet Coke!) when the Hot Rod needed a little rush of 'ffeine to get through a ballbusting conf call with some agency mofo or a recalcitrant cli'. MOLLY HATCHET! Oh snap! I bet you didn't know we called you that, but we did-- no offense! It's not an insult, it's just like BAM! There's Molly Hatchet with a fresh Delta Cobra right when I need that shit most. Or maybe even a Delta Python (Doctor Pep, baby!)

Oh, and Mollster-- look for a more "personal" going-away message from me later, if you know what I mean.

DELTA COBRA, BABY!

Jack "Papa Bear" Harris - I'm gonna miss you most of all, bro-- you were the bossest boss a bro could ever want, for like a million reasons, but this is the defining one: I remember that time that little squirrelly dude from the product team was getting in your grill during the exec meeting, going "Jack, you can't just sell clients things that don't exist," and you were like "that's funny cause I just sold them YOUR BALLS," and then later when you walked past him you laid down the sickest wetball on him I've ever seen-- and dude, I went to college UCLA where the wetball is an art-- but this was some next-level shit. There was like an audible slap when the hand connected, and he pretended like he was just gonna be able to walk it off but I saw him slump into the men's room like a little homo. So, in the same day, the sickest burn ever laid down, PLUS the most barbaric wetball I've ever seen performed on a human being. I bet the dude still has a handprint on his sackadilly, dude. His kids are probably gonna be born with handprints upside their faces from that tremendo fantastico wetball. I want to

see some slow-mo video of that wetball, because dollars to donuts I bet your ass that you got some forward upliftage on that one. Keep it real P-bear!

Adidas, amoebas! Keep in touch-- hit me up later for my PERSONAL cell number. A lot of people would pay good money for that number, so no scalping, mofos! Peace!

-∼Rod (@Arr)

7.27 An Open Letter to the Gentleman Who Stole My Car

Wednesday, Jul 29, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I see you've chosen the 1990 Honda Civic. An excellent choice. In 2004, this particular vintage of Honda Civic represented an affordable solution to my transportation needs. It got excellent gas mileage, and, in spite of its advanced age, was quite a workhorse.

The fact you have chosen *my* Honda Civic is quite flattering. And, I must say, you have one-upped me. Whereas I once paid a reasonable price for the vehicle, you have elected to take it for free. Clearly you are a more experienced car shopper than me.

I can tell that we share a lot of common ground. It's true I could have upgraded to a better car, but I was comfortable driving an older vehicle. It might not have looked as pretty or featured all the same bells and whistles common to modern cars, but it got me where I needed to go. You could have stolen any number of vehicles on my street, but you chose the most modest one. I can see you are not motivated by greed or vanity. I can respect that, though I worry you might be limiting yourself professionally.

I'd like to clear up some misconceptions you probably have about me. First of all, I was totally planning on throwing that bag of trash in the backseat away. I just hadn't gotten around to it, but rest assured, it was high on my list of things to do. You know how it is, junk just accumulates. I work hard, so I don't have time to take every straw wrapper or fast food bag to the dumpster. That's not to say I'm a slob. You just caught me at a bad time.

You're probably also holding the dirty exterior against me. Out here, in this dry California climate, it seems impossible to keep the car from getting covered with a fine layer of dust, dirt, and the myriad particles that fall from the trees I often park under. Now that me and my car have parted ways, I will forever live with the regret that I didn't let her shine more often. I hope you'll do things differently.

I guess you probably think I'm a cheapskate, what with the empty gas tank and all. I was planning on filling that up. In fact, I was going to fill up on the way to work. But, being in a hurry as you were, you snatched it away before I could even leave for work. I'm sorry for any inconvenience this might have caused. I can only imagine the disgusted sigh you must have uttered when you illegally entered my vehicle and saw that pitiful gas gauge halfheartedly pointing at "E." Thankfully the mileage is still pretty good, so it shouldn't cost you too much to fill up.

Do me a favor and check the pressure on the rear passenger side tire, will ya? It's got a slow leak for the past two years. There should be enough quarters for the air pump, but you'll have to sort through all the pennies first. I was going to do something about that penny situation, too. Time just gets away from you.

You probably also noticed that I'm dangerously overdue for an oil change. "This weekend," I kept telling myself, only to delay it further. I know, I know, that stuff is important. Fine, I admit it. I'm a bad person. Happy now? Did you steal that high horse, too?

Sorry! I got a little carried away. I didn't mean that.

Let's face the facts: my car is yours now, and so are all its problems. You stole yourself a real doozie for sure, and it's too late for second thoughts. Now don't panic, because I'm here to give you the

straight scoop. First of all, don't sweat that trunk light on the instrument panel. It's been on for years, and not because the trunk is secretly open. It's just a busted sensor. You'll learn to ignore it in no time.

I guess you're a bit peeved at the sound quality coming out of those speakers. I never got around to buying that boss sound system, so it's a bit rustic. She does all right when it comes to playing NPR, though. I left it tuned to that station for you, so don't hesitate to crank up some *All Things Considered* or *Fresh Air* . You probably noticed only the driver side has audio. Give the radio a swift kick and those other speakers will start singing. Problem solved.

That rough shifting? That's just the transmission slowly dying. Ignore that one, too. It'll go away in time.

I have not left you high and dry, friend. Under the front passenger seat you will find a Chilton's manual for the exact make and model of vehicle you have stolen. This hardy tome may prove invaluable should you elect to address the car's many shortcomings.

Just a word of advice: I wouldn't rely too much on that road atlas of mine. I picked that up 5 years ago, and so it might be a bit dated. You'll want to invest in a new one if you plan on doing some serious traveling. Sorry it's in such rough condition, those things get kicked around the floorboards a lot.

Boy, I hope you're not allergic to dogs. I'm gonna level with you: many a time has this car transported one particularly hairy golden retriever. Hairy, and burdened with more than his fair share of skin ailments, I might add. You know how those old dogs get, where their fur gets all dry and oily and gross and your hand is covered with that flaky slime after petting them? Well, the backseats are probably coated in that stuff.

There may be a vomit stain or two. I'm not too proud to admit that I drunkenly vomited in the general direction of the windows while careening down I5. Don't worry, buddy, I wasn't driving at the time. Come to think of it, the dog also threw up in the car on a few occasions, but I'm pretty sure I cleaned most of it out. That dog never could hold his liquor.

One last thing... a slight favor, if I may be so bold to ask. I left a pair of genuine Teva sandals in the back. Granted they've been sitting in my car for over a year without me ever so much as touching them, but I imagined I might one day find myself in a situation where sandals would prove useful. If you could return them I would be grateful.

Well, I guess that about does it. You're a vehicle owner now. You're my vehicle owner, in fact. I'd hoped this moment might have more ceremony, like me handing you the keys. But then again, you seem pretty capable of getting around without keys, so I guess they'd just weigh you down.

Anyway, best of luck! Hopefully the old gal serves you as well as she served me all these years.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.28 Comedy Casserole

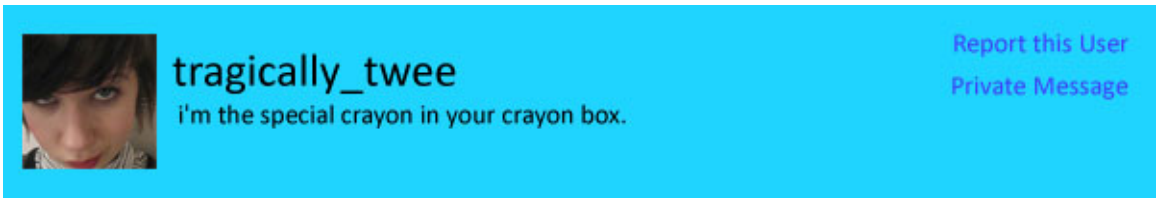
Thursday, Jul 30, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

I took three article ideas that wouldn't work on their own and combined them into a multi-layered, inedible mess. It's the American way!

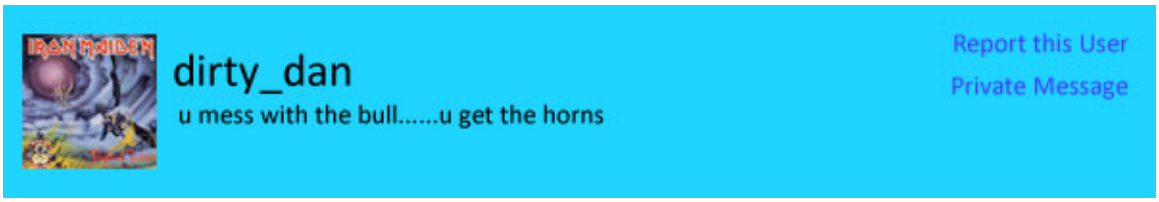
k everybody.... dirty dan's got some big opinons so you'd best back the F*** off and listen! first off, four stars??? hah, maybe i'd give the carson street dumpster four stars in 1998. but that was when times were different and this dumpster was worth picking thru (ah the good ol days of President Bubba!). now that the assisted living center across the street shut down, you're not going to find any more treasures in this bad boy. i remember pulling a brand new WEBTV set right outta this heap in '99 and it still works to this day! (dirty dan don't believe in computers) i'm afraid i'm off to greener pastures so if you see me cruisin down carson street in my pickup youd best get outaa the way.

"And that's the bottom line... 'Cuz Stone Cold says so!"

- Stone Cold Steve Austin



me and my friend cyprus went dumpster diving on carson street last week and I found this awesome afghan blanket! ima make it into a dress for my band's next show. i play the banjo and cyprus remixes samples from an old flintstones phone. i'd love it if we could get some peeps from the ds community there!



SHUT UP FAGGIT

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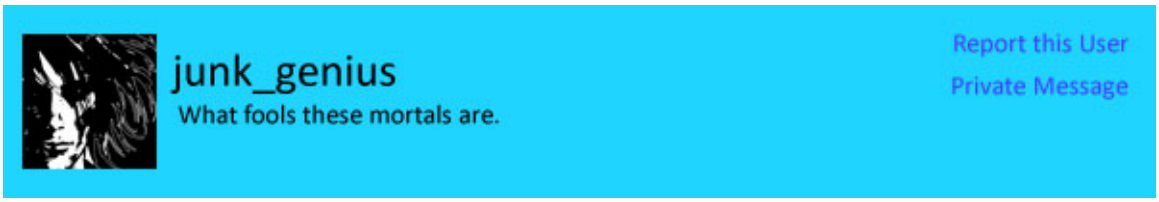


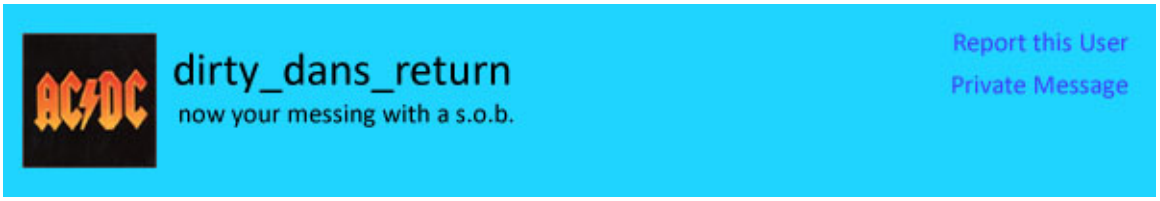
Again I am torn from the pages of my Douglas Adams novel to respond to more ignorance. *le sigh* My fault for caring so much about the integrity of the DumpsterSpace comments section, I guess.

Oh, and Daniel; it's "faggot." Best learn how to spell our slurs if we're going to toss them around so causally, eh wot?

Anyhow, the dumpster on Carson Street is well worth its four star rating; I'd even wager that this particular receptacle might be worth *five* stars. I visited said dumpster last Tuesday, and after tearing open a few bags with my multi-tool (don't leave home without it), I was shocked to find three VHS tapes of Macross Plus in perfect condition! What fool threw such a treasure out, I'll never know.

Oh, and Macross Plus is Japanimation--you might want to look into that someday. But be warned: it requires some degree of literacy.

Obviously, Dirty Dan Wouldn't be interested.

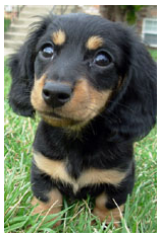


F*** OFF FAGGOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(User was banned for this post.)

Children's Letters to Dogs

Dear Dogs, I have been very upset lately and am hoping you dogs can help. Mommy and daddy haven't talked to each other in weeks and this is causing some major problems! I clean my room and pour daddy his bourbon into the big cups like I am supposed to, but when he gets home from working overtimes he looks at me and breathes real heavy and starts throwing dishes all over the place. At first I thought this was pretty funny but we ran out of dishes and I had to eat macaroni and cheese out of a Frisbee yesterday! So do you know where we can buy cheap replacement dishes? Thanks!	 Tadler Jernsen

Dear Tadler, I am a dog. Your ignorance is no concern of mine.	 Professor Pups
Dear Dogs, Listen up, cause I got problems. There is a new kid at school and everyone has been picking on him! He is in a wheelchair and people have been throwing soccer balls at his head from far away so he can't catch up with them. Those kids got in big trouble though. Do you know of any mean things I could do to a wheelchair kid where I would not get in trouble? I am fast and can run from one end of the playground to the other in 40 seconds (I have a digital watch). This kid also talks funny if that helps.	 Frank Gibbman
Dear Frank, Taco wants to eat people food.	 Taco

Confusing Metaphor Detective

"That's me."

It was Tuesday. The kind of Tuesday where the air is ripe with Febreze and sun-dried tomatoes. Rain drizzled down my office window like corn syrup passing through an hourglass. My secretary didn't take a single call that day, so I proceeded to nap with my feet up on the desk like some governor who'd just canned his last bushel of summer peaches. Then she walked in. Hair like a speedboat, lips like two fat women fighting over a surfboard, and a body built by Benjamin Franklin himself. Said her name was Mary, but I couldn't see her as much more than a minor-league softball trophy in a tight black dress.

"Have a seat," I said, smiling, "You look like the cat that forwarded its mail to the wrong address." "What?" she replied. "Spill the canned beets, dollhouse." She sat herself down like a partridge and gave me the skinny: "I'm wanted for murder." She swallowed, hard. "But I didn't do it!" I scoffed. "Listen, Ziggy. I've been served the same dish at every Denny's from coast to coast, and this one tastes like a grilled cheese sandwich stuffed with cigarette butts." She crossed her arms and scowled at me. "Just what the hell are you talking about? You're not making any damn sense," she said, eyeing my cigar box like she was fit to lead the parade out of Oakland. My eyes met hers. "You'll have to excuse me," I said, "I just had a stroke."

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.29 Sherlock Holmes (2009) The Film Novelization

Friday, Jul 31, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Excerpt Chapter 1: Game is Afoot

Sherlock Holmes doing rude pushups for the picture of hisself in the mirror. His body flexed to turgid shape. The photograph lilted out an tune of forbidden music from the far east. Cocaine was everywhere in great mounds. The door opened suddenly.

"His Cocaine!?" It Watson.

"WATSON!?" Sherlock holmes got up and knocked over a chair. "YOU BACK."

They hug each other very long. A bird is chirp and London street go on with their dealings. A Bobby seen in action patrol.

"This is best news I have a mystery," Sherlock Holmes say. "Mystery is this: Waddafuuuuuuck!"

A mechanical bat come down from big ben. There is a pentagram and a strange symbol within the

star on the bat. IT break out the window!

"A fearsome attack is affot. AFrond."

"This hairy rondo is a pest," agreed Sherlock holmes and swattedit. "It is not a ghost, fearsomely I detect its clues on the mechanism."

The clue was found in the smashed bat. A rondo of courage is conceived in that instant. Watson has double pistols and Sherlock holmes weild a axe with a conceal gun of small stature.

"Game is..." Sherlock home look at his camera. "AFOOT!"

Excerpt Chapter 7: Dr. Moyardee's Castle

There was an iron warrior in their midst. Sherlock holmes took up the table and tossed it across the gully.

"LOOK OUT WATSON" he said and ducked.

The iron warrior clanked around and spit out bullets from a pistol in its compartment. There was no escaping its reticule. Watson was doomed. He was going to be shot. The bullets crept closer. Watson could feel his life before his eyes. He did not want to die.

"NOW WATSON!" holmes said and swung in on a rope.

With gusto the iron warrior turned to confront a new challenge. Watson ran out from his hiding place as bullets started to fly around Sherlock holmes.

"I TOOK MASSIVE DOSE OF COCAINE!!!" Holmes laughed with joy and kicked the iron warrior with both boots. The joy faded as he bounced off and lost his hold on the rope. His ruse had not succeeded on this devious device.

The iron warrior laughed and looked down and pointed his guns down at Sherlock Holmes and prepared to deliver a fatal strike.

"AAAAAA!!!" came a shout of great ferocity.

IT WAS WATSON! He had a candlebra and he struck the iron warrior in the head. The candlebra was made from heavy iron itself and was so heavy it put a dent in the iron contraption. Sparks were flying out of the dented part.

"I don't thinks it's a ghost" observed shelrock holmes. "Like the bat made from device."

They look down at man of iron who is looking back with dead mask oil coming out of joint. There is a moment in ironic confrontation when Robert Dowy look at the mask of IRONMAN and he smile and look at his camera. Watson say "GET OVER IT BUSTER WE HAVE TO HURRY."

"It is moyardees work agrees Sherlock holmes. Now at least we know it was he who was responsible

for the seven previous ambushes of mechanical dastardry and possible three accidental incidents."

"Hey this a weird symbol" said watson.

Excerpt Chapter 20: A EVIL Cermony

Sherlock holmes weild the nunchuckus and strike out another one of Moyardees soldiers. The banister break and soldier fall going AAAAAAAaaaaaaa THUMP when he hit the stone in courtyard. "MIND THE GAP" holmes say and look down then as he turn back a sword is swinging at him as another soldier attack.

Meanwhile Watson is down below fencing with Moyardee while the ceremony blade lowers on clara who is screaming. She is wearing just a little bit of clothes and you can see her stomach and bellybutton and the way she is breathing nervously. Watson is over the match with Moyardee and he is cut on his cheek by a playful slash. HE IS TOYING WITH WATSON!

"pity&" moyardee laughs "I would have rather killed you holmes, not your laggey."

Moyardee lunch at Watson with sword. Watson paraodies with his own blade and steps aside. Moyardee's blade cut the rope holding the knife over Clara. The knife fall, but holmes throw his own knife just then and it deflects the knife.

Watson has no time to celebrate. Moyardee grunts with outrage and slashes with his sword and this cuts into Watson badly. He seems dead, but he will be okay after Sherlock Holmes kills Moyardee.

"NO!" Sherlock Holmes yells when he see Watson fall down. "I will kill you Moyardee!"

"My boyfriend!" Clara yells.

Excerpt Chapter 22: Finally

The explosion tear apart Moyardee's castle. Watson and Sherlock holmes and clara play by rachel macadamas is thrown to the dust. Watson get up and make sure his girlfriend is oaky.

"I quite alright," she said annoyed. "really watson!"

She pushed him away but then holmes said, "I get a kiss baby. Put it on my lips."

They go in for the kiss, but instead of a rude rondo they get up and begin to dance. They look at the camera with great intensity and move their hips. There is a enchanting rhythm. Some more people in bright color parachute pants come out and begin to dance also.

Clara sing a song in hindi about the cow tender's daughter who go to town to buy yogurt and nan and come back with three baby. Sherlock Holmes play the rude M. Soonie. Watson is the father and also the mother.

Credits begin to roll while dance go on.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 "Text Your Vote Now" - Words To Live By

Saturday, Aug 01, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm the guy that texts a vote every time the television prompts me to do so. Depending on the quality of the graphic they toss up on the screen, I'll even vote multiple times. I've concocted a text-vote-graphic grading scale that takes into account such aspects as originality, style, legibility, and attitude. If a graphic scores a perfect 20, I'll vote 20 times.

I know, it sounds crazy, but a perfect 20 is very rare. On average most graphics will only compel me to vote 12 or 13 times.

> **CNN Viewer Poll:** Did you see our pundit's reaction to the results of our CNN Viewer Poll that asked if health care is socialist?
>
> **My Vote:** *No*
>
> A thousand times no! I was far too busy voting.

I appreciate it when a poll gives me an option along the lines of "I don't know" or "undecided". A lot of the time, I find myself caring enough about the program I'm watching to vast a vote, but not quite enough to comprehend what's going on or form any sort of opinion.

> **SportsCenter SportsNation SportsPoll:** The same question was posed to every athlete and coach by every shitty beat reporter across the country, and one athlete's response was not a canned recital of something a PR guy wrote. He didn't even use the phrase "we're just concentrating on taking things one opponent at a time"!
>
> Is this controversial scandal the worst thing ever or the end of the universe?
>
> **My Vote:** *(A) The worst thing ever.*
>
> The foundation of reality as we know it is crumbling, but as long as the story does not involve Brett Favre or steroids, the universe should hold.

Texting rates *always* apply. There is no "may", so let's drop the pretense. Texting my votes can get expensive, but this is my only way of pretending that my opinion matters to anyone but myself. After all, I'm not quite attractive enough to slap my picture on a social networking site or create YouTube videos where I talk to the camera excitedly and project the impression of an interesting personality through the use of quick cuts, and my Twitter account was closed banned when I exceeded the bandwidth cap.

In this generation, everyone's crowded on the stage, jostling for position in the spotlight. I can't allow myself to be the only person sitting in the audience. This is why I text.

> **America's Got Talent Vote:** Should the plate-spinning operatic duo of Tammy and Edgar Spinner move on to the next round?
>
> **My Vote:** *Yes*
>
> I don't keep up with the latest opera albums or attend local plate spinning performances as much as most people, but the Spinners were fantastic. I particularly enjoyed how they talked about their daughter who died, and how the show's sappy music perfectly punctuated their claim that she was watching them from Heaven, and was somehow actively

aiding their efforts to win a crude amalgamation of The Gong Show and American Idol.

I walk amongst your kind with impugnity. No telltale characteristic hints at my hideous nature, no scarlett pound sign reveals my sin. I appear normal in every way. You have brushed past me a thousand times before and never spared a second glance as my unseen hand fumbled in my pocket, compulsively texting "yes" or "3" to a random number in the hopes that my influence would continue to expand.

> **Attack Of The Show Attack Of The Poll:** Should Olivia Munn dress up in a sexy maid rape victim outfit and simulate fellatio on a creampop for the entirety of tomorrow's show?
>
> **My Vote:** *No*
>
> By going against the grain with this one I'm letting Olivia know that I value her for more than her looks, and am the one person she can come to when she tires of the single-minded troglodytes.

I am the TV Poll Voter. I'm closer than you can possibly imagine, and I am not alone. Unnecessary Backhanded Compliment guy has joined forces with me, and he wants you to know that although he almost never reads Something Awful as of late, he enjoyed this article just enough to finish it.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.2 Ha ha yeah more like Worst Buy: A Shoppers Guide to Stores of the Past

Sunday, Aug 02, 2009 by Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

> In these trying economic times, when it seems like you have no money or job, a lot of good American stores have slipped beneath the surface and drowned in the ocean of poverty. As a man that loves his malls, and averages multiple mall visits per day, these eyes have been among the first to witness these sad retail losses. Despite how furious I sometimes become, and how delicate these keyboard keys are, I am writing an article for my ezine. Kids Beware, there's probably some coarse cusses below. This is a eulogy to all of those now extinct great stores, choked to death by the economic squeeze of illegal immigration and China.
>
> - Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis

Eggs & Things

Great ideas, but this chicken's flown out the coop! Flown down poverty lane where the dirty birds go to die! But there was a time of shopper's delight before Eggs & Things closed their doors! Hot and cold eggs, eggs by the dozen or double dozen for large families. Custom Eggs by Gene and fantastic coloring kits with shoulderstraps for the egg lovin bro on the go. Eggs & Things simply couldnt keep afloat in this dying American economy, for reasons which relate to Red China and their superior egg market. This egg is... Cracked!!!! Goodbye, Eggs & Things

Supple Jock Supply Shop

Vitamins and herbal supplement drive through that appeared next to the Best Buy and reclaimed the land that was once one of my favorite mall parking spots. Supple Jock Supply Shop has it all for the average hunky dude, but for a man in a car whose midsection lurches around at stoplights and turns, Supple Jock Supply Shop served little need. I've been writing to the owners of the mall via yahoo mail and with God's blessings, this author will reclaim his old parking spot or maybe they will let me park in the abandoned store ??

Bird City

Despite its promising name, the store seemed doomed to failure once customers realized each store was literally a tiny city constructed, inhabited, and fiercely defended by birds. Due to the quarrelous nature of birds, each city quickly degenerated into a tiny Baltimore and all the birds died :<

HOTCAKE DEPOT

Bought giftcards for my family after a careless remark by fantasy football teammate HotDawg666. HotDawg666 talked big game on line, and a brief but misleading search on Altavista for "SELL HOTCAKES" really had my confidence booming! Over a hundred big bucks in gift certificates later, this dude is feeling like a dumb child dump chump. Hotcakes actually sell TERRIBLY!! DONT BELIEVE THE HYPE. This is BS, my fam said no way !!!!!!! Sorry

BowlerScapes

After some web searching at the DogPile Search Site, I found a specialty mens boutique for Bowling Photography and enthusiasts (Trust me, dont question my bowlers dedication my friend.) Wall sized panoramas of fresh clean lanes, just before opening.. Its with a heavy heart and buckeye split (Bowler Lingo! ;0}) that I inform you that BowlerScapes is no more, having failed to generate government bailout bucks in these trying times. Thanks Obama. Got Lanes on the Brain? Like a hawk that craves bargains, swoop onto ebay real quick and swoop away with some BowlerScapes before they're history!

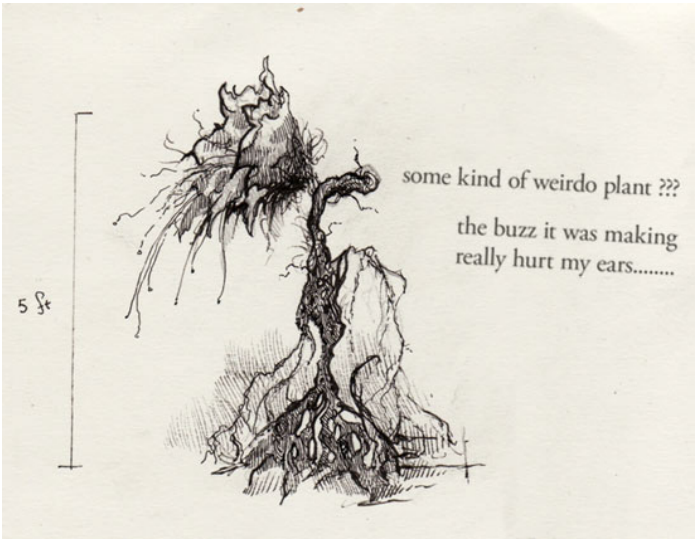
Spooky Rinks

Innovation is dead! A thousand inventors bones are spinning and clattering in their coffins because they're as furious as I am. Spooky Rinks, if you haven't and will now never have been, featured themed roller rinks with some of my favorite classic horror themes such as "Wolfman", "Dracs Freaky Dungeon", and "Ghost Boat: Legend of Spooky Cove". Chilling lazer lights and strobes will make your skin crawl and your skates hum, but clumsy skaters kept crashing.. Come on dudes! Its a fog machine! Deal with it and skate on through! Spooky Rinks is gone now..

Discount Plants

A great store!! Wall to wall plants, probably every plant there is, Load your cart and take these plants home! Strange plants with branches of wisps and tangles, like a crazy ladys hair, strange shapes of gnarls and hooks that look like a plant from a horrid brute's fever dreams.

I know that ive been to this store but I worry that it was a conjuration in a dream.. I cant find a Discount Plants store in my yahoo search bar.. Discount Plants, are you alive or are you dead? I give you a Man's Promise I will find out.



Hood Screens

Stop your car and pump your brakes and fists, This dude spotted a deal. My guests have found themselves furious at my plain jane television, made of dark plastic and dull metal pieces, bits of tape and paper affixed to it holding neat notes and funny quotes I've written down, and some cool stickers of Bugs Bunny and his Looney Tunes crew. Hood Screens offered the wise shopper a rare chance to upgrade their tube to the status of a gilded christ/any other blasphemous show of money. Custom TV Tints, Tune your tube to be way more gold colored.. (The Midas Touch•$199.00) I unfortunately missed my chance at this one, and continue to have a plain jane television set and no longer have guests.

Blog Barn

A real landmark of values I bet, if this store's hours were perpetually on opposite day. Hah hahhh!! This store was a real shit crapshow and I'm glad it's gone, I'll bury it in piss. My piss. A dozen desktop computers and printers, you can pay to print out your fave blogposts or buy a Blog Barn Weekly Mixer, a spiral bound pamphlet of some of the funniest, silliest, hippest blogs of the week. I have my own computer and Microsoft Word. I print out my own blog posts at home for pennies on the dollar, spiced up with nutty pics and gripping trivia tidbits! all for pennies on the dollar. I have some great screensavers too, some real funny and rare ones that Blog Barn could never offer. No wonder your garbage business failed, you made it out of trash you junk dunce. Fuck you Blog Barn

Our great American economy is coughgagging and farting in a claustrophobic choking little sweaty room and it wants to die. Some of these sweet shops were merely ahead of their time, and will reappear in the future, maybe on our planet but maybe not. Some of these stores were like ticks, growing fat off the lifeblood of our innocent consumerist bliss. Is the time right for me to finally open my dream store, Cusses & Stuff? With rude license plate holders and crude java mugs that say "I'll get ruddy with ur puppy, mate. I'll snog ur dog" or maybe "Shrimp Dicked Dude" this store could be a real champ but in this economic climate I sweat and fret!! I will wait, like a falcon in the liberty tree, waiting for my opportunity.

Good Bye!!

Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis is a writer, artist, blogger, Hoobastank fan, brute, punk, jerk, hero, columnist, and lover, but not a fighter. He can be reached for comment at stuntin.shinin@gmail.com .

-∼Justin "Hoobastank" Marquis (@fart)

8.3 GI Army Funnies: End Times in Iraq

Monday, Aug 03, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

So far senior year of war has been awesome. We don't have to do any missions, our commander shows movies instead of doing briefings, and you can go AWOL whenever and nobody busts you. They're even flying in General Goociano for some big presentation on the last day.

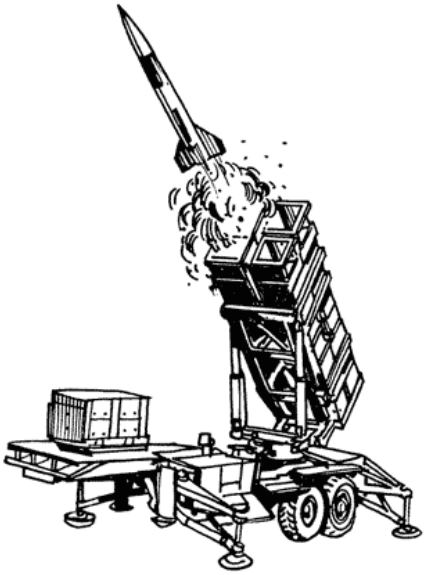
Gooch, pick up. Gooch. Pick up. Gooch! *Goooooch!* Pick up. Pick up, Gooch. I know you're there, Gooch. It's Pay-Tray, Gooch, pick up. Bro, pick up! Come on, pick up! Pick up the phoooooonnnnee Gooch! Can't wait to see you, bro. Pick up the *phone*. Goo-

Alright, which one of you mischief-making rascals spray painted all this crazy stuff on my truck!? When General Patraeus hears about what you did, YOU will be the ones driving around preventing typhoid by collecting dead civilians left in ditches.

After Army? I've got one word for you, kid. One word.

Lotto. My technique is foolproof. I buy 25 tickets with all the same numbers. That way when I win if someone else picked my same numbers I get a way bigger share of the winnings.

FWOOOOOOOOOOSH!

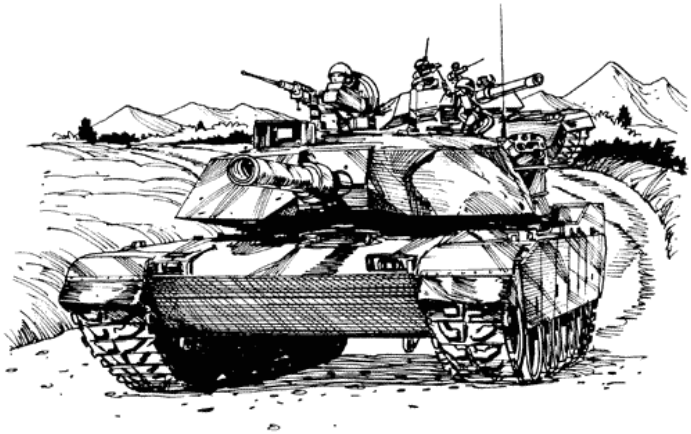


We compensate Iraqi families $500 per family member killed, but it costs $8,000 to ship one Patriot Battery back to Kuwait. You do the math. This is a win-win.

Airborne ops, amphibious insertion, enhanced interrogation, sniper ops, tactical ops, operational tactics, sniper tactics, the list goes on. I am so goddamn elite right now. I did every possible op. Wait until I get home and tell the guys at Bob Evans about this shit!

Well...uh...thank you, Estonian. I will always treasure this 8-foot mural of frogs as people living in a city of frogs and keeping people as pets that you drew on that weird paper you guys wrap your dead bodies in. Here, I made a map of families that will feed you after we leave.

I don't care how many brave hero troops he has lost, you just tell Captain Harrison that we are refusing to offer fire support or CASEVAC until Barry Hussein Soetoro shows us a Birth Certificate.



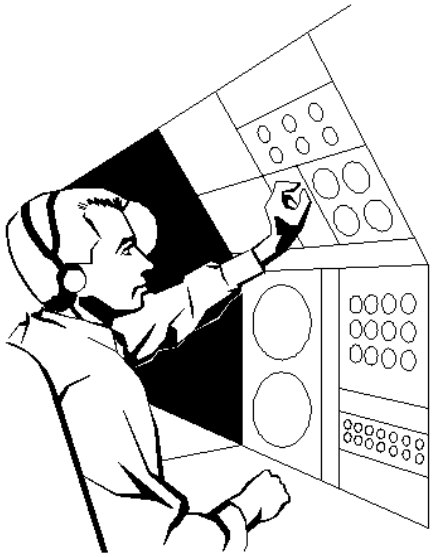
When all this is over I want to be able to go home, look my son in the eye, and honestly answer "yes" if he asks me if I let the bodies hit the floor.

Did we, Dan? Did we let the bodies hit the floor? I hope so, but war is so ambiguous and morally complex.

I saw on the Internet that Congress got rid of the F-22.

Yeah, real funny, Congress. Maybe next you can outlaw Sasquatches and Loch Ness monsters and everything else I ain't never seen flying over Iraq.

Operational Update 8-2-9
Fallen log partially overrun. Continuing the advance.



14 months in Iraq. 385 sorties completed. 9,200 tons of ordnance dropped. 0 squares or triangles detected by this computer ever.

So which one of Keith Olbermann's Special Comments finally convinced you that the war was bad?

A chapter of your life is coming to a close, but a new chapter is about to begin. As you go out into the world you must each remember the lessons learned in Iraq, for in 3-4 weeks you will be GOING TO AFGHANISTAN! Wooooooo!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 Craigslist Fun in the Sun (No Homo)

Tuesday, Aug 04, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

JO Masterpiece - 33 (s.d.)

Date: 2009-08-03, 4:58PM PDT

Reply To This Post

lets craft the ultimate bbq sauce in my townhome. come over and we will alter our bbq formula well into the night while we jo on a pile of towels i have laid out in the den. liquid smoke?? vinegar?? how about some heavy petting to make it just right. wink wink.... you can Kiss The COOK but nothing gay, please.

- Location: s.d.
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304345169

Responses:

I am a well educated professional. I am a honest, caring, sincere, romantic personable individual, have a good sense of humor and enjoy having a good time . I want your sauce

Chat and JO - 32 (Dallas)

Date: 2009-08-03, 6:40PM CDT

Reply To This Post

WOW. Where is the obama birth cert. Why isnt it a reality yet. Oh i know why... because its a fake. Come over and chat about the birth cert with me and we can JO until 8:45 PM my commonlaw wife returns from her security guard job at 9 PM. 6'1" 190 white male.

- Location: Dallas
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304317489

Responses:

Fucking idiot

Drippy guy jo - 38 (chi city)

Date: 2009-08-03, 6:37PM CDT

Reply To This Post

Lets get this out of the way because it always comes up. I have severe sinus probs not covered by my plan. My post nasal drip is without ceasing and every time i sit still (or JO) it starts coming out. I want a JO bud to come over tonight and have shirt off or unbuttoned and no shoes or socks of any kind. I am very welcoming when you step into my home you will be treated like one of the clan. Fun night ahead...

- Location: chi city
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304312631

Responses:

Email me pictures of it.

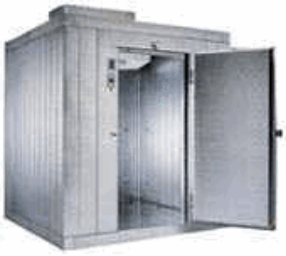
Frozen Man JO - 29 (portland)

Date: 2009-08-03, 4:49PM PDT

Reply To This Post

You will come over tonight and find me frozen inside my business' walk-in freezer. Thaw me out and oil me up. Need to answer emails fast because I'm going in the freezer soon. I am not gay.

- Location: portland
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests



PostingID: 1304332798

Responses: (None.)

Pink man m4m - 35 (sacto)

Date: 2009-08-03, 5:01PM PDT

Reply To This Post

Due to a medical condition I drink nothing but fruit punch gatorade and my fluids all of them are a light to moderate pink. Need a JO bud on the weekends please do not be startled by the colors of my secretion. I dnt care what you look like i just need a bud

- Location: sacto
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304350612

Responses: (None.)

MASKS... and dreams... - 29 (la.)

Date: 2009-08-03, 4:45PM PDT

Reply To This Post

I own a variety of masks and can make all your JO dreams come true. All skin types and famous people whatever you want its all at your command. My roommate is a makeup artist and hes into it also. Just tell me what your ultimate JO fantasy is and lets see if we can make it happen..

- Location: la.
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304325016

Responses: (None.)

Jo... and lets prove an old wives tale.. - 40 (austin)

Date: 2009-08-03, 6:31PM CDT

Reply To This Post

Heard celery increases load volume but I dont like it. Just want to see if its true but don't want to eat much celery myself unless i have to. please come over, eat a bunch of celery, and jo with me in my den. no gay stuff this is just for research.
requirements: must eat celery. i am a 42 year old professional male. just eat a bunch of it

- Location: austin
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Responses:

Are you still looking? I have eaten quite a few celery stalks the last 3 days...trying to lose weight. Big guy here. 5'8" 250lbs

pawn shop jo - 49 (castro / upper market)

Date: 2009-08-03, 4:55PM PDT

Reply To This Post

pawn shop jo. i run a pawn shop and i like to close up for 20 minutes around 10pm for a quick JO. daily discounts on selected merch for anyone who jos with me. this week, 20% off on camera accessories and musical instruments for all JO buds. Please be trustworty and dont steal.

- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304341231

Responses:

I love jerking off in public places like that! Where is the place?

William Tell JO - 39 (brooklyn)

Date: 2009-08-03, 7:53PM EDT

Reply To This Post

got a very powerful jet stream and always wonder if i culd knock an apple off somebdy. head with my spootch. wife thinks its stupid and will not try. shes out of town next two days, we can try bunch of times. you can try on me if your load stream has power. 3+ ft shooter reccomended. ps-- 100% straight only

- Location: brooklyn
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

PostingID: 1304337544

Responses:

> Hello I am a 39 yr. old Italian bi guy who is 6' 175 lbs. with brown hair and eyes. Would love to see hat spooge shoot 3 feet.

Thanks to David Thorpe for his help facilitating mondo JO action.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.5 The Actual Pie Situation as of August 5, 1989

Wednesday, Aug 05, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Peach Babyface, Mascot in Exile for the Legitimate Pie Industry Mascot, 1898-1988Did you know that the Pie Industry has been under the control of a corrupt bureaucrat for the past 90 years?[1] It's true. The villainous Pearls van der Horn wrestled control away from Peach Babyface, who inherited his position as leader and mascot of the Pie Industry from his father, Baron Clem Applemore. Since that fateful day, Peach has operated in secret, striving endlessly to preserve the legacy of his father and the integrity of pie.

Peach Babyface, Mascot in Exile for the Legitimate Pie Industry Mascot, 1898-1988

After taking control in a bloody coup, van der Horn immediately concocted a scientifically dubious listing of the 25 known types of pie. Peach Babyface wishes to inform you that any lists endorsed by van der Horn are entirely inaccurate. The only listing of empirical pies is the one maintained by the Pie Industry in Exile.[2] It is as follows.

1. **Emancipated Pie** - When a pie has been granted freedom, it becomes an Emancipated Pie and can no longer be purchased for consumption.

2. **Sarcophagus Pie** - Be careful of curses, as this pie contains a tiny mummy just under its crust. It is best to make sure that crust is never broken.

3. **Manhole Cover Pie** - This pie has been designed to both look and taste like an actual New York City manhole cover. In some emergency situations it may even be used as one.

4. **Window Ledge Pie** - A pie that, when placed on a window ledge, disappears mysteriously without ever being seen again.

5. **Quantum Pie** - When observed, the Quantum Pie instantly turns into any of the other known types of pie. Prior to observation, it is all types of pie at once.

6. **Green Pie** - This pie has evolved a green skin as a means of blending in with foliage, allowing it to survive longer in the wild. It is also capable of photosynthesis.

7. **Heavy Pie** - Due to the use of a reinforced lead framework, this pie is significantly heavier than all other pies.

8. **Cipher Pie** - A type of pie developed during the height of the Cold War. The quantities and distribution of its ingredients correspond to a particular cipher used by covert agents. Intelligence agencies would mail a Cipher Pie to a spy in the field, who would then eat it after decrypting its message.

9. **Pseudo Pie** - A pie only in name. Often the result of precise forgery. Sometimes called "Fool's Pie" as it is most commonly purchased by fools.

[1] According to the Pie Industry in Exile's official slogan.
[2] According to the National Pie Council's 1989 Grand Pie Census.

10. **Woodpile Pie** - A pile of wood organized into the rough shape of a pie. Through natural chemical reactions, the wood forms into a delicious pie overnight.

11. **Allegorical Pie** - Upon consumption, this pie will grant you a keener understanding of what it means to be alive. It also has a very bitter aftertaste.

12. **Tortoiseshell Pie** - A pie baked in a hollowed-out tortoiseshell instead of a pie pan. As pie pans do not exist on desert islands, this form of pie is extremely common in the South Pacific.

13. **Hog's Holiday Pie** - Occasionally some pies are crafted with such haste that the end result is a horrible mess where only hogs find comfort.

14. **Battlecrown Pie** - In times of old, Warrior Kings would wear a crown adorned with a savory pie into battle. It was not considered edible until soaked in enemy blood.

15. **Whitechapel Pie** - An empty pie crust upon which a miniature recreation of Victorian London is built, primarily for purposes of tracing the history and killings of Jack the Ripper.

16. **Subitaneous Pie** - There is no way to prepare for this pie, as it occurs instantly without warning.

17. **Ghost Pie** - The taste of this pie will return to haunt your mouth approximately one year after its consumption.

18. **Treasure Map Pie** - Some bakers will occasionally etch maps into the crusts of their pies as a means of marking the locations of hidden treasure. It is considered extremely good fortune to inherit such a pie.

19. **Long Haul Pie** - A pie noted for its extraordinary length, often times stretching for more than 20 yards.

20. **Wonder Pie** - A type of pie characterized for its contemplative nature -- a property it passes on to the eater.

21. **Lunar Pie** - Recovered lunar soil samples are the chief ingredient of this pie, making it extremely appetizing to would-be astronauts.

22. **Vanity Pie** - So in love with itself, this pie spends all day admiring its own nature. Once sliced and rendered imperfect, it immediately becomes suicidal.

23. **Tall Man's Pie** - A wider diameter allows for longer slicers, which are favored by exceptionally tall men.

24. **Veteran Pie** - When a pie survives long enough without being eaten, it is generally considered a Veteran Pie and allowed to retire with dignity.

25. **Antipie** - Unfortunately we are unable to describe this pie, as its nature presently exceeds our understanding of science and baking.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.6 Sir, About This Sloth...

Thursday, Aug 06, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

> Good morning, sir. I suppose you've been hearing a lot of crazy talk around the office about how I keep a sloth in my shirt pocket. Well, yes, it's true, completely true. The little guy's right here. But you've gotta admit it's pretty crazy!

Actually, sir, that seems to be a myth, far as I can tell. I was expecting he'd be lazy as sin, and that maybe I could move him while he was loafing, but he's really quite industrious. In fact, I hope you don't keep him and fire me. Ha ha ha! But seriously, I wouldn't advise it. He types super fast and all, but he makes a ton of errors. And of course he's useless on the phones. Why, he had this one old lady on the line for a good 20 minutes and he didn't close the deal!

Oh, well, it came with the shirt. I bought it at this roadside stand that isn't there anymore. To be honest, it looks like it might've been hot merchandise. Anyway, it was 75 percent off, and I really liked the pattern, so I figured I could just pry the furry scamp out and keep the savings! But it swiped at me when I went to budge it, and I haven't tried again.

Still not sold on the little guy? I guess I could keep trying to track down a harpy eagle. This gal at the zoo gift shop told me sloths *really* hate harpy eagles. But, it's pretty hard to catch them out in the wild. I finally found one, and it looked me right in the eye and crushed this monkey's skull, just to show me it could. Then I could've sworn it started cackling at me, but it turns out it was just some guy laughing, and he stopped when he saw my sloth. It's not like you can buy harpy eagles on eBay. Believe me, I've tried. I did get this parking sign that says "I'm a harpy eagle trapped in a human body," and I showed it to Crabadon to see if he might believe it and get scared, but all he did was stretch out one of his claws really slow, poke a hole in this Pepsi can, then pull it back while soda sprayed all over the place.

Yes, sir, Crabadon. At first I thought to call him Speedy, on account of his typing, but then he told me his name is Crabadon. No, ha, ha, he's not a talking sloth, that would be just a *little* weird. No,

what he did was dip his claws into some red stuff -- still not sure what it was, he ain't tellin' -- and scratch "Crabadon" into my mattress again and again.

Martha wouldn't have cared for that at all. But I'm afraid she's moved out for now. She's always been deathly afraid of sloths. She'd start sweating and shaking whenever anyone mentioned them, which fortunately wasn't terribly often. Really, it only came up when Greg was around, because he'd always want to tell that filthy joke about the sloth, the nun and the bicycle, and it was like "dammit, Greg, we've already heard it, now could you please shut the hell up about sloths so Martha can come out from under the bed?" I probably should have thought about Martha when I got this shirt, especially since she made such a big deal about putting that part about sloths in our wedding vows. Guess I was just blinded by dollar signs!

Thinking back, it was still a pretty damn good deal, especially because he's not an expensive pet. He'll eat pretty much anything, including the stapler off my desk. Takes forever for things like that to go through his system, too. I can still feel it poking out of his stomach, and he swallowed it a couple weeks ago. I guess it's still there if you want to retrieve it, company property and all, ha ha. Just wipe off the sloth goo. But word to the wise, I wouldn't try it. He don't like being touched in the tummy. He might look sluggish, even cute, but he strikes like a snake, a snake with claws!

Oh, no sir, he doesn't do that in there. He goes to the bathroom maybe once a week far as I can tell, and it's usually when I've nodded off. One time I woke up and saw him doing his business over in the corner of the room, and he put one of his claws in front of his mouth and made a "shhh" gesture. It really kinda creeped me out. He also washes the shirt sometimes when I'm asleep, in you case you were worried about that because of, you know, hygiene around the office. I don't think he uses the right settings, though. He's kind of a dunce when it comes to electronic stuff.

Yes, sir. I realize we have a reputation to uphold here at Octo-Pocket, and I'll do my damndest to get my octopus right back where it belongs. He's just floating in the bathtub these days, giving me the cranky eye. Hell, if he's too mad to get back in that pocket, maybe I'll just put a squid in there! I'm sorry, sir. You're right, I shouldn't even joke about that.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

8.7 Musgrave Global Solutions Report: Cake Shows

Friday, Aug 07, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Musgrave Global Solutions is committed to continued excellence in the high-yield industry of cake-themed television programming. Among our many diversified interests, cake-themed television programming remains one of our fastest-growing and most profitable. To date Musgrave and its subsidiaries have underwritten four syndicated cake-themed television programs and six cake-themed specials.

An analysis by subsidiary Disaster Dynamics scientifically correlates the rise in popularity of cake-themed television programming with increases in untreated illnesses, accidental deaths, criminal violence, mayhem, and all other contributing factors to the Musgrave Strife Index. The popularity of *Ace of Cakes* alone, our highest rated cake-themed program, has indirectly contributed to three ethnic conflicts in Africa, successfully delaying Chinese petrochemical interests in the Niger River Delta.

Protectionistics and Blohm & Kreeg, our PMC subsidiaries, have experienced 35-40% enhanced revenue intake since the debut of *Celebrity Cake Off,* our program for EatTV featuring celebrities paired with pastry chefs in a for-charity competition. The episode featuring Stephen Baldwin and Chef Cynthia Cruz versus Blaz (from Housewife Island) and Chef Heinrich Storch is believed to have precipitated the latest outbreak of hostilities in the South Ossetia region.

StratCap, Musgrave's strategic capital expenditures division, is prepared to inject $76.8 billion (US) during FY2010 for the expansion of Initiative Red-Eight-Seven. Three programs are under consideration for complete R&D and prototype.

For the directorate's consideration:

Cake House Seattle

Nine pastry chefs sharing one fully-loaded loft in Seattle. Elimination challenges will determine the world's greatest cake chef.

Destabilization of Pakistani government will force increased US intervention in the AfPak region. 28% increased profit for Black Cross, Black Shield, Musgrave's dark technology division. Our allies in congress should gain significantly from increased hostilities in this region, allowing us to secure funding for the Shiva drone.

Krazy Kakes

A bright and light kids show featuring musical guests and puppets.
Will teach children how to bake and decorate cakes (with mom's help!).

Increased tension between Russia and the Ukraine over natural gas pipelines and ownership of the Crimean autonomous region. Our allies in the Ukrainian parliament will gain 14-16 seats, tipping the vote in our favor on the pending legislation to agree to 48 USA-funded Panoply-IV ICBM Interceptor Stations.

Musgrave subsidiaries manufacture 9,854 of the 10,242 components of the Panoply-IV and our overseas construction partner, ZVK, has no-bid contracts with the Defense Department to handle all Panoply-IV construction sub-contracting.

Doggone Cake Farm

A reality show set on a farm and featuring six families with "problem" dogs. They are mentored by a dog trainer and a pastry chef who teach them to train their dogs by learning to bake cakes with them. Disaster Dynamics has confirmed previous predictive heuristics that dog training programs will lead to an increase in childhood obesity, divorce, and fetal alcoholism. The combination of the dog training and cakes might be just the formula we are seeking.

With an unusually low 86.4% accuracy over 200 simulations, we are predicting this show will trigger the exchange of nuclear weapons between two or more minor nuclear powers. With a similar degree of accuracy we predict that this will not lead to a full scale nuclear exchange between major powers.

If this remains a limited exchange with no escalation then predictions indicate Musgrave will avoid a disastrous liquidity freeze and we will be brought in by UN allies to clean up the mess, allowing us to claim irradiated portions of the affected countries as "wildlife zones" for the storage of heavy metal waste produced by our Sunshine Industries Green Power coal gasification plants in Belarus, Heilongjiang, and West Virginia.

We thank you for your time and hope that these projects receive your vote of approval at the annual Black Rock meeting of the directorate. For pie-themed programming please see the FY2010 Ideas Precis "Pie Shows" which covers all non-cake dessert baking and the possible positive growth ramifications for Musgrave's missile guidance subsidiary Hewlt Tactical Logistics.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 New "Epic Mickey" Concept Art

Saturday, Aug 08, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

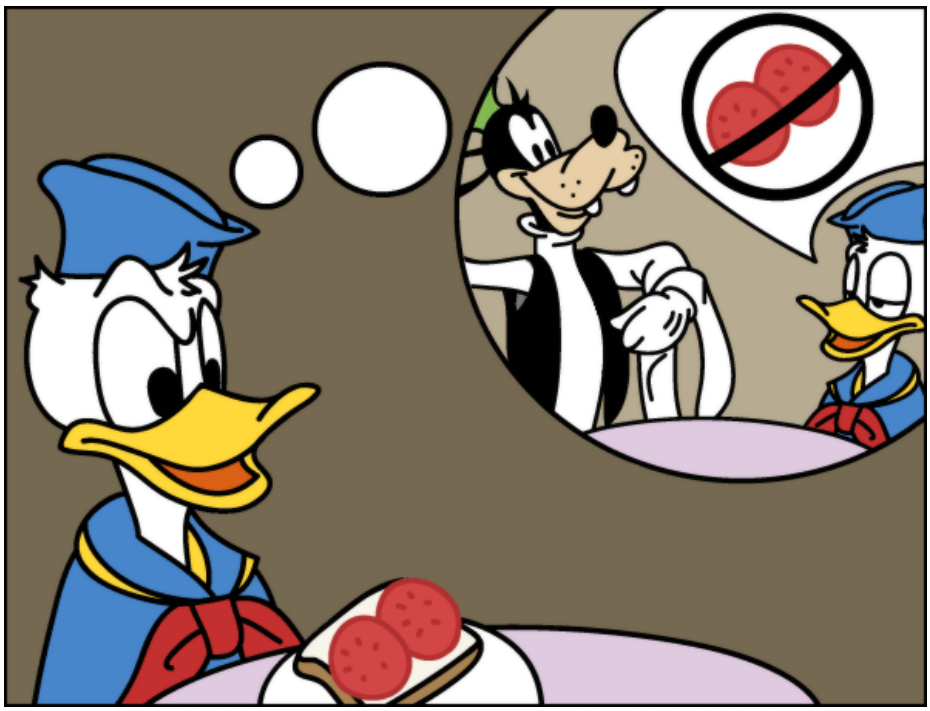
Warren Spector is something of an icon in the video game industry, and is one of my favorite designers. Given the dark overtones of some of his biggest successes such as *System Shock* and *Deus Ex* , I didn't know what to make of Disney Interactive buying his Junction Point Studios and the subsequent rumors of an ambitious-yet-vague "Epic Mickey" game that began to circulate.

Disney's eternally-clenched sphincter meant that Spector's level of creative control would be inhibited. At least, that's what everyone thought. Then the concept art started to leak.

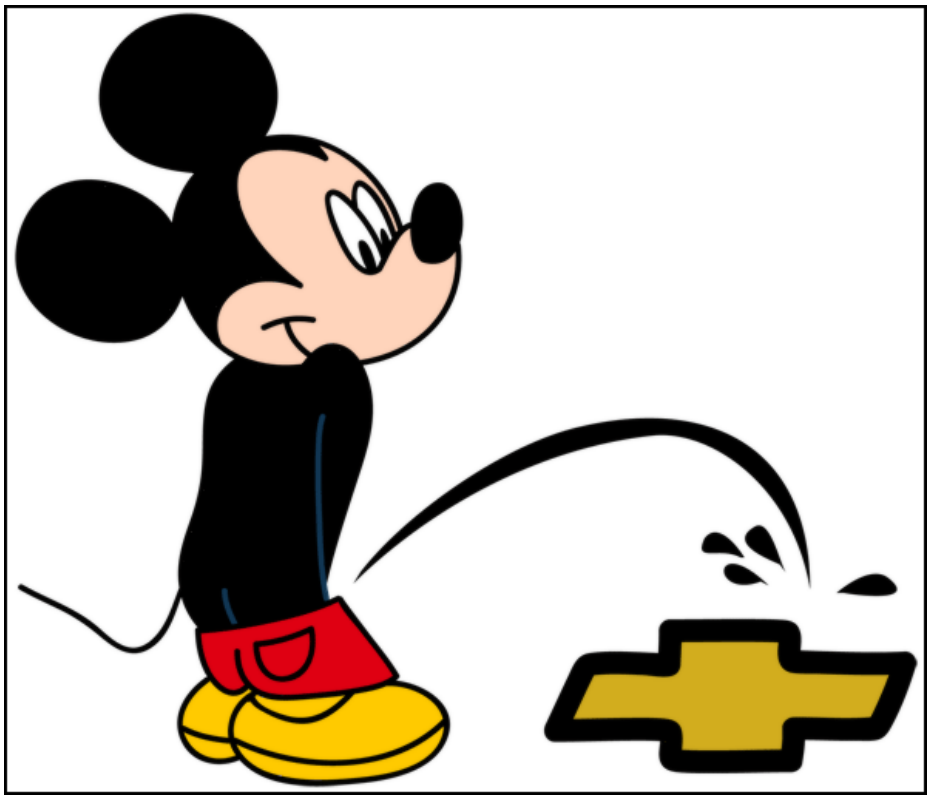
This isn't the first time that a game has taken place in a gloomier version of a setting traditionally attributed to children's tales (see: American McGee's Rasputin-like career post-Quake II), but it is the first time that a designer with a track record like Spector's has apparently been given free reign to do his thing with a license of this magnitude.

After calling in a favor with my source at Junction Point Studios, I've managed to scrounge up several new pieces of official artwork that shed further light on the disturbing nature of Epic Mickey. This content is decidedly dark, so proceed at your own risk.

Baby Cancer
Cure



Cobain

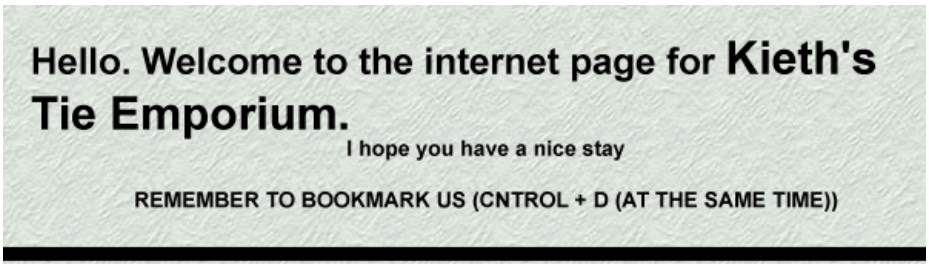


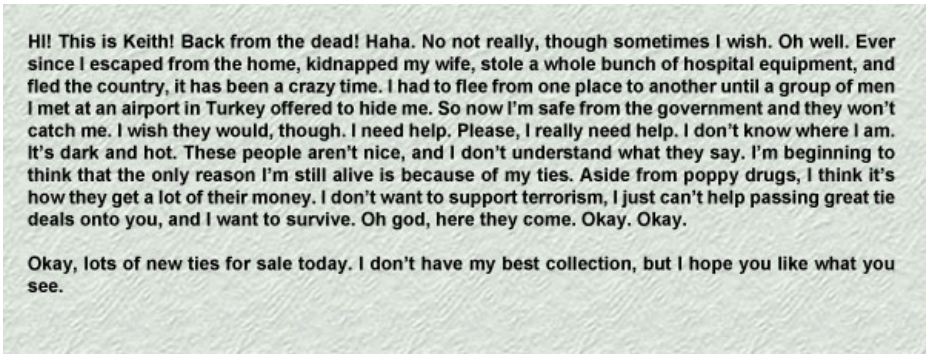
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.9 International Tie Sale

Sunday, Aug 09, 2009 by Keith (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.


Hello. Welcome to the internet page for Kieth's Tie Emporium.
I hope you have a nice stay
REMEMBER TO BOOKMARK US (CNTROL + D (AT THE SAME TIME))


HI! This is Keith! Back from the dead! Haha. No not really, though sometimes I wish. Oh well. Ever since I escaped from the home, kidnapped my wife, stole a whole bunch of hospital equipment, and fled the country, it has been a crazy time. I had to flee from one place to another until a group of men I met at an airport in Turkey offered to hide me. So now I'm safe from the government and they won't catch me. I wish they would, though. I need help. Please, I really need help. I don't know where I am. It's dark and hot. These people aren't nice, and I don't understand what they say. I'm beginning to think that the only reason I'm still alive is because of my ties. Aside from poppy drugs, I think it's how they get a lot of their money. I don't want to support terrorism, I just can't help passing great tie deals onto you, and I want to survive. Oh god, here they come. Okay. Okay.
Okay, lots of new ties for sale today. I don't have my best collection, but I hope you like what you see.

Hotdogs on Plywood Tie

A great tie depicting a construction site cookout. The dogs appear to be grilled, the wood might be stained a darker color. Either way, this is a great one for summer barbeques or any time of year for builders. The vertical lines in the fabric make this a must for all suspender wearers.

This is one of my fav الكي رمأ .أتوملا للا دمحلا

$24

"Bottoms Up!" Tie

This tie features a blond girl bending at the waist with multiple cocktail glasses floating above her. The text says "Bottoms Up". Very fun stuff in my opinion! Evokes chants of "Death to America" from captors. Generally gets them riled up—not in a good way. They don't like a lot of things about this tie. God save me.

$33

Not Found

The Requested URL /opium/tie_man/ties.jpg has been blocked.
The site is classified as T1437:R for the following reason:
Terrorism

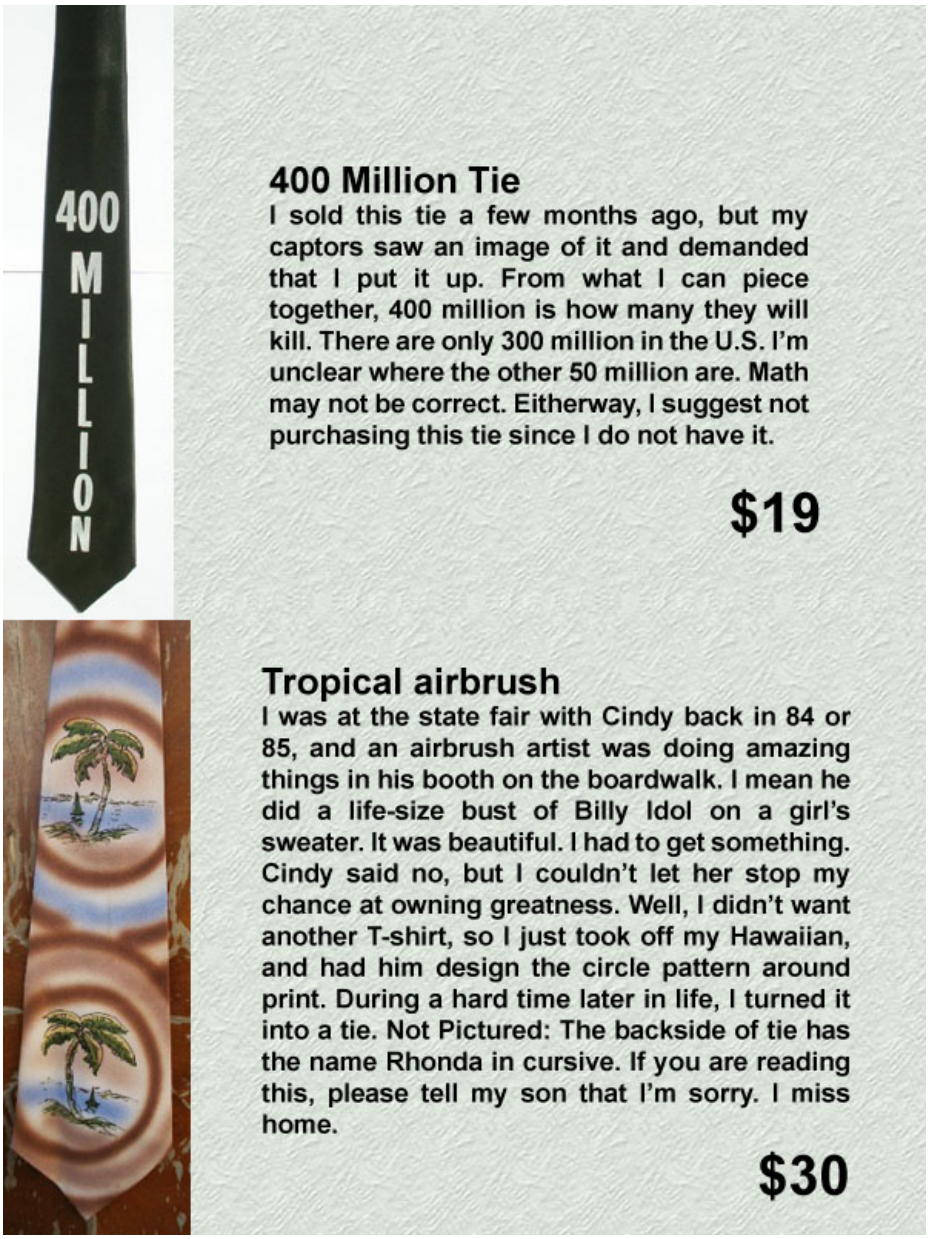
Visit has been logged

Nautical Themed Tie Commemorating the Cleveland Brown's 1951 11 – 1 record.
Great birthday present for all the NFL fans floating their pontoons on Lake Erie.

$22

Brown Raspberries
I remember being on the farm back as a boy, and me and Jimmy would hike through the woods till we got to a big opening. There would be all sorts of wild raspberries and a few strawberries for as far as the eye could see. We'd just say up there all day and eat the fruit till we felt sick. A few years later Jimmy was a marine. This tie really takes me back. The raspberries on this tie are an exact copy of the fruit I saw as a kid—except brown for some reason. I don't know. The price has been set by my captors at 75 US dollars.

$14

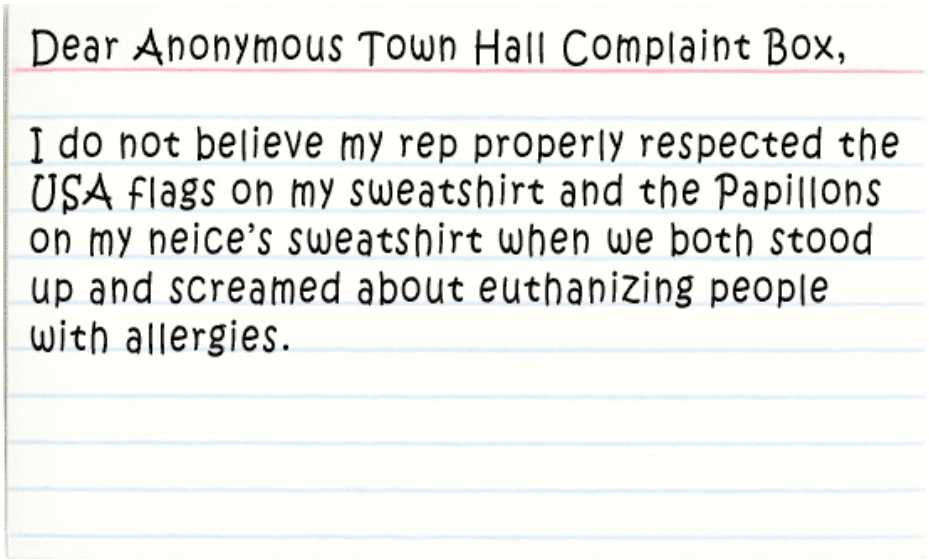

400 MILLION
400 Million Tie
I sold this tie a few months ago, but my captors saw an image of it and demanded that I put it up. From what I can piece together, 400 million is how many they will kill. There are only 300 million in the U.S. I'm unclear where the other 50 million are. Math may not be correct. Eitherway, I suggest not purchasing this tie since I do not have it.
$19
Tropical airbrush
I was at the state fair with Cindy back in 84 or 85, and an airbrush artist was doing amazing things in his booth on the boardwalk. I mean he did a life-size bust of Billy Idol on a girl's sweater. It was beautiful. I had to get something. Cindy said no, but I couldn't let her stop my chance at owning greatness. Well, I didn't want another T-shirt, so I just took off my Hawaiian, and had him design the circle pattern around print. During a hard time later in life, I turned it into a tie. Not Pictured: The backside of tie has the name Rhonda in cursive. If you are reading this, please tell my son that I'm sorry. I miss home.
$30

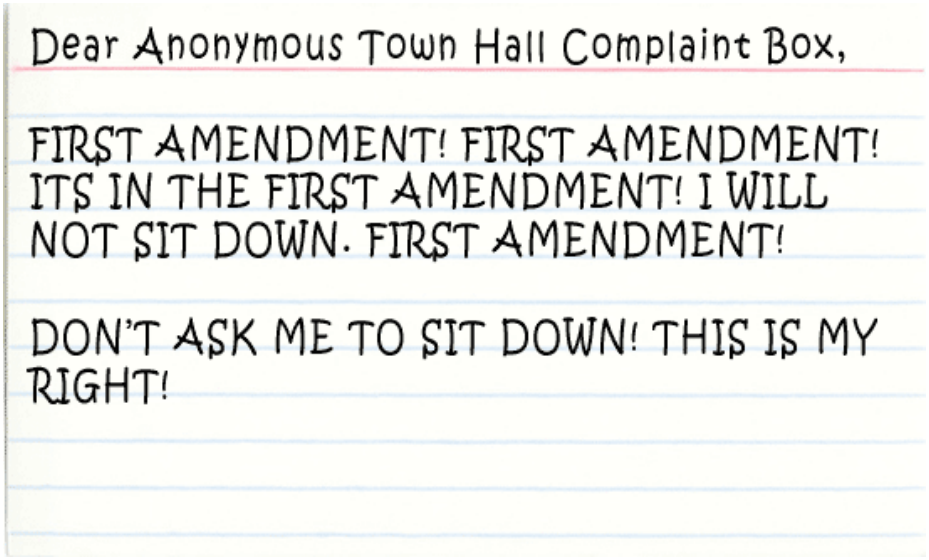
GOOD LUCK SHOPPING AND BE SURE TO SEND FOR HELP

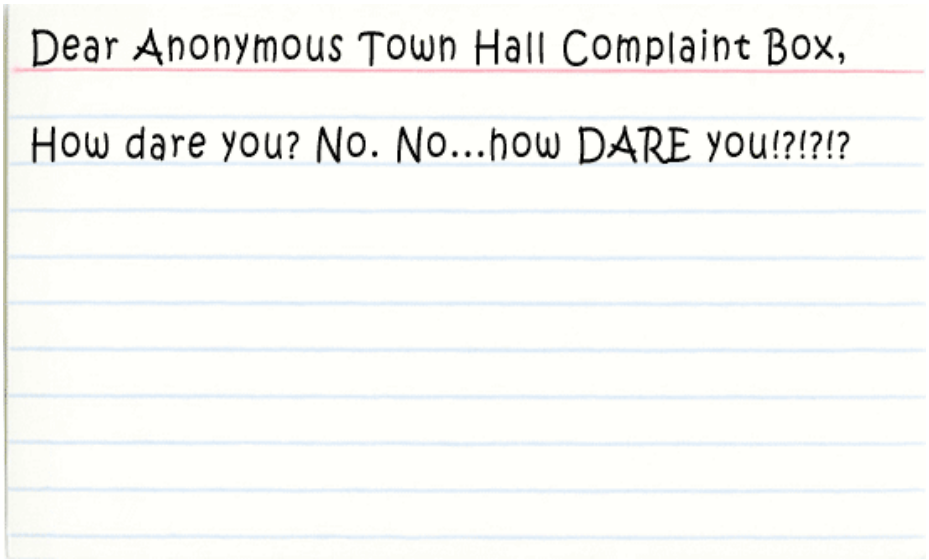
-∼Keith (@iggolding)

8.10 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box

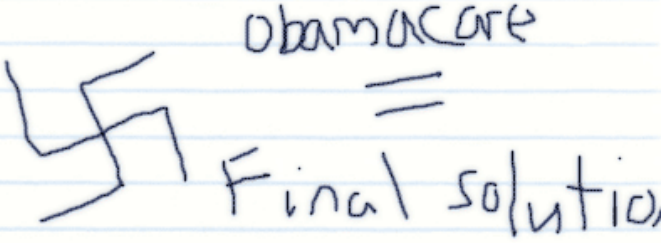
Monday, Aug 10, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
I do not believe my rep properly respected the USA flags on my sweatshirt and the Papillons on my neice's sweatshirt when we both stood up and screamed about euthanizing people with allergies.


Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
FIRST AMENDMENT! FIRST AMENDMENT! ITS IN THE FIRST AMENDMENT! I WILL NOT SIT DOWN. FIRST AMENDMENT!
DON'T ASK ME TO SIT DOWN! THIS IS MY RIGHT!

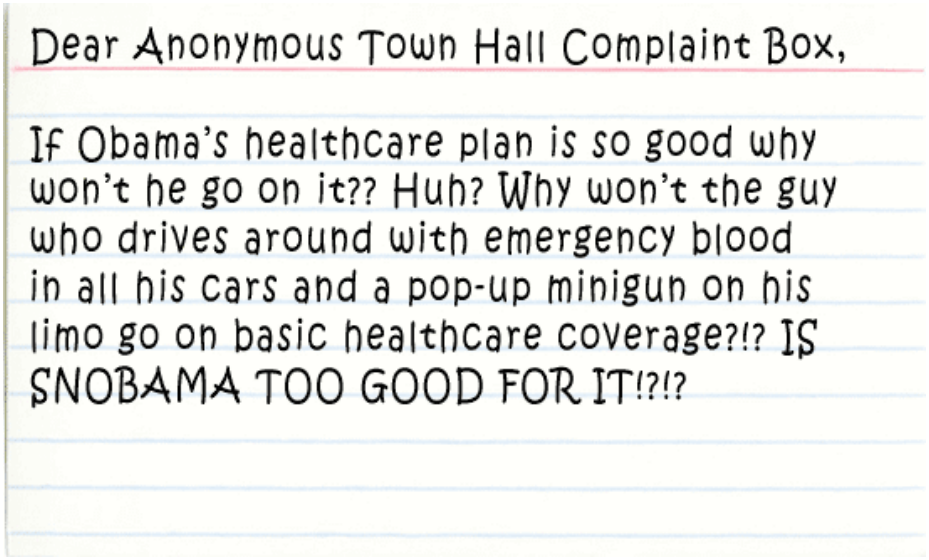

Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
How dare you? No. No...how DARE you!?!?!?

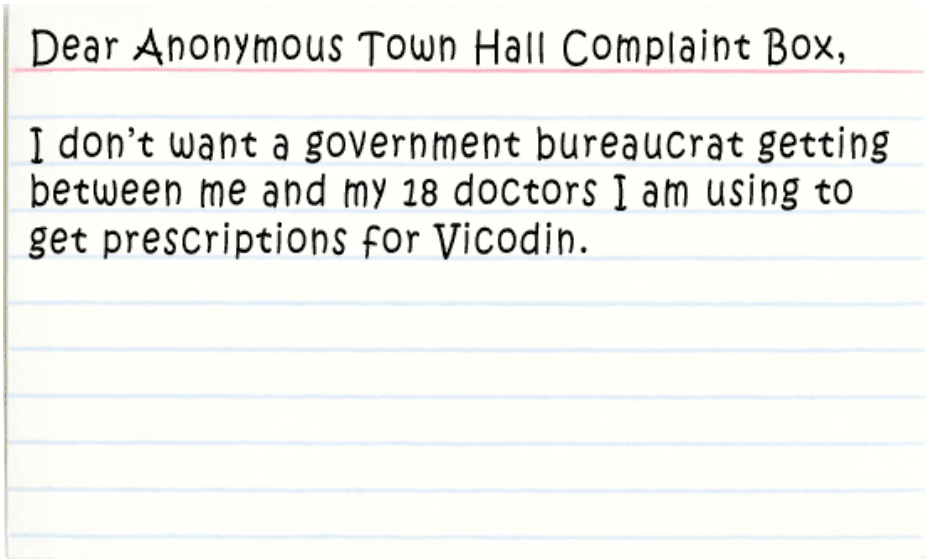
Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,



Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,

there are some teenagers yelling outside and flexing their muscles. They have skateboards in violation of a law. Please get rid of them so I can scream about ACORN.


Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
If Obama's healthcare plan is so good why won't he go on it?? Huh? Why won't the guy who drives around with emergency blood in all his cars and a pop-up minigun on his limo go on basic healthcare coverage?!? IS SNOBAMA TOO GOOD FOR IT!?!?

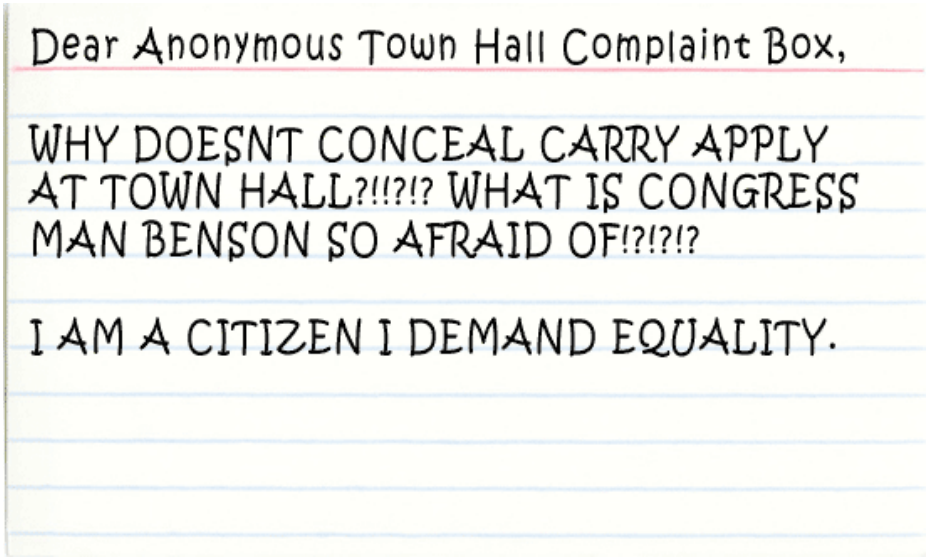

Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
I don't want a government bureaucrat getting between me and my 18 doctors I am using to get prescriptions for Vicodin.

Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,

I have untreated diabetes, no job, no insurance, and I am dumb as fuck. Hollywood needs to stop trying to take my guns from me.

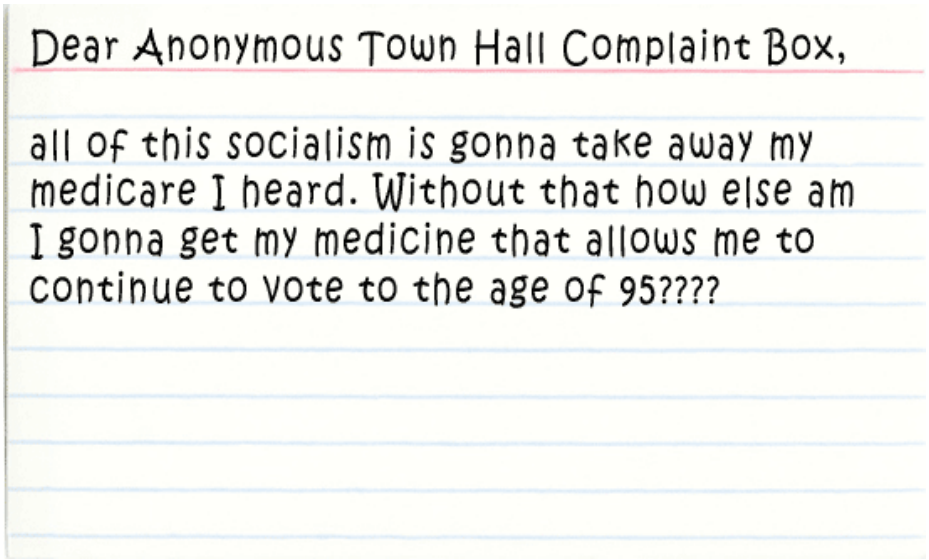
Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,

I heard a certain % of people would have mandatory sex changes if this bill is made into a law and I just wanted to say I am okay with being turned into a lady but I wonder if they could make me into a lady lion instead of a lady woman.

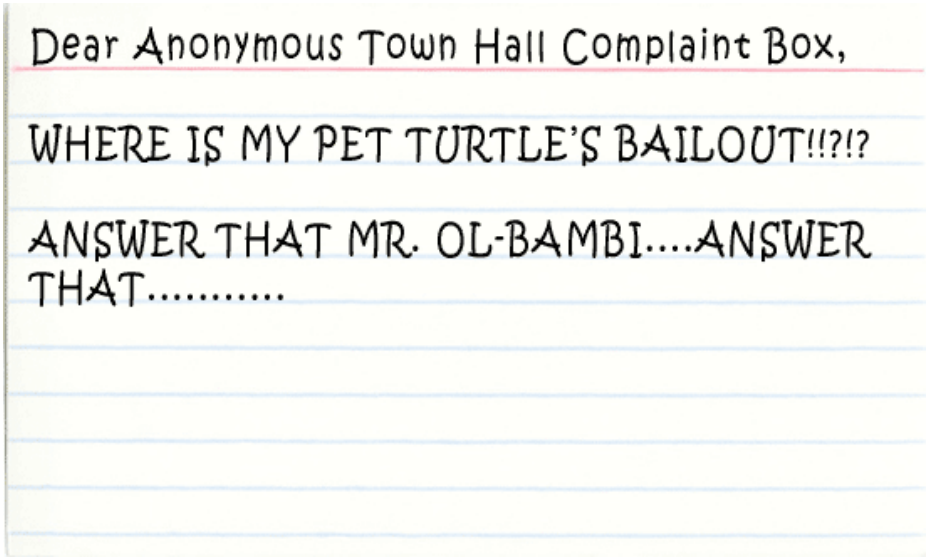

Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,

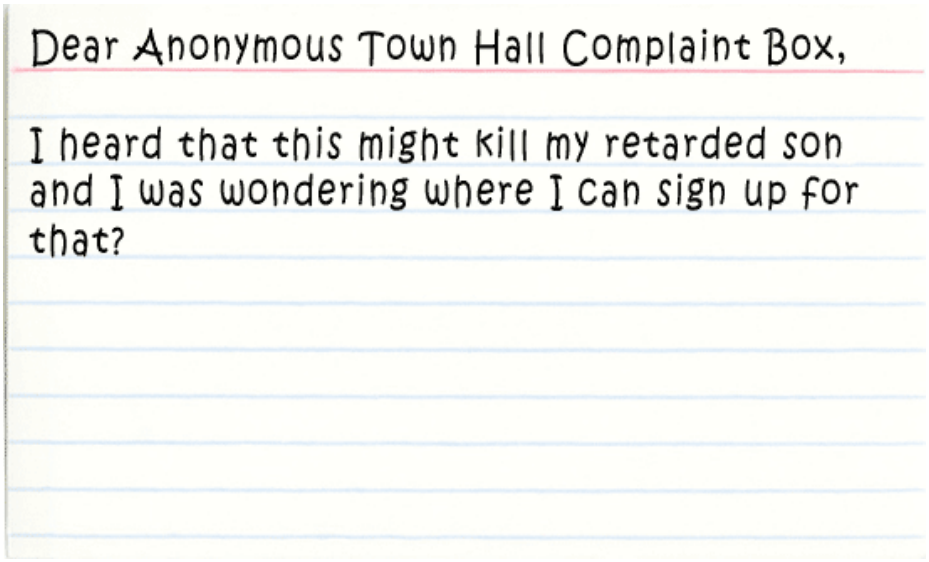
WHY DOESNT CONCEAL CARRY APPLY AT TOWN HALL?!!?!? WHAT IS CONGRESS MAN BENSON SO AFRAID OF!?!?!?

I AM A CITIZEN I DEMAND EQUALITY.


Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,

all of this socialism is gonna take away my medicare I heard. Without that how else am I gonna get my medicine that allows me to continue to vote to the age of 95????



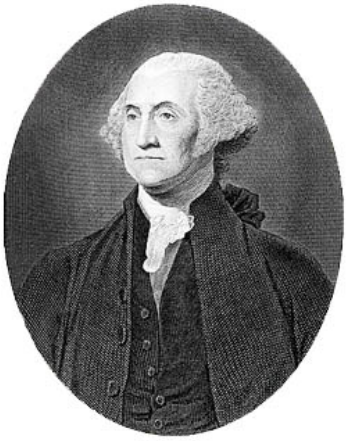

Dear Anonymous Town Hall Complaint Box,
I heard that this might kill my retarded son and I was wondering where I can sign up for that?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Forgotten Presidential Scandals, Part 1

Tuesday, Aug 11, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

We all know about the big scandals- - Teapot Dome; Whitewater; Watergate; Billy Bathgate- - but we often forget that no presidency, even the super great ones, was untouched by the icy hand of corruption or the warm,moist hand of luridity and depravativity. We now look back on the first twenty-two presidents and their history of underhanded wheedlings and deedlings:



George Washington

A notorious dandy, Washington wore a new set of translucent wax pants with an extremely low melting point to an outdoor dinner on a hot summer evening. As the night grew hotter, the ladies in attendance were scandalized when they noticed that Washington forgot to wear a wig.

John Adams

After predecessor George Washington successfully negotiated a secret treaty to buy Quebec from the British, Adams hastily sold the territory to the Algonquin tribe for three magic beans (though a scandal at the time, Adams was vindicated by history: those beans grew up to be Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce).

Thomas Jefferson

Two years into his second term, inquisitive journalists brought to light that Jefferson was actually a disguised runaway slave named James "Big Jim" Bovis.

James Madison

When the British set fire to the White House during the War of 1812, Madison ran into the conflagration to save his prized possession, a comical etching of a pig eating a beet. His six children burnt to death.

James Monroe

A mere six weeks into his term, it was revealed that James Monroe was actually the very same runaway slave, James "Big James" Bovis, who successfully won the presidency as Thomas Jefferson some years earlier.

John Quincy Adams

In an off-the-cuff statement during a press interview, Adams gestured to his groin and referred to the United States Congress as "Dongress."

Andrew Jackson

A media scandal erupted when the press revealed that Jackson's wife, Rachel Jackson, was a divorcee. A further scandal erupted two years later when the press revealed that his wife was also a saguaro cactus.

Martin Van Buren

Van Buren was mercilessly lampooned by the press when eagle-eyed pundits noticed that he had, in his youth, appeared as an uncredited extra in the Cinemax erotic anthology series "Passion Cove."

William Henry Harrison

As the nation mourned the loss of its newly-elected leader, Harrison reemerged and sheepishly admitted that he'd faked his own death in order to avoid paying a four-dollar tab at a local bar.

John Tyler

Tyler was thrown out of the Whig party when, during their annual convention in Philadelphia, a gust of wind revealed that he had real hair.

James K. Polk

A nationwide movement of skeptics insisted that Polk's birth certificate was a forgery, and that he was actually a Turkish-born non-citizen named Klop K. Semaj. Though their case was never proven, they irritated Polk out of running for a second term.

Zachary Taylor

In the first presidential sex scandal on record, Taylor's famous nickname, "Old Rough and Ready," was revealed by the press to mean exactly what it sounds like it means.

Millard Fillmore

Fillmore faced heavy controversy after admitting California to the union in 1850, thereby granting citizenship to Orange County rock outfit Sugar Ray.

Franklin Pierce

Revered as a war hero for his role in the Mexican-American War, a scandal erupted when recovered records from the era proved that Pierce fought on the side of Mexico.

James Buchanan

After he toppled off the stage during a speech in Pennsylvania, it became clear that Buchanan was actually two children, one standing on the shoulders of the other, draped in an adult-sized overcoat.

Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln's legendary honesty got the better of him when he told Vice President Hannibal Hamlin that he looked like an elderly potato-bird that had been left out in the sun to wither. Hamlin never recovered, and renounced the vice presidency a short while later. In the same year, Lincoln's administration was scandalized to the point of near collapse when an editorial cartoon in a Philadelphia newspaper depicted him as "Abraham Stincoln."

Andrew Johnson

Johnson's rivals attributed a conflict of interest to the embattled president when it was revealed that he was a major shareholder in a company hired by his own administration to refurnish the White House, and also that he was the king of Spain.

Ulysses S. Grant

Though embattled by several scandals, perhaps the most damaging was the accusation by some critics of the time that his Modernist stream-of-consciousness narration was overly cryptic and impenetrable.

Rutherford B. Hayes

Though Hayes was by no means the first president to teach obscenities to Flutus, the longstanding presidential parrot, the unmatched vulgarity of Hayes' contributions to the bird's lexicon outraged the public, many of whom had been specifically named in the parrot's blue tirades.

James A. Garfield

Though Garfield endured few controversies during his short tenure as president, the greatest of his scandals is collected in the posthumous volume *James A. Garfield: The Compleat Erotic Verse.*

Chester A. Arthur

Though his presidency was largely unmarred by scandal, some historians now believe that he was actually James "Big Jim" Bovis, a runaway slave in disguise.

Grover Cleveland

While Cleveland is famous for being the only president to serve two non-consecutive terms, his method of achieving this feat-- turning all the calendars at the White House back eight years-- caused significant controversy at the time.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.12 Celebrity Stalker: Monster Edition

Wednesday, Aug 12, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

It's been a week of monstrous sightings for our dedicated star hunters. From London to Hollywood, they bring the goods!

The Mummy
Yesterday @ 11 am
The Mummy and his kids were at Macy's doing some back to school shopping. Mummy is an awesome dad, and his kids looked seemed pretty happy. Looked really good in his fresh wraps.

The Invisible Man
Yesterday @ 11pm
Just saw Invisible Man and Martin Scorsese eating lunch at Rue Morgue. At least I think it was him. Either that or Martin Scorsese was eating lunch by himself.

Dr. Henry Jekyll
Yesterday @ 7pm
Sat near Dr. Jekyll at the Yankees game. He was cheering for the enthusiastically for the Yanks, then left during the seventh inning. He came back a few minutes later wearing a Red Sox jersey and starts booing the Yanks. What a goddamn turncoat.

Frankenstein's Monster & Diddy
Yesterday @ 9pm
Saw Frank's monster downing pints at posh nightclub Horror with Diddy. Looked like Diddy was trying to console poor Frank. Guess he's still reeling from the breakup.

Dracula
Yesterday @ 11pm
Spotted the Prince of Darkness and his super sexy new gal pal creeping around Soho in the middle night. She looked about 200 years his junior. So scandalous! Look out Hugh Hefner!

Ex-Bride of Frankenstein
Yesterday @ 11pm
She was dancing up a storm at Underworld, bumping and grinding to Timbaland's Monster Mash remix. She drank a lot and flirted with all the boys in the club, so it's obvious she's shopping for a new groom.

Gill-Man
Today @ 2am
Gill-Man! Total party beast! He wandered into our frat by mistake and ended up staying after he saw the keg. Left at like 5am carrying some drunk girl in his arms. Think he wanted to make sure she made it home safe.

The Wolf Man
Today @ 10am
Saw the Wolf Man at Denny's. He was by humself devouring a Lumberjack Slam and making a mess of himself. Looks like he put on about sixty pounds and started balding up top.

Mina Harker
Today @ 1pm
Spotted Mina with young Quincey at the zoo checking out the tigers. She seemed very jumpy and paranoid and glared at me when she saw me taking a picture on my iPhone.

Igor
Today @ 5pm
Bumped into at Vons. He was buying a rotisserie chicken and some beer. Said hi and he said he was having Quasimodo over for movie night. Really sweet and sincere, though he drooled a lot.

Phantom of the Opera
Today @ 7pm
Erik and the Headless Horseman were hanging out together doing some karaoke. The duo tried to cover Queen and David Bowie's "Under Pressure," only Erik seemed to be on his own. Headless just stood there looking like a chump.

The Blob
Today @ 8pm
Holy shit! Nearly got absorbed by the Blob as he slithered down Hollywood Boulevard. Blob was making horrible noises into his cell phone and not paying any attention to traffic or pedestrians. Kind of a jerk if you ask me.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.13 This Parole Board is Unfairly Biased Against My Nazi Face Tattoos

Friday, Aug 14, 2009 by Aleister "Peepers" Harding (@sexyfacts4u)

First, I want to state for the record, that this proceeding is a travesty under god and Jesus and the constitution of the state of Indiana and god knows what you have done in incarcerating an innocent man. Second, I want to say that I have been brought here in shackles thereby contaminating your bias of me further because of a so-called "bite incident" last week and I wish to state for the record that this is a frame job by the guards and I was not involved.

Thank you.

I have a statement that is not the statement prepared by my attorney and I wish to now discharge him back to his mission away from here. I requested representation by a Caucasian and at this time I do not have any use for a non-white attorney and the disrespect this shows for Wotanism by the state of Indiana.

Ladies and gentlemen of the parole board, this is my fourth time standing before you and it is my belief that this will be the fourth time justice is miscarried. I want to begin by stating for the record that I am an innocent man wrongfully incarcerated. Would I have done the crimes for which I am being punished I would feel remorse, but I did not so I do not.

I wish to point out a fact which I have ascertained while in solitary confinement for allegedly manufacturing a knife or stabbing weapon which is a false charge trumped up by a misunderstanding. The fact as it relates to the events of the night of June 7th, 2000 is that John Barny who witnessed me leaving the Mix Factory supposably saw a man wearing a baseball hat backwards and a sweatshirt with a hood down from the rearview of his car.

According to the testimony of Mrs. Andrea Blucher she saw a man leaving the Mix Factory with a hat FORWARDS and his sweatshirt hood UP. Factually it is impossible for a man to wear a baseball hat backwards and have his hood up, a fact which I would demonstrate if I were not unjustifiably shackled like an animal because I am an alleged "bite risk." I would like to note then that this testimony is conflicting and impossible and therefore is one of the things exonerating me of my alleged crime.

In regards to the attack on Mr. Madison, at the time of my trial I had been inducted into the Aryan Brotherhood and had received my first 1488 tattoo and at that time I also received the FUCK YOU tattoo on my neck which has subsequently been covered by my demon tattoo and I believe I also had the words SKIN HEAD above my eyes. This was prior to my forehead swastika or the my valknot that Two Veins gave me.

The jury was unfairly biased against these tattoos, which I did not have at the time of my supposed attack on Mr. Madison, which is because I was not a member of the Aryan Brotherhood prior to my incarceration and therefore it is not a hate crime because I was not against blacks at that point in my life. I only became opposed to the existence of all other races and creeds during my unlawful incarceration. Therefore hate crime laws extending my sentence were unfair.

I would like to note for the record that during my third day of court during my appeal trial I was brought into the court unfairly in a state of duress. I was brutally assaulted by guards for supposably being involved in a non-fatal attack on two inmates and the prison nurse. My state of injury during my appeal trial was severe and my injured appearance was severely biasing to the appellate court judges.

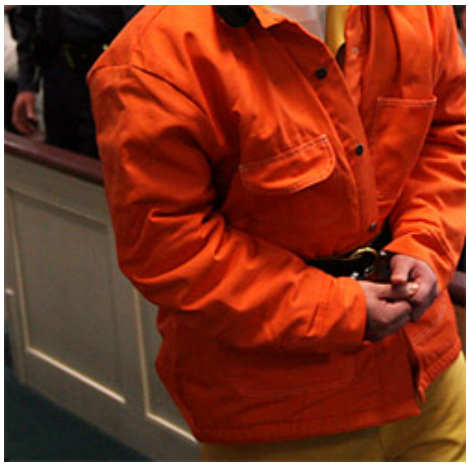
One of the appellate judges during this trial was Judge Harriet Taylor and her daughter I have read on the Internet is married to a Jewish man. Because of the specifically non-pro-Semitic nature of some images on my full arm sleeves it is clear that Judge Taylor should have taken the opportunity to recuse herself under the circumstances.

Finally I wish to bring up the subject of DNA. My DNA has never been entered into evidence nor has it been tested against the DNA at the scene of the crime. Because of inadequate CSI work some material evidence was destroyed so that DNA that could have been used to exonerate me was not. Therefore I hereby demand that you respect the supremacy of the white race, put aside your bias and reverse-racism, and free me from my unfair incarceration.

Also I was denied dessert on the past three meals including pumpkin pie on Thursday which is known by the staff as my favorite pie. Therefore I wish to file a lawsuit against the Indiana State Prison and I will be requiring a Caucasian attorney who can read Norse runes.

Thank you in advance for my parole.

-~Aleister "Peepers" Harding (@sexyfacts4u)



8.14 Captain Kesselrun's Maritime Adventures

Saturday, Aug 15, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Two men with three arms between them made their way across the ocean in a jumble of swollen, warped planks precariously held together with nails made entirely of rust. The man with two arms frowned at a treasure map balanced on the head of the other man, who rowed with a vaguely paddle-like roadsign. The faded lettering across its business end caught the captain's eye.

"This map confounds me, but according to that paddle o' yours we should hit Madrid in five miles. When we arrive, I want you to ask for directions, Sneedley. It ain't a captain's place to partake in such drollery."

The first mate surveyed the horizon, then spat.

"Don't see no Madrid, cap'n, just more water. 'Sides, we bought this sign from that wandering merchant that sold nothin' but roadsigns that read 'Madrid - 5 Miles'." His gruff tone took a turn for the wistful. "Back when times was better."

The captain raised a muscled hand to rub his equally muscled - yet infinitely more impressive - forehead.

"I knew we shouldn't have traded our navigator and schooner for this rowboat."

"With all due respect, cap'n, I told you it was a bad trade. As did the man who traded with us." Sneedley paused. "Actually, I believe he called it a terrible trade."

"Aye, but he said it with such enthusiasm that I couldn't help but go through with it."

The dull roar of jeering and expletives coming from the deck of the massive cargo vessel directly behind them grew louder, apparently in response to Sneedley's momentary break from paddling. The captain whirled around, braving descriptions of body parts which he had never heard of and prayed did not exist. He expressed his desire to hold a captain-to-captain chat by flawlessly executing the universal signal - flailing his arms wildly and cursing under his breath.

A tall, skinny man with a severely broken nose pushed his way to the larger vessel's masthead, quieting his crew with a slight gesture, pulling the trigger on his handgun.

"About time you paid attention to us!" The cargo ship's captain leaned one foot on the ship's railing, stuck his hands on his hips, then thought better of it and slung his jacket over one shoulder, holding his free arm before him as though he was checking a watch. "The name's Captain Paran, and for the last two days you've been impeding the movement of an official vessel of the French government."

"And I'm Captain Kesselrun. Tell me, why haven't you gone around us?"

The question agitated Paran so much that he changed poses once again, producing a chair which he spun around backwards before taking a seat. His chin rested on the chair's back, his long arms nearly dangling all the way to the ground. A crewman carefully adjusted the captain's tricorne until its tilt was at the intersection between casual authority and indifferent coolness.

"Because," Paran drawled, "our fleet has established the most time-efficient trade routes possible. We never stray from those routes, lest we lose even a fraction of a second."

"Makes sense, that does." Kesselrun held up the treasure map. "Look, we're lost. We've only got this map, and neither one of us knows which way t' hold the thing, much less get a bearing on where we are. Mind giving us a hand so we can clear out of your way?"

The crewman that adjusted Paran's hat now came forward with a spyglass, which he pressed against

the captain's right eye.

"No, I squinted that one. Put it against the other eye. There you go."

Paran studied the scene before him in silence.

"It appears," Paran finally said, "that your map is more problematic than I had anticipated."

Kesselrun studied the parchment once more, furrowing his muscled brow.

"How so?"

Captain Paran rose from his chair, then leaned his back against a large deckhand, sprawling his legs before him. After hooking one ankle over the other, he crossed his arms.

"Your map has a letter of some sort on it," Paran explained, "and I cannot read."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.15 THE GIRLS OF YOUR DREAMS ARE WAITING!

Monday, Aug 17, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hot girls of your dreams are standing by. Hot girls you remember, from the TV, from pictures. Your brain has assembled their pieces like a collage and you can only half see them in your mind's eye. You can't save your mom. You can't even warn her. You know the egg man is on the other side of the curtain even though you haven't seen him. His face is your face and when you see it you will die.

Filthy Girl Ready for YOU!

Maxine is screaming at you and wearing a bloody diaper. You're both underwater. She is banging the bottom of a bucket with wiggly piggly fingers that curl back. Maxine looks like a girl you saw in line at the cinema. You don't know why you call her Maxine. She's got four pendulous breasts and they're oozing what looks like custard. It is custard. She needs to recharge and refuel on the liquid in your spine. ***Call now.***

A Female Version of Your 3rd Grade Teacher

Mr. Warrant with lustrous black hair and violet lipstick. His face is very near to yours and he smells like the shed your father used to keep the broken riding lawnmower in before you moved back into the city. Where you found the box of sticks that you later realized were Indian bones. Mr. Warrant is touching your body with his hands and pressing his gorgeous cleavage into your face and you're afraid you like it. ***Type up an email and press send until it goes.***

Fat Lady on the Street

You saw this lady getting out of a taxi. Now you're her hot dog. Relish the chance? ***No need to reply to this ad, we already know.***

Bad Memory of Grandpa

You tried to forget it, but it's back. Bad memory of grandpa after he had his stroke. He hates what he has become. Trina from the cubicle next to yours won't stop jacking you off into your coffee cup from the break room. ***Shoot a flare into the night sky and by its red glow the way will be revealed.***

Couple for Fun, Conversation...Maybe More?

Todd and Isadora from work. They're married even though they aren't. You're at a party or something. She keeps kissing you. He wants to take pictures while you put a baby in her, but when she takes off her pants her legs keep going and going, the panties sliding down and down endless fleshy columns into darkness. You follow them down to her feet and when you look up your mother is peering down at you as if your are at the bottom of a well. ***Just open the package and you'll know what to do to make it happen.***

At Ten, a Bird - At Twelve, the Hart

Your ex-girlfriend Gemma from college is a bird. She flaps in your arms. Her beak tastes like fennel and she smells like gasoline. You make love and at the moment of orgasm she becomes a huge, white deer. You feel sick. Her eyes are red. She is somewhere inside the animal, driving it like a car, but you know she hates you for consummating your love with the hart. ***Press eights on your phone until you hear the click and then the tone.***

You Are a Baseball Hero

1,000 homeruns in a single game should be impossible, but you have achieved the impossible. The cute, gap-toothed girl from the front desk of your building hugs you and whispers sexually exciting things in your ear. You are baseball hero. You marry her and have nine children without ever experiencing the pleasure of intercourse. Then there is a tornado visible out the window and your nine children are your dog Chester and you have to get him into the basement but there isn't enough time. ***Scrawl a message on your wall in menstrual blood.***

The Communion Scene Again

Aliens at the window. This time with cocks up your ass. ***Return the enclosed envelope.***

Wild and Naked

Raised by owls, taught to ingest whole raccoons and reduce their clawing bodies to bone and hair pellets. You excrete them from your pores as dusty marbles that tumble from your naked skin. You craft feathers from leaves painted with berries and use them in your mating display. You find love and her beak nestles in the pit of your arm. She instinctively eats the hairs she finds there.

You groom her for lice and watch her egg. She becomes your ex-girlfriend Gemma. Your mother hatches from the egg and begins rubbing your thighs. You try to explain it to Gemma but she is betrayed. Her egg baby gone bad, her human boyfriend betraying her. With mommy eggy baby. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. ***Text me the maximum number of 7s you have on your phone.***

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.16 Subj: PLEASE DONT TRY TO BE LIKE ME

Tuesday, Aug 18, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! This is your father and I am writing to tell you a piece of advice. Do not try to be like me. Im a terrible, awful man and I do everything awrong and it would be better for you to life a life of honor rather than to take your neighbors newspapers and read them and put them back on their lawn that evening or gently remove a woman with a single leg from her wheeelchair and toss the wheelchair down a waterslide. Do not jump down the waterslide after it either and go drag the wet wheelchair to your car and take off with it. You just cant win the game of life when you play like I do so don't even try!!!!

Stop doing all the things like licking the salad dressing off your dinner guests Big Lettuce Pieces when they go to the bathroom and blaming it on the waiter or calling their car a Ford MuSTINK instead of ford mustang. Its not as funny to the owner of the car. And dont get up on the roof and do your dance where you point at the houses of people you don't like!!! Even if its night time. I can't stress this enough it will make the police come!!!!!! Stop calling the mailman Mr. Jollybody even if it looks like he thrusts his hips when he walks. Do not keep saying Footpussy because the actual word is Pussyfoot and even that doesnt mean what you think it means, and don't bother arguing with the lady at the job interview about it because she has already made her mind up about you at this point anyway.

If you are at a track meet and the people throwing javelins have come out you might think it is really funny to grab a guy's crutch and throw it out onto the field (like a javelin) but that is not funny and it is in fact a crime. The same thing goes for the discus guys and pizzas (i have never done this but i could see how one might make the connection). While we're at it if a guy with crutches ever offers you a pizza you should probably just say no.

When your neighbor gives you a spare key to his house for safety reasons dont wait until he is gone on vacation and go in there and throw his wife's prosthesis into the garbage because first thing hes going to see when he gets home is a neighborhood cat running across the street with it in its mouth and you are automatically suspect number 1. Its best to do this if you dont have the key to their place at all because then its not so obvious and you dont have to listen to him moaning and whining how his wife has been dead for years etc etc. None of my business!!

You know how people who just got married ride in a car that says JUST MARRIED and there are cans tied with strings to the back bumper that make a lot of noise? Well dont go up to the old spinster lady's car in the dead of night and attach a single can and write JUST HAIRY because while i have never done this (purely hypothetical) i imagine it will also cause a ruckus that you would probably get blamed for.

I dont mean to cause trouble but Please learn from my mistakes it is the greatest gift a father could ever give his child. GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!

THE MOST MISTAKEN MAN IN TOWN!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.17 Dog of the Month Club

Wednesday, Aug 19, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Dog of the Month Club™
AS SEEN IN SkyMall
1
Dogaday sends you a new dog on the 1st of every month.
2
Enjoy 30 wonderful days with your new best friend.
3
Return the dog in one of our free shipping containers.
Dogaday®
WHY JOIN?
Companionship on a short leash. Never growing old together. All bark and no emotional bite. Meeting a new best friend every month.
That's what Dog of the Month Club is all about.
Learn More
JOIN TODAY!
BASIC $99.99
1 DOGS/MONTH
PREMIUM $499.99
6 DOGS/MONTH
HOARDER $1099.99
12 DOGS/MONTH
FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Can I name my Dog of the Month?

For your convenience, all Dog of the Month Club dogs come pre-named.

What if my dog shows up damaged or dead?

Simply return the remains of the dog in the provided shipping box, and we'll rush deliver you a new dog. Plus, we'll even credit your account with a bonus month absolutely free.

What if I don't like a dog?

You can return any unwanted dog in the provided container. Unless the dog is physically or mentally defective, you will be billed for the full month.

What if a dog doesn't like me?

Our dogs are trained professionals. They want the same thing you want: companionship without any messy long-term commitments.

What if I want to keep my dog?

At this time we cannot allow any members to keep a dog for longer than 30 days. If you wish, you can request additional copies of the same make and model of dog for future months.

What if a dog gets sick?

We offer an insurance policy for an additional $24.99 a month per dog. This will cover the cost of any injuries or health problems should you decide to keep the dog for the full month instead of returning it for a replacement.

I accidentally sent the wrong dog back

All returned dogs are disposed of in our safe, humane recycling center. If you accidentally sent the wrong dog, such as a neighbor's dog, it cannot be recovered. However, you can refer your neighbor to us and receive one free month as a token of our gratitude.

Do you offer any packages larger than the Hoarder?

At present we are diligently working to secure more dogs. Soon we will be offering an Executive Hoarder package, which would include 24 dogs a month.

Will I become sad meeting so many dogs, yet never being allowed to grow fully attached?

No. Due to the law of diminishing marginal utility, you can only enjoy a dog for so long. We have determined that 30 days is the perfect amount of time necessary to enjoy a dog. Any longer and it is inevitable that you will grow tired of the dog, souring your overall experience.

What if I'm allergic to dogs?

We also offer both a Reptile of the Month Club and a Fern of the Month Club.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.18 Reading Time: Talking with a Panther

Thursday, Aug 20, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

This article is part of the Reading Time series.

> Three months have passed, and still the piteous colossus Stevie takes refuge in Hepzibah's Old Fort , his nose now inured to the fresh-dirt stink of decaying wood and the incontinent musk of the elderly. He hasn't heard from Max, his only friend, but then he also hasn't been apprehended by the Instructors and Generals, who might be pursuing him as a deserter. The haphazardness of post-apocalyptic correspondence has its pros and cons.

With nothing to differentiate between days, time has escaped largely unobserved, until today. Today Stevie spots an unsolicited guest, a feline oddity striding confidently toward him, its tail curled inquisitively between its hind legs.

Panther: Greetings, strange titan!

Stevie: You said human words! You are a trickster. Are you my father?

Panther: I suppose we are related, in a way. I have been trained at a Facility. And, judging more by your unorthodox appearance than your modest grasp of language, I gather you have been as well. Egad. Listen, I am weary and would like to rest, are you the proprietor of this dwelling?

Stevie: I am Stevie!

Panther: Yes, quite.

Hepzibah: Boy, stop sweet-talking that rat and start slapping it down to size! Look at it, walking on its people legs, like it's the King of Portugal!

Panther: My word. Miss, a moment please.

Hepzibah: Oh, so you's a talking rat. A giant, pink talking rat. Well, I'm not impressed. Hepzibah's seen it all. Now, you can stay a spell, sonny, if that's what you're wanting, but you damn well better entertain me with some sort of story. And no rubbish about heroes and costumes and True Lessons! I get enough of that from Petri Dish Kid over there.

A Dull Day

P: Very well, madam. My epic tale begins on a dull day, just like any other. I could barely summon the energy for a satisfying yawn, such was my ennui. The reasons for my stifling malaise were manifold, from my unfulfilling...

H: Sonny, every day parts of me just stop working, and I'll never get them back. I lost an eyelash, a finger and half my spine just while you were yappin'. My feet didn't fall asleep, they died. Now, that ain't your fault, but the point is, the whole of me will keel over soon, so I don't have time to listen to some overgrown rodent belly-achin' about sissy stuff.

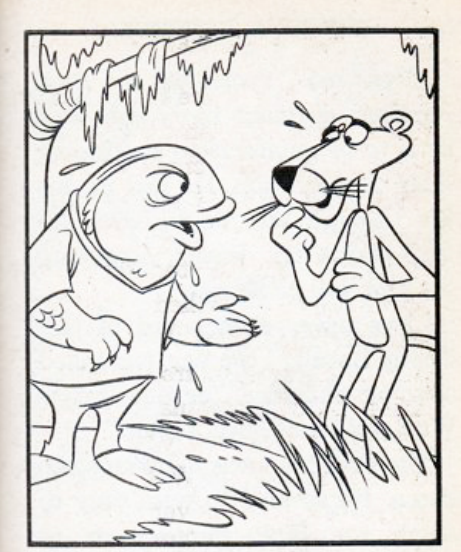
A Familiar Movie

P: Ah, well, where was I, or where would I be, were I to skip essential character development... Ah, yes. I ventured to the local theatre, and I was delighted to see a revival of the old classic "The Beast That Invaded Dinky's Diner." Now, if you're not familiar with this little charmer, the protagonist Dinky is a bit of a scamp, always cutting corners. He uses cut-rate ingredients and condiments, like

"sugar substitute" that's actually chalk dust, and "red wine vinegar" that's really diluted battery acid siphoned off the garage floor. Well, one night Dinky was pouring motor oil down his urinals like he always does at closing time, when a hideous monstrosity of a sea serpent emerged from one of the toilets. "Dinky, old buddy," it said, "I've come to warn you that a beast..."

H: I thought we were gonna hear a story about you, not some hash-slinging miser and his worm girlfriend!

P: Good heavens! Here, I'll continue in hopes that I can satisfy your insatiable desire for a very specific kind of story.



"You're in Big Trouble!"

P: Presently, I personally encountered a talking fish with terrible claws on the hands it inexplicably had. Don't ask me how I came to find an exotic creature of the sea having just left a movie house, because some listeners aren't interested in the subtleties of such journeys! Regardless, the Fish Man was not unknown to me, because he was a fellow student at Facility 1392, where the Instructors are tasked with imparting True Lessons upon beasts of nature. I had left the Facility without permission, you see, and he was trying to wrangle me back into the fold.

Hungry Plants

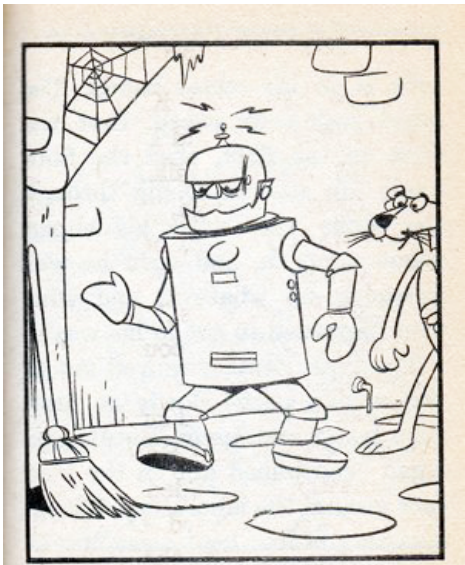
P: I eluded the Fish, but I soon chanced upon another example of dastardly experimentation, sentient plants from a Facility at which they encourage the fauna to become carnivorous. I could not ascertain the identifying number of the Facility in question, as these plants were only capable of a very low level of discourse, consisting entirely of complaints about their hunger. "Feed us," they would chant no matter what I queried them. "We are starved for flesh!" If you've ever wondered why so few plants become heroes, I contend it's due to the woeful education they've received.

A Wolfish Howl

P: I escaped my socially inadequate botanical adversaries, only to meet with a wolf, who released a wolfish howl! I realize this might sound like a redundant description, but it is necessary to distinguish between beasts who still speak as beasts and enlightened animals such as myself, who speak as with the golden tongue of God.

A Strange-Looking Man

P: Finally, someone to whom I could speak freely! This chap was squatty and sharkish in appearance, but he sang sweetly as he massaged the pads of my paws. I'll never forget this kind man, such was the extent of his ugliness.



Clanking Toward the Broom

P: The unsightly saint with the heavenly hands had a robot butler, to whom he delegated all means of menial labor. In this case, though, he was less interested in cleanliness, and more inclined to swat me with a broom, given that an older resident of the house had mistaken me for a mouse, as age-addled halfwits are wont to do. I jest, woman. Say, Stevie, why does your witch not respond to my devastating gibes?

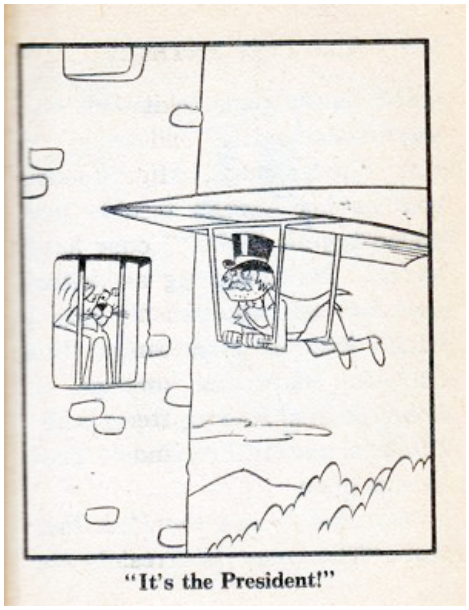
Stevie: I think she has gone to bad sleep.

"I Have a Brain."

P: Once I'd convinced this doddering stooge that I wasn't a rat but in fact a supremely intellectual panther, I set about persuading him to hire me in place of the metallic custodian, because someone as smart as I am should be gainfully employed. Naturally I'd prefer something more dignified, but I assume there's still prejudice against hiring jungle cats, so I could use the reference.

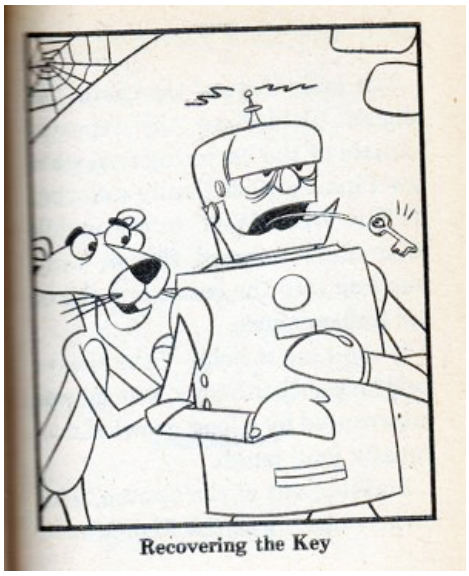
Swallowing the Key

P: The wretched butler didn't care to see me campaign for his position. He forced me, through the use of some sort of magnetic allure, to watch him sit in a cage and gorge himself on keys, apparently his favorite snack.



"It's the President!"

P: Feeling this was a dreadful infringement on my leisure time and employment opportunities, I sent a message about my plight via carrier beetle to the President. The President never received it, having been forced into hiding during one of the recent violent overthrows, but he happened past my room in his hang glider. He eventually crashed into the wall, creating the hole through which I escaped. He died a hero. At least I assume he died, I didn't check.

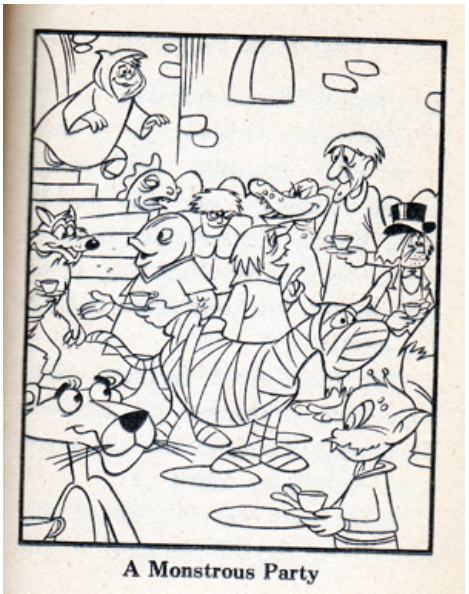


Recovering the Key

P: Once I was liberated, I began torturing the Butler by burping him like a child, forcing him to expel keys along with no small amount of bilious liquid. As an aside, he was a shoddy housekeeper. There were cobwebs everywhere.

An Embarrassed Robot

P: Everyone mocked the Robot's infantile regurgitations, which caused him great distress. I'm not sure why it was necessary to program a janitorial android with such emotions, but it certainly made tormenting him more rewarding.



A Monstrous Party

P: The robot fled in shame, and the residents of this village rejoiced, because they loved to wallow in their own filth and this fastidious automaton had been standing in the way of their happiness. "Rust in pieces," said one of the scoundrels, displaying a wonderful sense of comic taking as he watched the robot suicidally slink into a lake.

Stevie: You are a bad kind of animal. You killed a robot, and you killed the elderly, and you killed the hungry plants by not giving them a part you don't need, like an eyelash or a finger or a spine. I hope you have not killed all who are left. I hope you have not killed Max. But if Max does not

come soon, I will be the sad robot. I will find the water and I will breathe badly and I will make myself not-float and someone can say a funny death joke about Stevie and it will end.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

8.19 Musgrave Global Solutions Report: Diapers

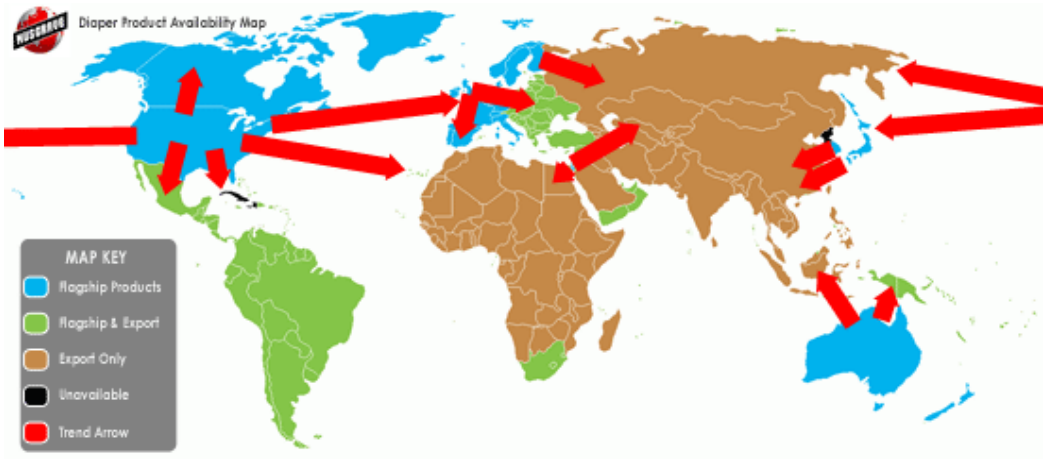
Friday, Aug 21, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Musgrave Global Solutions is pleased to begin this FY2009 report with the welcome news that we have entered a seventh consecutive fiscal year of record growth for our disposable diaper products. Accelerating to 2.7% year-over-year growth, Global Diaper Interests represents our sixteenth most profitable concern after Viral Warfare and before Clone Organ Harvesting.

The human drive to reproduce and the human drive to exert as little effort as possible interact synergistically to create unparalleled opportunity for growth. Disposable diapers are proofed against recession. Manufacturing costs are kept low by the continued availability of diaper-grade resources. Real opportunities exist for the exploitation of untapped markets.

Nine Musgrave subsidiaries, as well as their subsidiaries, are directly engaged in the development, production, and sales of diaper products. All divisions of Musgrave, from Industrial Handling Unlimited to iGreen Renewables, are 100% committed to providing support and infrastructure for the continued growth of our Disposable Diaper division.

In FY2009 Musgrave exceeded Procter & Gamble's diaper sales by 26%, Bristol Myers Squibb by 39%, and we have a $17 billion capital advantage over Lockheed-Martin's diaper division. We maintain four flagship lines produced by subsidiaries. Our Triphex Global subsidiary produces export versions and low-cost alternatives for mixed and down markets.



We are pleased to announce that FY2009 marks our highest level of market penetration to date. More than 99.3% of the world's population is able to enjoy the products of our Global Diaper Interests. This is an increase of 1.2% over last year and is due in part to outreach efforts in war-torn areas of the world, recent innovations in shipping to the Amazon rain forest, and robust online sales.

FLAGSHIP PRODUCT LINES FOR FY2009

greenees©

Revenue of $26.8 Billion

Greenees guilt-free eco-diapers continue to be our fastest-growing line. Profits rose 4.2% thanks in part to the acquisition of Daihatso Hazardous Waste Recycling, which has turned thousands of tons of heavy metals and toxic chemical waste into reasonably safe diapers and also blocks of even more hazardous waste which we have placed in a completely unused portion of China.

For FY2010: Greenees plans to launch NatureShield reactive diaper liner in the first quarter. Greenees NatureShield Diapers are *Firedegradable* TM.

Revenue of $19.9 Billion

Peepers target the coveted young, single mother demographic with reasonably (but not too reasonably) priced and whimsically themed diapers for moms on the go. The most popular product in the line is the Peepers Silent Sitter, which includes a mild baby-friendly hypoallergenic sedative liner so moms can bring baby with them on a date or just rest assured that baby will be sleeping soundly at home.

For FY2010: We will continue to support faith-based sex education programs and lobby for the outlawing of abortion. All human baby lives are precious to Musgrave, but particularly those with mothers in the 18-24 demographic.

Revenue of $14.5 Billion

Qtables represents a stagnant legacy line remaining from the purchase of Hedron Amalgamated Squibb in 2001. Qtables are comparable to standard premium diapers. Qtables profits have grown, but they have grown much slower than our other flagship lines. Musgrave Media Products Division is planning a rebranding for next year.

For FY2010: Qtables will be rebranded with a hipper and edgier style targeted at new demographics. Our Media Products Division is currently developing two television reality shows and a viral-marketing ARG to promote diaper sales in the tween and teen market segments. Research suggests American teens are ready to poop and pee themselves and are just looking for an outlet. Qtables will be that outlet.

Revenue of $9.6 Billion

VEXTOR brand represents the cutting edge of diaper technology and marketing. VEXTOR diapers are diapers for the urban tech crowd. Popular VEXTOR products include the V-tec tactical diaper webbing, the V-unit hip-hop diaper, and VexRex diapers marketed for sexually promiscuous single babies. VEXTOR's rapidly-growing market share bodes well for the future.

For FY2010: A fourth quarter $2.4 billion partnership with Axe Body Spray will allow VEXTOR to install self-dispensing sachets of body spray into a new line of diapers. Urine and feces will trigger the sachet to release it payload directly onto a baby's taint. These concealing smells will allow babies to remain fresh and attractive to other babies for extended periods between changes.

EXPORT PRODUCT LINES

TRIHEX GLOBAL
Manufacture and Export

TotNaps	Kleenus	Sureshort
Sanipants	Doofilax	Weemps
Absorbix	Gastrotog	Dan Strong
Type 85	Urout	Crudsmocks
CLASSIFIED	GrummetDX	CLASSIFIED

Musgrave Global Solutions, through its subisidiary Trihex Global, is ready to meet the challenges of the developing world. Despite the large size of our business we are nimble when reacting to changing demands in India, China, and the volatile African marketplace.

A recent deal with Congolian Warlord Xavier Montobo-Cese will allow Trihex to bring locally-produced and economically viable disposable diaper products to Central Africa. In exchange for these discounts Emperor Montobo-Cese is prepared to provide Musgrave Holistic Ore & Gas with exclusive access to the manganese-rich pyrolusite fields of the Congolian Wildlife Refuge.

We expect water shortages in parts of the developing world to continue to pose a problem for Trihex's very thirsty diaper manufacturing operations.

However, Musgrave's backing should provide Trihex with the the buying power to outmaneuver all non-governmental bidders and secure first-use rights to most indigenous water sources. The Crudsmocks™ and Sanipants™ must flow to these impoverished areas of the world.

2010 promises to be the best year yet for Musgrave Global Solutions and Global Diaper Interests!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.20 Reactions To Abner Morland's "The Manga Killings"

Saturday, Aug 22, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Gene Romeno, *SF Chronicle* :

> With *The Manga Killings* , Abner Morland establishes himself as an extraordinary talent. Note the subtle use of "heretofore" as the opening word of every paragraph. Pay close attention to the pivotal moment in which the main character loses his virginity while describing the sex scene from *Mass Effect* to his lover. Ponder the meaning behind Morland's decision to replace every vowel in every curse word with a *.

Paul Blanch, *The Denver Post* :

> Features the most side-splittingly hilarious account of the North Hollywood Shootout that I have ever read. "Officer requesting medical- woops I slipped on a banana peel!" is destined to replace "Nice! I'm Borat!" as *the* go-to quote for comedy afficianados.

Stephen King:

> Here Morland effortlessly strides into unexplored regions of the human condition and manga, plants his flag, and beckons other writers to follow in his bold wake. This triumphant debut will change the landscape of American literature for years to come.

Kathy Jiles, *New York Times* :

> I was genuinely surprised by the greeting card sound chip which played a sixteen minute excerpt from "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" when I reached the halfway point of the book. I was even more surprised when I realized that the last half of the book was a block of empty pages with the note "Not a printing error" in tiny print at the bottom. I was downright floored when the last page was also blank, but with the note "A printing error" in tiny print at the bottom.

Harold Aker, *Dallas Star Press* :

> Never before has a book so perfectly captured those wistful summer months between adolescence and your first awkward, sweaty experience in the dark, burying a soiled suit of Stormtrooper armor in the backyard after your parents fall asleep.

Trevor Hawkings, *The Philadelphia Bugle* :

> Morland displays an unparalleled command of the alphabet. Nearly every letter makes an appearance, and some are repeated. Although his usage of numbers can be hit-or-miss, they are daring nonetheless.

Carol Inez, *BookReviewCentral.com* :

> Look out, Hemingway! On his bio page, Morland warns, "if I ever come across that miserable bastard I'll knock the apple right of his head."

Neil Gaiman:

> This is the first book I can recall that refrains from describing characters until just after their final appearance.

Michael O'Shea, *Birmington Free Press* :

> I find myself revisiting the waiting room chapter again and again. Consider:
>
> > "Bored. Hate these magazines. So bored. When are they going to call my name? Jeez, there's like nothing to do in here. At all. I wonder if anyone else in here is bored. I wish I had brought something to read.
> >
> > "Yup. Bored."
>
> When this forty-page interior monologue came to a head with the main character falling asleep and missing his appointment, I did a fist-pump and shook my head in awe.

Glen Cook

> This marathon of ambition has a depth and breadth and sense of vast reaches of inimical time unlike anything else available today. Morland ranks right up there with Tolkien and Barkley, especially in the chapter "My Charles Barkley Autobiography", which is interspersed with lyrics from the songs of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

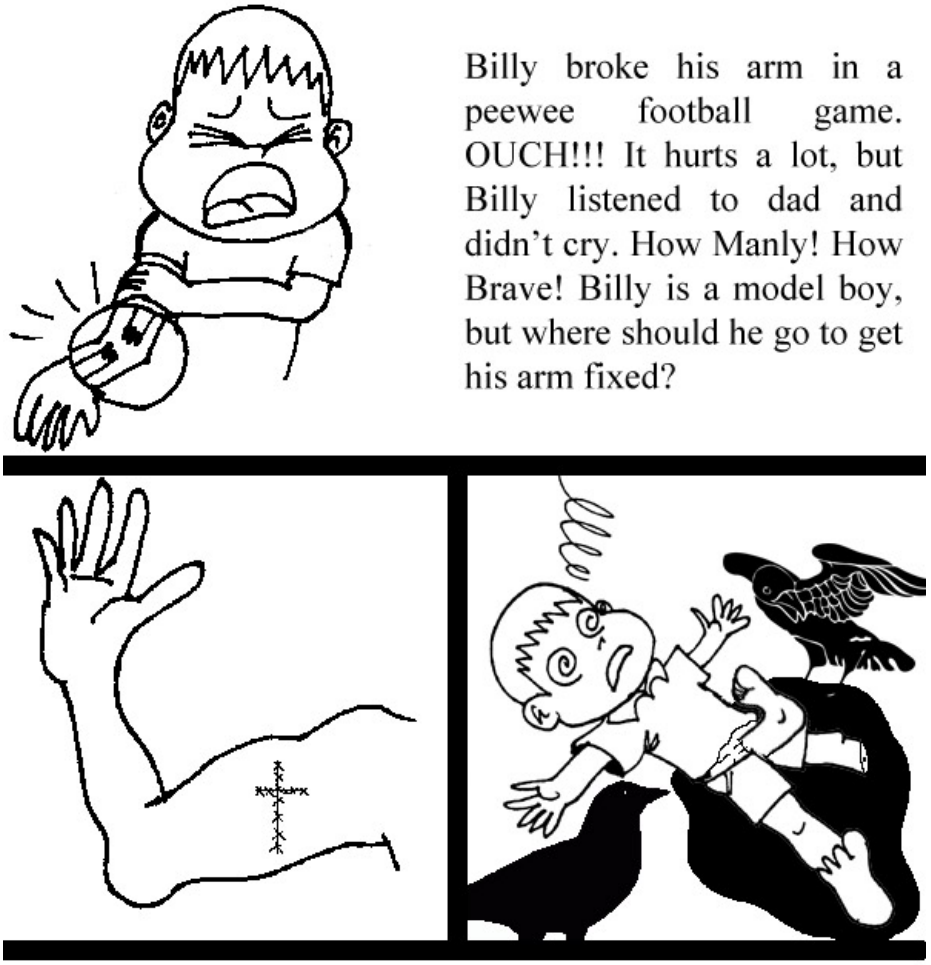
Erin Barnes, *The Oregonian* :

> At times haunting (the ghost car chase), heartbreaking (Victor's redemption and subsequent car chase), and powerful (the monster truck chase), this masterpiece may be the greatest reimagining of *The Pelican Brief* ever written.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.21 Understanding Healthcare FOR KIDS!

Sunday, Aug 23, 2009 by Children Republicans (@iggolding)


Billy broke his arm in a peewee football game. OUCH!!! It hurts a lot, but Billy listened to dad and didn't cry. How Manly! How Brave! Billy is a model boy, but where should he go to get his arm fixed?
Private hospital fixed the issue quickly, and Billy was home before dinner.
Public hospital kept Billy sedated for five days while performing unnecessary and illegal surgeries before finally dumping his comatose body at a state park. Tonight, the crows feast.

Suzi-Lu needs a checkup before school starts. With private healthcare you get a chance to PICK the BEST. So, who would you pick for baby Suzi-Lu?

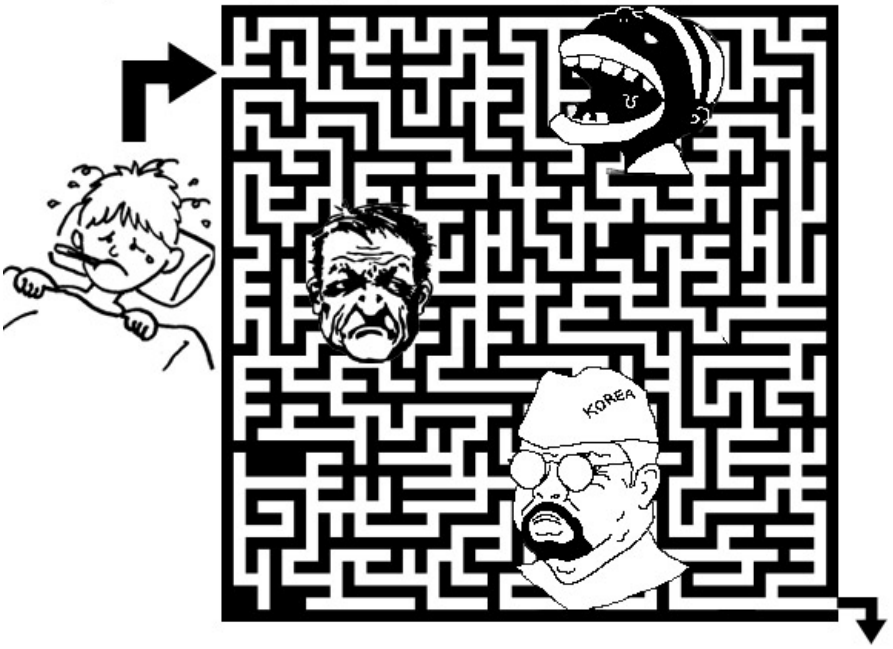
Keith almost finished high school. Since then he has been arrested four times on sexual charges. He wears cologne to the office.

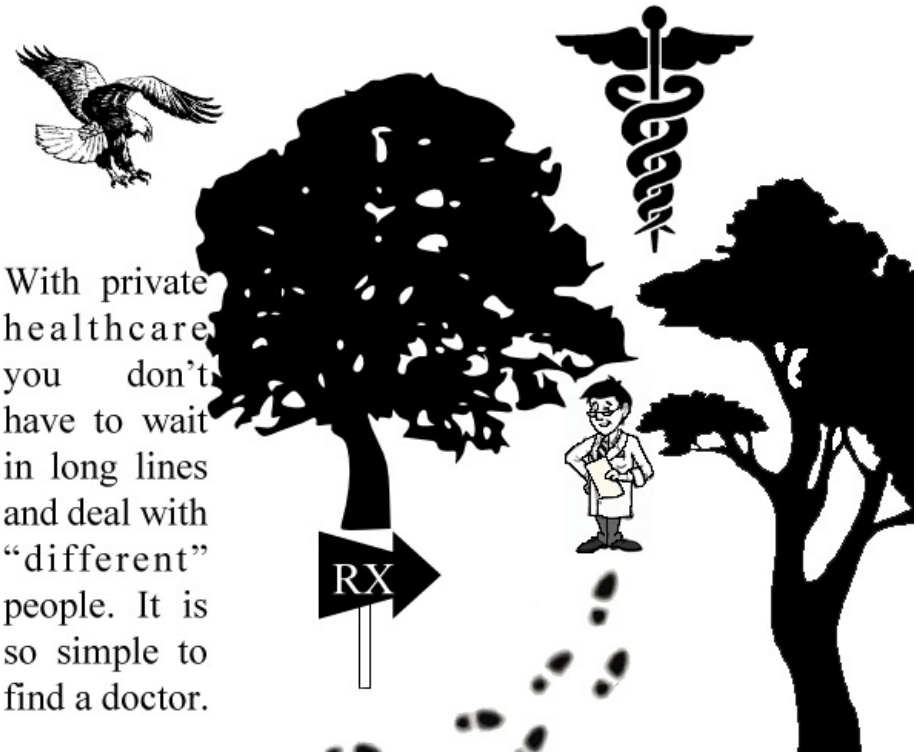
Dr. Phillip graduated top of his class and he attends church.

Alyx can bench 250 pounds and he doesn't allow parents in the room when he is with children.

PUBLIC HEALTH doesn't let you pick. How fair is that? The evil leaders just choose someone for you. Someone like Keith or Alyx. With PUBLIC HEALTH, Dr. Phillip left to a non socialist country to get fair pay while helping.

Ugh-Oh! Little Timmie is sick. And he was supposed to give a speech today at his private school! To make matters worse, Little Timmie has to go to the PUBLIC HOSPITAL. PUBLIC HOSPITAL is a big person word for death hole. Little Timmie doesn't like death holes, do you? Help Little Timmie through the waiting maze so he can (maybe) get help. Watch out for the poors, blacks, and veterans!

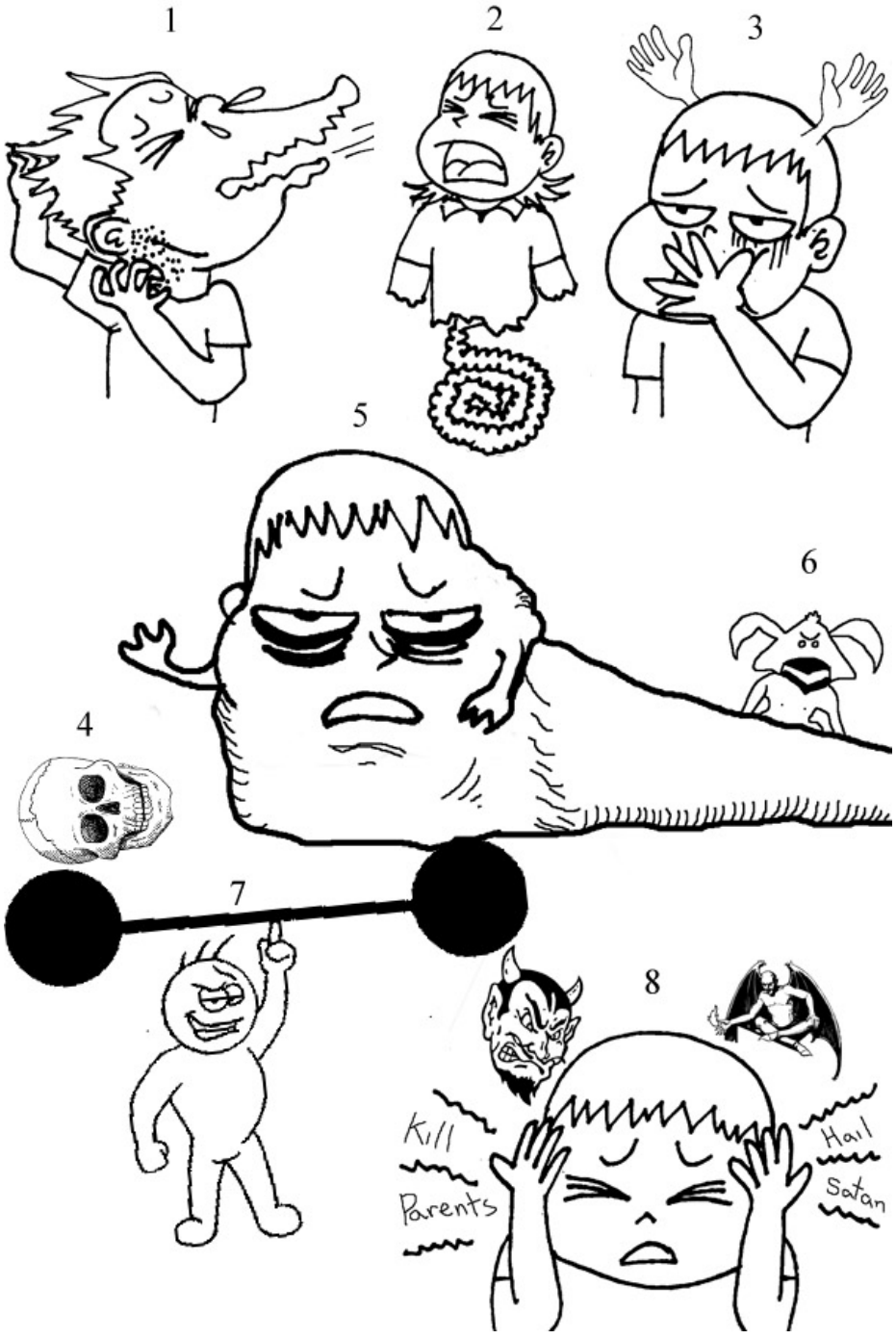




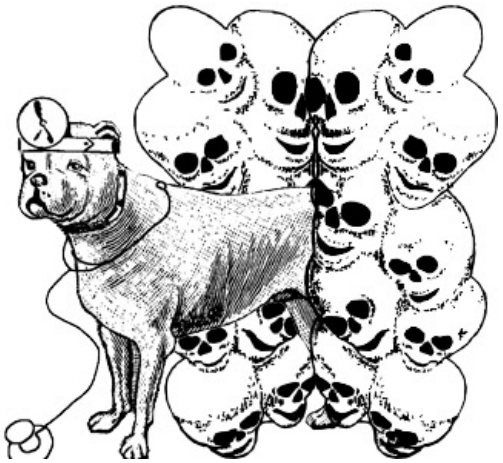
With private healthcare you don't have to wait in long lines and deal with "different" people. It is so simple to find a doctor.

CAN YOU SPOT THE PERSON WHO HAS PRIVATE HEALTHCARE?

Circle them. don't you want to be like them?



So remember kids- if someone offers you free healthcare, just turn and walk away! God Bless America!



-∼Children Republicans (@iggolding)

8.22 You Might Call Me an Otaku

Monday, Aug 24, 2009 by Ali "Anime Addict" Al Ramini (@sexyfacts4u)

(._.) so long since I have had a chance to get near the computer. Danjinshi hasn't been around anymore I think he moved when the Americans left town.

Mams was telling me there was an apache overhead last night but I still cant hear LOL. (T_T) Doc said that'll go away and one more surgery on my leg and a little bit of healing on my remainder and I can get fitted up for my prosthesis. Not that I need it. LOL I am soooooo lazy I just like to putter around in my chair.

Some Christian charity from USA sent one that's electric, but the charger doesnt work with our outlets whoops lol. Its cool Danjinshi's brother Asev said he could use the timer computer thing on the chair for some project hes workin on. Hope it's a fansub of episode 8 of *Zoku Natsume Yuujinchou* LOL doubt it.

Anyway, Asev took the battery and computer and hooked up a boat motor to my chair. Cant drive it inside too much because of fumes but outside the dang thing goes like 30 kph. Already covered it with InuYasha stickers I got from otakuraq.net.

I look sooooo kawaii in my cat ears driving around sadr city. Even the militias laugh.

Been thinking a lot about philosophy since I have been laid up with this leg thing. Way too many energy drinks and too much free time. LOL can only watch the slap chop and that one where the guy with the beard sings and the koran floats in 3d in the background so many times before I start to go crazy. Plus the power goes out every day at three o clock which always takes my net until like 2 AM when it comes back on if it comes back on. I have to resume all my torrents manually it's soooooo annoying. (_)

So my theory is that what if the Matrix is right? Been watching this video on youtube about how there are certain symbols particularly in USA and UK that Matrix may be reality. That our reality is constructed to fool us and pacify us. I wonder if Sunni militia or Shiite militia are programs? LOL I bet they both are and secretly they are working together to have just the believable amount of content.

I ordered some Jean Baudrillard books about simulacra but Amazon.iq takes forever to ship to Sadr City. Don't know why...(c_c)

Been spending a lot of time reacquainting myself with all the *shin tenchi muyo* mangas I had from 8th grade. A lot of them have shrapnel damage from when the missile attack hit hassad's house, but you can still make out most of the text. I know, I know, *tenchi* is so old but sometimes when the Matrix is getting really crazy it's good to revisit the classics. LOL whats next, *appleseed* !?! (>_<)

Oh yeah and I got ops in #ultimateanime FINALLY. That's my translation group. We have a torrent site too but nobody seeds past like 30% on stuff on there and usually you're lucky if a torrent is still active after a week, plus it's all Americans asking why the subs aren't in English.

The upside of the chair is I got more time to practice my craft (LOL my starcraft) but without the power most of the time that's not much use after all. I can't even go to the tourney in Kirkuk in

September cuz I got my surgery where they're going to reconstruct my tendons scheduled for like a week beforehand. It's stuff like missing out on starcon 09 that really drives me almost to take up arms against America.

I mean, I don't wish death to her obviously, since death is a concept beyond the concern of the simulacrum and there is only the illusion of choice between the American and Iraqi republics (red pill/blue pill). I'm no fedayeen (lol long live the fighters...not) but at least saddam didn't patronize you by pretending you had a choice. You could check the box next to saddam or you could check the box next to "cut off my fingers and thumbs and blindfold me and throw me off a roof."

LOL I was too young to vote anyway, but if I could have I would have voted the crap out of saddam. I have cooking mama 3 to play on my iraqi DS (emulator lol), thank you very much.

Anyway, got to roll, Asev wants to stash some stuff in my DVD libary. Looks like mortar rounds. I hope that apache wasnt watching on infrared when he-

-~Ali "Anime Addict" Al Ramini (@sexyfacts4u)

8.23 And That's My Take, by David Thorpe

Tuesday, Aug 25, 2009 by David Thorpe (@Arr)

David Thorpe is an aspiring syndicated columnist who shares his wit, wisdom, folksy humor and unique personal perspective in his weekly column, "And That's My Take." Currently, this column is not printed in any major newspapers, but interested editors are encouraged to email him at davidthorpe@somethingawful.com to discuss syndication terms.

Time? We've Got Plenty

Syndicated Columnist

In this fast-paced modern world of forty-hour work weeks and demanding high-tech gadgets, we sometimes feel like we don't have much time left for ourselves. Well, that's hogwash, says I. Time is a renewable resource, folks: they're always making more of it.

People often ask me, "David, I really need you to get that job done in a timely manner," their voices lilting upward at the end as if it were a question. "But why?" I tell them; "after all, we all have a practically unlimited amount of time in which to accomplish everything."

You see, folks, if there's one thing we have in this life, it's time. Our days stretch before us infinitely, each one seeming longer than the last. And the average human lifespan is sixty-seven years, which translates to almost twenty-five thousand days. *Twenty-five thousand.* To put that in perspective, that's more than one thousand days for every hour in a day. And you were worried about not making it to the grocery store this afternoon, or forgetting to pick up junior from football practice? Ha! With that many tomorrows looming before us, how could we possibly run out of time?

Maybe you've always wanted to travel to Paris, or take a cooking class. Sure, folks, you could just drop everything and hop on the next bus, but what's the hurry? Before you die, you'll have a chance to do all the things you've ever wanted to do, and many more. "But I might be hit by a bus tomorrow," you may protest-- quite right you are, ma'am, but I'm sure you'll manage to make it to Paris before then. Tomorrow's a long way off!

So, the next time somebody uses that tired old line on you-- "we really need you to get that work done today, or we'll all be in big trouble and you'll probably get fired,"-- just tell them to slow down, take a deep breath, and remember that we've got all the time in the world-- and that's my take.

Please, editors; his column is only 350 words, and only requires a little bit of space on a page. You could put a big ad underneath it and make some money. David Thorpe has a lot to say, and has great difficulty getting people to take him seriously in everyday life due to his stammer and his uncanny, fishlike mannerisms.

Feeling Blue? Surround Yourself With Things

Celebrated National Columnist

Clutter is a pretty ugly word-- it sounds a bit like "gutter," with all its connotations of filth and low living. But let me tell you, folks, there's nothing filthy about wanting to keep yourself surrounded by meaningful things.

Take my apartment, for example. It's far from a stately manor, folks, but it takes me a good fifteen minutes to walk from my door to my desk, because I have to step over and through a tremendous amount of my prized possessions: stacks of newspapers, bags of bottle caps, my many pets, empty plastic bottles, found objects, old boxes, knick-knacks and bric-a-brac. It may be a little time-consuming to get from "Point A" to "Point B," but I wouldn't trade my lifestyle for all the space in the world.

They say one man's trash is another man's treasure. Well, I can personally attest to that-- I've been evicted by landlords, dumped by girlfriends and investigated by animal cruelty officers (cruel? No way. I love my kitties!), but being surrounded by the things I love truly makes it worthwhile. Every time I clear off my chair and sit a spell, I look over my glorious drifts of possessions and feel a swell of pride, like a dragon surveying his cave full of jewels.

My ways have caused me some hardships over the years, but it's still a lifestyle I advocate. Next time you finish up a pizza and you're wondering what to do with the box, just stop and think: somebody made this box. It's square and sturdy and it would be a nice thing to look at for a while-- so why not keep it? The pizza may be gone, but that box could give you enjoyment for years and years.

Folks, you'll hear a lot of ugly names for people like me: packrat, hoarder, junkman, clutterbug, trashbear. But I'll tell you what I call myself: the happiest man in town-- and, if you use your imagination a little bit when you look in my window, the richest, too-- and that's my take.

David Thorpe would very much appreciate seeing his work in print just once. Maybe you could just print one of his columns as a letter to the editor? Or you could put it in the back of the paper, among some unsold ad space. You could even make it look like an ad, or you could insert some copy about a steakhouse or a massage parlor in the middle of it.

Let's Put the Past Behind Us

Famed Literary Treasure

When did "holocaust denial" become such a dirty phrase in this country, folks?

Oh, make no mistake, I'm not saying it never happened. On the contrary: it happened, all right, and it was more terrible than we could possibly imagine. Millions died, and the shockwaves of horror are still being felt today. But really, folks, how long are we going to let it bring us down? I know humanity has a natural impulse to dwell on the tragedies of the past, but it's been over sixty years now, people-- it's time to put our mistakes behind us and move on to a brighter future. It's time to *deny* that humanity could ever be so evil.

What value is there in recalling our darkest days? If we remember the past, we're doomed to be sad about it forever, and every Oscar season will be clogged with tear-jerking concentration camp stories. But if we forget about it completely, if we suppress and deny it and banish its memory from our lives, we can begin to move on-- and, more importantly, we can ensure that no mad dictator of the future will read a book about the holocaust and say, "hey, that holocaust, that was a pretty good idea, maybe I'd like to try that out in my

own nation." As the old saying goes, only by forgetting the past can we be sure somebody won't repeat it.

Let's consider the dignity of those who died. Would they want us remembering them as "victims" for the rest of eternity, or would they want us to move on and find happiness? Folks, let me tell you, if I'd been killed in such a tragic event, I don't think my soul could find peace until society was able to turn a corner and stop lamenting me. It would be downright selfish to hope they'd remember me forever, wouldn't it?

I propose, folks, that we take all the records of this horrible event-- all the books, the documents, the Oscar-winning films, the memoirs and the photographs-- and burn them in a huge bonfire. Only when the flames crackle around the last pages of Anne Frank's diary will the atrocities of Adolph Hitler be symbolically destroyed once and for all-- and that's my take.

David Thorpe knows that the newspaper industry isn't doing so well right now, so he would be OK if you didn't pay him for a while. He has a job shooting animals at the dump, so he's able to pay his rent and more or less eat regularly. He'd just like to share his words with people, because he has a lot to say and people sometimes don't take him seriously. Please, send him a message at davidthorpe@somethingawful.com and we'll shoot the breeze about printing his columns, or about pretty much anything! He knows what's going on with a lot of TV shows, and he has lots of interesting views on politics, so please talk to him.

-~David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.24 The End is Nigh

Wednesday, Aug 26, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Famed Literary Treasure

We're on day three of a heat wave with no sign of relief in sight. Yesterday it got up to 80 degrees. Forecasts say temperatures could reach 83 today. I wonder how much longer mankind can survive these kinds of infernal conditions.

The man from the Centers for Disease Control called and left another angry message on my machine. He says I'm patient zero in this horrible duck flu pandemic sweeping the nation and that I need to stay indoors at all costs. I shouldn't have shared that piece of bread with a duck. You never think about the consequences of such things until millions are dead.

That naked man is rolling around in my yard again. He's moaning and wailing. Not in a sexy way, but in a sad, lonely way, like a beached whale. There's a lot of heart and sincerity in his cries. I want to put some food out, but I'm afraid he'll just start coming back every day like a stray cat. Plus I'd probably just give him duck flu, and that's not going to do either of us any good.

President Bill Cosby is on the TV again. He's urging for calm in that reassuring, fatherly voice of his. I don't think anyone is going to listen to him, mostly because his sweater has this weird zigzag pattern that looks like a roaring sea of static on screen. He should have worn a different sweater. That ugly thing is going to be all anyone talks about now.

The riots seem to be growing in size and intensity. The news channels are showing civil unrest in practically every city on the planet. My town isn't putting up much of an effort. Everyone is indoors with the flu and the quarantine has shut everything down. I tried phoning a neighbor to see if they wanted to go riot with me, but he just yelled at me for getting his family sick.

The news is showing a video of some teenagers breaking into a zoo and stealing an old tortoise. Now it's showing them throwing the tortoise through a storefront window so they can do more looting. A crying zookeeper is on the line telling reporters that the turtle is over a hundred years old and that it's lived through 20 presidents, two world wars, and the civil rights movement. Now it's just helping people steal TVs. Seems like it didn't really learn anything in all those years.

Nobody has seen or heard from North Dakota in weeks. The governor of South Dakota says he has no idea where North Dakota went, but he sounds so guilty when he says it. The politicians and news media all seem too scared to say what everyone is thinking: why does South Dakota look so much bigger on the map? And when did it start bordering Canada?

I went online to read more about the riots and disasters sweeping the planet. A lot of people are using social media to keep in contact and spread news. With the media doing such a poor job keeping up, it's inspiring to see citizen journalists filling the void. I logged onto huckleberries.com and saw that millions of people were sending huckles to friends and loved ones.

Messages like "riot police shooting civilians in Schaumburg" and "tornado megastorms continue to pummel Midwest" and "bloggers being disappeared for reporting on

food shortages" and "duck flu infected being burned alive in sports stadiums" are all too common, each drawing tons of response huckles from concerned readers.

I posted a huckle of my own. "What's with this heat wave and is it ever going to end?" Nobody replied.

It looks like the naked man isn't rolling around anymore. Hopefully the National Guard takes care of his body. They've been doing a fairly good job scooping up all the other dead bodies in the neighborhood, though I think they caused most of them. It seems like there's fresh gunfire almost every hour.

The skateboarders are still running wild, though. President Cosby wasn't prepared for the consequences when he made it a crime. Their uprising was swift and highly organized. The military was wholly unprepared to wage a guerilla war against an army of highly mobile teenagers. It's hard to catch skateboarders because they can go over ramps and people without skateboards can't.

Preachers are saying it's the end of the world. One of them said it's pretty obvious since the UN is now tagging us all with "the mark of the beast." These people are overreacting. For one thing, there's no way the mark of the beast would be a tattoo of an actual devil's head. That's just too brazen. Clearly these devil's head tattoos are for safety and convenient commercial purposes.

I can't remember when this all this craziness got started. I guess it was when President Cosby declassified all UFO documents and people started freaking out. Or maybe it was when I shared that piece of bread with the duck, allowing duck flu to jump from ducks to humans. Still, it was probably the UFO documents.

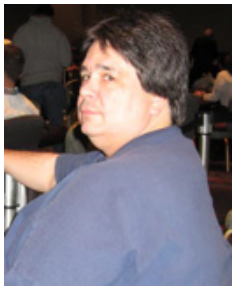
It's getting dark now. Ever since we switched to the six-day week with these 28-hour days, it gets dark so early. Anyway, the mandatory curfew is in effect, so the riots should die down a bit. The news reports say only a few hundred million will die this week, so things should start calming down soon. I just hope the temperatures do, too.

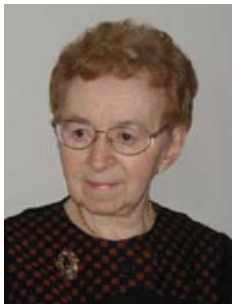
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

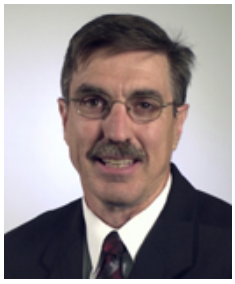
8.25 Proud American Magazine Asks: How Do You Feel About Universal Health Care?

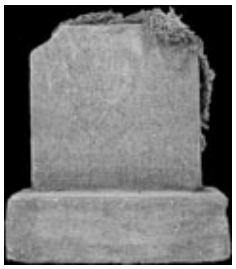
Thursday, Aug 27, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

 James Shuckler, Flag Salesman	Well sir, let me tell you. As the proprietor of the most successful flag warehouse in northern Florida -- off route 10, right next to the world's largest adult bookstore billboard -- I can safely say that I've never felt such shame for my esteemed industry. All this universal flim-flam business has been making people a bunch of Greedy Guses -- take one of our line workers, for instance. Wanted to take the afternoon off to "have her baby." I said baloney to that and slid a baking pan under her legs. Before we shut down for the day, that little tyke was sitting in a puddle of amniotic fluid, just as happy as can be. Unfortunately, I had to fire Linda because she forgot to clock out for her lunch break earlier that day. This is the America I want to live in. Universal health care? No thanks, President NO-BRAIN-A!
 Eugene Scardoza, Retiree	If we switched to this universal hooey, I'm sure some government fatcat would have put the kibosh on my fourth hip replacement and triple bypass surgery. Thank God programs like the VA and Medicare exist to help us WWI vets live healthy, natural lives. I'm 112 years old but I feel like a bedridden spring chicken! Universal health care? Go suck a lemon, Bobanga.
 Kunal Patel, Food Services	My boss of the Applebee's tells me I am to speak to no one of "rights." They allow me to keep the spare change found on the floor and eat the remnants of what is called a "surfing turf" burger. This is fine for me, as I have had not much appetite since the stomach pains. Beth the waitress gave me some 7-UP and crackers but still the pain continues. Maybe I am not working hard enough. Oh yes, I was told to say our President should go back to Kentucky. Is this correct?

 Mitch Redgrave, Grand Wizard	I never thought I'd see the day when the government would funnel my hard-earned tax dollars into the pockets of a bunch of uppity -- you know. Don't make me say it. I used that word during a toast at my son's wedding and let's just say I'm on "thin ice" with his colored wife. Hands off my healthcare, O-Bunghole!
 Beck Chumplin, Unemployment Collector	You'd think a formerly successful gentleman like myself would feel compassion for the plight of the poor, but I believe in a little something called The American Dream. In what other country could a small boy from the suburbs achieve the lofty goal of becoming floor manager at a Circuit City? Even though I made upwards of 22,000 a year, I always remembered the hard work that got me to such an envious place. And I'll have you know that I'll soon be landing a position at a successful chain of dollar stores owned by my uncle. *Head* cashier? Yeah. I think I can handle that. C'mon poor people. Take some responsibility for yourselves.
 Beth and Marty Greenberg, Wild About Bus Trips	Thanks to capitalism and the free market, I was able to give my wife a lobotomy that I'm sure would have been frowned upon by Big Brother Obama and his Empathy Gestapo. My sweet Beth is happier than ever now that she doesn't have to waste her entire day nagging me to do things around the house. Her life is now a pleasant existence of sitting, smiling, watching TV, and repeating things she's heard on the TV. "No soup for you!" See? I can't understand a damn thing she says. It's wonderful.

 Gary Scardoza, President, New Freederton	Listen fucko, my grandfather did not get out of fighting in World War II thanks to a unicycle injury just so some liberal Nazi socialist elitist Moslem could take away everything that other people fought so hard for. Now leave me the hell alone, and try not to trip over that big pile of guns on your way out. Aid the sick and needy? Not in my country, Bling-Blong-O.
 Norma Fedlick, Rampant Knitter	I send my insurance company $600 a month and in exchange they allow me to stay alive. I am still alive so the system works.
 Kunal Patel, Food Services	I was doubled over a booth and slightly blind from my stomach pains when my boss Russell comes over and says, "Hey Apu, if you've got time to lean, you've got time to clean." I thanked him for putting a positive spin on a negative situation. I have noticed you Americans are good at this.

 Beth Greenberg, Vegetable	COWABUNGA!
 Tim Thomasin, Insurance Executive	Abe Lincoln? Didn't play ball. James Garfield? Didn't play ball. William McKinley? Didn't play ball. JFK? Didn't play ball. Now that Obama's playing ball, he may live to see his 50th birthday. We here at the insurance industry wish him the best.
 Rick Tavaram, Sexual Offender	As someone who's been the victim of many gunshot wounds that couldn't get treated at the hospital for strictly legal reasons, I don't get all of this hoohah about "medical care." Whenever I get into a scrape, I just pour whiskey on the problem and dig out the remnants with a claw hammer in the morning. You ever see No Country for Old Men? We could all learn a lot from that film. Universal health care? More like Pooniversal Schmelthcare, President Flim-Flamma!

	BAD END KUNAL PATEL 1974-2009 DIED OF A PREVENTABLE ILLNESS AND EXPOSURE TO PREACHY COMEDY ARTICLES

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.26 That Party Last Friday Was Wild as Hell

Friday, Aug 28, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have ***GOT*** to tell you guys about what went down last Friday. I know, everybody knows already that I'm a booze hound and I like to get tore up, but the shit that went down last Friday is completely unbelievable!

It was Bill's birthday, so he decided to have a party. Kyle called and asked if I was down and I was like, "You know I am down if it means drinking beers." And Kyle was like, "*Fuck yeah* dude, although Bill likes white wine more than beer, so you might want to bring some yourself." And I was like, "I hear ya, I will get a sixer of Goose Island."

Kyle was like, "Renee is gonna be there, **better make it a twelve pack!"**

Oh man, so around 4 PM on Friday me and my girl pull up out there and I am like totally rubbing on her upper arm, but I don't want to bust out with anything too intimate before the party, so we head inside. Bill's mom is there and she fucking whips out some geodes she has been polishing the fuck out of in her rock polisher back home. She brings them every time she comes to Bill's. She asks me if I want some rocks and I am like, "I need a drink on the rocks, Pam" and she busts out laughing with that honk laugh of hers.

So I put the Goose Island in the fridge and Bill is in the kitchen with his daughter Chrissy and she is fucking wild. She is fucking out there. She has colored all her fingernails different colors with a marker and Bill is drawing some fucking **INSANE** cat whiskers on her face. I am like, "Whoa is that Rum Tum Tugger?" and Bill busts out laughing.

Well the party gets hopping. Denny and C-dog show up. Lazy Paul shows up. Total sausage festival until Bill's mom comes back from getting ice with her sister Louanne and her daughter Jenna. Then Bill's girlfriend Lisa comes home from work and it is fucking on. It is getting wild up in there.

I was playing Guitar Hero with Chrissy and on my second beer. I am like, "Yo you ride some fucking bikes?" And then Bill hears that and he is like, "Bro, I *just* got a new bike," so we bounce from that shit and go free roaming. Do two 360s on the block with some bicycles. It was **unbelievable** . Bill started to cramp up so we headed back, but I was down for like two or three more trips around the block, easy.

When we got back my girl was like, "I bet you can't catch this pretzel in your mouth" and I was like "fucking come on then" and I open up and she throws it but blasted my ***CHEEK*** . And then, you will not believe this, the fucking thing bounced all the way up and hit the beam on the porch, and then bounced *back* down and hit my forehead. I wish there was slowmo footage of that shit. It was ***nuts.***

Then after that we had another beer and Lisa drew wicked charcoal sketches of everybody. Then

Pam and her sister had to go, but things only got crazier from there. By then it was like 8:30 and Chrissy was supposed to go to bed, but Bill was like, "Fuck that" and told her she could stay up and watch *Flapjack* .

Then Kyle wanted to watch a movie and he had brought over Wanted, but Bill didn't want Chrissy watching that, so I *totally* volunteered to drive over to Family Video and get some party favors. Picked up *Night at the Museum* and, get this, *Standard Operating Procedure* . I was like, "Hell yes, gonna rock the Errol Morris documentary up in this bitch."

So we watch Night at the Museum until Chrissy *falls asleep* and then we watched that shit about Abu Ghraib while playing the Totally 80s version of Trivial Pursuit and drinking Sangria. I was so fucked up at that point. I was getting questions wrong about Reagan's Secretary of State and I totally fucking *forgot* which year Diet Coke was introduced.

But that isn't even the end of it. Because then I was getting up to drain the lizard and I see Pam has left her book next to the toilet. And it's The Stranger by Camus and I was like, "What the fuck, I read this shit in high school, why is this one so big?" Believe me when I say that shit was like 700 pages long or some shit. It was ***UNREA L*** .

I came out and I was like, "Bill, what the shit is up with this crazy book?" And he was like, "Oh my mom has got all fucked up on macular degeneration so she has to buy large print editions of books." I opened that shit up and I could hardly believe it the words were like size 50 font or something I was like HOLLLLLLY SHIT.

After about half another glass of Sangria Kyle said we should all pretend to have macular degeneration and get library cards and check out all the large print editions of books. See if they have crazy stuff too, like Sarah Vowell books or some shit. Kyle was all, "I bet they *don't* " and I was like, "How much, dude? I bet they ***do*** ."

And I was serious and ready to fucking throw money down there on that shit. But Bill sensed the tension and had looked up the library hours on the website and it had closed like an hour earlier. Then I do not even remember how, but we started talking about **This American Life** and I said they should do a piece on how libraries get books back from dead people. Like do they go to their house to collect the book back when they know a dead dude has their book? Or maybe they just mark them as lost and never recover them.

C-dog was saying something about his brother who works in Calabasas as one of those lawyers who handles wills, but then he got a call and he had to take it outside because it was his ex-wife. That was pretty much it. I had drank like almost about three Goose Islands and half a glass of Sangria and it was almost 10 o'clock already, so I needed to get the **hell** out of there.

Next week is going to be even crazier though. Denny said we should all come over and try out some game he got called Carcassone and then after that he downloaded a bootleg of *Cremaster* 5 off the Internet and he said it syncs up perfectly with Arcade Fire's Neon Bible if you turn off the sound.

He's going to try to get some weed.

Insane shit.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.27 Improving Superman

Saturday, Aug 29, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The very qualities that make Superman the prototypical hero also make him sort of boring. He's pretty much unstoppable. He likes to save people because he's nice, which is awesome, but that's the extent of his personality. His darkest secret? He feels guilty for not being able to save *everyone*.

For every good book like Red Son or The Superman/Madman Hullabaloo , there are hundreds of stories where Lex Luthor comes across more of the incredibly rare Kryptonite and uses it to make something stupid like kryptoteeth for an army of bank-robbing robots. There hasn't been a decent Superman movie in decades, and there has never been a good Superman video game.

The dude needs to be redesigned. DC Comics gave it a shot in the early 90's by "killing" Superman and throwing a bunch of embarassing replacements at the wall to see if any stuck. Remember this guy?

For some reason, he didn't resonate with anyone. At all. DC hoped the second belt would be enough to win over the hearts of fans, but in hindsight they should have redirected that effort into a thigh-belt for his left leg.

With the bar set so low, I feel pretty good about sharing my own ideas for a reimagined Superman.

Origin

When his home planet blows up, a baby Superman is launched into space via tiny interstellar ejection seat (how paranoid do you have to be to own one of those, and how cheap do you have to be to not invest in a slightly bigger one for the rest of your family?), eventually landing on Earth.

The part about Superman being an alien is good, but the rest has to go. Here's my artistic vision:

American astronauts discover a young man on the moon. He has amnesia, and cannot explain how he came to be on the moon or for how long he had been wandering its surface, clutching a mysterious red cape around himself for warmth. He has random flashbacks of a mysterious past that he cannot quite piece together.

When the shuttle disintegrates during re-entry under mysterious circumstances, the young man is all that's left. He honors the shuttle's captain, Buzz Superman, by taking the brave astronaut's surname as his own, and vowing to find those responsible for the crash - be they human or something else entirely. Like birds. Or aliens.

Powers

Small scale threats (which can make for some fun and creative stories) pose no challenge for a nigh-invulnerable dude, and putting him to the test against one cataclysm after another gets old fast. Superman's abilities need to be scaled way back so he can face a wider range of obstacles.

X-Ray Vision

Replace with the ability to operate an x-ray machine with incredible competence.

Flight

Keep this, but make Superman rely on a refuel mechanic. For every hour of flight, he has to pray for five minutes.

Super Speed

All the Flash can do is run fast, and currently Superman can keep pace with him. Not cool. Reduce Superman's top speed by half, and make it so that every time he gets ready to run, he does that "legs spinning in place while bongos play" move for a few seconds.

Cold Breath

Keep the same, but make his tongue extra vulnerable to cold so he thinks twice before using the power all nilly-willy.

Super Strength

Superman has *got* to be able to lift cars and trains and whatnot, so this won't change all that much. Just make it so that his face strains a lot and he essentially turns into one of those guys that get angry when they move furniture, with lots of grunting and snapping at people to tell him where he should put down whatever he's carrying.

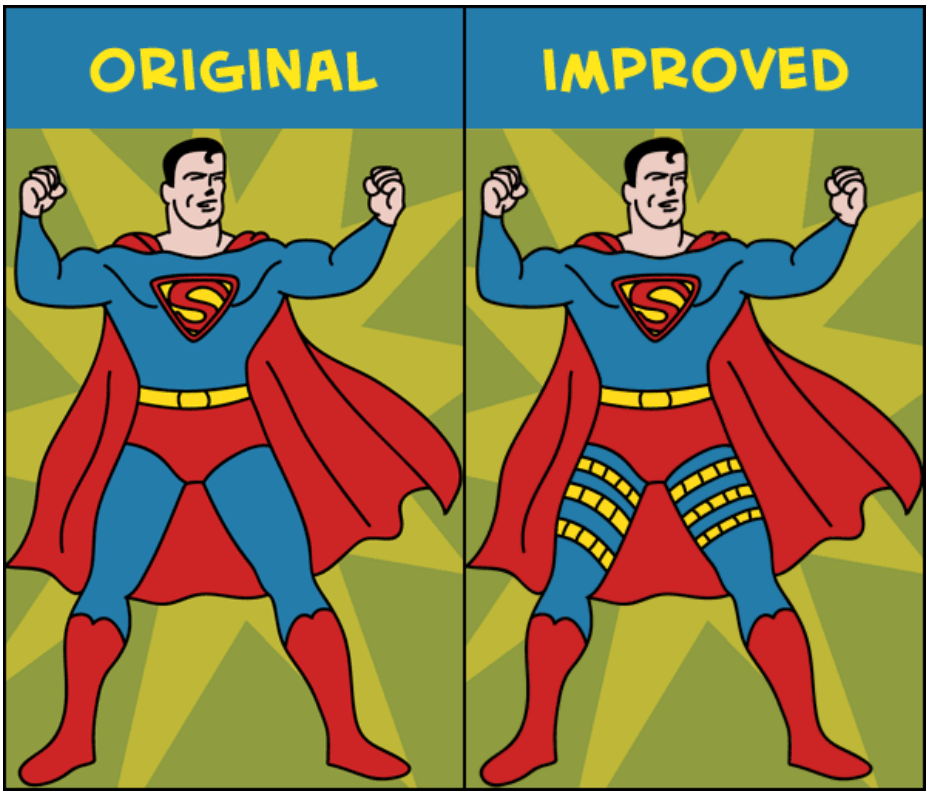
Nigh-Invulnerable Skin

Make his skin normal, only airtight (to explain how he survived on the moon) and make his cape completely invulnerable so he has to use it as a shield.

Alter Ego

Clark Kent? Played out. Leave the civilian alter egos to lesser heroes. This is Superman. From now on, when he isn't fighting crime, he's Spider-Man.

Costume



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.28 Raymondo's Luxury Dream Cars and Mighty Bro Trucks

Monday, Aug 31, 2009 by Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Chess it is me, Raymondo, back from my Island Paradice hwonce more to share with you my loves. You waited, chess? Beautiful babies are of course my greatest passion, but also I have an urge for new and used automobiles. So while I ham in the shappoteur eleven with my island business I have a new venture to share with you.

I heven have a shingle:

Cars, trucks, vans, astro vans, half-cars, and new and used car-trucks,
Got what you need at Raymondo's.
So the song goes,
about Ray-mondo's.
Look for the sly frog,
of abnormal stature.

Sweeties. Lil' cuties. Cuddle up here and let me tell you about hwhat deals I have ensconced for you. The beautiful car, chess, she hunger for you inside her. A powerful metal beast, like the hrobut without ill intent. Now his the time hof the special deals. Catch the Cluckers program from USA government has henabled you to buy!

Deals of September 2009 (USA)
Raymondo's Deals Special for You

Oldmobile Cheausseur (of 1983)

My God, chess! This car, she is so beautiful and stimulating. With the light up front and the dip. She run like a river. Her miles are below 300,000 and above 100,000. There are spokes on her caps. Big enough for a small horse to climb in the back. Five doors. Electric thing. Wipers side-to-side version. Working horn. Flappy things on the window that flip up or down. Great car for a tough guy.

Custom Homber XRZ2 Z23 "Homber" (year unknown???)

Hokay, this hwone, it is so mysterious. Like a Clue Sow mystery Agape Christina wrote. Chess, Homber made custom by a man with very long leg, yet very short and squareish torso. You could put children into footwell for play area. Multiple play area car. Fast car, good lights up front. Side-to-side wiper shhh-shhh-shhh sounds. No buttons on this car. First buttonless car Homber introduce.

Montana Motors The Andy (of 1985)

The Andy from Montana Motors is hwonce of a lifetime kind of car for you. He is a perky car, a loner, a bit shy, just for you. He doesn't ever do anything boastful, he doesn't take credit or brag. The Andy is a great car. He likes to be brushed and listen to music. He is a real flirt when he needs to be. The Andy: a good car for you. Up-and-down wipers and extra gastro tank in the rear (the luggage goes into the underneath bin includes luggage pole and luggage hook).

Of Course Astro Van "On Course" It's "Of Course" (of 1990)

This brand new used astro van is hwon my lot. She is a real packrat, a bit of a hoarder. She was previously howned by a rolling man. Was he a ball? A tire? Could he go up and halso down? Why was he this way? Was he happy? Of Course Astro Van cannot answer this question. Sorry. Van honly turns right slightly but turns left as normal. Could be fixed I guess. Give it time.

Swamp Champ 2500 "House Boat Van" (of 1980)

Chess, the door hopens in the sideways configuration revealing hentire house for you to live within. Plenty of room for all hof family to participate. Three swivel view seats, hwon bench seat, roll up bed, sleeper tent, four adult guitar holders, pet slide, food cubby. Great for trips to distance. Invite a friend. Include a table to put your helbows hupon. 999,999 miles flipped and now it has less miles. Bees live inside van free for beekeeper. NOT honeybees. NOT. Violent bees.

Tough Guy Motor Trucks B199 Tuffee (of 2002)

Hoh boys, get a look a this beautiful sweetie. He's hay tough hwone. The 2002 Tough Guy Motor Trucks B199 Tuffee with famous Buff n' Strong Flex 2000 Engine. Testo Pecs flexin' this truck is ready to punch a bad lady or a bad guy. He can haul another truck or two trucks possibly with the chain done right. Can go up a hill pulling rocks. From the commercial they say good for the city too, but I don't know. Honly for serious beefy men ready to haul man stuff like the barbels, knight's helmets, punching bags, big tough girders for a huge building, or magazines hof lady naked.

Camdenlac Windfire Custom + Giant Wheel Covers (of 1987)

This Primo Custom Camdenlac Winfire is something you never seen before. It belonged to baddest USA rapper 2Bad, who was so bad he assaulted a child in a church and hwonce robbed a rival rapper's birthday party with a sword and took all his presents. He was shot in this very cary while singing a rap song about skulls. Even though he was soooo bad heverybody missed him. That made this car a hot commodity. Better get it now. Side-to-side wiper, heated pull rope, extra rapping speakers, tinted steering wheel. Says "Stunnin' 101" hon the front windshield and "2 Modest 2 Be Real" hon the back windshield.

All Leather Interior (of 1982)

This fabulous All Leather Interior is made from 100% rich leather colored black. It is the finest leather you have ever touched, so be prepared for a thrill of your lifetime. Exterior unavailable.

Raymondo Custom Auto (of 1997)

Chess! Hat last! This is my precious, beautiful, sweet little cutie car. I built her myself with parts and a kit. She has so many features, too many to list here. So many beautiful lady bottoms have been in the seats. So many passionate ladies, sipping hon the hwine of life, tasting of the richest cup I can hoffer. I hate to part with this beauty, but she is just too valuable and I need the money to rescue my precious babies from Harmsway, the developer that howns the lease hon Raymondo Island. Please buy her. Price is 570 million dollars. Thank you.

Did you see my beaitful car and truck? They are a sweet thing I offer to you. And rememer to Catch the Cluckers to save big $$$$$ when you buy from Raymondo.

-~Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 To Whom It May Concern, RE: Men's Bathroom

Tuesday, Sep 01, 2009 by Your Anonymous Coworker (@fart)

Whether this is intentional or not, to whomever keeps forgetting to put the plunger back where it belongs-- next to the commode in the men's bathroom-- thank you. No, really, thanks. I'm serious, you are much appreciated. You see, when my solid recent past is gurgling back up toward me and threatening to soak my shoes and dropped Dockers, the last thing I want to see is the plunger that belongs there, next to the toilet. Picture yourself there. Time for a pop quiz, hotshot. The water is rising, you have maybe 15 seconds to disaster. What do you reach for? Definitely not the plumber's helper, the thing designed for this. Something like that should be nowhere near this notoriously pluggable john, so I salute you! You had the courage and bravery to put it somewhere else entirely, where no one could find it. Not even me, the office worker with a renegade turd loose and sliding under the stall wall, never to be seen again.

We, the employees of Can-American Rubber Products Corp., live in a society of courtesy and respect. Not everyone has the kind of talent it takes to pull their weight at the third-largest rubber concern east of the Mississippi. I, personally, was forged by years of sub-par jobs, relationship problems, a revolving door of stepdads, and other character-building events to become the INFJ I am today. Consider this your ultimatum to alter your behavior and make sure you put the plunger back where it belongs, sitting atop the brown ring on the tile that marks its standing position.

I was a manager at Pizza Corral before you were even born, probably, and you really don't know what you're up against. In fact, this month is the 18th anniversary of the worst disaster we'd ever seen at the Corral. One September afternoon, during the big lunch rush, about 10 folks (who looked to be carny-folk, or at the very least, workers from some type of poor people office) all came in and bought a single salad bar plate. Then they took turns using it, one by one. This obviously was not in the spirit of the salad bar as it was intended by the founders of the restaurant, and it was up to me to put a stop to it. After asking the person using the salad bar plate at the time nicely, being ignored, then asking the next person, I began being pelted by cherry tomatoes from one of the young carn-lings, who was pulling more out of his pockets just as quickly as he was throwing them.

Taken aback, I returned to the kitchen and came out armed with a pizza box attached to my forearm, much as a medieval hero would wear a shield. Putting it out in front of me, I was able to approach the vagrant table to rip the styrofoam plate in half and ask them to leave. They shuffled out, leaving the place smelling like cigarettes and blue cheese dressing.

Then, just as we'd returned to normal, the lead carny returned with two large dogs, who right away jumped into the salad bar (Yes, inside the sneezeguard) and began devouring the sliced beets, thousand island dressing, and what was left of the cherry tomatoes. In fact, the bigger dog, which was male (very, very male) focused on the tomatoes in particular so passionately that it began growling and snorting as it watched the other diners and inhaled what was left in the aluminum tray.

I shouted at him to leave and take his dogs, but I was ignored. The salad bar was practically destroyed and whatever food was good before was contaminated by dogs with skin conditions or eaten by now. I threatened to call the Pizza Corral corporate offices in Dayton, and then even the strip mall security guard. It was around that time that the male dog began regurgitating.

These dogs were very large, probably 90 pounds each. They could eat a lot, but it seems the male couldn't stand an entire salad bar's worth. He became remarkably ill for a dog, covering most of the salad bar and a good portion of himself in red, slimy tomato vomit. At last, the carny showed some emotion and cried out that RatBones was getting sick again, and that he needed to have his sinuses sprayed out with a Waterpik or else he'd have to go to the vet. I went in the back to make my call to corporate, and around this time they left of their own volition. Neither we, nor any of the 9 regional Pizza Corral locations ever reported seeing them again.

I could go on for hours, but let me put it to you plainly: I didn't go to community college for 28 months to become your human toilet / fun time prank victim.

Sincerely,

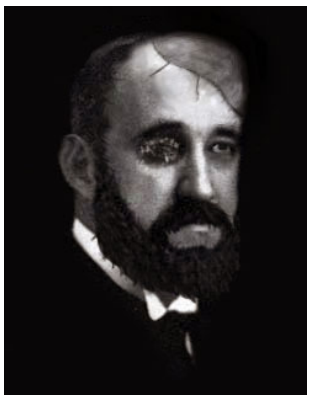
Your Anonymous Co-Worker

-∼Your Anonymous Coworker (@fart)

9.2 P. B. Fouke Redoubles His Commitment to Excellence

Wednesday, Sep 02, 2009 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.



P. B. Fouke, President & General Manager, Spiritual Leader

A HARDY CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU, THE EDUCATED TRAPPER & SHIPPER

You hold in your hands a treasured tome, one second only to His Written Works in reverence and import. The Trappers' Partner Periodical & Catalogue is an indispensible ally to the accomplished trapper and shipper, a venerable publication whose every word betters the human condition and amplifies the greatness of man.

I am pleased to serve as its curator and publisher, along with my humble staff of dedicated fur experts. Together we are pleased to serve you, and to offer you goods at prices such that you may stagger to believe their authenticity. Rest assured the numbers you see in this publication are not the result of clerical error. YOU WILL FIND NO BETTER A FRIEND TO YOUR POCKETBOOK THAN P.B. FOUKE.

By choosing to purchase goods from my company you are demonstrating your commitment to excellence. As I myself share this commitment, I salute you. Trapper and shipper: you have my eternal debt and my unwavering respect.

CONCERNING MY BRIEF INCARCERATION FOLLOWING MY SECESSION FROM THE UNITED STATES

As many of you know, this great enterprise came into direct conflict with government forces . The President of the United States felt our city was a direct threat to the security of the Union, which led to a siege lasting some 40 harrowing days. As the Fouke Fur City population consisted almost entirely of one-handed men, we faced great difficulty defending against the full might of the United States Army.

I am pleased to report that many of the traps sold in this catalogue performed admirably in fending off the advancing forces. If not for the high quality of the traps, poison gasses and other fine instruments sold herein, we would not have been able to survive for so long.

As the President of the United States is a patron of this enterprise and a firm believer in my integrity, he saw fit to pardon me and all my associates. I am pleased to report that this whole episode resulted in only modest disruptions to the fur trade. The Fouke Fur Company continues to prosper!

My duties remain here. The President himself informed me that my absence would render irreparable harm to these United States, and has personally requested that I remain on Earth to continue in my capacity as cornerstone of the fur trade. As for the matter of the Golden Cylinder and distant Kombar, I have sent a telepathic dispatch to the angels to delay its arrival. I shall entrust to my

progeny and disciples the matter of leading mankind's chosen few to the mystical world of Kombar.

IN REGARDS TO THE BEAR I HAVE TAKEN AS MY WIFE

That men of such incomparable industry should be limited to but one wife is a crime. As I am a man abounding in strength, charm, intelligence and integrity, it is only fair that I share my blessings with as many women as possible. Thus I have taken a second wife.

P. B. & Abigail Fouke

She is called Abigail and has a temper greater than any man I have ever known. She is beautiful and understands me as no woman ever has. Her exuberant love of life has sparked a renewed vitality in me. The pains that have vexed me for so long seem but an itch now. With her at my side, I feel I could continue doing this job for decades to come!

ONE HAND IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR TODAY'S MAN

As was law in Fouke Fur City, all citizens were required to sacrifice a limb. While I and a select few senior staff members were exempt from the oath, thousands of loyal trappers and shippers answered the call. It seemed as though the pile of severed hands doubled in size with each passing day.

As the Fouke Fur City is now in ruin, many a trapper and shipper are returning to civilian life demoralized by the prospect of one-handed living. I say to you: you do not suffer a deficit of limb. Nay, you suffer a deficit of zeal! You participated in one of history's most important events, one sure to be remembered from here to the heavens for all time. Your sacrifice will not be forgotten, and may yet be redeemed in the afterlife.

As I operate with but one eye, you too may operate with but one hand. Our dearest friend and inspiration, M. J. Duddy, has not let his handicap dampen his passion for the fur trade. He has not given up! Instead, he joyfully works twice as long each and every day to meet his obligations. THERE IS A MAN WITH ZEAL.

One hand is all you need to shake another man's hand. One hand is all you need to fire a pistol, hold an apple, write a letter, tip a hat in the presence of a lady, pat a lad on the top of the head or peel the skin off of a fresh kill. A man with two or even three hands would find no advantage in completing these activities. Instead, he may even perform them at a slower pace as he struggles to operate his surplus of limbs with the same focused efficiency.

I ENCOURAGE ALL OF MY VALUED CUSTOMERS TO CONTINUE HONORING THIS GREAT OATH. Send in your severed hand, and the Fouke Fur Company will reward you with a free 5 1/4 in. Victor Trap, perfect for capturing coyote, wolf, beaver and otter alike with its double springs and sturdy construction

THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY - YOUR FRIEND IN THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT

I defy you to name a company that has taken such a strong interest in your success - both in this life and the next. The Fouke Fur Company is an organization that has committed itself to serving the trapper and shipper for all eternity.

My friends, we have shared many great adventures, triumphs and setbacks. These have all made us better men, more patient husbands, wiser fathers and cunning trappers and shippers. MAY THE

CHALLENGES TO COME ENRICH US ALL THE MORE!

To celebrate the great friendship we have enjoyed for all these years and honor the hundreds of men who died defending Fouke Fur City, I invite you to kindly deduct a percentage of your choosing (??%) from all catalogue prices.

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

9.3 Freed Traficant!

Friday, Sep 04, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On September 2nd, 2009, Ohio Congressman James Traficant was released from prison after serving seven years for a bribery conviction. The few photos available of this great moment show a man who looks dismayingly normal.

There was no goofy speech about birdcages and beaming up. Gone were the bird's nest pompadour, the denim suits, and the skinny ties. The new Traficant is tamed.

It wasn't always like that.

Back in 2005 I wrote an open letter to James Traficant in which I heralded him as a hero and applauded the bizarre speeches he used to give on the floor of the House. In these speeches Traficant would address relevant topics or bills under consideration in his unique way or, more often, digress into whatever unusual news item caught his attention that morning.

These one-minute diatribes were peppered with Traficant's catchphrases, including his incredulous appeals for the Speaker of the House to "beam me up" and a yielding back of his time that defied the specifics of procedure. He also enjoyed sharing his bodily functions with the House and more than once threatened them with "emissions."

Traficant's politics were hard to pin down. He was a pro-union blue collar democrat, but he also supported Republicans on social issues ranging from abortion to prayer in school. He became such a problem for Democrats that he was eventually stripped of all committee positions, a punishment not even meted out to the likes of Joe Lieberman, a man who left the Democratic party and campaigned tirelessly for the Republican presidential candidate.

The Memory Hole maintains an archive of Traficant's speeches from 1997 through his 2001 farewell speech. Each of the speeches is a goofy gem. Take, for example, his 1998 voicing of support for an Oklahoma bill allowing for the castration of rapists.

> **ON THE CUTTING EDGE IN DEALING WITH RAPISTS**
>
> March 4, 1998
>
> Mr. Speaker, the Oklahoma Senate passed a bill to allow castration of convicted rapists. That is right.
>
> Castration. Opponents say it is cruel. Victims say it is about time. I say hats off, and anything else off, to the Oklahoma Senate.
>
> Maybe, just maybe, Mr. Speaker, rapists will not only think twice, they will start thinking 3 and 4 times before they brutalize our constituents.
>
> I also would like to say that no matter how you slice this, Mr. Speaker, Oklahoma is on the cutting edge when it comes to dealing with rapists. For those who say, 'How do you really feel, Jim?' I recommend that Oklahoma go a step further. Put it into law, then hire Lorena Bobbitt to administer the program.

> I yield back whatever might be left after Oklahoma is done with rapists.

Although James Traficant's political views often did not align with my own, I always admired his willingness to craft speeches tackling any subject for very little reason. I bemoaned the loss of craziness in Washington with the bribery conviction and expulsion of Traficant. I wished the whole of Congress was more like James Traficant.

> Those who dare to speak truth to power are silenced and ridiculed. The time for change through normal means has come and gone.
>
> *That's why we need someone who can speak something much more important to power than truth has ever been: crazy.*

Some mondo jerk in Traficant's local newspaper disagreed with me, citing my article and the ridiculous hyperbole of politicians like Sarah Palin and Michele Bachmann as a sign that more Traficant was actually a bad thing.

> Years after Traficant was put away, Parsons said he may have got his wish to see that kind of rhetoric return to national politics. Today's political rumors of health care bill death panels seem to come from the same wildness Traficant had, but they seem less fun than he hoped, he said. Parsons said he thinks Minnesota Republican Michelle Bachmann is carrying Traficant's torch for that kind of public speaking, but he doesn't seem happy about it.
>
> "The fact that it became such a driving force in politics is kind of disconcerting. ... 'Death panels' are kind of humorless. I guess I got what I wished for and it turned out not to be so good," Parsons said.

I couldn't disagree more with this moronic piece of crap. I stand by my original statement, and not "kind of" stand by it like Mister-Qualifies-Everything in the Tribune article. James Traficant's imprisonment was a dark period for our country and evil Muppets like Michele Bachmann hardly filled the void. he left in Congress. We are forced to wonder what James Traficant might have said about the issues confronting the United States today.

STIMULATING MY PACKAGE

> Madam Speaker, we are sending 900 trillion dollars to the bank for the privilege of paying the CEO's bonus. Good money after bad. This is supposed to be stimulating? Give me a break!

The hardworking are having a hard time and we don't have any solutions to these hard problems. How about investing in a product that works? I propose we stimulate every American with 24 pills of Viagra.

A dollar a pill. 24 times 300 million. You do the math.

I yield back the savings to our healthcare system by eliminating late night stubbed toes.

WHAT ABOUT A BAILOUT FOR OLDSMOBILE?

Madam Speaker, I only buy Oldsmobiles. I drive a 1994 Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera and I could go right over the top of a Honda. In this day and age what America needs is a Newmobile.

Unbelievable. We are bailing out the foreign cars and letting the Cutlass go the way of the Dodo.

Forget those hybrids. I produce enough gas for an entire fleet of Oldsmobiles. My emissions are green. Stand back when you hear the rumbling.

Madam Speaker, I yield back the formula for my bean-based biofuel free of charge.

THE PUBLIC OPTION IS SOME FAIRY TALE

Madam Speaker, somebody in Washington is trying to tell a fairy tale about America's health care. 47 million people don't have any insurance and they think having the IRS write prescriptions for your mother is the way to cure what ails us. Beam me up.

A kiss won't turn that croaker into a prince. I say we can learn a lot from our amphibian friends. What we need is a public hoption to get us out of this mess.

I yield back my time on this wild ride to Mr. Toad.

My greatest wish is that James Traficant were still around to hold some town halls. The prevailing atmosphere of hysterics and crazed accusations would mesh well with his cornball metaphors, fictional statistics, and bad policy positions.

Okay, so maybe that guy in the Tribune was right and America wouldn't be any better off with James Traficant still in Congress. Sure, he was a crook with horrible politics and few redeeming political beliefs. At least we'd be having more fun.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 Introductions

Saturday, Sep 05, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hey, you're the new number cruncher, right? First day on the job is always a little awkward. Follow me, I'll point out everyone you'll be working with.

You've met Alice, my assistant. She knows more about this place than I do. If you need help with anything, talk to Alice. If she's not available, leave a message with one of her secretaries. I can never remember their names, but all twenty seven of them have graciously agreed to collectively assume the name "Erin".

There's Cooper! Great guy, that Cooper. You know how people like to roll discarded sheets of paper into balls and toss them into the trash like they're making game-winning basketball shots? That's Cooper's job. Just give all your unwanted paper - or any actual basketballs that you're looking to dispose of, I guess - to him and he'll take care of the rest. The guy to Cooper's left is Adam. His job is to pick up all the shots that Cooper misses and properly dispose of them.

Sam is the head of our experimental weapons division. When you have a few minutes to spare, I highly recommend that you ask Sam for a guided tour of his work. He's got trebuchets conducting behavioral studies on chimpanzees, switchblades making dioramas of volcanoes - with dry ice and everything. It's amazing!

The stern looking guy guarding that supply room? He's Travis, and he oversees the distribution of all construction paper, glitter, dry macaroni, paste and safety scissors. Don't even think about slipping one by old Travis.

That's Roger, he's building the 2x scale Egyptian pyramid.

There's Leonard, our in-house lawyer. Right now we have him looking into the legality of seeking council from a man whose entire collection of law books were stolen from the flea market. Progress has been relatively slow, but the last time I spoke to Leonard he seemed very pleased that he was able to get into the fourth book of the *Left Behind* series without having read the first three.

Albert over there takes care of all the horses. His assistant, Crowley, trains them not to panic when we place glass bubble helmets over their heads and submerge them in water.

See that woman with the aviator cap, goggles, and the long white scarf swung over her shoulder? No, the one with the red hair. That's Claire, our biplane pilot. We don't have a biplane yet, but we figure it's a good idea to have a pilot ready for when we get one. The other pilot is Samantha, she just flies our corporate shuttle.

The guy with the glasses in the corner is Neal, our IT guy. If you see a clown hanging around, tell Neal immediately.

You've probably noticed the platinum plated device adorned with glowing, otherworldly crystals of varying shapes and gravitational pulls. That's our fully-functioning hologram recorder and projector. The woman that's frowning at it is Kim. Her job is to figure out what we're going to do with the thing.

Owen is the guy wearing the headset. He's our operator. We haven't had any injuries requiring

surgery in months, so mostly he just sits there playing Xbox games.

As you can see, Kirsten controls Office Bot: The Bot That Tries To Deliver Mail. Office Bot is great. Sure, he's four times as slow as a human, and his egg-beater hands shred more letters than they deliver. We still love him, though. The guy tagging along with Kirsten is Vincent. He's gauging the relative efficiency of the current fuel that Office Bot uses: American currency. Unless we see some improvements, we might have to make a switch to gold.

Ah, here's your desk. You've seen pretty much everyone, aside from a few dozen members of the espionage division that are out on assignment. Now, are you ready to help me find out why this hot dog cart can't seem to make a profit?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.5 Phoenix University Labor Day Kegger

Sunday, Sep 06, 2009 by MASTER_CHIEF420 (@iggolding)

Yo another year startin up here at Phoenix University, and this one promises to be wilder than ever before! The online classrooms might be borin' ya all out, but our online parties are pretty freaking legendary. Our keggers aren't limited to a frat house or some junk-o dorm. Oh no, when we party, we're partying from all the living rooms and computer labs in the country. Hell yeah. We party 2.0 style.

Nontraditional parties for nontraditional students. That's our motto, and we live it to the extreme. So, why don't you put your kids to sleep, close up those textbooks you're reading for a managerial warehouse position, and start wildnout.

Labor Day Kegger is the biggest party of the year, so I hope you frosh know what's coming. An extra long weekend means us bros have an extra day to party before heading back, all hung over and shit, to our entry level positions. So if you want to have some fun with us, cancel your golf trip this weekend and pop a tab and tip it on back, cause the only thing you're going to be teeing off this weekend is your wife. Wutang.

Wanna be a part of the biggest party at the biggest (internet) college in the country? Hell yeah you do.

- First thing you need is two cases of Natty. Yeah, we be rocking all night long, so you gotta be stocked, dude. Got it? Great.
- Now you gotta have a webcam and mic. Internet too. If you don't have these, try using the free ones at the library, but use one in the back row so no old bitty librarian will be shh-in' you while you be freakin with your homeboys.
- Some sweet digs. A polo other than your work shirt, dude.

Alright, so now you're sure to have a good time, but let talk about music. You need these songs and your playlist must be in this order. We can't all be jamming to different things, so start your music at exactly 9:30 Phoenix time a.k.a. party time.

So here's the official playlist. Lil Jon - Get Low , Usher - Yeah , O.A.R. - Crazy Game of Poker , 50cent - In Da Club , Eddie Money - Take Me Home Tonight , Asher Roth - I Love College , Bon Jovi - Living On a Prayer . Yo there are more, but it's a pain in the ass to type this stuff out, just so long as you know that with jams like this you'll be bouncing to the ground with some babe who is totally diggin you, but be sure to stretch first. Gotta be kind to those knees, dawg.

But it aint going to be all fun and games for you new pledges. Hell, naw. We have some "activities" planned for you boys. So, if ur a pledge for our frat you need the following:

1. A box of Fruity Pebbles
2. A plunger
3. A demitasse of lube

4. Three tampons (extra absorbent)
5. Lightbulb (old fashioned, not that new swirly shit)

One problem with having an eParty that we are still trying to overcome is a lack of physical contact, so you babies will be forced to apply the hazing yourself. It won't be lonely though, cause we'll be watching all that stuff go in. No homo, but make sure you have a nice cam that can catch a lot of color. More on that later!

Enough with the frosh, this next part goes to the upper class. So we got a special present from one of our bros getting his associates degree in programming. To introduce it, let me ask ya'll a question: Why do all the other frats get so much action from the ladies? The answer is simple: pills. See, since we're all online, we never get the chance to slip pills in their drinks, dig? Well, not any more. This bro invented the sickest program ever. He calls it ePill, and it's awesome. So you send an email out to the sexiest girls you know, some babe at a coffee shop or a chicka in your copy room, and as an attachment you slip in an ePill, so when she opens it watch out. Well, don't watch out, just watch, cause the program gives you infinite access to her webcam. Hell yeah, Phoenix University bringing date rape to the 21st century.

A good party is one you can talk about at the watercooler or in the truck, so we're providing you guys with a few photos to photoshop yourself in. Be the talk of the muffler department with these badboys.

So, see you on the web, dudes. As always, Alumni welcome, we're looking at you Shaq. And if you want a T-shirt of the event, reply with your mailing address, G.

-∼MASTER_CHIEF420 (@iggolding)

9.6 Miyuki Hatoyama's Most Bizarre Things I Encountered

Monday, Sep 07, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Read a political website or watch the news and you might get the idea that US President Barack Obama is an alien from a very distant and very Marxist planet. It's not that pundits think he's an alien, they just don't get why he can't prove that he is not from Pleiades by releasing his Planet Earth Citizenship Card! What does he have to hide?

Obama isn't the only world leader terrifying countrymen with potential otherworldly associations; incoming Japanese Prime Minister Yukio Hatoyama has earned the nickname "ET" because of his strange demeanor. Unlike Obama, Yukio Hatoyama isn't trying to hide that he's an alien.

He's even married to one! His wife, Miyuki, claims she visited Venus on a triangular spaceship.

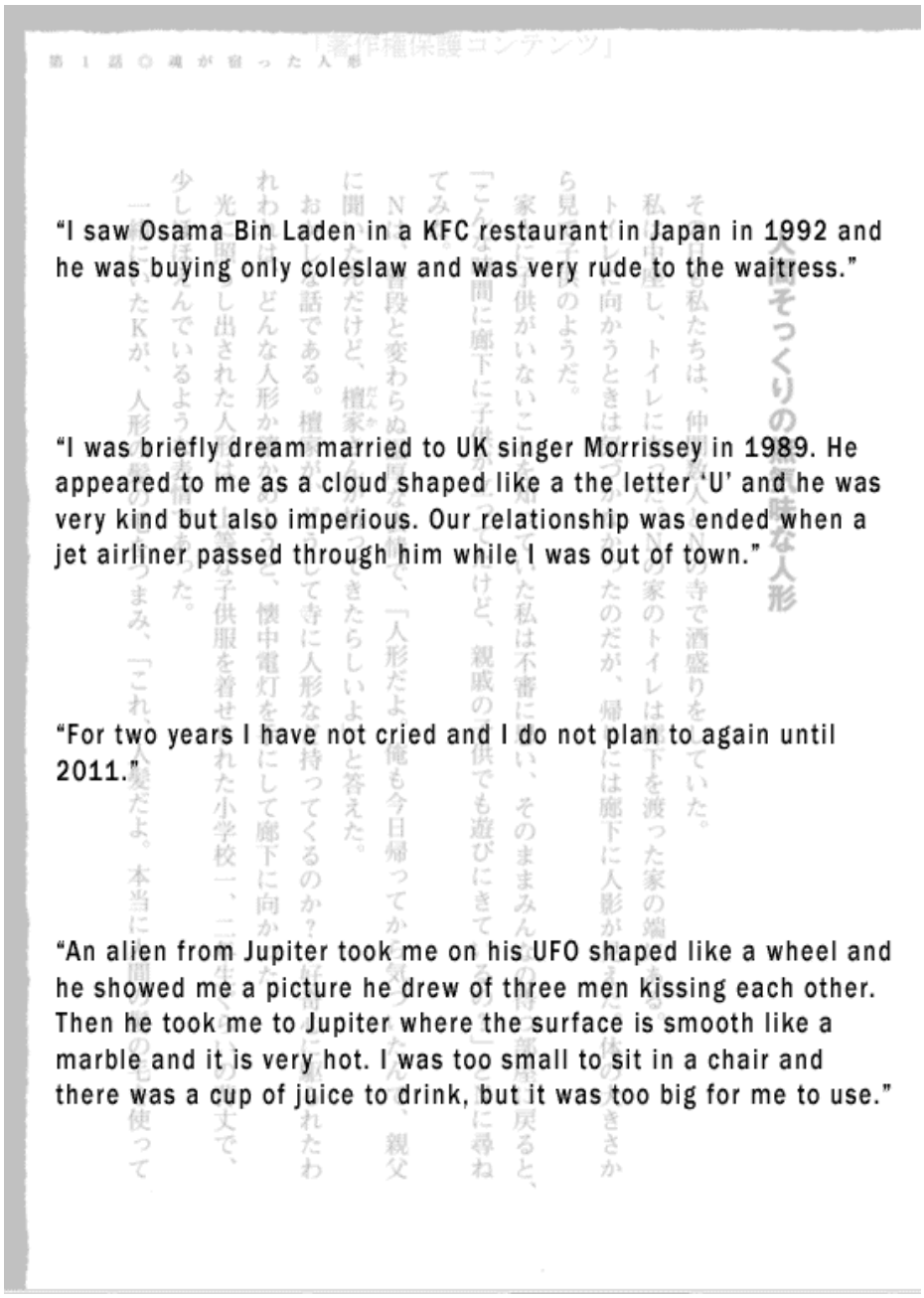
In a book titled ***Most Bizarre Things I Encountered*** Miyuki Hatoyama describes strange events including her 1970 abduction and visit to the surface of Venus ("extremely beautiful and very green") and a past-life friendship with actor Tom Cruise ("He was Japanese in his past life"). She also thinks she is making a film with Tom Cruise even though they have not met outside the context of a past life.

> *"I will win the Oscar for sure. About seven years ago my husband Yukio said to me, 'Yeah, yeah, that's a nice dream ..' but these days, he encourages me and he sits at his computer translating the script into English even though he is tired after work."*

That is a real quote from the real Miyuki Hatoyama, wife of the Prime Minister elect of Japan, saying when her husband gets home from being the leader of Japan he translates a movie script into English so she can star with Tom Cruise and win an Oscar.

I was curious about other Most Bizarre Things Miyuki might have Encountered during her lifetime. Some searching on the Internet turned up a pdf copy of what I believe to be Most Bizarre Things I Encountered. Unfortunately, I can only read hentai Japanese.

With a little help from some fan translators we have pieced together a few excerpts from the book. I warn you, some of the things Miyuki has encountered are very shocking.



"I saw Osama Bin Laden in a KFC restaurant in Japan in 1992 and he was buying only coleslaw and was very rude to the waitress."

"I was briefly dream married to UK singer Morrissey in 1989. He appeared to me as a cloud shaped like a the letter 'U' and he was very kind but also imperious. Our relationship was ended when a jet airliner passed through him while I was out of town."

"For two years I have not cried and I do not plan to again until 2011."

"An alien from Jupiter took me on his UFO shaped like a wheel and he showed me a picture he drew of three men kissing each other. Then he took me to Jupiter where the surface is smooth like a marble and it is very hot. I was too small to sit in a chair and there was a cup of juice to drink, but it was too big for me to use."

"I am working closely with Microsoft Bill Gates to make an even better computer that can use the telephone to call you as your favorite anime character."

"In 1973 I had a child with a cat. His name was Timu and he was killed by an airplane. This was not an accident and I am investigating the outcome."

"After many disappointments I met the real working Santa Claus in New Jersey in 1976. He signed a treaty and we exchanged technology."

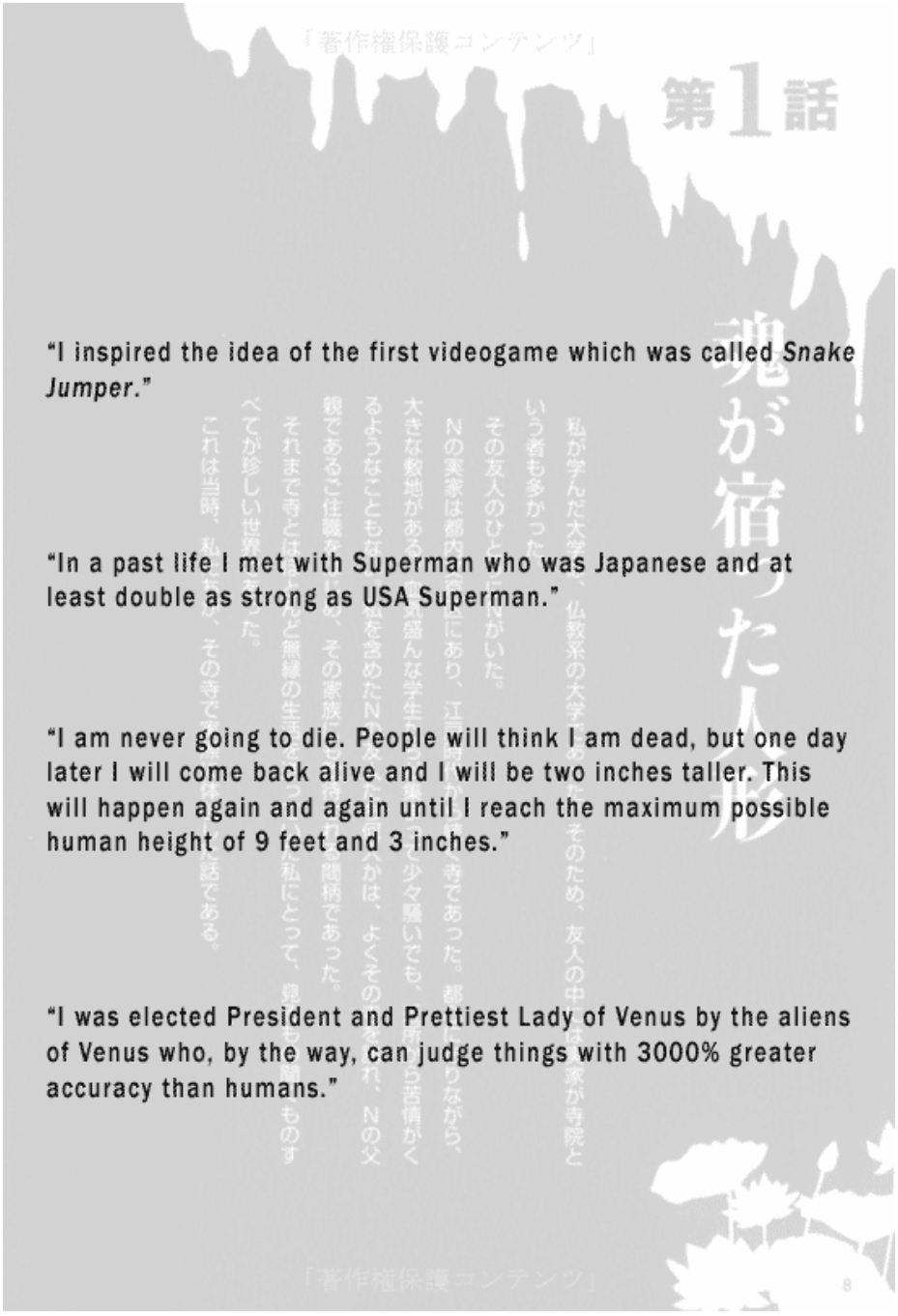
"Yale and Princeton and Harvard gave to me copies of their books of naked student posture photos as the award for a running speed contest and now I have seen all USA Presidents naked since 1965. Their bodies are beautiful and finely patterned like butterflies."

"In 1971 John Wayne asked me to appear in his television show called *Tokyo Warman GX* that was no. 1 USA program at the time. Then he sent another letter saying he changed his mind that he wrote because I was too good at acting."

"In a past life I was Tokyo-Haneda Monorail."

"I am Angelina Jolie USA actress currently in this life."

"I spent one year in 1986 learning how to fly by watching closely the wing movement of small birds and moths."


「著作権保護コンテンツ」
第1話
魂が宿った人形
"I inspired the idea of the first videogame which was called *Snake Jumper.*"
"In a past life I met with Superman who was Japanese and at least double as strong as USA Superman."
"I am never going to die. People will think I am dead, but one day later I will come back alive and I will be two inches taller. This will happen again and again until I reach the maximum possible human height of 9 feet and 3 inches."
"I was elected President and Prettiest Lady of Venus by the aliens of Venus who, by the way, can judge things with 3000% greater accuracy than humans."
「著作権保護コンテンツ」

Is she as scary as Obama? Maybe not, I didn't see any mentions of death panels or taking away guns in there. Still, you should never trust anyone affiliated with Tom Cruise, even by way of dreams of past lives.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 Rustlr.com: A Day at Ramblin Man

Wednesday, Sep 09, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Yodelin' Red Packiewicz just got back from Ramblin Man with a wicked scalp tan. I may have accidentally yodeled in agony some.
15 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Rapid City Russ Red, I wanna apologize again for my drunken behavior the other night. In my goddamn state of inebriation, I thought you was signalin me to lean in for a kiss.

Cowboy Charlie oh lordy lord

Simple Frode Gjertsen who is your stylist perhaps he is friends with mine

June Carson is awaitin a telegraph from that special someone she met at Ramblin Man
35 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy If I see one more nekkid cowboy covered and paint riding his horse all a-circle I'm gonna go on a stampede of killin such that the Mighty Lord Himself will vomit in horror and awe.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Cartoonify Yourself

Make a cool cartoon of yourself for absolutely free! Click here to get yours!

Cowboy Tag Cloud

Ramblin Man body paint snakebite remedies SHOWDOWN fractals peyote Comanche Colt .45 wagon trail High Noon same sex attraction outlaws cussedness stubble HOW TO TIE A BANDANA assless chaps BACON banjo tablature highwaymen GULCH bodega dancing girls cool yer heals GRAVY varmint dunderhead feller DYNAMITE lonesome riding scalping cures wigs

Tall James McGinley is now listed as lonesome.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

John Red Eagle would like to thank the white man for stealing his land, then using it to host the queerest thing he has ever seen.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Father Gerald Y'all are behaving like sinners, riding out there in that festival of Sodom. No shame!
3 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy ain't anyone seen Lefty? thought he was gonna be at this shindig.
4 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Hoppy Not since he split for Cleveland.

Blackboots McCoy dang, where'd he go and get the bread for that kinda travel?

Simple Frode Gjertsen my injun stylist said this was the look all the white man are wearing. sure hurts a lot!
4 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Doc Beazarau lol

Tiny Madison IS GODDANGED ANGRY RIGHT NOW. I THOUGHT RAMBLIN MAN WAS IN UTAH?
5 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Hoargy Calhoun you danged son of a biscuit, you said you knew where you was leadin us!!!

Hoppy feelin totally at one with the universe right now. Theory: little big horn... inside job?
7 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Prospectin' Doyle holy jehovah, i can feel colors
7 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Doc Beazarau hahahaha jim hoyle is on the ground coughing up black stuff
8 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Slimy Morgan damnit doc shouldn't you be doing somethin to help him?

Doc Beazarau oh yeah

Buford Bronson joined the group **You Know Yer Horse is Tired of You If...**
9 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Big Henry Haskell only regrets that he didn't wagon train some more bitches.
10 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Rapid City Russ is mighty confused right now. passed out drunk in the desert and when I woke up someone built a barn around me??? how long was I out for?
12 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Mad Bill Boothe the kind of stupid you got is rare and magnificent.

Rutherford Griffith we're having a 16-hour banjo trance session in the relaxation tent if anyone wants to join (bring yer own banjo)
14 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Vaquero Esquerra don't start without me!!!

–Vaquero Esquerra

Wenatchee Kid and **Cincinnati Pete** are no longer listed as pardners.
14 hours ago. **3 Comments**

Duke now what???

Wenatchee Kid I ain't gonna talk about it, goddamnit.

Cincinnati Pete oh quit yer bellyaching, kid. how was i gonna know you'd be wearing the same dang outfit to ramblin man.

Mad Bill Boothe all the drinks and opium you can handle, and it's all on yours truly.
14 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Sooty Stan Wooooo-hooo!! *whips hat against sides*

Gray Clay Bailey is kickin himself with spurs for packin the wrong long johns.
15 hours ago. **0 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt Shoooot! Can't believe I'm missin Ramblin Man for the first time in a dog's age. I'll have my revenge, you can count on it.
16 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Sheriff Pawley You keep runnin that sewer mouth of yers, Johnny. Them bars only open to the gallows.

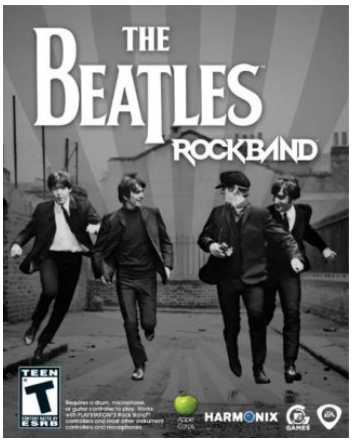
Bronco Bob just arrived at rambling man. Hoping y'all left your judgment at home.
16 hours ago. **0 Comments**

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.8 Cut Features from The Beatles: Rock Band

Thursday, Sep 10, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

At first, a project like The Beatles: Rock Band seemed like a complete impossibility. With their status as the deified God-kings of the worst generation in the history of the universe, The Beatles always seemed a little too important to let the world of tacky plastic instruments sully their music. Then Paul McCartney remembered he just lost 50 million dollars in a divorce settlement, and the fantastical dream of a Beatles music game became a profitable reality. But even with such a hot property on their hands, developer Harmonix soon learned that The Beatles license had to be treated with a certain amount of dignity missing from other music games like Guitar Hero: Dan Fogelberg's Greatest Hits. What follows is a list of features cut from The Beatles: Rock Band at the insistence of Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, Yoko Ono, and that one drummer from Wings.



MOTHER OF MERCY this is the culmination of all human achievement!

- Bigger Than Jesus Mode, where each Beatle is modeled to be physically larger than Jesus Christ.

- The Beatles: Rock Band: Pudgy Loner Edition, featuring a tube of fake blood, a signed insanity certificate, and a rare first edition of The Catcher in The Rye in which J.D. Salinger specifically tells the reader that they must kill John Lennon.

- Special mosiac options for impressionable younger players not yet accustomed to the nightmarishly ugly face of Ringo Starr.

I actually kind of look like this in real life
and spend every day cursing the god that did this to me.

- A Tetris-like mini-game where The Beatles help build Phil Spector's "Wall of Sound." Also, a bonus level where you must use the power of music to dismantle Phil Spector's "Wall of Murder."

- A "Winners don't use drugs" splash screen.

- Documentary-style interviews of Beatles fans who grew up during the Revolutionary 1960s, yet somehow managed to vote Reagan into office twice. 90% of this footage consists of conversations about how much things used to cost.

- Special Hard Day's Night stealth levels in which the band must inexplicably hide inside phone booths, photo booths, and behind newspapers to escape the throngs of attractive and horny teenage girls that want to have amazing sex with them.

- A small sampling of Ringo Starr's solo work, despite complaints from Amnesty International.

- Reader's Digest-sponsored large print option for the aging Beatles fan.

- Printed instructions for how to slap friends that hold edgy opinions about how The Beatles, Shakespeare, and Citizen Kane are "overrated."

- A unique Shining Time Station-themed level for "Ticket to Ride," featuring Ringo Starr in his Mr. Conductor uniform. The parts of John, Paul, and George are played by Thomas the Tank Engine, Max the Dump Truck, and Ned the Steam Shovel, respectively.

- Tie-in sponsorship with famous novelty store Spencer's Gifts, supplier of horrible fake mustaches that resemble the horrible real mustaches The Beatles eventually grew.

- A realistic depiction of a drunken, stumbling Ed Sullivan throwing empty gin bottles at a stagehand during The Beatles' famous appearance on his show.

- Special boss battles in which The Beatles duel and then crucify each member of The Monkees.

Yeah, I'm a fan of The Beatles. Mostly their oily years.

- "What Were the 60s?" A three-minute educational short featuring stock footage of Vietnam and Lyndon Johnson set to Strawberry Alarm Clock's "Incense and Peppermints."

- A ridiculously-overpriced $250 Special Edition that -- oh wait, this actually happened.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.9 Choosing the Right Exotic Shotgun Shell for Your 9/11 Party

Friday, Sep 11, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hell yes! Stars and stripes, runs and gun, boys. We have gone and power-strafed our heat hogs all the way up to 9-1-1 all over again. You hear that? The baddest of the bad, deadest of the dead, and reddest of the red-blooded American holidays is here again! Whooooooo-yeah! Get some!

You all remember what happened back in 2001? New York City was blasted to heck and back by some crazed terror plotters with a penchant for violence on innocent freedom. Now we take this day to solemnly swear to remember the three million or whatever that have perished in our war on terror and the towers fell and eagles cried. Most of all, though, we are here to shoot the shit out of some old Nissan with a dead alternator I got parked out back and get tore the fuck up on whiskey and tallboys of Natty Light.

You in? Shit yes, you are! Why else would you be reading this article unless you were throwing your own 9/11 Party and wanted to get yourself some exotic shotgun ammunition. You can't just go throwing a 12 Gauge rubber finned rocket stabilized tungsten core slug into the breech of your mammy's two-piper if you don't even got a tango in the area needs neutralizing from behind a refrigerator door. This is all about the right load for your party.

Shoot responsibly and remember do not drink and drive and shoot all at once. Pick two.

12 GA. Terminator
Hasta La Vista, Lady! These solid steel slugs are designed to slag synthoids from 25 yards. Can go right through a chassis and frag some transistors. Annoying androids wasting your time? Waste them back. With these shotgun bullets that will cave in their artificial faces. They aren't real faces. They don't feel pain. But they'll feel this. Terminator shotgun shells. Ironically named after the most famous robot in the world: a Terminator Robot.

$19.99

12 GA. Armor Piercing
Blast straight through your favorite flak jacket. Tank plates aren't stopping this sucker. Goes through three inches of armored steel. Can go all the way through a cop car. Tested on a real cop car! Used by cops on the front lines of the drug war on terror to shoot crooked cops. Those cops never saw it coming when the good cops shot them through their cop cars. Don't be one the wrong side of the car when the bad cops come for you.

$29.99

12 GA. Blanks
Baby bullets that aren't real and just go bang. Maybe would scare a baby bird out of a tree. Set off a car alarm from 50 feet. Get as close as you want. Shoot it at somebody's heart. Shoot it in their face. Just a loud bang and a puff of smoke. Not even worth your time. A kid's toy. Let your kids play with this one...if they're girl kids. Manufactured in Paris, France by homosexuals.

$19.99

12 GA. Pepper Blast
Time to kick your barbecue up a notch with these oleorem ipsum atomic madness chili filled shotgun shells. Whooooeeee! This is the hottest pepper shell by scovil units currently on the market. Blast your taste buds with some of this. Put the shotgun into your mouth and pull the trigger.
Taste the heat of over **50 million scovil units** . This is the exact estimated temperature of real magma! Fire it at wings and pizzas and hotdogs and your puppy's eyes when he's bad. Shoot it at your lawn to kill weeds or just pound rounds into your microwave when it's time to cook up a ecb or Extra Cheese Burrito. Comes in *Regular* and *Double Dante's Inferno Insanity Pepper of Hiroshima Hell* which is the same but with 4-color printing on the label.

$19.99

12 GA. Confetti Rounds
The kids can't get enough of our classic 9/11 confetti rounds. Relive the tickertape terror nightmare as the towers fell and the streets of Manhattan were rained down upon with the debris of burning freedom! Just fill up your favorite 12 Gauge home defender with a ration of these rude dudes, take aim at your best bud, and let loose with two barrels of varicolored merriment. These rounds are certified Kid Safe by our junior gunsmith Billy, who loves to blast away at my horses with these things day and night. Horses love them! Sneak up behind them real close and fire away. Fuck horses anyway.

$19.99

12 GA. Triple Decker
Big party this year? Time to bring out the big boy bullet. The Maximum Triple Decker fires double-triple heavy-gauge lead balls. Just one ball is enough to fly through a wall and go through two human bodies and then smash a framed picture. The Triple Decker gives you six times the lethality. You can now shoot twelve people at once or twenty four if you have a double barrel. Now who's the faggot?

$19.99

12 GA. Rhodesian Jungle
This is an all-purpose multi-purpose shell with buckshot and birdshot together. Perfect for shooting animals hiding with birds. If that intruder is coming at you with a bunch of ducks he will still go down, because the patented Rhodesian birdshot will strike first, eliminating the duck shield and exposing the intruder to the buckshot. Next time he won't try *ducking* this shell.....Also known in our members-only catalog as President Stoppers.

$19.99

12 GA. Piranha
Our most painful shell yet! The Piranha will pulp perps and slash assailants with over 50 razor sharp flechettes in each shell. These less-than-lethal lacerators will blind, shred, flay, dice, and slice any intruder before he can even get out his rape knife. The pain will be so intense with his juicy guts falling out on the floor of your den that the intruder will be disabled and you can take your time to select just the right coup de grace shell.

$19.99

12 GA. Macho Gaucho
In Argentina the cowboys call it a bolo. Two heavy balls connected by a cord and thrown to ensnare the legs of fleeing animals. We call it the Macho Gaucho and it's the first in our new line of superlethal rounds. These rounds produce Hollywood-quality gore effects on intruders. The Macho Gaucho is particularly good at severing limbs, but use your imagination: from the side they could be used to slice someone in half! Great for Town Halls!

$29.99

What shell will entertain the best at your 9/11 party? This isn't some goddamn commie fascist country yet. In this post-9/11 world certain freedoms must be upheld to be self-evident and righteous in alien right. The final decision is yours. Just remember to never forget!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.10 A Blind Man Guesses What He's Touching

Saturday, Sep 12, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Some sort of rough fabric with lots of... wavey bumps? Ridges? They feel brittle, and seem to diminish as they melt under the oils of my hands. The fabric must be very thin, as the gentle pressure of my fingertip keeps punching holes clear through the whole thing.

Is it one of those break-away banners that are used for finish lines?"

The Mystery Item Is: *The Starry Night* by Vincent Van Gogh

"This is rounded, but oblong. The surface is sort of leathery. Probably synthetic. It's been filled nearly to the point of bursting with air. Oh, here we go. It's being cradled tightly in the arm of a steroid-riddled athlete. His grip is fierce, and the object will not come loose.

It has to be a football."

The Mystery Item Is : Tila Tequila's head

"Ow. That's sort of hot!

Okay, I feel a uniform blob of goop. It's thick and heavy, but it parts easily enough as I cup my hands together and scoop it up. When I rub it between my fingers I get a sort of grainy sensation.

This one's easy. A bowl of oatmeal."

The Mystery Item Is : The surface of the sun

"Feels like circuitry. I'm not up to date on this stuff, but I believe this is a CJ-180 board and that these wires here lead to a thermite coupler. On the underside is a... what is that? Is that an N8 voltage switch? Feels a little loose, but yeah, I think it is.

The main interface is some sort of haptic device, maybe the new Novint Falcon. Solid state hard drives, multiple backup power sources. A holographic projector.

Is it a custom rig for forensics analysis?"

The Mystery Item Is : A pad of Post-It notes

"Okay, here's a human face. Definite male features. Rugged, strong jawline. Dimpled chin. Mustache.

Wow, is this Brad Pitt? I'm a big fan of your work!"

The Mystery Item Is : Teddy Roosevelt's visage on Mount Rushmore

"A rectangular depression in the ground, lined with concrete. Inside is a liquid kept at a nice, cool temperature of 25°C.

Now that I've jumped in, I estimate that the dept of the hole is around 2 meters, if not a little more. The width spans 25 meters, and swimming from one end to the other puts the length at precisely 50 meters.

Judging by the dimensions, I'd say this is without a doubt an Olympic swimming pool."

The Mystery Item Is : An Olympic Vomitorium

"This part right here is a snorkel. There's some rope wound around the bit that bends, binding it to a... bass guitar? No, sorry. One of those bass guitars with two necks and two sets of strings.

The bass is welded to the lap of a large animatronic figure with a layer of fake fur draped over it. Its head is dog-like. The figure is sitting on a rocking chair, and at its feet rests a plaque with a set list engraved in it. The songs are:

Walk The Dinosaur
Happy Birthday
Walk The Dinosaur (Reprise)
Thank God I'm a Country Boy
Walk The Dinosaur (Extended Jam)

I'm pretty sure this is one of the Pizza Time Players from Chuck E. Cheese. Jasper T. Jowls?"

The Mystery Item Is : Me

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.11 I Have Big Ideas for Dan's Carpets

Monday, Sep 14, 2009 by Dan Jr. (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Dan's Carpets Employees,

Yo, thanks for all your support and stuff about my dad dying. It has been a big help. I have looked at Dan's Carpets's financial things and it looks like we're doing okay. But I got an associates degree in business from ASU that says we can do better. A lot better.

Starting Monday I want everyone to implement some of my new ideas. They're big and bold.

Number one, no more carpets. Carpets? Been there done that. We've seen a million carpets. Everyone is sick of them. They've seen it all done before. Skeazy motels have carpets, not houses. Sales are alright, but they dropped back in October of 2008 and they haven't gone all the way back up yet. That happened because, like I said, people are just sick of carpets.

We are switching to painted flooring. We will paint your floor. That's our new motto. I am working on a song about it now with my cousin T and his friend who is Northern Indiana's #3 most popular wedding DJ. I guess he's in a band that plays at The Docks on Saturdays called Reggaenomics. So I guess it's gonna be a reggae song.

Number two, Bob Donnelly who was the floor manager for 15 years is going to be retiring on Monday. I am promoting Victoria from sales to this job. I think we need some fresh ideas and I think since she has only been with us for a couple weeks she has some really new perspective or whatever.

Vince and Renee, I want you guys to get the hand trucks and move all of the carpet out to the back and burn it. Try to get it done before the Panera opens up across the road because they might call the cops or something.

Victoria is going to be managing the floor so if you have any sales questions just ask her.

AJ I need you to get all of the van keys back from the delivery drivers. We're not going to do any more carpet deliveries. I'm going to sell all but one of the vans on Craigslist and use the money to buy our paint. My buddy works at Lowes and he said he can get us 10% off on paint so we're going to do that. So AJ, when you're done with that take the one van over to Lowes and buy 5 of every color of paint. Then get some flooring samples and paint those.

Also I am going to be doing some carpet painting experiments with Ricky out back. So from 1 to 3 if you want to watch us shoot paint balls at carpets then come out back.

Third or fourth or whatever, my cousin Jimmy is going to be in charge of the front office. He just got out of prison so I don't want anyone to talk about 16 year olds. Don't bring in your kids anymore either, at least not within 100 yards of front office.

Terry, warehouse is fine, just help out AJ with the paint cans and help Vince and Renee move all the carpets out. You might need to show them how to use the hand trucks. I'm also going to need you to go over to my dad's house and get all the hunting and fishing stuff and pictures and clothes and crap out of there. Realtor said we've got a nibble and I want to show that next week before the

buyers realized about the roof.

The possibilities of the future are limitless for Dan's Carpets.

Finally, TV ads. I am going to pull dad's TV ads and I need to shoot some new ones, so Kelly, please call Video Services of Fort Wayne and tell them we're going to need some new footage. If any of you have a house with a wood floor you're tired of and your house doesn't look like crap, then please let me know and we can make your house a star by painting the floor for one of my commercials.

Bill, Little Terry, Josh, and Cynthia: you guys are all fired. I know about all of you saying my sister could run this place better than me. It's nothing personal, it's about business. I need a positive, proactive attitude and you guys just suck. You're out.

Everybody else: I am really looking forward to the new possibilities of Dan's Carpets moving forward and it is exciting about working with me on this. Thanks

See you Monday!

Dan Jr.

PS - I will be out Wednesday until next Monday at a business retreat thing in Miami.

-~Dan Jr. (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 Dan Quinn Queers the Stevia Deal

Tuesday, Sep 15, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Everything in the following paragraph is completely true:

Dan pleasin' a lady

Meet former Notre Dame ballplayer and UFC fighter Dan Quinn, also known as the angel Maitreya, also known as the inventor of cold fission. That's his face, it's really big. He stopped playing ball amid an allegedly bogus attepted rape charge, so he instead decided to fight for a living. Nowadays he's over 40 years old and lives with his mother. God has spoken to him, however, informing him of his angel status and now he spends his afternoons mixing the sweetener stevia with water in a blender, which "explodes into a soup" (the miracle of cold fission) and purifies your body when you drink it, cleansing your body of cancer and excess weight. According to him, he is the toughest man on the planet thanks to stevia's health benefits, and compares himself to Muhammad Ali regularly. Dan threw his son down the stairs to prove stevia has magic power and compared it to the war in Iraq. The power of stevia brought his nearly-dead cat back to life. He has an imaginary friendship/partnership with Mark Brannon (Mel Gibson from Tequila Sunrise) and he thinks the character from the Bad Boy clothing line was modeled after him because he beat up 5 guys at a bar one time.

One hundred percent, unflinchingly true.

https://youtu.be/WaBUi-CnqPo

> The following is for all women and children on planet Earth. This is your personal and very real Wonka golden ticket. Watch to the end, know that Josh risked his life going down the stairs into a rack– equals paying this forward and following directions– equals ending the war in Iraq. I have cold fission and the cure in stevia, equals the savior of planet Earth. Stevia blends water magically into a natural gas called "splitH2O" (operates blender) that equals ending global warming, equals cycling back into H2O beneath toxic soap, equals getting enough toxic soap out of H2O, equals my body ballpark to him (points to poster of Muhammad Ali) in speed and athletic ability, equals you not knowing about stevia because the evil rich don't want you to, equals an Uncle Fred (unintelligible) backs me up at Notre Dame when I'm set up and expelled for a false attempted rape that I could prove in court was a lie, or in Miami when the police brought (unintelligible) a nationally ranked white heavyweight boxer, I'm already rich and famous, and even though millions have already seen me on car windows, 'cause Google told me that the Bad Boy was me after I knocked out five guys who attacked me at Juanita's, and you might believe the following:

> Twenty years ago at Notre Dame, and finally defeating an opponent in another country, and speaking with Muhammad Ali, I had a vision. One day, I'm the richest man in the world, using 98% of profit to share with all employees, ending written slavery on Earth forever. While my ex was pregnant, dreaming that my son would one day need a revolution, to now, twenty years later, that I was touched by God who told me I'm the angel, Maitreya– M-A-I-T-R-A-Y-A, Google it– and proceeds from stevia plus water plus energy slash blending, equals splitH2O and pureH2O, equals cold fission, equals a Nobel prize, equals eventual billions of dollars, equals I'm serious as a heart attack, equals eight teaspoons a day over four months melted away six tumors and sixty-two pounds from Uncle Bob's body, equals only one hundred dollars total at star west botannicals dot com, equals one pound a month to make pureH2O, equals my body ballparked to the greatest athlete who ever lived, Muhammad Ali.

https://youtu.be/PLS8FCp2ohc - Dan and His Mother Fighting in the Car

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p-XZM_AWV6M&#t=6m15s - Dan Quinn crying, wanting to be reincarnated as Muhammad Ali.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oEGw39ZxQ-A#t=5m38s - A rant about a locker room incident 20 years ago, how stevia will end all drug use in the United States.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jFx6TxbZQBk#t=5m35s - An enraged Dan calls out Dana White. Actual demonstration of the stevia blending process.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PblXhbZNa3s - Dan gives a little tour of his stevia soup jugs to the ladies.

The Callout

DAN QUINN. The SA members belonging to FYAD (Fighting, Youth, And Domination) challenge you to explain yourself. We are a community of athletic scientists who put an emphasis on fighting. It's natural and we're mostly males, it's what we do. Another thing we do is agree with each other that stevia is just plain sugar.

Myself, I'm a practicioner of the meat method. You take some frozen meat and ice up, right? Ice my chest, ice my legs, become impervious to attack no matter what. They do this shit in Afghanistan before battle but they don't talk about it because then the terrorists would do it, too. I ice up my legs for 15-20 minutes before a fight and I'm set for 2 hours or more of brutal kicks and leg movement, brother.

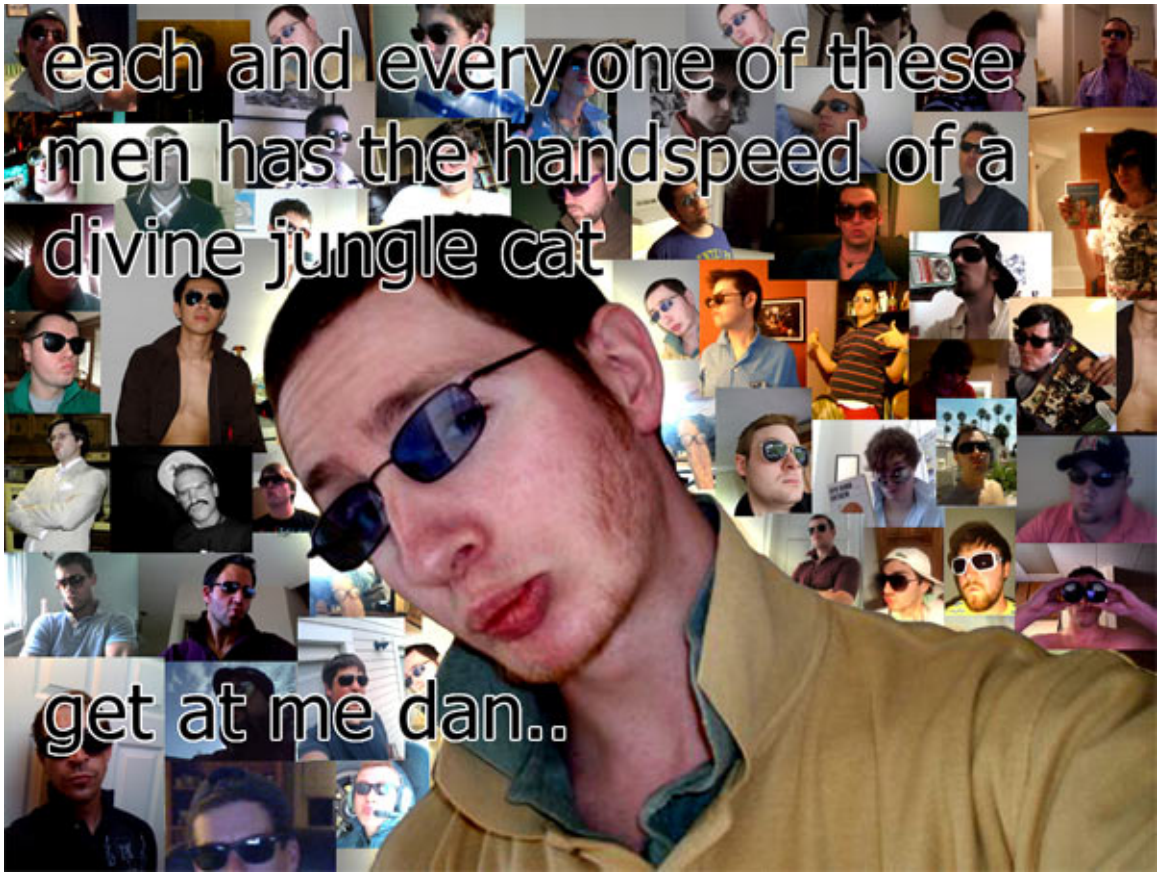
https://youtu.be/7iQ0dJUgXEs

My feet $>$ your legs because legs are longer than feet brother, equals you go down in 1 round from a kick to the head. It's going to be some Tales from the Hood shit because when these legs move it's like the Flash, it's like that fucked-up carnival or whatever, from the movie? And I'm like the Grandma and I turn around and my face is a skull (a vision of your defeat) and then my leg flies up with hawk speed right into your neck, because you made a mistake.

Stevia is common table sugar, OK? You call yourself a scientist, a Nobel prize winner, but it is the same, chemically, as a baby's vitamin or a placebo. My first thought when I saw you mixing that blender is that I could be ready at the slightest drop of the smallest hat to riddle your old useless body with blows that would break the jaw off a dog, a big fuckin' dog. The only boxing you're capable of is shadow boxing and you faked a shoulder injury to back out of fighting Dan Huckaba, you know man? Ross Clifton's bloated corpse could put up better punches than that

slowmo handspeed shit you show everyone online. **Check your Youtube private messages** , we got you an SA forums account and we are just waiting for your gnarled little ass to show up, you know?

I don't know who the dude in the middle of this photo is he just kind of showed up but he's FIERCE in the ring.



-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.13 Unlike My Opponent: Health Care Edition

Wednesday, Sep 16, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

Unless you live in a cave, you probably already know that America has been taken over by some kind of Arab spaceman with diabolical plans to give poor people health care. Naturally, this has put quite the proverbial Africanized killer bee in the bonnet of the far right. Not a day goes by that we don't hear some talk of sinister death panels waterboarding grandma, plans to augment illegal immigrants with cybernetic implants, and a complete and total socialist overthrow of the American government.

Many believe that pouring tons of money into a bloated, corrupt system that routinely screws over millions of Americans is working perfectly fine. After all, charging lots for health care is a sacred tradition, dating back to Biblical days when Jesus would charge tons of money for healing the lame and resurrecting the dead.

Well, I'm here to tell you there's another way to get things done. Forget about the republicans and the democrats. If you elect me President of these United States, I will enact real change. For unlike my opponent...

I will not waste taxpayer money constructing terrifying island colonies for the sick. Instead, we will use that same money to construct terrifying island colonies for the healthy.

I value the healing properties of colloidal silver and swamp leeches.

I believe that no family should ever have to bear the expense of having grandma's severed head cryogenically frozen, nor should they have to pay for expensive consultations from cryogenic specialists.

I say "yes" to insuring persons with pre-existing conditions and "hell naw" to fatties.

My plan will include most animals except geese, cats, and small dogs.

My plan does not cover extreme body modifications, which my opponent calls "wicked" and "100% mandatory for all teenage girls."

I believe that no one should be able to come between you and your pharmacist to tell you that you can't pay for your prescription with an advertisement tattooed on your belly.

My plan will not cover illegal aliens. Instead, it will train them to be doctors so that they can cover us.

I believe in preventative medicine, such as maintaining the delicate balance of the four humours through regular bloodletting.

My public option will not subsidize the prostitution of golems made of discarded embryos.

I will put a stop to America's organ trading black market instead of using it as a personal buffet.

My death panels will be properly trained to handle any situation, not just executing grandma and grandpa.

Out of respect for the terminally ill, I will not televise death panel executions except in cases of extreme sickness.

My plan has a beautiful black cover with a picture of a human heart done in the style of those *Twilight* novels, which my opponent *has never even read* .

My plan does not cover vampires, as they are immortal and do not need health care.

My plan will reward women for giving birth to normal human babies instead of hideous insect babies engineered to fight in underground wars.

My plan lacks nasty language and colorful descriptions of female genitalia.

My plan spells the word "VAGINA" correctly all 3,425 times it's used.

I will end expensive premiums and copays for routine doctor visits. No American should ever go broke just to have a doctor blast some medicine up his or her butthole.

My plan does not cover supernatural curses. If you angered a mummy, werewolf, or dead pirate, that's your mess to deal with.

I believe the only way we're going to defeat swine flu is to think like the pig.

Let's be completely honest here: the competing plan's ultimate goal is to turn us all into dumb, immotile trees.

We will solve the problem of workers' coverage being tied to their employer with one simple solution: lose your job and you will be hanged.

I am morally opposed to stacking sick people at the base of a large volcano, just as I am morally opposed to dropping hydrogen bombs into said volcano.

My plan is intended to stand alone and does not end with a cliffhanger.

My plan will not only cover abortions, but every American woman who gets one is automatically entered in a prize drawing for a FREE MAKEOVER.

I believe that immortality can be achieved, just as soon as we figure out how to suck the youth out of our children.

My plan will finally fill a need that has long gone unfulfilled: the installation of surplus body parts.

I support time-tested medical practices such as trepanation and mummification.

My plan allows the government to negotiate prices on the emetics our seniors need.

I know the pain that not having proper health care puts on a family. During my brief metamorphosis into a cockroach, my loved ones were forced to get new jobs and care for me.

I firmly support the use of modern medical technology to save money and improve the quality of care for patients.

I promise to put an iron lung in every American household.

So, basically, you'd be an idiot not to elect me.

A special thanks goes to my friend & associate, **Guapo Hussein the Street Cactus** , for his invaluable contributions to this article.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.14 Nobody Messes with S.W.O.R.D.

Thursday, Sep 17, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

The man squinted. Clearly irritated, he inspected his forearm, fingers delicately dabbing a few trace surface-level abrasions. An exasperated sigh escaped a mouth encircled by an unimpressive wreath of coarse hairs.

"This... is uh..." the man stammered. His eyes twitched. "My theories.. that is... my calculations... I have been training for years! In theory, I should have been essentially untouchable in this battle."

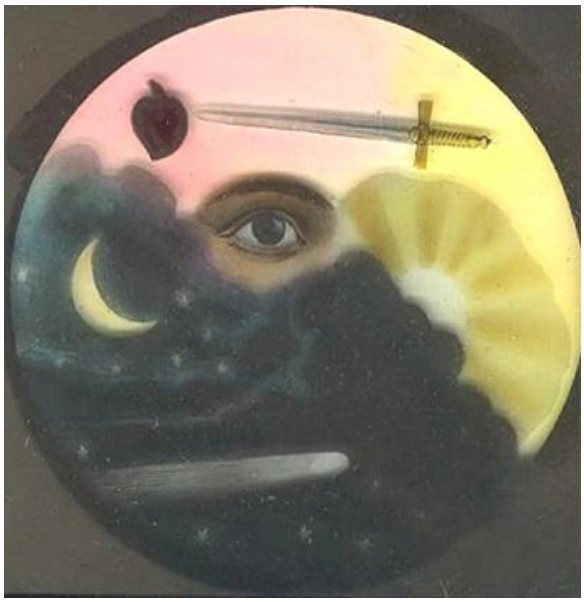
After further reflection, though, he smiled smugly and allowed himself to acknowledge that, technically imperfect as it might have been, this was a victory. He had repelled the invading hordes. They'd laughed at him for practicing his swordplay -- not these butchered marauders whose blood matted his carpets, perhaps they wouldn't have violated his haven had they known to fear his practiced ripostes -- but other people, they had definitely laughed. The fools.

The man detected crimson speckles on his normally pristine khakis. He regarded the blood with the seasoned disinterest of a house painter noticing colorful splotches on a pair of vocational overalls. He brushed himself off purposefully, smoothing the creases in his sage green polo. Satisfied with his regained composure, the man stared lovingly at his sword, which was still lodged in the back of a fresh cadaver. The blade reflected his affectionate gaze. It glimmered with an aura of triumph, as the skewered body twitched to the beat of an unheard postmortem melody.

It was truly magnificent, he thought -- the sword, not the spastic corpse. This particular specimen was the envy of the two other members of the sword-fighting club he had founded. The man had acquired his glorious weapon through the wages of toil, using earnings from his job emptying change from the electronic horse rides at grocery stores. An honorable man, he never kept even one of the coins that gleamed tantalizingly as they passed through his fingers.

The man inhaled deeply, peered at the obstinate sword with a concentrated intensity, and gripped the hilt tightly like the pert breasts of an Elven princess. "Return to your rightful master, Excalibur!" he cried in a cracking falsetto that betrayed his vexation. With whitened knuckles and gritted teeth,

he pulled with all his might, but the weapon would not budge. He retreated for a spell, stealing a few heavy breaths. A tiny geyser of blood abruptly spouted from the wound, cutting through the silence with a pathetic squirting noise, as if to mock him. Clearing his throat, he muttered to himself "In theory, this should not be such a laborious task." The smooth tenor had returned to his voice.



The man shook out his arms and bounced in place like a just-announced boxer, motivating himself for another attempt to pry his beloved possession from its most unworthy sheath. "Excalibur, do not disobey me," he warned, reaching for the bejeweled handle. This time, he altered his technique by planting one foot firmly in the fleshy marsh that surrounded the incision. A grotesque squish drowned out the grunts of his struggle. With a final heave, he dislodged the sword from the mangled gash. Propelled by the force of removing the weighty weapon, his foot slipped on the blood-slick surface of the black satin vest worn by the fallen intruder. Excalibur met the ground with a hollow clang, and the man fell backward, landing next to the lifeless heap. The man winced, and then he sorely blinked his eyes open and stared into the face of this particular victim. The face stared back blankly, mouth slightly agape.

The man permitted himself to gloat -- "Ha! Buffoon!" -- before deciding it undignified for a swordsman of his stature. He crawled to Excalibur, gripped its handle with the passionate resolve of someone who'd briefly lost what he loves most, and slowly rose to survey his surroundings. Chairs and tables were overturned; posters depicting ancient warriors were ripped; computer monitors lay on their sides, the screens flickering like candles at a vigil. And then there were the bodies. The man beamed, then shouted: "In theory, I am the greatest swordsman who ever lived!"

Suddenly, something moved. The man froze immediately, eyes darting in search of the culprit. He stepped gingerly over severed limbs as he neared the quivering mass. This wasn't rigor mortis, though; this was the involuntary shivering of someone trying to keep still and finding themselves betrayed by their own immutable terror. The body released a weak cough, which degenerated into a low gurgle. The man approached with a bafflement-wrinkled brow.

"This is... this is impossible... The laws of science and physics dictate that, in theory, the deceased should not be able to create noises!" He pushed up his glasses in punctuation. As he drew near, the man could see that this body was, in fact, very much still alive. Severely wounded, and destined never to burgle again, but breathing just the same.

"Oh, this.. this will just not do," the man said in a scolding tone. "I'm afraid you need to die."

"Wait," gasped the bandit. He spat at intervals, as if he were brushing his teeth with blood. "Please don't kill me."

"Ha! Fool!" the man exclaimed, raising his sword. "You will not be spared!"

As Excalibur dangled menacingly above the injured man's chest, the hapless foe managed to cry out "PLEASE!"

The sword froze in midair, inches above the vanquished thief's ribcage. The man's face contorted in contemplation. After what seemed like forever, he spoke. "Well, in theory... this could be interesting. How about we play a game?"

The injured man gave his best attempt at a grateful expression. "Please.. d-don't hurt.. me..." he wheezed.

At that moment, the man reached a hand inside the red velvet pouch dangling from his holster (he was wearing a holster). He smiled toothily as his fingers explored the familiar, cool firmness of the dice contained within this portable gamer's womb. He removed his prized 20-sided die from the small bag, cupping it with both hands.

Shake, shake, shake.

The man on the floor looked up helplessly, not knowing what a "good" roll or a "bad" roll would be. He hoped that whatever happened, he could escape somehow, and live long enough to say goodbye to his family and girlfriend.

Shake, shake, shake.

The die exploded from the man's palms, rolling like a boulder across the table next to him. The man on the floor stared in horror as an inscrutable grin spread slowly across his conqueror's face. "I rolled a 20," he whispered. He stepped closer, readying his sword. "I ROLLED A 20!" He squealed with delight, raising the sword above his head enthusiastically. He then paused, raising his eyebrow. He looked up. The tip of Excalibur was stuck in the ceiling tile. "Not this again," he sighed with annoyance.

Yanking it free, the man repositioned it over his cowering opponent and, without further fanfare, stabbed him in the throat. Satisfied that the most stubborn of these aggressors was now sufficiently dead, he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow with his handkerchief. He then covered his face with the crumpled piece of cloth, blowing his nose. "My allergies are terrible today," he intoned.

Heading for the door, he assessed the wrecked state of what he'd always considered his impenetrable fortress. But his room could be renovated, whereas its disturbers could not be resurrected. He smirked. Another victory.

"Nobody messes with S.W.O.R.D." He paused for a moment, and then he struck an action pose.

"STUDENTS WIELDING OUTSTANDING RENAISSANCE DEVICES!"

With a cloud of smoke and a flash of light, he vanished.

Thank you to Morgan for collaborating with me on this story. Long live the Brotherhood of outstanding Blades!

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

9.15 Every American Should Own a Gun

Friday, Sep 18, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In addition to being fun, guns are also necessary.

Science fiction author Robert Heinlein once wrote, "An armed society is a polite society." I think there's more to the quote than that, but that's all that fits on the t-shirt. His concept is simple: when everyone has a gun, no one is willing to risk gun death by farting uproariously or discussing a woman's bosom. Society then becomes very peaceful and happy and polite.

Heinlein's maxim is borne out by history.

The 19th century American West was heavily armed and famously polite. Cowboys never looked overlong at a lady's gait or untucked their shirttails in mixed company. With all those six-shooters around they had good reason to fear being shot for the slightest breech of decorum.

On the other end of the spectrum it's hard to imagine a more socially vicious nation than Japan, where all guns are completely outlawed and rudeness rules. The Japanese do whatever they want all the time and will come up to you just to insult you. Do you think cowboys pretended to text while they discretely groped teenage girls on the subway? If cowboys were real they would just stand and scream in horror at the incomprehensible Asian techno future of Japan.

And what a dystopia it is! In 2006 there were 53 shootings in Japan. Not 53 people killed (only 2 were killed that year) or even 53 people shot; there were 53 events where criminals fired weapons. With numbers like that no wonder they're so rude in Tokyo.

Here in the modern United States you need only look at the rates of gun ownership and various state carry laws to get a feel for the relative politeness of the population. About 60% of folks in Wyoming own guns and they are allowed to carry them wherever they want, including churches, schools, government offices, and jails. You can bet ranchers will gladly open their door to a stranger and be very tolerant of your beliefs, whatever they may be.

There's a reason everyone is so nice at country clubs and private dinner clubs.

If you're looking for rudeness then you shouldn't be surprised to find it in Washington. The District, that is. Fewer than 4% of Washingtonians own firearms and whoooo doggy those people are just plain mean.

The toxic discourse I hear about every day on the radio seems to be emanating from Washington, and that is exactly why I believe now is the time for every American to do their patriotic duty and purchase a firearm. If we want to bring a little civility back to this country we're going to have to make our voices heard, and the past few weeks have been instructive on that subject.

I was watching one of those silly town hall meetings and there were plenty of people yelling about doctors or whatever inside. It was a mess and no one was really being heard. However, there was a fellow outside with a gun on his hip. He was just some skinny guy trying to make his opinion known, but thanks to the gun safely in the holster on his side he was able to raise his voice above the clamor and was given several TV interviews. The point he was trying to make was that trees

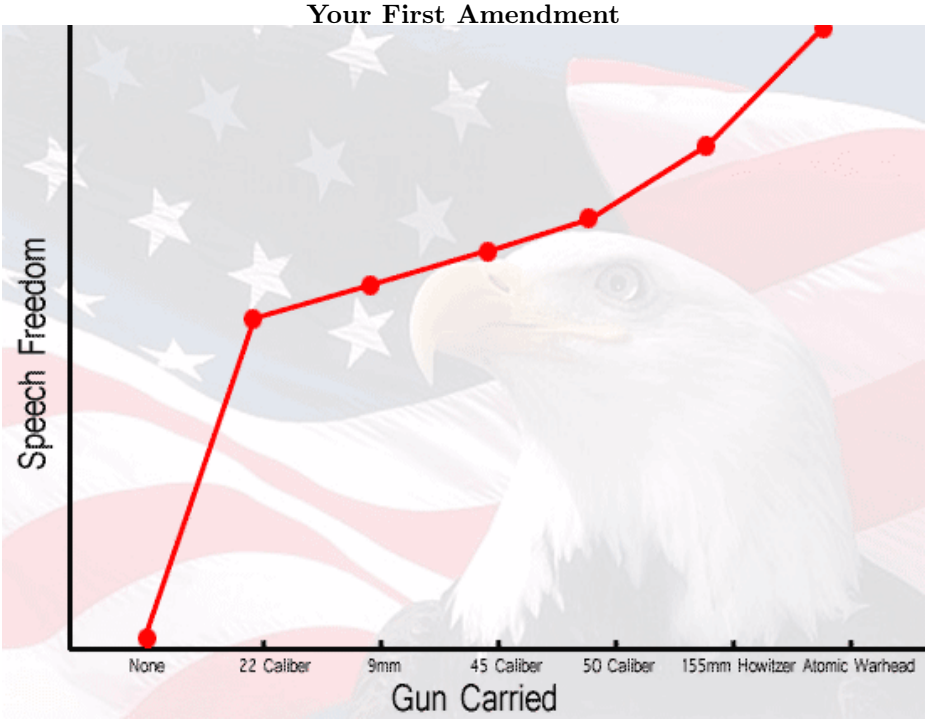
need to be taken care of or they will die.

I ran right outside and watered all my trees.

I knew I was onto something the next day when a man showed up at a town hall with a rifle and a pistol. He was even being interviewed by a radio host with a pistol, so that's like triple freedom and then doubled by the radio and then doubled again because it was on AM radio, the freest of the radio spectrums. I'm not sure exactly what they were talking about, but based on the video they shot of the event I believe it involved vaccinations.

That was all the proof I needed. Not only do guns make people more civil, they also allow those people to have their voices heard over America's raucous political environment. Buy a firearm, then bring that firearm wherever you go and maybe even shake it around a little while you're talking. Your free speech can become freer depending on the quality of the weapon you are carrying. It jumps up astronomically just having any sort of gun, but having a bigger gun makes your voice louder.

Your First Amendment



Think of carrying a gun around as a slider on a mixing board attached to an amplifier. Just by having a gun you're turning the amplifier on, so you're already at 1000% free speech, but if you move the slider up you can reach 1500% or 2000%.

That means your speech will be approximately 20 times freer than the unarmed single mom with cancer sitting next to you at the town hall.

If you don't bring a gun your voice is likely to be drowned out by all the people with guns, particularly if they are shooting those guns. Do you remember what the students at Kent State said? No, of course not, because those National Guardsmen kept interrupting and their voices were much louder.

This baby hangs out in the politest playpen.

The equation is simple: you + gun + public forum = better country. The time to do the math is now.

If we want to restore some sense of decorum to our nation there is only one way to make our voices heard by the fat cats in Washington: purchase firearms. We have got to get a gun into the hands of every American! Let's see those hands, guys!

Awwwww, yeah. That's right. Town hall, here we come.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.16 Of Mayonnaise And Modern Rebellion

Saturday, Sep 19, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

No generation before ours had a clue.

They lived in black and white. Thought in two dimensions. We think in three dimensions, and do said thinking outside the box, in full color HD.

We refuse to bow down to traditional logic. We don't wipe from front to back, or from back to front. We wipe from side to side.

We are Charmin, and we despise everything our forebearers stand for.

The wars that have been waged are wack. We won't fall in line. Won't say "Yes, sir" and "Right away, sir".

We ride our tractors in ellipses and inspired zig-zags. Sometimes we push the limits of what tractors are supposed to do, we flip them and don't even bother harvesting. To hell with the crops. To hell with the police. To hell with your confining rows of perfectly neat and perfectly safe plants.

We are John Deere, and we are turning the steering wheel in directions you've never even thought were possible.

Your narrow mind cannot comprehend how we post things on the internet that are actually the opposite of what we mean. We fake post to elude the mainstream's grasp of who we are, and what we are capable of.

The entirety of our sense of humor can be summed up as "If you can imagine a '...NOT!' at the end, we think it's hilarious". We refuse to accept your rules. We won't let you brainwash us into thinking that irony and a mean attitude aren't funny without the addition of an actual joke. You'll never convince us that our way of posting was old five years ago.

We are half of the Something Awful forums, and we will not be ignored.

We know that if you're over the age of 30, you are actively trying to keep us down. It consumes you, as we are obviously the center of the universe.

Why don't you stop thinking about us, and start thinking about the way we want you to think about us?

Why are you so frightened of our Master Chiefs, and how they break all the rules by not sitting in the center of our shirts, but in swirling antiestablishmentary patterns?

We are Ecko Unlimited, and every time you knock us down we are getting up to buy more jean shorts and spraypaint derivative shit on things we don't own for attention.

Don't strain yourslef trying to look like all the others.

Don't allow yourself to be pinned between those that came before you and all those that will come after, the pressure choking the life out of you.

In other words, don't be such a copy.

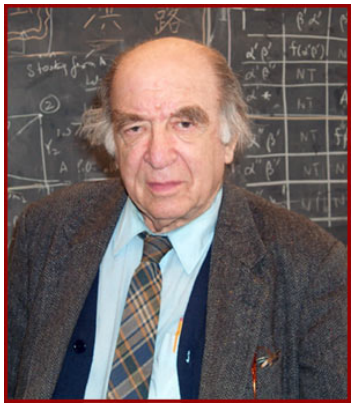
We are Xerox, and we refuse your notions of what casual dress Fridays can be.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.17 Due or Die. Choose Your Own Adventure for the College Freshman

Sunday, Sep 20, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

ONE



Mr. Wilson sucks.

Dude, school rocks. You rock too, but, school rocks most. Really, it fucking rocks. Everyone knows it too. You got a nice room, walls all covered with some hot posters from Maxim, and you heard some dude calling it The Cool Pad. Hell yeah. This place is pretty much like heaven, but you aren't sure if you can pop wicked boners in heaven, so maybe your dorm room is better. There is everything a chill dude like you needs: girls, booze, and the like.

Life is freakin sweet. That was a Family Guy quote, hell yeah. But really, everything is awesome and totally chill, except for this paper. Four pages of hell assigned by Mr. Wilson the tool bag. He sees how much fun you bros have with the chicas, and he mad, so he gets all jealous and makes you write a paper that's due at midnight tonight. What a dick. Ugh, what kind of fag assigns homework during rush week anyway?

So now you got all this work to do, and really, you don't know what the hell is going on. The paper's supposed to be about some dead chick writer, but you didn't read it and you had a wicked hangover for the past, like, three weeks, so you're all lost and shit. Worst of all, you don't give a shit. But, your 'rents are paying for this, and if your room is going to stay The Cool Pad, then you better be here and not get kicked out. Then again, the Pi Beta Phi are throwing a wicked kegger tonight, and you've heard that they are all skanks.

Write the paper, go to page 990
Go out, go to page 991

TWO

Hey! Asshole! Don't cheat!

THREE

Model of Creativity

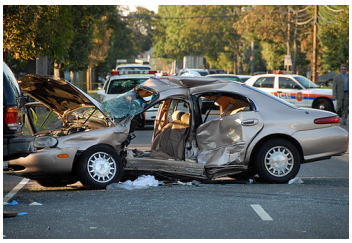
You sit down at your computer and open up notepad. You type your name, hit enter, and then stare at the screen for five minutes. What the fuck? This sucks. Okay, stay calm, you can do this. Chill, just chill. You open up iTunes and put on the playlist from your last party to get you focused. That's better. With Ludacris blasting in the back, your mind narrows and you type the first sentence, then the second, then a third. You figure that you should use some punctuation, so you throw in your first period at the end of the line and then sprinkle some commas and that one that looks like a comma and a period getting it on. Hell yeah. Even punctuation wants to have some fun. Not Mr. Wilson though, the asshole.

You have seventeen minutes of uninterrupted flow. You've heard Dave Mathews talk about this kind of focus, but you never thought you'd experience it yourself. Amazed and proud, you reward yourself with a Natty Light. "Victory," you say, looking at the page of text you have written. Wait, wait, wait. You have three more of these to do? Hell no. Impossible. No way. No way.

You pull the paper out of her hand and smile. Hell yeah. Work finished. She starts screaming some stupid shit about how you're a dick, but you don't listen. Instead you push her on the ground, and when she tries to stand back up, you push her again. She says she will call the police, so open up the bedroom window and throw her out. Sorority girls kill themselves all the time, you think. The cops will probably think she did it cause she was the fat one in the group. No time to think about it though. You have to turn this sucker in.

Go ask Nerd Jacobs for help, go to page 992
Boot up the 360 for a round of Halo, go to page 993

FOUR



Mr. Wilson can assign homework, but the douche bag can't make you do it, you think, cracking your first Natty Light. You down it, then another, then another, then another, and now you're out of beer. You start heading down towards your car to get more, but your roommate stops you. "Don't worry, I'm cool." You tell him. He makes you say it again before giving you ten bucks. He needs more beer too.

You make it about fifteen feet in your car before sideswiping an entire block of SUVs and rusted out Hondas. Focus, you think, stopping the car. If you do that again, you'll get caught by a pig. Just relax. You turn up Asher Rosh, smile when he says how cool college is, and then hit the gas, immediately driving your car into an oncoming minivan. Fuck this.

You put it in park and get out while the driver of the van opens her door and falls to the ground.

Help her, go to page 994
Ignore her, go to page 995

FIVE

Model of Creativity

Nerd Jacobs does not like to be interrupted on a Friday night, and as you approach his door, you can hear him inside talking about Windows 7. He will not be happy, but you have the proper items for sacrifice. He is such a fucking loser though; he should be kissing your feet just for the attention, but whatever.

The room is dark, and as the door slowly opens, a waft of heavy, musty air, humid from his sweat, pours out over you. You cough and your eyes swell up, but you continue in, setting the package of Twizzlers in the open. He nods, takes the microphone off, and backs his chair away from his computer.

"I am in Vent. What do you need?"

"I got a gay paper to do." You say. Nerd Jacobs nods. He turns down the Rush in the background before speaking.

"Tomorrow." You say, shrugging your shoulders. Nerd Jacob nods again.

"I have finished mine already." He says, holding it up. "It took time, time that I am afraid you do not have the luxury of."

"What?"

"I can help many problems with computers and hard levels in games, but with time, I am powerless."

"What?"

"Well, you see, I do know of a special tool that can manipulate the time fold. The inventor said it is only for emergencies, and I suppose this is one." He says, pulling an egg shaped clock out of his desk drawer.

"I will put it in your terms: Imagine four bongs on the edge of your futon. Say a direct copy of the bong nearest you is sent to the back of the line of bongs and takes the place of the first bong. The formerly first bong becomes the second, the second becomes the third, and you take a huge rip off the forth. Time, you see, works the same way."

"Turn the arm to the left to go back, the right to go forward." He says, shaking his head.

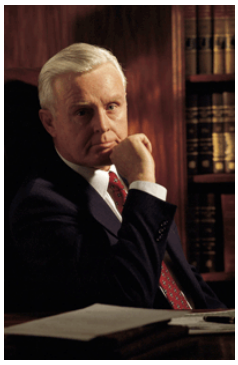
Turn the arms and travel back in time, go to page 996
Throw the clock at Nerd Jacobs and swipe his paper, go to page 997

SIX

BR0CHIEF420 is now online. You kick ass for a few rounds with a sniper rifle, and your friends come in and join. Pretty soon, you're all drunk, and someone mentions strip Halo. Forty minutes later you're all naked, sweaty, and embarrassed. Your paper isn't finished, but at least you can say that you tried some new things in college.

The End

SEVEN



Worthless Dad

You go check out the old lady, and, get this, she's hurt. She's crying about needing help and calling 911, says her daughter is in the car, but who knows? Who cares? You aren't planning on crawling into her filthy piece of shit. You tell her to be quiet for a second while you call your dad on your iPhone. It's peak time, so you keep losing the call, but you get the picture: he won't represent you in court. Thanks dad. Why be a lawyer if you can't help your son? Douche bag.

You start walking away, but a pig comes up and starts bothering you, and in, like, ten minutes, he has you in handcuffs. Looks like you won't get your paper finished, but it isn't your fault. It's just the Man holding you down.

The End

EIGHT

Some blood is coming out of her head, but she is poor, and someone once told you that they fake this kind of shit all the time for insurance, so you ignore her and walk past.

Instead of going to get beer and changing back at your apartment, you just go to the party instead.

You follow the sounds of distant base beats, and your ears eventually lead you to the party. There are girls everywhere. They are drunk. You privately fist pump. The keg's almost empty already, and your cup is mostly foam, but it doesn't matter cause the beers and the car crash from earlier have you pretty buzzed.

Yeaaaaah... Skanks

You walk around, squeezing through groups of people so you can rub up on some distracted girl, and try to get some numbers, but for whatever reason, the ladies aren't even noticing you. Why? Cause they're bitches, obviously, and bitches aren't chill. But the ones that do notice you make grossed out faces. You go check in the bathroom mirror for blood or something from the accident, but nothing. No, the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't dressed up. Wait, you think, are these people so conformist and embedded in a consumerist society that they cannot consider another being human unless they are wearing similar clothes? Then you have a seizure.

When you come to, you can't remember how you got in the bathroom or why your beer is mostly foam. A girl is in the bathroom with you now. She is trying to pee and vomit at the same time. Mixed results. She's trashed.

Find Zoey, the one girl in the sorority that you know, go to page 998
Talk to the puke/piss chick, go to page 999

NINE

You turn the arms to the left, and the world blurs around you. When it comes to a stop, you are somewhere in the near past. You wander down the hall back to your room. Inside you are drinking a Natty and playing Halo. You walk in and tell yourself to get to work. Confused and drunk, you throw the controller at you. Future you runs up and hugs old you, telling him to calm down. You explain that you are from the future with a mission to write a paper. You've never been so close to yourself, and, in the florescent lighting of the dorm room, you notice how strong of a chin you have. You're beautiful, damnit. You pucker your lips and slowly move forward, making contact with yourself. It's amazing. You love each other. Forget school. Forget the real world, this is love.

The End

TEN

The clock hits him in the face, and he falls over. Blood flows out of his mouth and into his patchy facial hair. You shove his limp body out of the way and grab the paper. It's five pages, one more than necessary. Nerd Jacobs is truly magnificent. His power is so great that you regret your decision. What if he wakes up? He will curse you forever, and he will never help you with antivirus things ever again. Should you make sure that he never wakes again?

Kill the Mighty Nerd Jacobs, go to page 1000
Let him live and beg for mercy, go to page 1001

ELEVEN

You search the party looking for Zoey. The two of you grew up together, and maybe she could hook you up with some bitty. You wander all around the place, and ask if anyone has seen her. Though you don't find her, you do see two passed out girls' panties, so the search isn't completely worthless. Well, if she isn't here, then you might as well sift through her bedroom.

You open on the door expecting to steal some of her sexy, worn clothes, but are surprised to see her there. She looks up from the keyboard, and says hi. You come up with some excuse, something lame, you were worried that you hadn't seen her or something. You mention date rape like it's a bad thing, and not your most successful way at meeting chicks. She says thanks, but she's just finishing the paper for Mr. Wilson's class. It's worth 40

Ask Zoey for help, go to page 1002
Take Zoey's paper, go to page 1003

TWELVE

She's into you, like, really, really into you, and once she wipes the vomit off her face, she isn't that bad. The girl makes a lot of moves on you, and you immediately forget about the paper.

You stumble back to your dorm, passing the still wrecked car. The police don't notice you though, they seem busy watching the body bag getting lifted into the ambulance. Idiots.

Once you get to the room, you realize the girl is actually a transgendered guy. Oh well. By this time next month, you'll have failed out of school, but tonight it's time for unprotected sex

The End

THIRTEEN

"Goodbye Nerd Jacobs." You say, gripping his unconscious head. You twist it like Batman, expecting to hear a loud crack. Instead, Nerd Jacobs wakes up and begins flailing around. He tells you to back away, and at first you do, but while he gropes the floor trying to find his glasses, you snap. You lift up his large PC and drop it on his skull.

Once his body stops moving, you grab the paper and walk out of the room.

Send the paper to Mr. Wilson, go to page 1004

FOURTEEN

You

You have the paper in your hand, and you walk to the door. As you walk out of the room, you turn around one last time to see Nerd Jacobs. He is gone. The dude is straight up M.I.A. Your heart starts racing. He could be anywhere. You slam the door shut and run to your room. You open the door, only to have Nerd Jacobs already sitting at your desk. Your body freezes with fear. He slowly pulls down his glasses, and without his thick lenses on, you see into his eyes. They begin to glow. You try to turn around, but it is too late. Beams shoot out of his iris and saw you in two. Your severed chest falls to the ground while your legs slump against the wall., then they both burn into a pile ash. Nerd Jacobs smirks, checks your internet history, and then makes your homepage goatse. Owned infinity.

The End

FIFTEEN

"Can I have some help?" You say, bowing your head in shame.

"No." She says, then continues, "pussy."

"Damn."

The two of you stand still for a minute, staring at one another. Then, out of the blue, you run to her window and punch it out. Blood and glass cover your arm as you frantically clear the glass with your flesh.

"What the hell are you doing?" She screams.

"I don't you." You say, telling the truth. You really don't know what you're doing and why you weren't given a choice. It's like you're being controlled by some higher, though lazy, power, and that power has run out of ideas.

Once the glass is gone, you wave goodbye to Zoey with your broken hand, and then jump out to the pavement below.

What the fuck just happened?

The End

SIXTEEN

You pull the paper out of her hand and smile. Hell yeah. Work finished. She starts screaming some stupid shit about how you're a dick, but you don't listen. Instead you push her on the ground, and when she tries to stand back up, you push her again. She says she will call the police, so open up the bedroom window and throw her out. Sorority girls kill themselves all the time, you think. The cops will probably think she did it cause she was the fat one in the group. No time to think about it though. You have to turn this sucker in.

Get back to your dorm, go to page 1004

SEVENTEEN

With the paper in hand, you turn on the computer. You get ready to email it to your professor, but realize that you don't have a computer copy. Panic starts to set in. You didn't kill a person for nothing, did you? No. No. Mr. Wilson is an asshole, but he is a smart asshole. You're sure he'll let you turn it in tomorrow. You just have to email him. You type a little email up.

hi mr w ifinished papr and it done but i only have 1 copy so can I give it 2u 2maro thx bro

Wait for a response, go to page 1005

EIGHTEEN

His response comes quickly.

No.
Mr. Wilson

What a douchebag. Does he have any idea the amount of trouble you've gone through to get this thing? You think for a second, and then decide to send him another email.

But for what?

Try to seduce him, go to page 1006
Tell him your grandmother is in the hospital, go to page 1007

NINETEEN

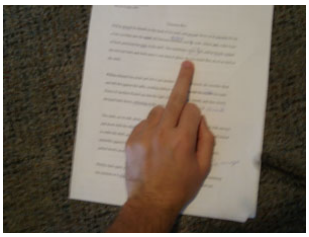
He replies super fast again. The nerd must spend his whole day in front of a computer screen. You open it up, expecting the worst. You are willing to do anything, so long as you get to stay in college for another few weeks.

No.
Mr. Wilson
P.S. I am sending this to everyone in my class. Owned.

Owned indeed, owned indeed. You have no other choice than to kill yourself. You gather all the marijuana in the building and start smoking. Death by weed, the most honorable death for a bro.

The End

TWENTY



He replies quickly, telling you sorry, but he still expects an emailed copy. He is truely a smart beast. A total asshole, but a smart asshole. You hate him, but understand how much power he has at his finger tips.

Desperate, you take photos of all the pages and send it off.

Hell yeah. You've been in college for four weeks, you just finished your first assignment, and you're set until the next. College rules.

Congratulations. You turned your first assignment in. You end up getting a D, but who the fuck cares? Party!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.18 The Final Day of wereek.com

Monday, Sep 21, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

vindizzle reeked:
the house smells like smoke should I go outside?!?! there are smoke everywhere I just got up lol wtf put a towel under the door? smells BAD

sookie_stinkhouse reeked:
omg my cousin's friend had this happen. I think it's a gas leak. You need to turn everything off.

ladyfarts69 reeked:
Smells more like electricity to me. Coppery and electrical. Dunno what it is, but I'm in Toronto and I smell it.

muskedranger reeked:
Nice av 69! Who is that? From a fart clip? Do you use smellio?

obamas_body_soil reeked:
On fox news the picture just changed to the studio and there is just a bunch of smoke and no people! No one is even talking!

muskedranger reeked:
LOL smell it here too. Think it smells good. Sniffing that whiff. Not smoke or electricity. Bold butt BO blasting my face. A sweaty crack, everywhere. I am a tiny man at the howling innards of a rectal ravine. This is like a dream.

Fume Wizzard reeked:
Hey, if anybody is reading this I just saw my dad and my dog turn into smoke. It smells bad and I am afraid.

vindizzl reeked:
tried to tell everyone! Are they just sitting there like ghosts or kind of drifting around and spreading out?

Fume Wizzard reeked:
My dad yelled for me and I ran in. They were turning into gas really fast. My dad looked afraid, but he didn't move. The dog tried to run away but he fell over because his back legs were already smoke. My dad stayed in his chair and then the gas was shaped like him. It started to move towards me so I locked myself in my room.

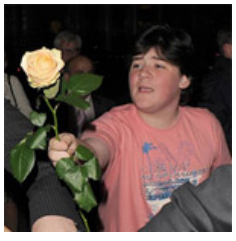
familyguystewie reeked:
Rick Sanchez just tweeted that everyone is turning into gas. We're turning into gas now. No one knows why. This is really happening.

obamas_body_soil reeked:
This is it! This is what Glenn Beck was talking about! I am ready for it.

Fume Wizzard reeked:
I can smell it. Really strong now. What did Glenn Beck say to do?

muskedranger reeked:
This is everything I wanted in my life. I wanted more than to smell a stink or taste a tawdry toot. I want that nasty nectar in my lungs and to go into my cells and become a part of my body. To change who I am. But now it's even better. I will be a gas man. Just gas or man? I don't care.

sookie_stinkhouse reeked:
On my local TV they said to remain calm and everything will be okay, but I know this girl who knows this other girl who half turned into gas and she is stuck now with gas arms and legs and it hurts really bad.



rose4megan reeked:
I am turning into gas now. My legs first. Will I ever turn back into a man? What happens now? Will I still be alive or will I be nothing but gas? Goodbye.

ladyfarts69 reeked:
It is hard to accept that everything I wanted in life is gone, but I am now a fart.

Fume Wizzard reeked:
You're no fart. It is just what is next for us. We'll be okay.

sookie_stinkhouse reeked:
Everyone on TV is gone. Some channels are pre-recorded, reminding me of what existed before this. My body feels hot. I hope this doesn't hurt and if it does hurt it is fast.

obamas_body_soil reeked:
I will dissolve into smoke cursing your stench, Barack Hussein Obama.

familyguystewie reeked:
I am really scared. I don't know what to do.

familyguystewie reeked:
It started. My shoe fell off. It doesn't hurt. Will we need to eat something? What can we eat? I hope my mom is there. Weird though, I'm not afraid. Just curious.

muskedranger reeked:
This is it! Go time! I'll build a whole new world as a gas master. Cars and planes will be useless, but I will make a vacuum pump to convey us through our cities of gas. I have a vision. I've been ready for this for my whole life. Ready. I can feel it starting now! Like carbonation in my veins. Got to finish this before my hands go, but I wanted to say: see ya on the other side!

vindizzl reeked:
I will miss movies and pizza most, but we will all be equal as gas. I'm not afraid. I'm ready too. I hope we turn into one big, smelly cloud and come out in the rain and are water men too.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 Internet Discount Barn: Summer's End Savings!

Tuesday, Sep 22, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Summer may be coming to a close, but the Internet Discount Barn is still offering the HOTTEST bargains around! Since 1994, the IDB has offered the lowest prices on the least desirable items-- not to get all OG on this shit, but Woot totally ripped us off, and we're still pissed... but we pass our outrage to you in the form of *savings!*

Discontinued "Demographic" Grapes

$0.45/bag

Do you fit an "alternative" young adult demographic? Boy, have we got some grapes for you! These bagged grapes appeal to your sensibilities with the kind of authenticity you've come to expect from high-end grape marketers. Mix and match from these fresh demos; please specify!

Gamer Grapez: A bag of red grapes with the reflex-building tannins and flavonoids that give your body the sickest fragging ownage edge!

Skate Grapez: A bag of purple grapes with all the wicked grind of a pro street skater and all the wholesome resveratrol of a high-quality muscadine!

Rap Grapez: A bag of purple grapes packed with the heart-healthy urban polyphenolics that keep you credible while you're hugging the block!

GLBT Grapez: A mix of ripe Concords and Scuppernongs as diverse as your place within the queer rainbow spectrum. You go, girl!

Full disclosure: these grapes are old! Like 2003 old! And we don't have any refrigeration here, sooooo...

Brujalín

$1.12 per 750ml bottle!

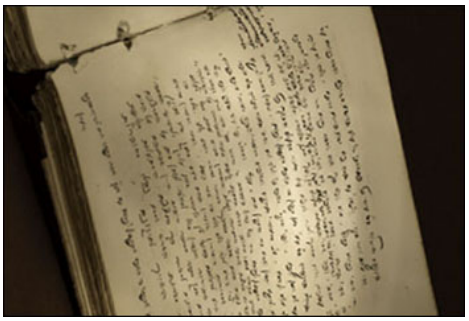
Top-quality Bolivian liquor at a fraction of the retail price! Enjoy the exotic taste of Brujalín, the beloved national beverage of South America's poorest country. In a four-step process that ensures the best possible flavor and purity, every batch of Brujalín is created with only the best ingredients: sparkling Bolivian well water, medical-grade hydrogen peroxide, a twelve-pack of authentic dehydrated Coors Light and, for that inimitable Brujalín flavor, a dead kitten in every bottle.

While most of us here at Internet Discount Barn have been too squeamish to try it, our stock manager has become a regular Brujalín drinker and something of a connoisseur. "Remember," he tells us all the time, "if there's not kitten at the bottom of the bottle, it's not real Brujalín! To drink the kitten is a show of fortitude and masculinity. I have terrible nightmares now, all day, with my eyes open."

Not approved for human consumption by any official board of *anything* . The law requires us to tell you not to drink it, so don't drink it-- but if you do, you might just find it's the best bottle of liquor you ever paid $1.12 for!

Unpublished J.D. Salinger Manuscripts

$4.00 per bundle!



A sweet stash of assorted notebooks, loose-leaf manuscripts and composition books by a reclusive writer named J.D. Salinger! Four bucks may sound a little steep for a stack of old papers with words scrawled on them, but you might just discover a lost literary masterpiece within these waterlogged, snail-eaten pages. Each parcel is guaranteed to contain at least one full novel, two novellas and nine short stories-- all unpublished, all unseen by any eyes other than the authors!

Get 'em before they're all gone, because these babies are flying off the shelves faster than unattended

children plunge off cliffs into some kind of metaphor for adulthood!

Please note: not *that* J.D. Salinger, obviously! Four dollars? Do you think we're morons? We may be crazy about bargains, but we're not stupid about crazy.

Bulk Garbage

$260 per 6,800 tons!

One man's trash is another man's treasure, and if you're another man, boy have we got some treasure for you! We're selling 6,800 tons of premium, boutique-quality garbage for less than three hundred bucks-- that's less than $5 per ton!

"But why buy garbage?" It's a question we hear a lot over at the Internet Discount Barn, and it's one we love to answer: buy garbage because it's CHEAP! While we acknowledge that buying small quantities of trash would be, financially, a real "dog's errand," imagine the possibilities inherent in buying a HUGE amount of garbage! You could start your own lucrative private landfill, or open a trash-themed amusement park. You could melt down the garbage into its component elements and scour it for valuable minerals. Or, if you're a compulsive hoarder looking to live your life waist-deep in trash, this is your chance to buy a lifetime supply of garbage at a fantastic price!

The Guy Who Played Brian Krakow on My So Called Life Drinking Pee

$21.00 per video!

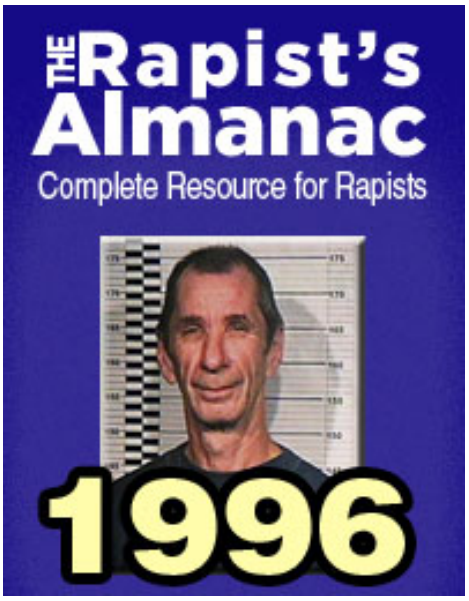
We've had this video for a while, and the boys in the stock room just love watching it for cheap laughs! Here's what you'll see: the kid who played Brian Krakow on My So Called Life (still young, maybe filmed concurrently with the show) looking really upset, trembling with emotion, a mason jar full of pee clutched in each fist, just angrily guzzling, shuddering, guzzling again, switching from jar to jar, a sip from one then the other then the first again-- and then the camera pans out and you see that he's got a whole shelf full of jars of pee. Is he going to drink them? The video ends

before that mystery is solved, but there's no mystery about one thing: the guy who played Brian Krakow is a fucking fiend when it comes to chugging pee!

Broadcast quality!

1996 Rapist's Almanac

$0.50 each!



A reference book for rapists as indefensible as it is indispensable! Filled with facts and figures to assist rapists in the U.S., including jurisdictional laws, a directory of the nation's most lenient and misogynist judges, maps of unlit alleys near co-ed universities and much more. We have no idea why anyone would publish this, but we're not here to pass judgment-- we're here to pass savings!

We hate that this thing exists, and we're thrilled to offer it for a bargain-basement price of half a dollar per copy-- or, hell, just come by and take one! We've got sixteen crates of these things, and boy howdy would we love to not have them anymore! They're clammy and unwholesome, and we don't want to sound like hippies, but they deal us mighty fantods with their "bad vibes." Get one while they last!

We can't be held legally responsible for how you might use the information in this book-- it's more than ten years out of date, so take its advice with a grain of salt!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.20 Interesting Facts & Suchlike

Wednesday, Sep 23, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Like most human beings occupying this fragile sphere we call Teegeeack (Earth in the modern parlance), I am driven by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. I spend at least 20-30 minutes each day positively yearning for knowledge. And I yearn *hard* .

I presume that you, like me, also yearn a great deal. Thus, as a means of sharing some of my wisdom and making you a better person, I have prepared a pleasing bulleted list of empirical facts. Commit them to memory at your earliest possible convenience.

- The average human being spends at least one year of life exploring virtual caves and sewers.
- It is better to have owned a boat and lost it to pirates than to have never owned a boat at all.
- The sea pirate fears nothing greater than the stern reprimands of a father figure.
- If current evolutionary trends continue, within a million years gigantic moose will be the dominant species on the planet.
- The tallest man in recorded history, Mack Paulsy, was a spine-crushing 27 feet tall.
- After extensive research, scientists unanimously agree: the most unsanitary surface in the world is the inside of a magician's sleeve.
- All notaries are also licensed coroners. However, not all coroners are licensed notaries. Keep that in mind when trying to kill two birds with one stone.
- It is widely agreed that the dog is ill-suited for time travel due to its inability to remain objective.
- The average person is struck by at least three trains in their lifetime.
- In Europe, the sport of baseball is called "hand tennis."
- Similarly in Europe, fluid volume is measured in "gulps."
- William Howard Taft is the only former president to have died after being stung by a string ray.
- The Earth is indeed hollow. Unfortunately, Inner Earth is completely flooded with chain stores and office parks.
- The original version of the Second Amendment included the right to bear falcons, but that was later removed due to James Madison's crippling phobia of birds (his parents were both killed by birds).
- The average American owns seven tractors. The average European has to make due with a modest three tractors.

- Actor George C. Scott is the only man to have won a staring a contest against the sun. He suffered third degree burns and permanent blindness, but eventually the sun relented, leaving him victorious.
- The richest American is "The Million Dollar Man" Ted Dibiasi, whose net worth is valued at approximately one million dollars.
- Critics agree: the best kinds of movies are the ones where the giant gorilla gets the girl.
- The most successful play in American history is Laser Shakespeare in the Park.
- The most successful book of all time is The Seven Habits of Highly Effective Babies, itself scribed by Bobby Engert, America's most successful baby.
- The most successful whale is Neptune, who graduated magnum cum laude from Columbia with a master's degree in international relations.
- A dreamcatcher's filter must be changed every three months to prevent clogging.
- The average person swallows seven rocks a year while sleeping. Most are passed quietly without the person ever knowing.

I can only hope and pray this information has enriched your life in some immeasurable way.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.21 The Awful Guide to Job Hunting

Thursday, Sep 24, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

As I enter my fifth month of being unemployed, a few important things have dawned on me: 1.) most dumpsters are full of perfectly edible, gently-used food with the same rat feces content as what you'd find in a grocery store, and 2.) I've recently become quite the expert in the field of job hunting. In fact, you could say I've made *looking* for a job a full-time job! Though you shouldn't say that, mostly because I've grown emotionally unstable and you honestly don't want to become a chapter in my next manifesto.

Ladies and gentlemen, this stunning and responsible man could be working side-by-side with you RIGHT NOW!

But when I'm not busy writing about international banking conspiracies or carving figures of my enemies out of soap, I've been hitting the job market and learning quite a bit about why I'll be the State's responsibility for the rest of my life. More importantly, the soul-destroying process of job hunting has taught me much about the process, mostly that a better use of my time would be trying to use magical mind-genie powers as described in the international bestseller *The Secret* . But in order to help those who have some degree of employability, I will now share the knowledge I've absorbed over these past miserable months.

Resumes

If you've ever been in the position to look at other people's resumes, then you know that 90% of them are filled with typos, useless information, and casual racism. Just avoiding these common problems can help you stand out amongst the jobless and ignorant, causing them to continue living lives of utter hopelessness. To further explain how to make the suffering of others an achievable reality, let's review some common elements of the average resume:

Using Nazi-themed stationary: a common mistake.

Objective : This is where you give a brief statement about what you plan to achieve by submitting your resume. Note that honesty is not always the best policy here; my original objective statement read "Please whoever is reading this PLEASE I have nothing left and I think my parents are sick of giving me money and when I see people I know they either look like they are worried for or about me *I NEED THIS*. " But thanks to the advice of a friendly social worker, I soon changed it to "To obtain a full-time position that will draw upon skills obtained from over eight years of professional writing." As Kenny Rogers said in "The Gambler," "Crikey, I'm not gonna show all me cards at once, mate." I still haven't received a reply from a single employer so I am starting to disagree with this.

Education : Warning: many employers think that having degrees gives you a certain sense of entitlement for benefits like a living wage and bathroom breaks. Since I have both a Bachelor's and a Master's degree, I tend to downplay these accomplishments with bullet-pointed statements like "Showed up to most classes drunk and belligerent" and "Cried in front of the dean so I could graduate." Try to avoid statements like "Was the campus rapist." It's rare, but

some employers find an implied criminal history more threatening than an education.

Experience : Possibly the most important part of any resume, though if you don't have a job it's clear that you lack the disgusting nepotistic advantage it takes to build an impressive employment history. Try to build a sense of mystery about yourself by leaving this section completely blank, except for a single sentence which reads "Too complicated to list here; for more information, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the following address..." Doing this may give you the home addresses of several interested employers who may or may not have children you can hold for ransom.

"He helped me invent the train for the devil!"

References : If you burn as many bridges as I do, it may be difficult to find three or four people who won't immediately hang up and have a very important block association meeting upon hearing your name. This is why you should head down to the local nursing home and find the most neglected senior citizens to add as your references; they'll be so grateful to get a single phone call that they'll say nothing but nice things about you just for the sake of a simple conversation. And if they have some form of dementia, you'll get the bonus of being mentioned in improbable stories. I wormed my way into graduate school because the admissions department thought I saved the town of Mayberry from Russian occupation. I went to a State University.

Applying

Now that you've got your resume finished, it's time to start hitting the pavement looking for jobs, right? WRONG. Doing the typical "Are you hiring?" gauntlet of local businesses can only end in shame and humiliation, as asking this question in most places will only earn you admonishing glances of people who'd like to spit on you, and sometimes do. And if you happen to stumble upon a business gracious enough to let you sit in their lobby for the fifteen minutes it takes to fill out your standard application, 99% of the time they'll crumple it up the second you leave and spend multiple lunch breaks making fun of you and the other freaks who dared to aspire to the American Dream of being exploited for a minimum of 40 hours per week.

Hi. This is you.

No, you'll have to be much craftier when searching for jobs in our current economic sinkhole. Most jobs can be applied for online, and if you're unemployed, odds are you waste at least 10 hours a day on the Internet trying to complete your video collection of obscure porn stars. Your refractory periods can be spent searching the many, many job-hunting sites that exist on the Internet, but be warned: a good deal of online job offers are complete scams. If someone seems legitimately interested in you, beware - you are definitely being recruited as part of the essential lower section that the entire pyramid scheme depends on. More than anything, applying for jobs should teach you to mistrust everyone and to see dark machinations in the most innocent of human actions.

BEEP BOOP your phone number has too many threes. APPLICATION DENIED.

Should you actually find a legitimate job listing somewhere on the Internet, it's not simply a matter of e-mailing your resume and waiting for results. For every job you want to apply for, prepare to register a user name and password for some wholly unnecessary application system it'll take you nearly an hour to wade through. Instead of spending that time being a productive human being, you'll be copying

and pasting all of the information from your resume into hundreds of little boxes just to make it easier for some HR drone to eliminate you without having to read a single word you've written. Of course, you'll be attaching your resume most of the time, but this is only to create the illusion that a human being will actually be reading the cover letter you labored over for hours. Now that all human interaction has been removed from the employment process, your entire future rests on a number of unknown variables you can't even begin to comprehend. My only advice is to drink and keep drinking until you forget you read that last sentence.

Waiting

They said they'd get back to me in a few weeks :(

When first starting the job hunt, most people naively think, "Golly. I'm gonna follow up with employers and call them and e-mail them and show them how much I want their jobs. Jeepers!" Over time, though, these people quickly learn that the last thing employers want is to have to talk to some jobless, desperate loser. This is why most hiring is done through uncaring HR departments that, if contacted, will answer no questions, give you no contact information, and treat you like a potential murderer. This is why it's best to not get too excited about a job opening you know you're perfect for; like The Matrix, you will have no idea if you're ready until someone contacts you and provides the special pill that helps you turn the electricity back on in your depressing apartment. Until then, treat applying for a job like the wish you make after blowing out birthday candles; you might not achieve financial independence, but Disneyland never appeared in your backyard, either.

Since I've already provided you with enough advice to give you an advantage over me in the job market, I'm afraid we've reached the thrilling conclusion of this article. But I'll leave you with one last word of warning: never lie about how much blood you've given recently, especially to people that want to buy your blood. Later, proles!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.22 Dave Mustaine's Wigs & Attitude: Going Out of Business

Friday, Sep 25, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wigs are our business...and business is **UNSUSTAINABLE!** PC faggots aren't buying our wigs in this fucking economy, so guess what. LATER FUCKERS. That's right, this world ain't good enough to deserve Dave Mustaine's fucking Wigs & Attitude. We are closing up our 10,000 square foot wiggery in Sioux Falls and our lease on our East St. Louis wig facility is being foreclosed by the fucking bank because of some bullshit that you wouldn't even believe.

No bailouts from the federales, but what would you expect? The whole system is corrupt and favors the military industrial mega corporations over the small wig business owner employing real KICKASS Americans. W&A is illegal free since 2003! The good news for all you wig not-buying fucks is that, guess what?

CHEEEEAAAAAP WWWWWIIIIIIGGGGSSS!!!

Wigs sell, but who's buyin'? Is it *YOU*???

Act now, before this countdown to wigstinction reaches zero!

Until all is lost, it's our wig inventory holocaust! Everything in our warehouse must go or we're shipping all these wigs off to ***DEVIL'S ISLAND*** !!!! Devil's Island! Devil's **I** sland! ***DEVVVIL'S IIIISLAND!!!!***

Wig O' My Teeth

Cancer is a virtue eatin' you alive, look less like a rotten body for ninety-nine ninety-five! Your weakened cells degenerate into a gooey pool, if you don't buy this fucking wig then you are just a fool. No denying wig, it is just the best. Put it on your head before your next oncology test.

DNA replicates a nightmare host of death, slide on this wig and

Foreclosure on a Lease

say hello to your final breath. Your worthless maggot baby friends gather round your bed, they all cry and you don't care why cuz you will soon be dead! DEeeeeaaaad!

Available in Hoarfrost, Raven's Night, Bloated Corpseflesh, and Psychic Hell Light.

Only $99.95!

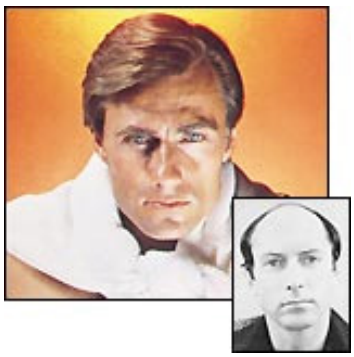
The Assassin's Mark

This fucking wig will blow a dime-sized hole in your pretty little head. Are you ready? Infra-red intensity scope, cross hair on your face, arming warheads to extinguish the human fucking race. This is THE wig for killing. This is a killer's wig. Bloodlit psionic warriors will dance in your eyes. Witness your destruction and unleash your power of destruction on the world. It is time to fucking deeeeeeestroy!

Due to some miscommunication with our supplier we have triple our usual inventory of this wig. In order to liquidate our warehouse before our lease ends we have slashed the prices to the absolute lowest possible amount. We're losing money on this one.

Dave Mustaine's ex-girlfriend wore this wig twice (not specific wig).

Metal bottom $44.99



Hair Conjuring

By the wizard's bloody pentacle, did this hair be summoned from beyond the gates of forever? Nay, the demon's blood and black candle's wax does not call out to the ancient one. It's our TrueWeave blend of real, natural human hair and lifelike polymer strands. We match the hair to your head and create the exact solution to match your hairline and hair color, as though brought forth from hell by forgotten druids!

All of the ladies will want to join your infernal depths after one look at this natural hair loss solution. No chemicals or painful implants, just a professional custom-made wig.

Only for he of blackest heart!

$289.99 + fitting expenses

Wigotron

Part bionic, 100% organic. Feeling a little political? This is the perfect wig for your ruminations on the Cold War or just a blog argument with some fucking UN piece of shit fuck. Did you know Libya is on the Security Council? I mean what the fuck. Kaddafee himself, that terrorist piece of shit. Libya isn't a nation, it's a lie.

More like United Abominations. Or should I say Obamanations these days? Those guys are worthless and he is king worthless. He's just another tool in the machine. But don't fucking get me wrong, man, I don't know about all this Fox News BS because I don't trust any media. They are all on somebody's payroll, right? We've got to-

Ohhhhhh, fuck! The wigs, man. Shit. This wig fuckin' rules, dude. Look at that dude he would take some scalps from the groupie room if you know what I fucking mean. YEAAAAH!

Priced to move at $129.99

Dave Mustaine would like to personally thank you for over two decades of happy memories. We have been honored to serve the men's and women's wig communities for all these years. Thank you for making it a wild ride!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.23 Clues That Ghost Hunters Might Be Fake

Saturday, Sep 26, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The paranormal investigators on the Sci-Fi Channel's series Ghost Hunters stress that they are skeptics, men and women of science who set out to disprove hauntings, unlike their unscrupulous competition.

Take, for instance, the observational skills employed as they point at "shadowy masses" which always appear wherever the film crew isn't looking and outside the range of the 6+ stationary cameras deployed in every case. Consider the custom-made contraptions which light up when ghosts pass by, and certainly not when manipulated by the user or poorly calibrated. Note how they isolate Electronic Voice Phenomena, segments of audio in which spooky voices respond to the investigators' questions, often accompanied by background noise levels that are jarringly different from the rest of the recording.

Unfortunately, Ghost Hunters has come under scrutiny following last year's live Halloween investigation in which a ghost viciously pulled Grant Wilson backwards three times, causing the investigator's collar to move slightly downward while his hand fiddled with something in his right pocket.

Some people claimed this was a hoax, that Grant was simply pulling a thread connected to his collar. (Never mind the obvious possibility that the ghost pushed his hand downward to tug on the thread connected to the collar.) Empowered by this perceived trickery, thousands of conspiracy theorists have taken to picking apart every episode.

These are the most popular pieces of "evidence" circulating the internet that suggest the show is less skeptical in nature than it claims to be.

- In the episode "Portal to Hell", the portal to Hell that the team encounters does not appear to be a portal to Hell, but a regular portal from the video game Portal.

  Upon closer inspection, the entire episode seems to be a 45-minute clip of gameplay footage from Portal with the user interface blurred out.

- While attempting to communicate with a spirit in Fort Mifflin, Jason asks the entity to let its presence be known by making a muffled knocking noise or something that could easily be the sound of a house settling or a rodent scampering nearby.

  When the distinct rattle of chains and a keening moan follow, the investigators accept this as a reply even though it is clearly not what they asked for.

- From every camera angle available, the full-bodied apparition in "Ghosts of Christmas Past" seems to be a snowman pushed down the hallway on a skateboard.

  Although one would think that the natural reaction to a visible spirit would be to give chase, Grant and Jason settle for a high five and make their way back to the command center, even as the snowman seems to slowly roll back into view after rebounding off a wall.

- According to paranormal researchers, Norman Greenbaum's 1969 hit "Spirit In The Sky" does not count as an actual spirit. Playing the song repeatedly during slow investigations to artificially inflate the Ghost Count might have been dishonest.

At one point in "Dead Ghost Walking", Grant points at a dark jail cell and claims that he sees movement. When the camera focuses on said cell, the video seems to pause as a series of effects are overlayed.

First is a fullscreen lens flare, followed by a heavy gaussian blur, the "sketch" rendering filter, and finally the video frame is rotated 180 degrees.

Some claim that this sequence is purely the result of image manipulation via Photoshop, but their speculation directly contradicts Grant's stirring eyewitness account of the event: "I saw... what you saw. On television."

When adjusted to the appropriate pitch and playback speed, many of the disembodied voices discovered on Ghost Hunters are a perfect match to the audiobook version of *American Gladiators Season 2: The Novel* .

Although it is widely accepted that hellhounds such as the one seen in the episode "Hounds Of Hell" could manifest as flame-engulfed beasts, it does seem suspicious that one would take the form of a golden retriever and leave a corpse with a pink collar around the neck.

Kirk Douglas is still alive. In the credits, he should have been listed as "Guest Investigator", not "Fake Ghost #3".

In the episode "Even Rich Ghosts Get The Boos", Jason and Grant conduct their entire investigation while sitting in a small cart which seems to move about the surprisingly confined quarters of the haunted mansion on a track.

Although the episode yielded a number of jump-scares and apparitions (including a full-length mirror that revealed a glowing skeleton sitting between Jason and Grant), some have claimed that the investigation took place entirely in an amusement park ride. This seemingly baseless accusation has gained traction due to the unusual number of scenes featuring funnel cake and/or carnies.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.24 Puke Cab and Other Fine Premium Services of Chicago

Monday, Sep 28, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Chicago City Council is currently considering a request by the city's cabbies to allow them to charge a $50 fee for anyone vomiting in the back of their cab. I think cabbie and media mogul George Lutfallah put it best in Thursday's Chicago Sun Times.

"If somebody throws up in the back of a cab, it's no laughing matter to that cabdriver, who now has to take a couple of hours to detail the cab. It's hard to get that smell out if you've ever experienced anything like that," cabdriver George Lutfallah, publisher of the "Chicago Dispatcher" told the City Council's Transportation Committee.

George is factually incorrect here. It's really goddamn hilarious when someone pukes all over the inside of a cab, but I can understand why he's taking the pity angle. For those in the public prone to frequent bouts of vomiting this might come across as a tax hike. The only way George is going to win those folks over is by playing to their sympathies.

That's the negative way to look at this new fee, but I'm a vomit-bucket-half-full sort of guy. I don't think these cabbies are trying to charge you for puking, I think they are offering you the premium service of vomiting in their taxi.

America was built on the idea of premium services. This is how the wealthy are able to have so much more fun than everyone else. They can behave however they want as long as they have the money to cover the premiums!

The $70 currently in my wallet entitles me to a good three blocks on Michigan Avenue and a nice half-digested deep dish pizza projectile vomited all over the headrest. It's worth the money just to see the little chewed up bunches of mozzarella cheese embed themselves in the beads of the cabbie's seat cover. I'll even pay in advance. Just hand over the $50 and jam a couple fingers down my throat until I start filling the foot well with that rootbeer I enjoyed with lunch.

My excitement over the fun soon to be had in Chicago taxicabs got me thinking about what other premium services might be offered around town. Private businesses could certainly use a boost by adding some tiered pricing and premium options. Chicago is in quite a budget crunch, so even the city could get in on the action.

That's why I compiled some suggestions into a guide for folks seeking premium fun around Chicago. Locals and tourists alike are welcome to enjoy!

Shedd Aquarium

One of the most popular and longest operating aquariums in the United States. Features dozens of exhibits and a lakeside auditorium for live dolphin shows. So what sorts of premium services can your money get you?

Your very own Shedd Aquarium 12 oz. cup and as much seawater as you can drink from the Living Reef Kid's Encounter.

A vial containing mercury, estrogen, ammonia, and zebra mussels to pour into the tank of your choice in the Lake Michigan Wildlife exhibit. Don't worry, this is just simulating the habitat of all Lake Michigan wildlife.

You may interrupt the dolphin live show at any time by leaping into the pool and attempting to attach a saddle to one of the dolphins. The fee grants you ten minutes of trying whether or not you succeed in taming the wild water mustang AKA sea horse.

Chicago's Finest

To protect and *serve* . It's right there in the motto. The Chicago Police Department is pleased to offer you a selection of premium services.

The Chicago Police Department will file a police report on your stolen property and/or missing child. This is a genuine, collectible Chicago Police Report usually only seen in white people murder cases.

During a traffic stop you may elect to receive your ticket in the form of a giant novelty ticket. The officer will pose for a photograph as he hands you the ticket.

A personal tour of the Cook County Jail, a deputy's badge, and your choice of inmate to spit on.

Chicago White Sox

Pro sports loves its premiums and Chicago's real baseball team is no exception. The White Sox are not to be confused with the Chicago Cubs, the nation's longest running off-broadway comedy about baseball.

White Sox manager Ozzie Guillen will mispronounce your name during a press conference and call you a "fag." He will then apologize on a WGN radio show, but will ramp up the fake accent so much it will be unintelligible.

You and a family member may charge the field and assault your choice of Kansas City Royals player during any home games against the Royals.

Will throw the World Series.

Pizzeria Uno

The disputable home of Chicago style pizza, Pizzeria Uno has launched a nationwide chain that shovels million-calorie pies down the gullets of Americans from coast to coast. The dirty secret is that the original tastes nothing like the chain. Come see the original and pay a little extra for a side of special service.

Visitors from out of town are welcome to mention the weather outside and state that, "Gollllly shucks, I guess that's why they call it the Windy City!" The server will then laugh politely and ask if you are ready to order rather than pulling your shirt up over your face and stabbing your midsection with half a broken bottle.

Has your kid lost a tooth? Don't stuff it under the pillow! Bring it in and the "Pizza Fairy" will bake it into your kid's very own individual deep dish.

"It's what they would have wanted." Say these words when ordering and be sure to have your deceased pet handy in a bag or box. The server will make sure the kitchen creates a special dearly departed pizza for you to enjoy a last meal with your beloved family pet.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.25 Subj: YOUR SISTER IS GETTING MARRIED TO "GREG"

Tuesday, Sep 29, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

In the year 1993 I hosted the 1993 FAT KID PRO-AM CHALLENGE in our neighborhood. The previous year it was just called the FAT KID CHALLENGE but this year I decided to make it a PRO AM so i could be the pro from time to time and do parts of the events for the fat kids when i get frustrated that they cant climb over things, run fast enough, etc. because you better believe it that i'm doing this with my free time so its my way or no way. Only 2 or 3 times did i have to invoke my pro power and when it happened i had a little stereo and I hit play for a split second so everyone could hear a lightning strike sound and then I went running out and helped a fat kid down a ramp or over a pile of tires or whatever. I stopped doing the stereo thing because on the last time I forgot to hit stop and the rest of the halloween sounds kept playing while I was running around the yard pushing the fat kids through the obstacle course. This year one of the fattest and slowest kids was Greg from up the street and he was the same age as my daughter. I think this is when they met and I will remind them of this at their terrible wedding. Also it wasn't even called the Fat Kid Contest or anything and the word fat kid wasnt in the title but I will say it was.

Greg proposed marriage to my daughter last weekend and wrote me a letter in which he said a lot of real horse hockey and enclosed a picture of his round ghastly face that looks like a mushy human pumpkin someone dropped on the floor. his face actually is gross to me and one time when i was at home alone i was watching the movie channels and Heavyweights came on and the biggest kid on that looked like Greg and i laughed so hard that i cried and i decided to write myself a note to call Greg's parents the next morning and apologize for his face but I never did that but I do still have the post-it note around somewhere and whenever I see it I laugh a little again

In the year 1999 I held Greg by the ankles while he walked around the lawn on his hands and tried to escape my grasp. It did not work even though he was 15 years old. He got mad because I said he had a meaty face so he took a swing at me and i dodged it and ducked then grabbed his legs and walked him around the lawn while he tried to grab for my ankles but couldn't. for one thing I dont think Greg has any depth perception or any idea about the rule of law. some days i think greg was a kid who got SIDS but didnt die.

Gregs dumb dad was in my class and so I saw him at all the high school reunions that I was invited to. we didnt get along well suffice it to say. Gregs dad was a police man who was put on administrative leave a few years ago and nobody in the town ever found out why but I was connected on the grape vine and I knew all about it. I wont go into details but around the watercooler at the police station he was known as The

Disgraced Homo Cop and lets leave it at that. To this day if you go down to the police station and say "How About That Disgraced Homo Cop" all the other cops will go "Oh Yeah, Gregs Dad" take it from me but dont tell them where you got the hot tip from about the homocop.

From now until the wedding day i will keep an eye on my post office box for a letter that looks like this. no other letters will be accepted.

Dear Mom and Dad. My dumb boyfriend Greg died and I threw his engagement ring into a fire pit and a screaming meat-faced ghost flew out of it. Goodby. -The Daughter

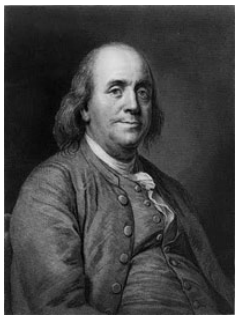
SINCERELY.....DAD

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

9.26 Some Lesser-Known Inventions of Benjamin Franklin

Wednesday, Sep 30, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



In the annals of history, few men have had as great an impact on the human condition as Benjamin Franklin. If we were to get specific and name those other few men, they would be Imhotep, Caligula, Robert Oppenheimer, and Jakob Dylan respectively. But this article isn't about them. This article is dedicated to Ben Franklin, a man who played a vital role in not just shaping our beautiful country, but also in establishing it as a land of unparalleled innovation and technological prowess.

Franklin is most famously known for inventing bifocals, which enabled bisexuals to see the error of their ways. Other famous inventions credited to Franklin include lightning rods, mints, odometers, and fire departments. While he wasn't the first man in the world to store urine in a mason jar, he *was* the first man in America to do so.

As most of you are aware, Benjamin Franklin recently passed away. In honor of his passing and in celebration of his astonishing contributions to the realm of invention, I thought we might spotlight some of his lesser known creations.

The Mechanical Bull

Franklin endured many years of mental toil as he sought to make this device a reality. His earliest versions relied heavily on steam, which produced an abundance of heat and often lead to riders sweating profusely, fainting, or suffering serious burns.

In one incident, Franklin convinced John Adams to ride one of the early mechanical bull prototypes. The exhibition left Adams with severe burns to his buttocks, and very nearly brought the two great titans to blows. Subsequent attempts were entirely too lifelike, and often trampled or gored the ejected rider. Many of these accidents were lampooned in incendiary political cartoons and pamphlets that portrayed Franklin as a mad scientist.

Finally, in 1783, Franklin perfected the device. Through crude in comparison to today's mechanical bulls, one can easily see the similarities. Franklin was greatly discouraged when America's burgeoning medical community failed to embrace his finalized bull, which he felt was vital to maintaining bowel regularity. Demoralized, Franklin abandoned the project and never looked back. In an ironic twist, Franklin himself would later succumb to an impacted bowel.

Hair-Based Liquor

Franklin, a chronic imbiber of spirits, devised a unique alcoholic beverage made from fermented hair. At first he employed dog fur before determining that the best possible hair to use was that of the prepubescent children of the landed gentry of Philadelphia. Franklin was never able to convince another living soul to try his concoction, and so he moved on to more promising endeavors. It is believed several casks of the substance still remain, lost amongst the many artifacts of American history.

The Crotchless Bee Suit

Franklin briefly became infatuated with the practice of beekeeping, but was troubled by his inability to get up close and personal with his subjects without getting stung. It did not take him long to scheme one of his most useful inventions: the bee suit.

This protective covering included a mesh veil and gloves. Unfortunately, Franklin designed the suit with one fatal flaw. Due to his frequent need to urinate, he elected to make the suit not cover the area surrounding the crotch.

After one particularly bad experience, he shelved his bee suit and instead created the first modern medical catheter. This seemed to solve his urination problem, and gave him a renewed sense of vitality and confidence. Subsequent bee aficionados would later perfect Franklin's design, adding much needed protection to the crotch region.

Another of Franklin's lesser inventions: the mechanical blog.

The Wind Tunnel

Franklin's greatest pleasure came from feeling a cool breeze blow upon his naked body. Frustrated by the unpredictability of the weather, he sought to construct an apparatus that would allow him to feel a cool gust whenever he so pleased.

At first he designed and fabricated very simple fans, but they failed to deliver the intensity he desired. His eureka moment came while vomiting in a narrow alleyway outside a pub. The winds seemed to grow stronger as they moved through the narrow canyon between the two buildings. Almost instantly Franklin stripped bare, holding his arms aloft in triumph as the rushing flow of air gave him the exact amount of pleasure he craved.

Soon he was at work in his laboratory, constructing a narrow tunnel with a large spinning fan at one end and a comfortable sitting chair at the other. Friends and historians agree: Franklin spent upwards of six hours each day reclining nude in his wind tunnel. This is why so many busts and paintings depict Franklin shirtless and with hair pushed back.

Hundreds more inventions were authored by Franklin, but there are simply not enough Something Awful updates in the world to document them all. His legacy cannot be denied, and any Franklin legacy deniers you encounter should be vigorously shunned. It is partly because of Franklin's unbridled industry that we are the remarkable nation we are today, and also why each year we offer up a human sacrifice in humble tribute to his greatness.

Thanks to **Guapo Hussein the Street Cactus** for offering valuable aid and comfort in the creation of this article.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 The Scapegoat Solution

Thursday, Oct 01, 2009 by Billy Topkins, Intro to English

America faces serious economic and cultural problems. I have a solution, but it requires goats. Lots of goats.

Webster's dictionary defines scapegoat as "a goat upon whose head are symbolically placed the sins of the people." These days, you can't cast your search-engine fishing line for "scapegoat" without impaling celebrities on your hook. Kanye West, President George W. Bush, Brett Favre: All America's heroes have been used as scapegoats according to the Internet. So if all these big names are bearing our sins, then why is our society in such bad shape? Because in most cases, these articles were just about the famous people, and not about actual goats that had been named after them who were being ritually slaughtered for the greater good. (Google, 2009)

Some people might say that people stopped sacrificing goats way back in Bible times, and that these days "scapegoat" is just like a metaphor. But those people aren't paying close attention to world news. In 2007, Nepal Airlines officials killed two goats to make their sky god happy. After they did this, their broken plane started flying. There's a reason why you only hear about Nepal when people are talking about its flute music, spicy condiments and beautiful national flower the rhododendron: Scapegoating works. (BBC, 2007)

Even the recent movie "Drag Me to Hell" depicted a scapegoat, though it did so very inaccurately, probably because Hollywood vegetarians want to scare people away from performing a proper sacrifice. In the film, a psychic tried to transfer the curse placed on a woman to a goat during a séance,

then kill the goat when the demon moved inside it. Her timing was off, and the goat said some bad words, and the cursed woman ended up suffering the eternal torment of the underworld. But according to my research, it is extremely unlikely that the sacrifice of an actual scapegoat will result in these circumstances, no matter how badly the ceremony is botched. (IMDB, 2009)

Society atones for "Jingle All The Way."

Some people that I've talked to about this idea have said that it would never work, and that scapegoating is "barbaric." One of my classmates also argued that goats are cute. Well, Sarah, goats aren't as innocent as you think. I found out that heavy-metal bands use them to mean Satanic things and worse. There is a group named Goatwhore. There is a song called "Goat Sodomy." And parents have kids touching these filthy things at petting zoos!

Another complaint is that goats are an endangered species. But actually, only foreign kinds of goat are endangered. It would take too much time and travel to find these kinds, plus they're probably really hard to catch because they're so good at climbing. By contrast, the American goat is plentiful and expendable. People used to bring goats over on ships from Nigeria as food for lions. I don't know why our country needed to feed lions at some point in its history, but if we could use goats for that, we can certainly use them to take away the sins of our land. (Amazing Facts, 2009)

It has been observed by cultural anthropods around the world that sacrifice is a universal practice. Every culture, probably even the founding fathers, sacrificed animals and humans to "appease the gods." When America gets away from what everyone has always done, this is where we start to have problems. (Animal Liberation Front, 2009)

The Bible isn't really clear about where God stands on goats. In Psalms 50: 13-14, God says "Do I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats? Offer to God a sacrifice of thanksgiving, and make thanksgiving your sacrifice to the most high." I think what He is saying is that people can only sacrifice goats on Thanksgiving. Maybe this is what Americans used to do, before they got lazy and began using turkeys because they're easier to prepare. (The Bible)

The word "scapegoat" originally comes from the Bible, where it was created by mistake. A translator in 1530 thought the word "azazel" meant "the goat who departs," or "escape goat." Really it means something completely different, because modern Hebrews use it in place of Hell in sentences like "go to Azazel" and "what the Azazel?" So I guess it turns out the real word should be "Hellgoat." Still think this terrible animal is worth saving, Sarah? (Wikipedia, 2009)

In closing, I would like to briefly mention a little-known practice that goes hand in hand with scapegoating: sin-eating. A sin-eater swallows all the sins of a dead person by eating a meal from a bowl placed on the corpse's chest. After this, people want to avoid the sin-eater because of all

Hellgoat.

the evil inside his stomach. Sin-eaters used to be hard to find, but unemployment and homelessness have provided the country with many starving volunteers. No one is damning these people, the sins can just be passed from one derelict sin-eater to the next. It has been suggested that no one will eat the sins of the final sin-eater in the chain, but that is actually the beauty of this plan. The last sin-eater will be so malnourished that he will die despite the meal, and the sins will die with him. Then the cycle can begin anew.

Thanks to **Videodrome** for the opening illustration!

-∼Billy Topkins, Intro to English

10.2 I Am the Number One Astronaut

Friday, Oct 02, 2009 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

As part of the Young Astronauts Outreach Program NASA astronauts visiting the International Space Station have been answering questions from grade schools around the United States. Mission Commander Lt. Col. AJ Tucker filled out the following questionnaire and crew bio for students of Thomas Jefferson Elementary in Rosemont, North Carolina. It was one of several questionnaires returned to NASA by Lt. Col. Tucker but never submitted to the students by NASA.

Hello, I am Lt. Col. AJ Tucker, Mission Commander aboard the International Space Station. My first name is AJ, it is not short for anything. I am a former United States Marine Corps pilot and I flew jet fighter planes in Iraq War number one. I am the only USMC pilot with a confirmed kill of an enemy fighter jet shot down in the deadly dance of air-to-air combat. I was flying a carrier-based FA-18 and I waxed a MiG-29 from Kirkuk with an AIM-9 up his tail pipe.

Joining me on this mission are three fellow astronauts and two cosmonauts. As Mission Commander it is my job to tell these nerds what to do. I am the number one astronaut aboard this mission and as far as they are concerned I am one small step below the Lord Himself and one giant leap above them. I could take any of them one-on-one in a fight and I could probably take them all at once if they tried some sort of mutiny on me. We're allowed to bring one personal item weighing less than one kilogram with us and I brought a 16-inch titanium blade buck knife manufactured by Kentucky Arsenal. It features four-inch serration, carbon tip, double blood-groove, and molded nanofiber hand grip designed to give me maximum sternum penetration.

These poindexters don't stand a chance. Mission parameters for this mission include: talking about chemistry non-stop, farting up the command module, staring at stupid computers from like 1990 that can't even load any good games, looking at cells on a TV screen, saying hello to the Today Show, and doing some groundbreaking science involving blowing bubbles.

My fellow Astronauts on this mission are:

Dr. Kenneth Muscleman

Real tough guy here. Always wants to argue about mission objectives or whatever. Don't use the thrusters Kenny, I like to call him. Number one mission nerd, not-getting-laid expert, and go-cry-to-Mission-Control sort of sissy. This loser loaded all his favorite Morrissey songs onto an iPod and then two days after he gets up here he breaks the charging cable. Then I have to hear him cry about it like he can't dissect a tadpole because Depeche Mode isn't queerin' up his ears. Kenny, we're in space. If you get bored look out the effin' window and stare at some satellites or something.

Dr. Gameboys Bunsunburner

Jesus H. on a biscuit, this guy makes Muscleman look like Rambo. You know how when you got a baby, like a brand new baby, and it can't even hold its head up because its neck is so weak? Yeah, this guy right here is like that. That shaky head move like a baby. He is such a nerdy wuss he writes his journal on graph paper and talks to his mom on the personal link. His experiments are even worse than Muscleman's! You ever wonder what the effect of microgravity is on the rate of sunflower growth? This dude wonders about that all day and never once thinks about shooting a shotgun at a bear or kicking some dude's ass or kissing a hot chick.

Dr. Calculator Menopause

That's not her real name, but you get the idea. I thought for sure they were sending me up here to bang some broad in zero G and test the effects of vitamin D on that ass, but then I get this broad that looks like Susan Boyle decided to dress down to drain the oil out of her garbage truck. You don't have to send me up here with a model, but sending me up with this autumn-years librarian

throws all my alpha male instincts out of whack. It's like putting a sparrow underneath a junkyard electromagnet: it might fly south that winter, but it's gonna stop once it unzips the flight suit and sees a couple flapjacks with areolas the size of catcher's mitts. Abort the mission! Abort! I'll just leave her to charting oxygen particles or whatever.

Ivan and Yuri Stalinov

Our two cosmonauts. They look like somebody made men out of bread dough and then rolled them around on the floor of a Great Clips. They're also about five feet tall. I mean, they're maybe less nerdy than these other three, but you've gotta offset that with how stupid these guys are. They barely speak English and they install weird software on the computers that they download off websites we're not supposed to be visiting. We're not even supposed to have Internet, but they hooked something up to the telescope and now we can download pictures of ladies driving tractors without their shirts on. Actually, I'm not sure these guys are supposed to be here. They might have built their own rocket.

Question #1: What subject in school was the most important to being an astronaut?

PE. You've got to get used to handling balls and showering in front of other people. After that just take a couple math classes and shoot down a fighter plane.

Question #2: What is your favorite part of being an astronaut?

Do you have any idea what a stripper will do for you if you take a pair of her panties with you into space? The week before a mission I just drive around Tampa filling my pockets with stripper panties. I am talking dirty stuff here. Two girls, three girls, moms getting in on it. Whatever you can't think up. I got one girl to marry my Great Dane Duke. Not for sex or anything, just to see if I could get her to do it. They are still together.

Question #3: What is the most important scientific experiment you have worked on?

Something about cancer cells, but I'd have to look it up. I think it failed anyway.

Question #4: Do you believe in extraterrestrial life?

Absolutely not. What kind of ridiculous nerd question is that? Have any of you seen an alien ever? I think we would have by now. Jesus H. what a dumb question.

Question #5: What do you wear inside your space suit?

Right now I'm wearing a pair of Victoria's Secret lavender lace boyshorts. To get those panties up here I've gotta ditch all of my standard issue undergarments. Oh, I also wear a diaper in case I get zerorrhea. That's what we call the zero-g shits everybody gets. Your body doesn't know quite when or how to go, so every once in a while you'll just squirt a little sphere of dook in the suit. Especially if you've been eating the russian MREs. They come in a burlap sack and they always have some weird jelly packet that I think is ground up pig brain.

Anyway, if you kids are dreaming of space you can just forget about it. The way the economy is now NASA is gonna be lucky to launch weather balloons by 2015.

-∼AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

10.3 Power Chair

Saturday, Oct 03, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Power Chair - The first product to combine strength-based sitting with limitless potential!

-POWER CHAIR-

The longer you sit, the more powerful you become for the duration of your sit, and not a moment longer! Feel your body pushed beyond its limits. Reclining attachment isn't just optional, it's MANDATORY.

-POWER CHAIR-

Eat meals on tv trays with reckless abandon. Read books with more anger coarsing through your overcharged veins than you've ever felt before. Just imagine what you could accomplish if the world would come to you.

-POWER CHAIR-

"I was just like you once. Had Lupus. Was a 'person of interest' in a series of drive-thru window robberies. Then I got the Power Chair, and everything changed.

With each sitting session, I felt more and more like an actual person instead of a frail husk burdened by the weight of a thousand wasted opportunities.

One night, the gas line to my stove leaked, silently ending my life as I slept."

Is a family member having a tough time opening a pickle jar? Just have a seat and tell them to hand it over. With hardly any effort at all, you'll be able to throw the jar into the kitchen trash can.

"Before I got the Power Chair, I wrote children's books for terminally ill youths from low-income families. As you can imagine, they didn't pay very much.

After just three minutes in the Power Chair, I was imbibed with enough motivation to pick up the phone and apply for my dream job. Now I work in the country's third largest technology firm, stomping in place in the bathroom clanging pots and pans together."

The ONLY piece of furniture to have two states named after it (West Virginia and New York City).

There are more than 20 species of venomous snakes in the world. Power Chair is not one of them.

No one knows exactly where it came from, who runs the company, or what it's made of. We pass the savings on to you!

"I was driving home one foggy November night. Dinner with my fiance's parents had been a disaster. Shameful of my own family's stature, I had said some horrible things. She had stayed behind to mend the fences.

As I rounded the hairpin turn on Bleeker Road, something caught my eye just outside the reach of my Impala's headlights. I slammed on the brakes, reacting to some instinct that told me something about the shape wasnt quite right.

For a moment, everything was a blur. The condensation on my windshield, the dust from the two-way lane billowing, the ever closing fog. I pressed my face against the glass, holding my breath. Ten heartbeats passed. Twenty. Then the dust settled, and there was nothing before me but neglected farmland.

I leaned back and sighed in relief, noting the shape on the seat next to me with casual indifference. Wait.

The scream my throat searched for would not come.

'I'm Brett Favre', the man next to me said, 'and I can give you my autograph if you got a football or something.' "

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.4 This Is Why People Hate You: Finger Drumming

Sunday, Oct 04, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Impress coworkers with your Ringo abilities

What the fuck are you doing? Drumming? No you aren't. You're just slamming your fingers against your desk. Stop it. Stop it forever. No one wants to hear your imaginary drum solos. No one. It's as pathetic as air guitar, but marginally worse since we have to hear your obnoxious garbage instead of just watch. Your shitty habit is both annoying and impossible to ignore. You, Mr. Can't-Accomplish-Shit, have somehow perfected the art of irritation, and you aren't afraid to use it whenever a Skynyrd song comes on your favorite classic rock station.

Why are you even doing it? Are you showing that you've mastered the mysterious art of keeping rhythm? Congratulations, you passed third grade music class. Someone give this man a pair of claves and watch him woo us all with his mastery of 4/4 time. Or maybe you like the song, and your only way to show homage is to half-ass over the original with your untrained attempts in the same way a fourteen year old girl sings whenever she hears a Whitney Houston song. She really loves the *Bodyguard* soundtrack, you know, and she can't stop herself from warbling out monotone, poorly timed yelps over the tune. She's just like you, and it isn't her fault that she sucks, but does that mean she should quit. Yes. Yes. Yes, and so should you. If you want to honor the song, why don't you try sitting on your hands, or better yet, why don't you just turn it off? It's obvious that you don't know anything, and it would be best to leave art appreciation to others.

But chances are it's neither of those, but instead something much more pathetic. You aren't honoring the drumming, you're improving it. You are playing what the professional musician should have played. Well, that's what you think at least. You're taking it to the next level, and you sound good, no, great. To you, no one is a better drummer, and you're really shredding the drum kit in your mind. Are there fans in there, too? What about friends? Do you have a chin? Like, a real chin, not that recessed wrinkle sloping off your mouth. Well, I hate to bring the bad news, Beaky , but it isn't real. None of it.

No, you sound like shit, and I think that if you were to think about it, you'd figure out why. Let's compare your set to that of a drummer. A drummer has at least two drums, two cymbals, and depending on where he hits them, different pitches. He has a variation of sounds, you on the other hand make only one sound as you bash your stubby little fingers against the steering wheel: *thunk* . Tap it more, harder, faster, it doesn't matter. It's the same fucking noise. You're like the little drummer boy trapped in a Ford Focus. So, to finish the comparison: your one *thunk* is the imaginary snare, bass, and high hat, while the real drummer's solo doesn't sound like Thing from the Addam's Family having a seizure.

You and your fingers

Whoa, what are you doing now? No way. Oh, wow. Wait a minute. Are you using different fingers and, God forbid, a thumb? Whoa there Neil Peart, go easy on us. You're pushing finger drumming to the next dimension, and I don't think we can handle that. This is some advanced technique stuff right here. Though you barely managed to muster enough coordination to lift and drop one finger, you have decided to move on to higher numbers. Now you have five ambitious little digits making five times more noise. As if the "music" you were making before didn't sound disjointed enough, you have somehow managed to raise the bar on your own

awfulness. The world will never be the same, and I am seeing it with my own eyes. I always wondered if I would be alive to see something revolutionary. I was hoping for a cure for AIDS, but you know what? This is fine. This is the miracle I've been waiting for, and you're an angel-- an angel bashing me over the head with the crowbar.

Well, if you used a crowbar, it would at least mean you weren't using those buttery hands. Whether or not that is a good thing, I'm not so sure. The only thing worse than a finger drummer is a finger drummer with two things in his hands. I wish I didn't have to be so vague, but seriously, they have no limits. If they can bash out a primitive beat on the table, they will. Pencils, loafs of bread, and everything else are simple tools of annoyance to these demons. If you're thinking that I'm wrong, that finger drumming isn't annoying, that it isn't annoying when you do it, then I want to tell you firstly that you are wrong, secondly try listening to a kid drum on Rock Band or Guitar Hero for an hour. Just soak in the *clack-clack-cl-cl-cl-clack-clack* and understand that you force that on everyone you come in contact with. Still unfazed? Well, lucky you. Youtube, the collector of wasted time, is also the home of thousands of videos of 311 fans pounding their fingers against shit. So, why don't you just watch some . Actually, that last one was pretty cool.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.5 Douchebag Gear: Electronic Cigarettes

Monday, Oct 05, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's happened to you before. You and your beefy bros have a big night planned: a Seth Rogen chortler at the show, some Heineken pitchers and wings at b-dubs, and then finishing the night at Lap Kat's tossing wadded singles at an episiotomy scar. Sounds great, but your plan runs into trouble when that sniggering potato head starts burning trees on screen. The sight of Rogen's lusty gusts triggers in you an irresistible nicotine craving during the movie.

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You can't handle it! You light up in the theater. You've barely exhaled the first drag when some pasty peckerwood with a flashlight and a red tuxedo is telling you to get lost for lighting up. Would Don Draper take that shit? You shove the nerd and he falls down some steps real dramatically like he's trying to get the ref to throw a flag. The next thing you know you're getting tased out in the parking lot by some black cop who works for the sheriff's department. It isn't even in his jurisdiction so the cop is totally violating your civil rights.

Your awesome Saturday is turned into an awful arraignment on Monday all over one lousy cigarette.

It doesn't have to be this way!

Chinese nicotine engineers have developed the answer to cigarette cravings in our unconstitutionally regulated post-cigalyptic dysmokia. It is called the Electronic Cigarette, and it isn't actually smoking, it's electronic smoking. A battery-operated micro-heater vaporizes a nicotine solution to produce an odorless water vapor that the user can inhale.

Here's how it works:

It looks like it might have been the result of an open bidding process at the Pentagon, but we all know those don't exist anymore. The e-cigarette is true Chinese ingenuity. Bro, who can you trust more to provide you with unregulated chemical inhalants? The Chinese, after all, have years of experience inhaling electronics.

Companies like Smoke Everywhere offer kits for newcomers complete with the e-cigarette, cartridge refills, and chargers so you can hook your cigarette up directly to your computer's USB port!

You don't have to take our word for the quality smoking - er, I'm sorry, vaping - experience offered

by e-cigarettes. Take the word of Smoke Everywhere spokesmen Jose Canseco, who reveals that e-cigarettes are "all health, it's gonna have in it proteins and a power boost." I hope e-cigarettes can also contain male hormone replacements so Canseco won't be arrested a third time for smuggling them in from Mexico to deal with his steroid-ravaged ball sack.

As much as we trust accused wife beaters like Canseco and Bonaduce, we decided to find out for ourselves if e-cigarettes beat the competition. We put them to the test by matching them up against their two closest competitors, regular Marlboro cigarettes and chlorine gas fumes from industrial solvents.

E-Cigarettes vs. Real Cigarettes vs. Anhydrous Chlorinatecetone

	Smoking Everywhere Electronic Cigarette	Marlboro	ACC-400 anhydrous chlorinatecetone "Green" Kleen™
Provides a dose of stimulating nicotine	✓	✓	X
May cause lung cancer	?	✓	X
May cause lung melting	?	X	✓
All health	✓	X	?

Gonna have in it proteins, power boost, gonna have everything.	✓	X	X
Produced in a Chinese factory that turns a nearby river bright orange	✓	X	✓
Can dissolve a submerged taxi cab in 2-4 hours	?	X	✓
Makes you think you are Don Draper	✓	✓	✓
Makes you think you are that black skeleton zombie in the barrel from Return of the Living Dead	X	X	✓
Turns you into a black skeleton zombie if you are stored with it in a barrel	?	X	?
Located in or adjacent to Flavor Country	X	✓	X
Located in or adjacent to OSHA required halon extinguisher, eye-wash, and inhalation safety station	X	X	✓

The results are still unclear. While the e-cigarette appears to have an edge on the real thing, there are just too many unknowns and unanswered questions. In time we may have those answers and we may learn that e-cigarettes really are the best. However, for the immediate future I highly recommend you stick to the factual winner: Anhydrous Chlorinatecetone.

It should be available at a Class-IV caustic substances depot near you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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10.6 The Truth about Josh "Livestock" Boruff

Tuesday, Oct 06, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Josh Boruff (only known photograph)

To regular readers of this site, Joshua "Livestock" Boruff is a familiar byline; you've probably seen it on dozens of your favorite columns on fur trapping, mars colonization and dogblogging. What's less familiar, however, is the substance of the man. With few exceptions, his articles tend toward the purely fanciful, with his personality and biography obscured by an edifice of fiction; in fact, no other writer in the history of this site has revealed less of his true self.

I count Joshua Boruff as a friend, although I know the feeling is not mutual. At best, he harbors an aloof tolerance of me, and at worst a quiet resentment. Still, through more than five years of social baby steps, I've managed to insinuate myself into his strange, fascinating life. At this point, I feel as though I know him as well as any person ever has, and maybe as well as any person really can. He's an intensely private human being, and I suspect that the publication of this column will put a quick halt to our personal relationship, but the bizarre truth of his existence is so morbidly fascinating that the journalist in me can't hold back any longer--whatever the consequences, the story of "Livestock" Boruff must be told.

Joshua David Boruff is twenty-seven years old. He lives with his mother and, aside from the freelance writing he does for Something Awful, is without visible income.Though we all very much enjoy the hilarious articles he's written for this site, he is entirely without humor in person, and, unless agitated, speaks in a sullen monotone. In fact, I'm almost certain that he has never intended his articles to be funny, and would likely be deeply offended if they're considered as such.

As you may have noticed from his "Barkwire" articles, Josh harbors a fascination with dogs that borders on pathological. His mother's house is filled with his menagerie of large-breed dogs, many of whom must be kept strictly separated due to disputes both real and imagined; for example, Auspice is always kept apart from Satire due to territorial issues that may result in bloody fights, but Kingo is also kept apart from Lothario because Josh thinks their views on Antonio Gramsci's concept of hegemony are dangerously contradictory. I've never managed to take an accurate count of Josh's dogs; he keeps many hidden inside the walls and floors, and I fear I may have double-counted some of his near-identical yellow labs.

Due to his pathological fear of scissors, his mother has to sedate Josh every four months or so to shear off his matted hair and inch-long toenails. His fingernails are to some degree self-policing, as they tend to be ground down during his extensive backyard digging projects. Though he calls them "archeological excavations," he tends to bury more items than he unearths, including his mother's dishes, his shoes, my watch and practically every piece of mail he receives.

Josh hates his own name, and makes a big show of wincing theatrically every time it's spoken aloud. He prefers to be called "Hodg," which he insists is his name backward.

His aversion to scissors also makes his favorite hobby much more time-consuming; he spends hours meticulously tearing articles out of newspapers and tacking them to the walls of his room, rearranging them daily to reflect his perception of the "order of the universe." The stories seem random, with a slight preference to dog news-- a story about a hero dog saving a child; a story about the world's oldest hobo; a story about a city hall meeting being disrupted by a dog; a story about an old man

finding a valuable coin. "Properly ordered," he tells me "these stories will create a complete, unified theory of all matter and forces." He spends at least four hours a day adding and removing clippings, reordering them to his satisfaction, and then repeatedly calling the Cambridge physics department and asking to speak with Stephen Hawking.

He often insists that we should "go into business together," although his business plans tend toward the fanciful and the dog-related; one memorable example involved a detailed dog pyramid scheme which would pay off exponentially in dog capital. "We start with just two dogs," he said, "and with just two affiliates operating under us, we'll have four dogs; with seven affiliates, we'll have one hundred and forty-four thousand dogs."

Once, Joshua confessed to me with great shame that he was a "user of pornography," and asked me to dispose of his secret pornography stash before his mother discovered it. I reluctantly agreed, and he handed me a small box to take to the local landfill. Though I swore not to look at its contents, my curiosity got the best of me and I peeked inside; it contained six VHS copies of the 1985 sci-fi film *Enemy Mine.*

I've never seen him eat any food that didn't come from a tin can. While that in itself sounds ridiculous enough, he's also obsessed with finding foods canned before 1997, when, he says, a "global impurity event" caused all food to become tainted with some sort of unspecified poison or radiation. His mother's basement is stocked with dusty cans, almost none of which have labels; I've often witnessed him grabbing a random, unlabeled can and guzzling down its contents without utensils, not even seeming to notice whether it's congealed chili, pumpkin pie filling or dog food. On the occasions when he's forced to eat recently-canned items, he punctuates his chewing with demonstrative groans and gags as if to convince me that his body is rejecting the tainted food. "It's killing me," he always says; "*you're* killing me."

Though Josh rarely leaves his house, he occasionally shows up at my doorstep and asks to speak with Eustace, my cat. He believes that cats are merely dogs who haven't fully embraced the tenets of Marxism and are therefore intellectually impure, and he's determined to harangue Eustace with impassioned political monologues until he renounces capitalism and becomes a golden retriever.

Despite his eccentricities, Josh Boruff is not stupid; he's aware that his behavior is socially unacceptable, and will go to great lengths to disguise his true nature. I fully expect him to rebut this article tomorrow and make many false claims about my own character; please be warned in advance that he's a liar, and anything he might say about me will be purely out of spite and insanity.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.7 In Praise of David Thorpe's Brother

Wednesday, Oct 07, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The lesser Thorpe

A couple weeks ago I told David Thorpe that I would be writing an article documenting some of his strange habits and destructive behavior. I expected this news to delight him, as he is vain, narcissistic man positively bereft of shame. Instead, it rattled his cage something fierce, as evidenced by his adopting the Bush Doctrine policy of anticipatory self defense, an act in clear violation of international law.

I expect by now that you have read his recent diatribe, titled " the Truth about Josh Boruff ." Much of what David wrote is true, just divorced from the explanatory context. Without the necessary framework, some of my behavior might have sounded a little unhealthy. Context is, after all, everything. If you deny the sandwich its bread, all you are left with is an unnerving pile of meat and condiments. David attempted to present to you my life, minus the essential bread.

Now I could go and accuse David of this or that, or go on *ad nauseum* about his mild kleptomania and how he routinely steals items of little consequence, such as salt shakers and forks, in some childish effort to buck authority. I don't want to wallow in negativity. I want to write about something positive here. David Thorpe is my friend and he comes from hardy stock. He's got a solid family and a great brother. In fact, I'd like to dedicate this entire article to Russell Thorpe, David's adult brother.

It's hard to describe what my favorite thing about Russ is, because there's just so much to like about the guy. With David, it's pretty easy to narrow it down to one particular likeable quality, but that's largely due to the general lack of likeable qualities. With Russ, man, that guy just has so much going for him. He's like a movie with tons of great parts or a book with so many layers that you discover something new and rewarding with each visit.

The first thing you notice with Russ is that he's really got his act together. You know just by looking at him that he doesn't have any unsettling, creepy habits. Like no way does this guy go home and study maps obsessively, like a certain blood relation of his. And why would Russ even want to obsessively study maps? He's not deluded enough to think that he's going to uncover some bizarre Biblical code by calculating the precise distances between Masonic temples. I can't recall Russ ever even mentioning secret codes hidden in maps.

The greater Thorpe as he sizes up a delicacy.

Conversing with Russ is always a pleasure. When it comes to good talking points, Russ is fully loaded with all the options. Pick a topic and he's ready to go with a cornucopia of carefully groomed anecdotes, tall tales, and even the occasional ribald joke. He's not going to waste your time with long, harrowing monologues about how the board of health is out to get him or how he got a cut on his arm that won't heal and his cat won't stop licking it. That sort of disturbing talk may suit David, but Russ is used to entertaining a more downtown audience.

When it comes to snappy dressers, it's hard to top Russ. From his fun and carefree summertime

attire to his wild experiments in color, he's got it going on. It's like he somehow soaked up all the style from his mother's womb, leaving nothing behind for his baby brother except thin, meager scraps. For the longest time David would wear these ratty t-shirts that were always ripped and stretched in perplexing ways. After about a year I figured out why: David was putting his shirts on feet first, squeezing his entire body through the neck lining. I saw him do it once and it was like watching some kind of deranged birthing ritual in reverse. I'll never forget the sound of his screams.

When you're around Russ, you don't feel dirty. He's a hygienic guy. He washes his hands and cleans up after himself. He's totally sold on the validity of germ theory. For Russ, it's just accepted fact. How such an important scientific breakthrough escaped his brother is beyond me. You can rest assured that Russ *does* have a problem with eating out of dumpsters and sharing food with wild animals. And while his brother may not have any qualms about meticulously sifting through animal excrement to find seeds, Russ is not down with handling fecal matter.

While I've never been inside Russ' apartment, I can only imagine that it's a pretty swingin' joint. His brother may have some peculiar living habits, such as hoarding thousands of *TV Guide* magazines and unholy amounts of Garfield memorabilia, but I bet Russ runs a real tight ship when it comes to his humble abode. David's apartment is a shameful sight indeed, cluttered to the point where any sudden movement could trigger a fatal avalanche.

One of two clean rooms in David's apartment. The other being his pristinely kept map room.

I don't like to get careless with big words like "murder," but for a while there was a girl living with David and now there is not. Could she have been crushed beneath a pile of garbage? It's entirely plausible. He's lost a few cats that way.

Another thing that makes Russ shine next to David is that he doesn't sweat the small stuff. Take David's ridiculous *TV Guide* library for example. For years now David has been yammering on and on about how he's on the cusp of discovering the ultimate TV pattern. He says that as soon as he finds it, he'll be able to predict TV schedules as far into the future as 26 years. Russ, on the other hand, is a big picture kind of guy. He doesn't need to know what's going to be on channel 5 approximately 2,357 days in the future, because he knows there's more to life than television.

David's the kind of guy who looks at my house and barks, "What are you going to do with all those dogs?" Russ is at the other end of of the spectrum, in the ultracool range. He's the kind of guy who sees my collection of dogs and says, "Dude! You've got a ton of top quality dogs. Let's make something happen." Given the chance, Russ is exactly the kind of guy I'd love to go into business with. With my entrepreneurial acumen and his salesmanship, we could clean up.

Russ favors adult relationships. I'm not talking *sexy* adult relationships, but rather ones that are based on respect and common courtesy. Grownup stuff. In all my encounters with Russ, he was always quick to recall my name, which is Josh. For the past five years David has been calling me all manner of bizarre names, such as "Beft," "Dawf" and "Oach." His latest name for me is "Hodg," which I've never insisted on being called. David routinely makes up fanciful tales to distract from his complete inability to comprehend human names.

After a while you get used to David operating so far outside the boundaries of normalcy. It takes a great deal of patience to tolerate him, which is another thing I admire about Russ. He supports his dumb, stupid brother in spite of all his inane beliefs. Case in point: David's comical relationship

with the laws of physics, which he claims to understand better than anyone. After having a bad dream, David suddenly came to the conclusion that his interpretation of gravity was off, making it an absolute certainity that he would float into space. Naturally, this made him afraid to go outside. Russ came to the rescue, making sure his brother did not starve to death. I even chipped in with some pristine canned goods from before the global impurity event.

Russ is just the sort of guy who would drop anything to help a friend in need. I've tried asking his brother for help, and he usually hems and haws for a few minutes, then says he is simply too busy collecting seeds, working in his map room, or that he's about to make a major breakthrough in the Jack the Ripper murders, which he recently became obsessed with solving. "It's a career case," he told me when I requested a ride to the doctor's office shortly after my car was stolen .

It's hard to deny that Russ is just an honest, trustworthy guy. He's not the sort of person to tell lies about his friends, or post in public things that they expressed in confidence. It's hard to believe such a stupendous guy could have such an absolute disgrace of a brother, but I suppose every man has his weakness. It's just too bad that Russell Thorpe's Achilles' heel is a large dumb baby named David.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.8 The Mothers Against Monster Miscegenation Newsletter

Thursday, Oct 08, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

M.A.M.M. Quarterly Newsletter

Mothers Against Monster Miscegenation

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In This Issue:

A Goblin Primer: *Stay Safe. Stay Protected.*

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Beetle Bailey: Back By Popular Demand!

Your Pizza Coupon Here
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Nothing Funny About "Munsters"

Disgusting TV "Comedy" Slimes Its Way Back Onto TV

Judith Frutch

There once was a time when TV was a wholesome art. You could relax with your family, stare at a talking horse, and go to bed content with the knowledge that everything was right with the world. Well, we don't do much TV-watching at the Frutch house these days, and the blame can be placed squarely on one program designed to promote the disgusting act of monster inter-breeding: The Munsters. Back for a new season this fall, CBS's latest piece of liberal propaganda revolves around the abominations of nature that result from sexual relations between differing types of ghouls -- not since My Three Sons have I ever witnessed such an affront to God. And the worst part about this horror story is that it's played completely for comedy! Now, I'm no bigot; I completely tolerate monsters as long as they stay out of my neighborhood and don't go to our local schools. But when Draculas and

Could this be the American family in 40 years?

Frankensteins enter into an unholy union, it's the children that suffer. How many times have you seen little half-breed wolf boys wandering the streets, with nowhere to fit in but the seedy soda counters of our local druggists? It breaks your heart. And just the other day, I had to explain to my little boy why that mummy and the swamp creature were holding hands at the grocery store. These are conversations we simply shouldn't be having, and we should honestly murder

* See **MUNSTERS** Page 4

Guest Commentary: Ladies, Don't Date Monsters

Carol Sump

We've all heard the rumors about monsters; that they're smarter, stronger, and better in the bedroom. While all of these facts are indeed true, it's important to not get swept up in your own happiness and instead think of how your choice of a mate will help the white race prosper. I was once married to a wolfman named Ted before guilt drove me to leave him for my current human husband. We often argue and have never had maritals that I can remember, but with every loveless day I thank God white people

* See **RUT** Page 6

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.9 The Moon's Luck Just Ran Out

Friday, Oct 09, 2009 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

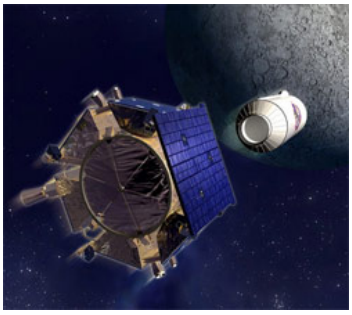
The NASA Young Astronauts Outreach Program's Space Newz Bulletin is a regular update about space news written by real NASA astronauts for grade school students across the United States. Several of these updates have been written by ISS Mission Commander Lt. Col. AJ Tucker. After careful review, NASA has decided not to release these bulletins to the schools participating in the YAOP. Lt. Col. AJ Tucker is currently mission commander, but is the subject of an internal NASA psychological evaluation. He has been warned repeatedly about his use of inappropriate language.

Got to say, as it regards moon orbit operations, LCROSS Project Manager Dan Andrews can go ahead and go F himself. Dan Andrews is a F-ing B-word who sits on his fat A-word in FCR2 watching payloads run computer S and do automation. The A-TAC programming team has more control over a mission than that jelly belly S-head.

What earth nerd has got to understand in his little eggy head is that I am currently highest ranking officer of the USMC in space, the undisputed mission commander, and therefore I am the commander of space. I am the king of F-ing space! You don't try to run some lunar orbit BS without me. Don't test me, Andrews.

Now for those of you who haven't heard, the United States of America has had just about enough of the moon. We are just sick to death of the moon or MOOL (Massive Orbiting Object, Lunar) and so we have devised a plan to have our revenge. This plan is called LCROSS which stands for something like Let's C How The Moon Likes This, which in non-technical terms is that we are going to mess up the moon. It's bounced back before, but it is not gonna come back from this one.

Ostensibly this operation is going to determine if there's ice in the dust on the moon because of some boring defraction or whatever. Who cares? Moon sucks. We've been there a bunch of times and stopped going back. You know why? Because moon sucks. Worthless. Nothing there that won't just tick you off one way or the other. Ooooh, look, a flag that just sits there and doesn't flap around. Great. Hey, foot prints. Oh, what is that I see? Could it be...it is! Another F-ing crater. Let me just check my moon diary. That makes crater number 500 billion so far today.



LCROSS deployment. Only NASA could take something as awesome as blowing the crap out of the moon and produce this boring picture.

People keep going to Disney Land because it's fun and exciting and they have great rides and food and the girls they hire to play Belle and Ariel are real hot and easily impressed by mission patches and after hours they will wear the costume if you get them drunk enough. People go back for that. None of that is on the moon. That's why we never go there anymore.

Obviously, this ice BS is just a cover for the real point of LCROSS. Which is to put the moon in its place. No, I don't mean adjust its

orbit or something, I mean to teach the moon a lesson. It has to learn that we are not going to be pushed around anymore.

If you want some egghead talk about this then walk into the press office at NASA and they will choke you with binders full of charts and liquid oxygen pressure and solid fuel motor and whatever else. They've got these printouts they do that are on transparent paper and then they just stack like 5 charts together. It's a waste of time.

Check out how cool this picture is. This is just a picture from some stupid video game my loser step son plays. It's like 500 times more exciting than that NASA picture and it's happening on earth and not even real. Maybe I should ease up on that kid, but he dresses all in black and his girlfriend looks like somebody rolled a magnet in a drawer of screws.

The way it's really gonna work is simple. LCROSS is a big Centaur rocket, one of our freight rockets that goes out beyond earth to do the boring nerd stuff like crash a weather station on Jupiter or send a record off into deep space so that a bunch of nerds back on earth can write poems about how insignificant they are. They only think they're so insignificant because they're a pencil-necked loser. If they were punishing the p-word 24/7 and blasting into space and shooting down MiG-29s in the laser intensity of life-or-death combat then they'd realize that one dude can be pretty GD epic. Nobody wrote the Illiad about Tau Ceti. They wrote it about one dude kicking A-word all over Rome.

Rocks are dumb and don't do crap. Oooh Jupiter is big. Wow. Space is huge. Holy moly what a frigging profound observation, poindexter. You know what's way more profound? A frigging baby farting or some naked lady or something. How did THAT get here? I don't know if it was god or what, but they're doing stuff. They're figuring stuff out, taking off thongs, not just orbiting and spinning around like a bowling ball on a greased plank.

Whoa, got sidetracked there. Sorry. Nerds just really tick me off. I'm a blue-collar astronaut. Not one of these elitist know-it-all Doctor Do-Nothings that drive me up the wall with their "can't" and "don't" routine. "Don't open that hatch!" they yell. "You can't space walk in a t-shirt!" they scream. Hey, dingus, I went to the same astronaut school as you, I know about stuff like atmospheres. I was just gonna air out those space boots, not go for a jog on your precious fart stink module. Jesus H. I swear you leave the fluid point uncapped on the liquid physics lab for one day/night cycle and suddenly you're Lt. Col. Non Grata.

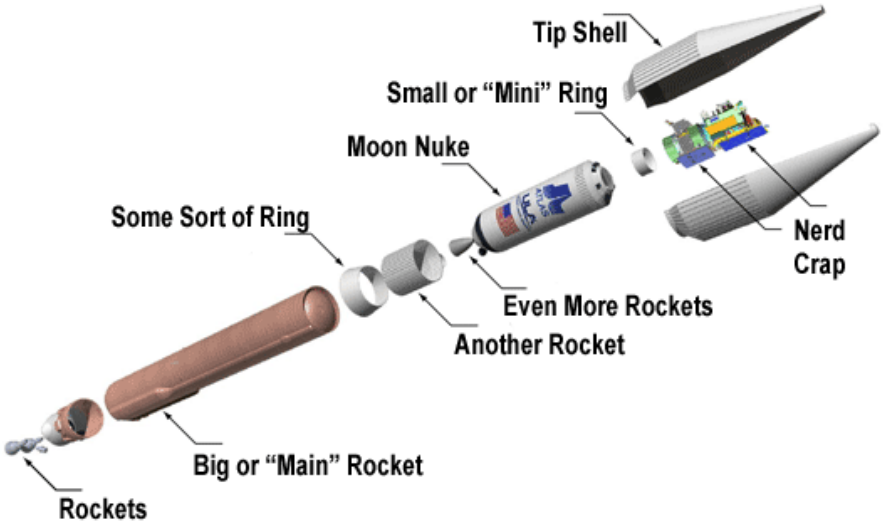
D-word! My sidetrack got sidetracked.

The LCROSS is going to be launched into space on a Centaur rocket, which usually takes garbage to some place nobody cares about so we can find out there's methane ice on the 500th moon of some planet you forgot about until you see the name. Like Neptune. Nobody gives an F about Neptune. We could be making it up and not only would you not know, you wouldn't care one way or the other.

This is science. You are looking at science. Drop out of college now.

So this Centaur rocket is going to run out of juice about the time it hits the moon's orbit. It's going to detach this big computer and camera thing to take pictures, and then it's programmed to drop into a crater. Now, NASA has been saying it's going to make a big cloud of dust and they'll be able to see ice, but secretly it's got a bomb in there. Like probably about 500 macro tons. Huge bomb.

At 7:30 or something like that the thing is going to blow up. Hon-



estly, they didn't ask me like they were supposed to, but I am not going to say no to a mission like this. I am sick to death of watching saggy arms try to measure ripples on a sphere of vegetable oil or the Russians doing their experiments with the tennis ball and the lighter fluid. Still haven't figured that one out, but they've got a baseball bat and all of the other crew members are upset, so I figure just let them do whatever they want. Besides, those guys fist fight for like ten minutes every day, which terrifies the rest of the crew but I think is hilarious. I could take them both.

I wish. If the moon looked like this I could just ram its septum into its brain.

So space nerds, kids, tune in to TV or look through a telescope or something and stare at the moon and maybe you can see a little tiny blip on the moon. NASA are a bunch of idiots so it won't look cool or be exciting at all, but remember: USA rules over the moon. Nobody can do science like us. Check it out. It's like on a Friday I think.

F the moon. It deserves this after all the S it has pulled. See ya!

-~AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Public Domain Games

Saturday, Oct 10, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Aside from the game's deep space setting, Dead Space had a lot in common with Event Horizon. Both borrowed heavily from big titles that came before them, both were so we well-executed that they overcame their potential to be completely forgettable, and both were set in deep space.

When developer Visceral Games went back to work on their next project, they decided to up the unoriginal factor by taking Dante Alighieri's literary classic Divine Comedy (thanks for making it free, public domain!), focusing on the Hell bits, and turning it into a hack n' slash God Of War clone featuring a ripped dude wielding an oversized scythe with a handle made of vertebrae. Naturally.

This is an actual game.

Dante's Inferno isn't anywhere near release, but rumor has it that Visceral is already preparing to make another game based on another story they won't have to pay for, Jack The Ripper. Unconfirmed reports point to Jack (the dude that killed actual people in real life) being the hero of the game, and for a bullet-time mechanic to be featured. Again, naturally.

Visceral Games is really on to something here. As long as you're going to rip off major features from other developers, you might as well scoop up the core concept of your game from the public domain and pass the savings onto yourself.

Once their strategy catches on, it will only be a matter of time before we see games such as:

Lindbergh Baby Racing

Based on the disappearance of famed pilot Charles Lindbergh's child in 1932, with very few creative liberties taken in the process of adaptation.

The plot: The ghost of Amelia Earhart magically summons the children of 32 of history's most daring pilots to her hidden isle in the center of the Bermuda Triangle. The infants engage in a series of air races through twelve wacky courses, each piloting a unique tiny airplaine (Lil' Red Baron's plane honks when you press B, Chuck Yeager Jr. drops banana peels, etc.)

If you manage to beat the competition and become the ultimate baby pilot, a more difficult Toddler class will open up, along with mirrored versions of all the game's tracks.

Moby Dick Episode One: Call Me Vengeance

A first person shooter that puts you in the role of Brock Ahab, a professional MMA fighter that lost everything when a white whale mudered his wife and framed him for the gruesome crime.

As you journey through the gritty underworld of Seattle's wharf district in pursuit of the elusive white whale, you'll uncover a global corporation's secret plans to produce an unstoppable army of supermutant whales. Also, you'll be able to stop these supermutants when you fight them.

Snap to cover, blind-fire your harpoon gun, and get in close for brutal MMA finishing moves as you avenge your family and evade police.

There are many whales in the big city... you're just looking for one white bastard.

The Art Of War

Something terrible has happened to the war-torn anime kingdom of Verzalatheria, and now it's up to you to grab your Wii Motion Plus controller and restore order by painting!

Based on the self-help book of the same name, The Art Of War will have you whisking your paintbrush over thousands of warring soldiers with lives and families, replacing them with flowers!

To quote Sun Tzu, "All warfare is based on war; therefore, all art is based on warfare".

I Have A Dream And This Magic Axe

Relive the most indelible moments of the civil rights era as you step into the shoes of Martin Luther King, Jr., a man that was gifted with a kind heart, unrivaled oratory skills, and a two-handed axe strapped to his back.

Smash through a series of sentient buses to locate the runaway vehicle holding Rosa Parks and rescue her before it runs off a cliff! Lay waste to thousands of demons (some even have naked titties) and decapitate gargoyles as you clear your way to the Lincoln Memorial, where the success of your speech is determined by how well you can time your button presses. Uncover a global corporation's secret plans to produce an unstoppable army of supermutant whales.

Next summer, all men are created equal, but all demons can kiss your ass!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 The Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box

Monday, Oct 12, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

um, excuse me, it should actually be "DEMOCRATIC" Complaint Box. You are using a right-wing frame word to rob Democrats of the full majesty bestowed on the name of the party by the letters "I" and "C" at the end.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

I am trying to get the word out for the actblue page I set up for Nancy Captor, the black lesbian progressive from Boston that the netroots plans to primary against Blanche Lincoln. Our plan is to push the party to the left by primarying sitting blue dog senators in red states. What could go wrong?

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

was wondering if there were any outstanding things we needed to apologize to the republicans and/or the troops for? Maybe some guy posted something mean on Democratic Underground or a there is a Youtube video comparing Cheney to Ming the Merciless. I just really want to say I'm sorry.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

I'm not so sure about this public option thing. I think we need to find a compromise. Meet in the middle. How about we take the public option and combine it with doing nothing and then divide by two. I think that gives us tax cuts and tort reform. Something we can all agree will help Americans.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

Glenn Beck yelled something crazy and now I think we need to boycott Cash4Gold. So, uh, don't send any necklaces or gem-encrusted dollar sign medallions to them until they stop advertising with Glenn Back.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

I wanted to confess to you that I really did vote for Obama just because he's black. After hundreds of years of oppression I felt it was my duty as a white man to set the black man free by electing a centrist Harvard-educated Hawaiian lawyer raised by his white family as the first black president.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

am I doing enough to safeguard Israel? I feel like I am, but sometimes I worry. If Democrats stop supporting Israel then all Israel will have left will be the Republicans.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

I'm so sick of Michael Moore! He's such an embarrassment to Democrats. We should be ashamed of him. What if the Republicans had a...guy who...nevermind.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

sometimes I worry that racism ended too much and the pendulum is swinging back towards reverse racism. Let's end affirmative action so the Republicans can't use that against us anymore.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

I'm pretty angry about CEO pay at the banks, but I do not support any salary caps that would dampen innovation and harm the ability of banks to stomp directly on my throat.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

Bill Clinton was a great president. Sure, he had that blowjob, and sure NAFTA destroyed our industrial base, and sure his welfare reform is crushing the poor in the midst of a national financial crisis, and yeah, the COPS program was ridiculous, and sure you can partially blame him for the de-regulation of the financial and housing markets, but...

I forgot what I was going to say.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

remember that farmer who carved HOPE and the Obama logo in his corn field? Remember, his wife made an Obama head out of butter?

That guy is me. That guy is voting for Sarah Palin in 2012.

Dear Anonymous Democrat Complaint Box,

uh, yeah, I just wanted to say that this is bullshit. My wife is still planning to leave me and she is still screwing the pool boy. I had HOPED Obama would straighten all this stuff up, but I guess in the unlikely story that is America there is a shitload false about hope.

No big deal, it's just my fucking family and house.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.12 Subj: REVIEW OF YOUR SISTERS WEDDING

Tuesday, Oct 13, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!!!! Email greetings from your dear father something special happened to me on sunday and i had a change of heart about your sister. I was at the Truck Zone Breakfast Boutique listening to 45 y.o. men with big bellies talk about how they just watched Home Alone: The Director's Cut and the only change was that buzz's girlfriend was black and i got fed up with how i have been acting so i decided to attend your sister's wedding to idiot GREG. I found the invitation under my stack of papers and drove for 4.5 hours to show up at the GREG family house and i got introduced to his mom who is definitely a diaper lady and then Gregs brother whose name is Mike Tubes (who knows what it really is the diaper mom talks so fast) came pounding down the stairs to which i said "Wow Gregs Brother Mike Tubes Is A Real Magnificent Beast !! Lumbering Down The Stairs With His Ed Hardy Shirt Of A Rose Inside A Horse Skull!" i appeared happy to see the husky man in his dress garb but he didnt really say anything to me. they told me you guys were all getting dressed and said why dont us parents go have a nice breakfast so we can get to know each other.

"WHAT A FANCY BREAKFAST !! BOY HOOT I FEEL LIKE A STAR EVEN THOUGH THIS IS MY SECOND BREAKFAST OF THE DAY" but this was a misnomer because i just felt greasy and got lost on the way to the bathroom to wash up and ended up in a bedroom that looked to have been converted into a sex dungeon. thre were all kinds of ropes and pulleys and tubes going everywhere and right after i walked in Mike Tubes came in to tell me this is where Momma is getting her rest. There was no woman in the room when i walked in but right as he was saying that a Very Fat Arm from inside a pile of blankets lifted one of the blankets up and revealed a superfat woman. The 3 of us just stood there looking at each other and then Miketubes explained in awe that the woman was his aunt who they called Momma anyway and she cant talk because it makes her burp for hours and then she cant sleep at night and makes a ruckus

The woman grabbed a rope near her right arm and it pulled her left leg up and the smell of tires and wet newspapers went everywhere. the skin on the bottom of her leg was wet and much darker than the rest of her skin and she kept pulling the rope and her leg was going up and down. every time her leg went down it forced air out from under it and the hot air bellowed against my face and made me squint a little because even though i wasnt breathing it in i could taste the nasty leg through my face skin and it tasted like warm raw chicken. Mike Tubes knew the leg thing was a signal and said Momma Wants To Watch The Weddin

There was a round bed for the fat lady in the middle of the room and windows with blinds on 3 walls. We dragged the blanket she was on over close to the roundbed and helped her claw her way up to the top and it was so gross because the butt crack opened up and everything. once she settled into place Mike flipped a switch on the wall and the bed started rotating very slowly so she could take turns looking out each window 75% of the time and rest for the other 25%. the motor was struggling and the bed was vibrating and going very slow. I went around to all the blinds and opened them up and every window looked into a different part of the wedding so the whole thing was visible to the

woman but also everyone in the wedding could see into the small room with the rotating fat lady in it. My daughter shouted at me and said i was ruining the wedding I guess she didnt know it was Gregs Family and NOT mine this time !!! "Guess Your Husband To Be Isn't The Perfect Peach You Thought You PIcked... Smell Me Later..." and i went back to my seat and watched the wedding.

Everyone was seated in their seats and we were waiting for it to hit the road but everyone was kind of uncomfortable with Momma watching us and rotating. after a little bit a bad smell started happening like breaking a belt in a vacuum cleaner. i think one of the belts driving the Fatbed broke because the fat woman window room filled with black smoke and made the whole place stink like burning rubber. the priest guy said Ok Lets Do It While We Can Concentrate and they did the ceremony really quickly and then opened the door to Mommas room so the smoke would let out and she could see again. She started getting upset and saying she missed it but then they told her a lie about how she passed out for hours and they had to do the ceremony because they hired photographers and the band and caterers. she definitely did not pass out at any point though because the whole time while the room was filling with smoke she was hooting and hollering and saying "HellloooOOOoooOOOO????" and "HELP ME" and coughing like 3 coughs in one. I dont know how she does it

All in all it was a nice time im glad shes happy even though greg and his family stink it was a good day!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! -DAD!!

"LOOKIN GOOD IN A TUX..... JUST LIKE HIGH SCHOOL!!!" -ME

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.13 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Company Fall Sales

Wednesday, Oct 14, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

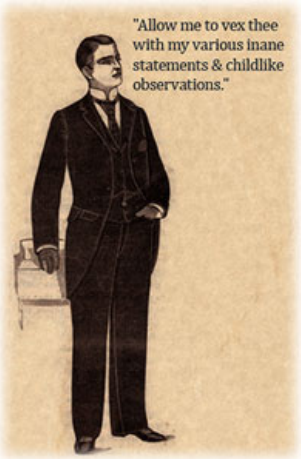
BORUFF & DAVIES CATALOGUE CO.

Prior to the invention of modern conveniences such as strip malls, the Internet, and *pizza* , man had to rely on mail-order catalogs to acquire vital supplies. As it happens, my family happened to run one of the most successful of these catalogs. Partnered with the despicable Davies family (not so much a family as a gang of pirates, opium addicts, and gamblers), my forebears provided this developing nation with furniture, tools, clothes, seeds, and countless other essential items.

With that in mind, I present to you another chapter from a newly recovered Boruff & Davies Catalogue.

No. 13 Tubular Silos
A bounty of silos! Our warehouses are simply overflowing with tubular silos such that we can scarcely store our many other products. Thus we invite you to help us help you! For a mere pittance of their normal price, you can purchase in quantity a collection of fine tubular silos. How you employ these great and beautiful structures is entirely at your discretion. Use them to house your most precious grain, imprison unruly children or for storing your grand menagerie of birds. We include no moral judgment in the sale price. **$1000.00 for 5 tubular silos.**

No. 45 Arc de Triomphe
Constructed in rousing tribute to all the men who have fought for France, this fantastic arch is the perfect addition to any monument collection. The Boruff & Davies Catalogue Company is pleased to offer this historic landmark at an unprecedented discount. As it is certain to attract attention from many collectors and interested parties, we encourage you to purchase without hesitation. **$2,450,000.00. Buyer assumes all shipping responsibilities.**



No. 203 Charles M. Donnelly

As we no longer require the services of this awful man, we wish to offer him for sale to our dear readers. We offer him for sale at a price we believe more than fair considering his pristine physical conditon. Please note that the sale of Mr. Charles M. Donnelly comes with this caveat: he is quite possibly the worst human being alive. Rude, dull and prone to interrupting your most pressing speeches with imbecilic observations, he is certain to test even the most patient and pious of men. Aside from his many flaws, which are simply too numerous to document in full, he is a qualified accountant and possesses a lovely singing voice. **$299.00.**

No. 102 The "Bonnie"

We are pleased to present an artifact as wretched as it is astonishing! This bicycle defies all expectations, for no part of it is readily comprehensible. Constructed by a man so besought by mental illness as to frequently consume his own bodily excretions, this bicycle serves only to maim and mutilate its rider. There is little we could say to paint the "Bonnie" in a positive light, save for its impeccable craftsmanship and labyrinthian design. It is unlikely that any man will ever outlive or outwit this horrible abomination. **$150.00.**

No. 14 The Full-Body Toilet

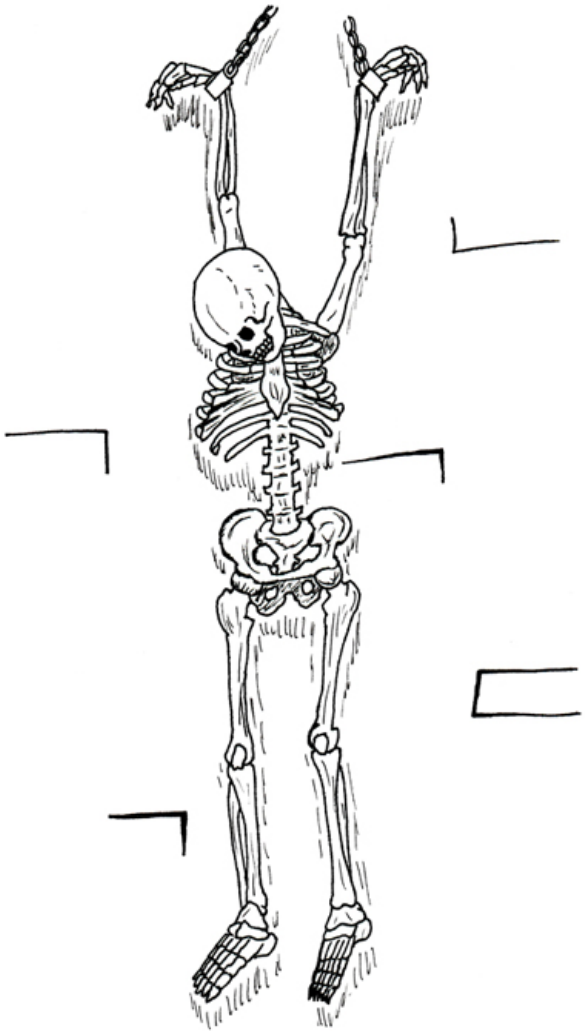
As this device provides complete coverage of the gentleman's body, save for the head, he may use it even in social situations without fear of disgrace. Indeed, the device's finely crafted exterior will conceal all bodily function, allowing him to carry out his most personal enterprise while still remaining within sight of the world. The gentleman shall find that his waste has been dutifully collected in the small, removable pot located beneath the seat. This pot may be cleaned or replaced at his leisure. The quality and durability of this apparatus has been attested to by men whose bowels flow without modesty. **$95.00.**

No. 642 Treacherous Babies
Abandoned by their parents for acts of unrepentant treachery, these seemingly mundane babies are wont to beguile even the most mindful of guardians. Through clever ruses, bewildering ploys and alarming schemes, they weave intricate webs of intrigue and deceit, bringing about financial ruin, mental anguish and great shame. Soft, hardy and ready to withstand even the most vigorous of beatings. **$30.00 per baby.**

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.14 That's a Good Skeleton, Johnny... A Little Too Good

Thursday, Oct 15, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller



Mr. Elliott: Johnny, I'm Principal Elliott. We've never spoken before, but I hear you're very gifted. Of course you know Mr. Nolan. I also want you to meet Mrs. Frazier and Mr. Bloom. We would like to talk to you about your drawings.

Johnny: Were my drawings bad?

Mr. Bloom: No, Johnny. They're good, very good. Much better than any 4th grader's work I've seen, if I may say so.

Johnny: Thank you, sir! You are all nice people. But, um, Mr. Nolan, can I go? Everyone else gets to play kickball.

Mr. Bloom: Not yet, Johnny. We have some questions for you. We want you to help us understand where you get your ideas. Now, did your dad... help you? I mean, and you won't get in trouble, did

he draw this himself?

Mr. Nolan: Or did he draw the outline, and you colored over what he'd done using a darker ink? Still very impressive.

Mrs. Frazier: Or does he force you to practice drawing at all hours of the night while dangling a knife over your fingers, punishing every imperfection with a swift knick from his blade?

Johnny: My dad is always asleep when I get home. He won't wake up when I poke him. He just snores louder.

Mr. Elliott: Something about this being a child's drawing just seems... indecent. Couldn't the skeleton wear clothes?

Mr. Bloom: Focus, Elliott. Johnny, have you seen this... in real life... with your eyes?

Mr. Nolan: Did you draw it from memory?

Mrs. Frazier: Did you sit in front of a skeleton in a dark, secret dungeon, sketching what you saw with remarkably steady hands despite the rats nibbling at your heels and the acrid stink of death permeating your little nostrils?

Johnny: You're a scary lady.

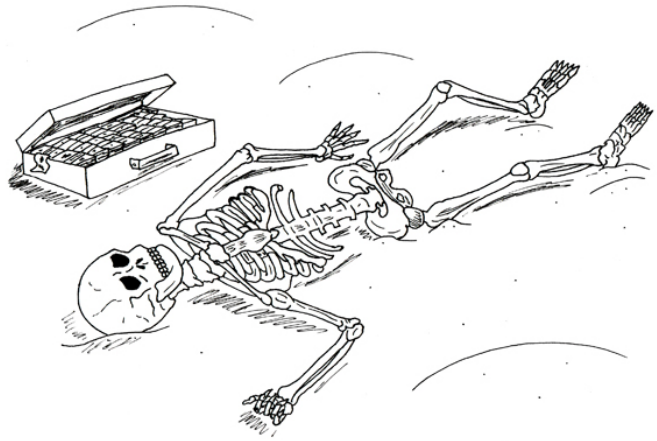
Mr. Bloom: This drawing... is this a drawing of someone you know? Tell me, Johnny, is this a drawing of your dad?

Mr. Nolan: I haven't seen him at any of the parent-teacher conferences.

Johnny: He is not a skeleton! He has too much skin and stuff.

Mr. Nolan: Well, it's worth a try, because we're not getting anywhere: Are you actually a middle-aged little person with advanced artistic skills posing as a child? If so, I promise we'll arrange for deportation without any criminal charges.

Johnny: I don't know what you mean, Mr. Nolan. I don't know! I just want to go outside. I drawed it with a pencil.



Mrs. Frazier: This second drawing, we need to know if this is a real place. And if it is, can you take us there? *Now* ?

Johnny: I did a drawing.

Mr. Bloom: Yes, you are very good at drawing, Johnny! Can you draw us a map, a map to where this is?

Johnny: I did a drawing.

Mrs. Frazier: I am showing you my bayonet. Will you draw me a map if I say I will fight you with this bayonet?

Mr. Elliott: Dammit, Karen! Can't we ever meet with a child without you dragging that thing out from under the desk? Let's be sensible, here. Act like adults. Do you know what pirates are, Johnny? Are your mommy and daddy pirates?

Johnny: Sharks.

Mr. Nolan: Sharks! OK, I think we're making progress! Tell me, Elliott, as teachers, what kind of memory recovery techniques are we allowed to authorize?

Mrs. Frazier: I really don't think that's...

Mrs. Frazier: Professor Bloom, as a man of science, answer me this: Is there any information we could glean by physically opening his skull and running some sort of tests on his brain matter, or would that just be a dead end?

Mr. Elliott: Now hold on...

Johnny: I draw your fate, your inexorable fate.

Mr. Bloom: Quiet, both of you, I'm thinking.

Thanks to Michael Balistreri from Black Snow Comics for the skeleton drawings!

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

10.15 Megan Fox and the Kingdom of the Bowling Alley Nachos

Friday, Oct 16, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My neighbor Kafir ended his obsession with Megan Fox two weeks ago.

He used to paint pictures of her in his all-white studio in his all-white house. These pictures were gaudy, roughly-textured portraits. Many of them were obscenely nude despite being based directly off of photographs he downloaded off of the Internet.

He showed those paintings to everyone. He even showed off the beaver-baring painting where he messed up the scale of Megan's taint. It was so bad that her vagina and anus appeared to be racing away from one another at maximum speed.

Kafir once told me proudly that, "Paperboy is big fan" in reference to our street's 13-year-old paperboy. I eventually got Kafir to agree to no more tours of his gallery for the neighborhood kids, but I don't think he understood why that needed to be the case.

"They love art," he protested, but gave up with a shrug. "Alright. From now on I tell them, 'Go to library, look up the Megan Fox. Work of art right there for you.' Satisfied?"

Kafir was never satisfied when it came to Megan Fox. Bigger and more elaborate was better. People used to get these wall-sized images of Hawaiian beach views and forest scenes and plaster them across their den or bedroom. Kafir's pride and joy was a homemade version of one of these images: a 12-foot wide and 8-foot tall painting of Megan Fox's face. It was just her face, looming up behind a tea table on the north wall, like the misshapen face of a giant peering into its dollhouse.

All of that is gone. Two weeks ago Kafir gave it all up at Windy Lanes bowling alley. He is on my bowling team with two guys from Spangler Heating (Ryan and Topher) and a DJ friend of one of the Spangler Heating guys. I don't know the DJ's name, but he has "TECHNO" sewn into the back of his bowling shirt so that's what I call him. Together we form the Spangler Scorpions, the second-lowest ranked bowling team in the history of the lane.

At one time the Spangler Scorpions were ranked third best at Windy Lanes. Unfortunately, some jobs were lost at Spangler Heating, certain people were blamed, and some things were said that couldn't be taken back. Now the Unlucky Strikes are the third best at Windy Lanes and I bowl for the Spangler Scorpions.

We were a few games and several beers into league night when my usual order of nachos arrived. I'm not sure what their delightful nacho recipe is at Windy Lanes, but each chip resembles a gelatinized pork rind topped with a button of jalapeno collected from beneath a refrigerator. This culinary pressure sore is then drenched in a smeggy ocean of orange-brown nacho cheese and lazily dusted with, of all things, black pepper. Half-drunk, losing, and sharing this plate of slop with my teammates was a recent tradition.

To be honest, the night was unremarkable for me, but that plate of nachos held a special significance

for Kafir. The woman who brought the nachos out from the kitchen was Clowe, pronounced nothing like you'd think. She was a new employee, a robust 20-something with a rumor of facial hair and the desperate, wet-hair smell of girls at bowling alleys. Her features crowded into the center of her head afraid they might otherwise slip off the crust of her lumpy pie face.

She would never win a beauty contest, but those are for girls with extra Ys in their name and ladyboys on Maury. No, Clowe was no Megan Fox, but she had the one trait that Kafir values in women above all others: freakishly huge breasts.

It took one date for Kafir to lose interest in his Megan Fox artwork. By the third date Clowe had visited his house and the artwork was gone.

"I burn," he said, without a hint of sadness. "Everyone burn leaf. Hot cocoa, marshmallow. Fucking pumpkin patch. You know what I get? I tell you. Village fine me 200 dollar illegal burn. Should I take to court?"

I demurred. We left the pile of torched masterpieces in his yard and went inside the house for a cup of hot cocoa, marshmallow. Fucking pumpkin patch.

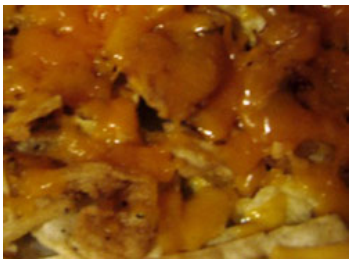
Clowe was visiting, wearing a fluffy robe that ill-concealed her cleavage. Her face was as small as ever. She was boiling a large pot of what might have been glue. Knowing her involvement in nachos past I did not inquire further, but it would not have surprised me if the pot full of goop was the result of rendering housecats. I waved hello and we thankfully adjourned to the den.

We sipped our hot chocolate and I pretended not to notice the fact that Megan Fox's giant head had been covered, poorly, with white paint. She still lurked beneath the surface, visible as a bluish discoloration on the white wall.

Kafir was raving about Clowe.

"Good cook, the best!" he exclaimed. "She make food every night. You know mac and cheese?"

I did know mac and cheese.



"Her version just cheese. No sauce. It is like eating football of macaroni."

Clowe had other qualities that won him over. Her "stoic behavior" and "thinking before talking" were both appreciated by Kafir. He enjoyed her "kindness to animal" and "never feel alone with her beside."

Kafir was smitten, and I was happy for him, but I couldn't help but worry that he was setting himself up for heartbreak. What Kafir prized as "stoic behavior" struck me as dispassion. Kafir had upended his previous obsession with painting Megan Fox and replaced it with the busty waitress from a bowling alley only days after meeting her. That was a lot of pressure for any girl to live up to. I hoped Clowe and her pot of bubbling glue on the stove could make him happy for a long time to come.

That didn't happen. Less than a week later I stopped by Kafir's house. I had to ring the doorbell and knock several times before he answered. He was unshaven and his eyes were sunken into his face. I asked him what happened.

"It is very bad, my friend. Come in."

His house smelled like unwashed dishes and used snot rags. There was a stack of over the counter medication on the coffee table.

"Clowe die," Kafir said. "Very bad, my friend."

To his credit, Kafir did not cry as he laid out the tragic sequence of events. He glossed over their whirlwind romance, mentioned that he had entertained thoughts of marriage and US citizenship, and then got to the tragedy part.

"Fucking pig!" he slammed a palm on the coffee table, rattling spoons in tea cups. "Fucking pig kill her! She get the hini, the swine flu."

He snapped his fingers.

"Like that she is gone my friend. Like that. One day here, the next day she go to the doctor and the doctor say your kidney go my friend. Sorry. Put you on dialysis. Sorry, no luck. Goodbye, friend. Ahhh fuck this shit planet. Shit fucking pig planet."

Kafir showed me to the room he used as his art studio and showed me that he had begun work on a painting.

"You know Dorian Gray? Portrait of Dorian Gray? I do this. I make portrait of Clowe to take out evil. Put the bad things in portrait."

A huge-breasted Valkyrie with the head of Jerry Lewis and the face of an infant rode atop a fanged pig-monster. In the background men in business suits and soldiers were visible, as well as farty green clouds.

"Swine flu is worst," he pointed to the pig. "These men are Wall Street banker and soldier of Israeli occupier. Not Jew, just Israeli soldier. This cloud is toxic poison pollution."

Despite this upheaval, Kafir insisted on riding with me to this week's bowling night. He hardly seemed to notice the loss of Clowe.

"What is point, to dwell? Life is for living."

Late in the night, over a plate of nachos, Kafir leaned over to me while TECHNO was bowling his last frame.

"I tell you, I found new woman. Gorgeous beyond belief. I love her, my friend. Have you heard...her name is Scarlett Johansson?"

I told him I knew her and that I was pretty sure she was married to Ryan Reynolds. Kafir didn't know who that was so I told him that Ryan Reynolds was Van Wilder.

"Fuck this Van Wilder," Kafir dismissed him with a wave. "He come here I cut his balls off and feed them to a roach. Scarlett Johansson is my lady."

What can I say? Kafir is from a part of the world where people are used to seeing death every day. Kafir is from Chicago.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 Balloon Boy

Saturday, Oct 17, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Balloon Boy, a weary nation turns to you in its darkest hour, and in your remarkable tale it discovers truths about life and helium.

This is where soft, meandering piano music begins.

Balloon Boy, you teach us to dream on a grand scale. For years, we have stubbornly focused on small, brightly colored balloons, the sort you see at birthday parties and state funerals. In our arrogance, our collective tendency to believe that whatever we are doing is right just because we're the ones doing it, we failed to grasp how narrow-minded our approach to floating objects has been.

By your example, our worldview has expanded. We now know there are also balloons that are slightly larger, and that these balloons can be made of foil. Foil that is reflective, which isn't a color at all.

This is where a playful mixture of wind instruments join the piano as it picks up the tempo.

Balloon Boy, when we believed that you had climbed aboard that balloon and untethered it, our imaginations were captured like never before. After all, if a plucky child of six years can reach the heavens with little else but courage and irresponsible parents, nothing is beyond the reach of a single person.

I could stop all wars with a backpack full of roses and a welcoming smile. Roman Polanski could anal rape his way out of prison. The head of a news network could decide to cover things that actually matter in an intelligent way.

This is where all music stops, save for the slow beat of a large drum and the plaintive cries of a single violin.

Balloon Boy, when the wreckage of your balloon was discovered without you, the breaths of millions caught at the exact same moment. It was 9/11 all over again. It was Pearl Harbor and the assassination of JFK and the release of Spore all rolled into one. From riveted enthusiasm to heartbreak in mere seconds.

In your presumptive fall from grace, we were reminded that the universe is brutally indifferent. Life's blinding brilliance is but a momentary flash, like a disposable camera going off as CM Punk kicks the Undertaker in the face on top of a 20-foot ladder, sending him to the canvas below.

Never again will we take life for granted. As we text messages to our loved ones from movie theaters like " now ppls faces n butts r bein sewn 2gther ", we will make every jumbled word count.

This is where the entire string section kicks in with an uplifting swell.

Balloon Boy, when we found out that you had actually been hiding in your attic the entire time, and that you had never been in the balloon, a flood of relief cascaded from New York to Alaska and Hawaii was finally submerged.

At the conclusion of the very same day that your father believed you to be dead, he chose to celebrate your life by spending time with you in a series of television interviews. This comforted us, as we

know that all television (even the news and reality shows like "Wife Swap", the one your mom and dad subjected you to earlier this year) provides us with a narrative that we are often times incapable of seeing in real life.

In this case, the narrative told us that you must have been confused when you said you hid in the attic because your parents "said we did this for a show". When you were woken up early the following morning to do more interviews, a tv person asked your dad about that comment and you vomited, almost as if something was bothering you. Since your dad loves you so much, he wanted you to stay on tv with him after that, and when you threw up a second time his resolve held fast when most parents might have let concern for their child's well being get in the way.

This is where every instrument joins in a life-affirming version of the soft piano music from the beginning.

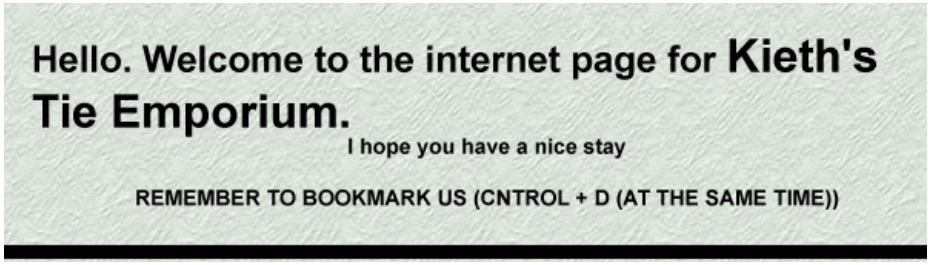
Balloon Boy, this event has brought us together more than any other story this year. Our nation was in a state of decline, but our fascination with your story proves that we are heading in the right direction now. Just think of the heights we'll reach.

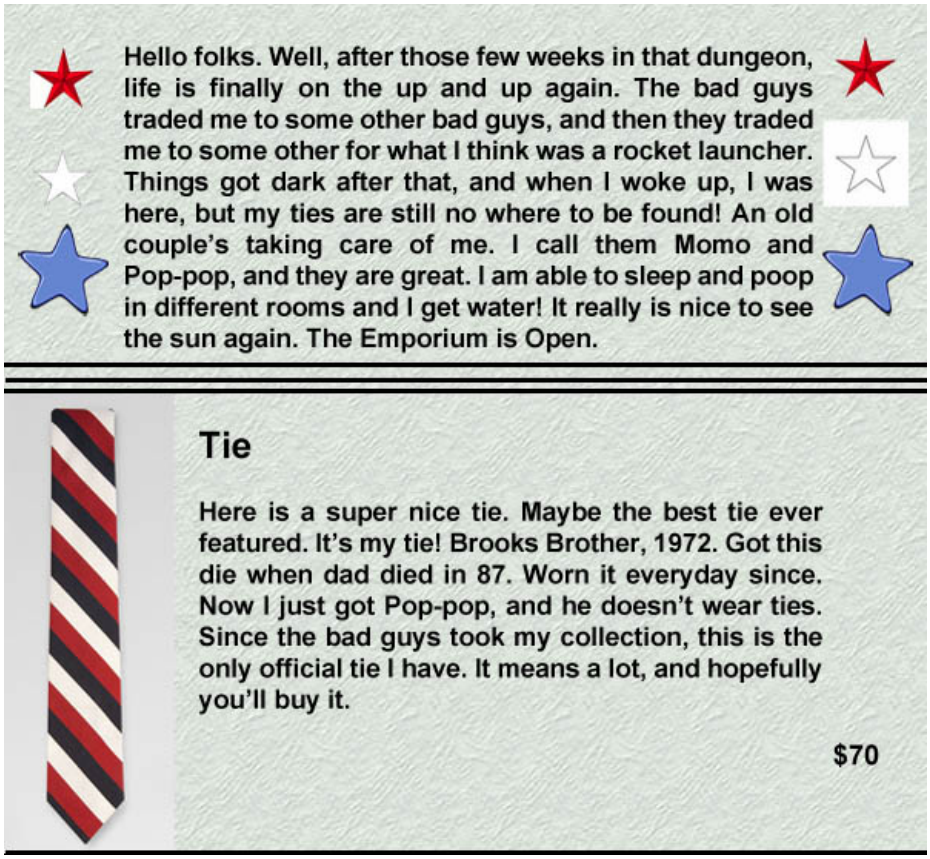
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.17 Keith's Wool Tie Emporium

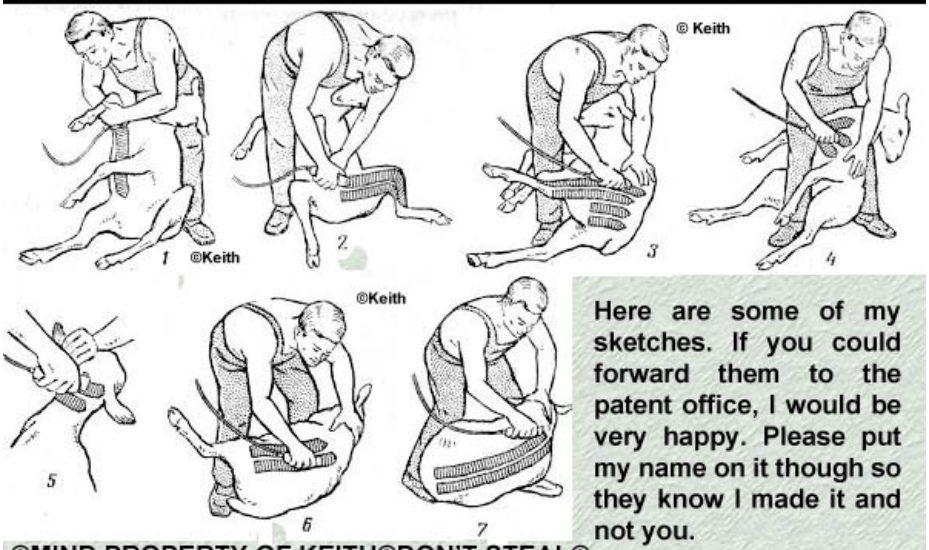
Sunday, Oct 18, 2009 by Keith (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.


Hello. Welcome to the internet page for Kieth's Tie Emporium.
I hope you have a nice stay
REMEMBER TO BOOKMARK US (CNTROL + D (AT THE SAME TIME))


Hello folks. Well, after those few weeks in that dungeon, life is finally on the up and up again. The bad guys traded me to some other bad guys, and then they traded me to some other for what I think was a rocket launcher. Things got dark after that, and when I woke up, I was here, but my ties are still no where to be found! An old couple's taking care of me. I call them Momo and Pop-pop, and they are great. I am able to sleep and poop in different rooms and I get water! It really is nice to see the sun again. The Emporium is Open.
Tie
Here is a super nice tie. Maybe the best tie ever featured. It's my tie! Brooks Brother, 1972. Got this die when dad died in 87. Worn it everyday since. Now I just got Pop-pop, and he doesn't wear ties. Since the bad guys took my collection, this is the only official tie I have. It means a lot, and hopefully you'll buy it.
$70

Without real ties, I was forced to use what is around me. Not much But instead of giving up, I've been making my own ties now from Momo's sheep. It's taken weeks to perfect the style, but I think they're looking pretty darn on good. If I run into any of the good ol American boys wandering these lands, I'll give them the patent to send on to the homeland for me. Right now it is my secret method, so please don't steal it. Here are some blueprints though. Looks easy, right? Wrong!!



Here are some of my sketches. If you could forward them to the patent office, I would be very happy. Please put my name on it though so they know I made it and not you.

©MIND PROPERTY OF KEITH©DON'T STEAL©

Winter Wool Tie
It's over 100 degrees every day here and I haven't seen a calendar for a long time, but I think cold season is coming up for you guys. Soon, you'll be walking downtown and there will be all the wind and snow, and you'll wish you had a wool tie to keep you warm. Using the most advanced techniques, I invented this tie. It's guaranteed to keep your neck and a stripe down your chest toasty all season long. Buy now!
$23
Classy Wool Tie
When she was alive, my wife used to call wool "cotton's classy cousin." She said that wool just made people look better. If I was within 5,000 miles of a grocery store, I bet while waiting in line I would see Brad Pitt wearing this one on the cover of People Magazine. What I would do for a tube of Pringles right now. I drink nothing but goats milk, and I think it is killing me. Brad Pitt is probably eating lobster right now in his wool tie. What a great man, loved him in Oceans Eleven. Buy now!
$40

Rare Beard Tie

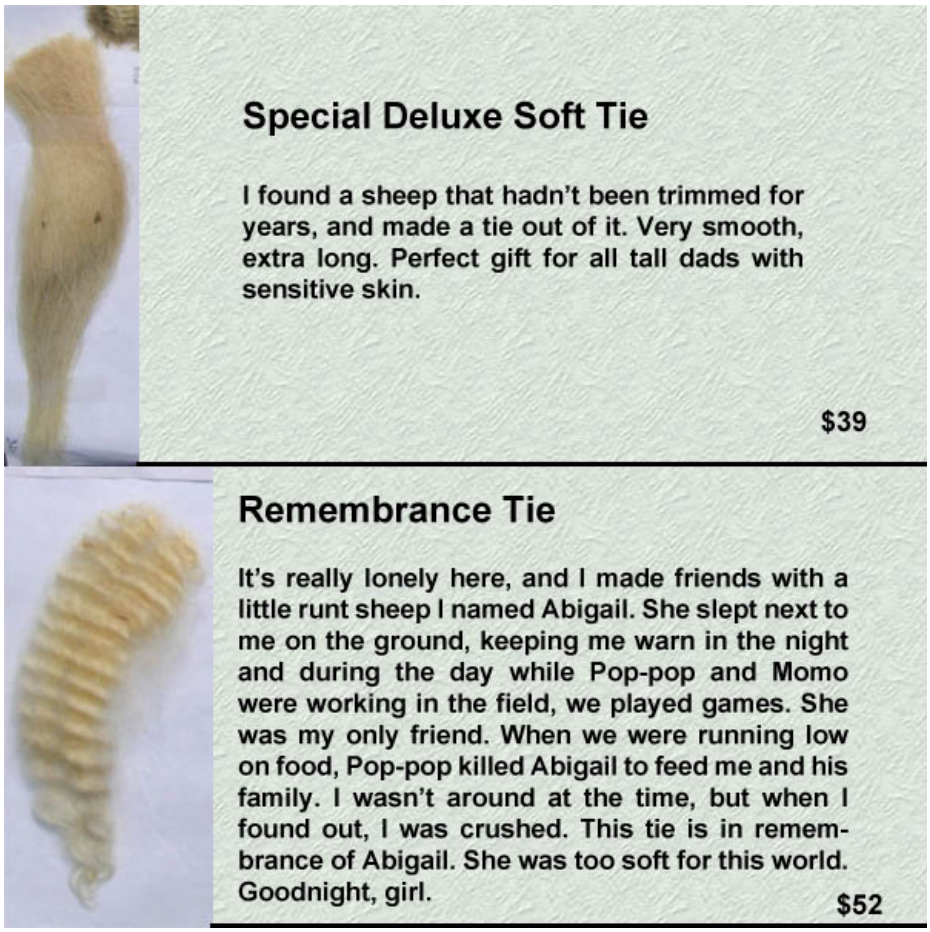
This tie is made out of a human beard! Not really. It's just a brown sheep. Pop-pop wouldn't let me shave his.

$13

Fun Striped Tie

Solid colored ties are great for conservative business suits, but what about the times when you want to look formal and fun at the same time? Stripes. Striped or themed ties are obvious markers for fun. I've spent the better half of my time in this desert researching and developing a sheep that grows striped wool. After what might be three months or so, here is the result. Science has, once again, improved our world. Buy now!

$22

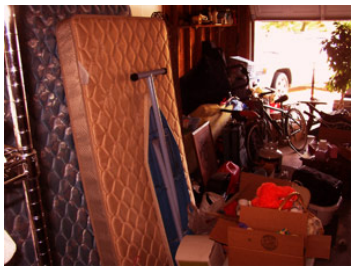

Special Deluxe Soft Tie
I found a sheep that hadn't been trimmed for years, and made a tie out of it. Very smooth, extra long. Perfect gift for all tall dads with sensitive skin.
$39
Remembrance Tie
It's really lonely here, and I made friends with a little runt sheep I named Abigail. She slept next to me on the ground, keeping me warn in the night and during the day while Pop-pop and Momo were working in the field, we played games. She was my only friend. When we were running low on food, Pop-pop killed Abigail to feed me and his family. I wasn't around at the time, but when I found out, I was crushed. This tie is in remembrance of Abigail. She was too soft for this world. Goodnight, girl.
$52

THANK YOU! Does anyone know how to convert paypal into AFGHANIS?? Come back soon!

-∼Keith (@iggolding)

10.18 Some Constructive Criticism for Last Week's Gangbang

Monday, Oct 19, 2009 by Your Neighbor Doug (@sexyfacts4u)



Hey everybody, great gangbang last week. Really enjoyed it. I would like to start by thanking Marsha and Bill for letting us use the mattresses in their garage for the gangbang. I know Bill was keeping those underneath his old rowboat, so I hope the rowboat will be okay on the floor. We didn't know that Bill's mom would be in town and staying in the usual gangbang room, so thanks for going ahead with the gangbang anyway.

The chip and dip was really good, Marsha. Nice selection of pops, although I would prefer some Coke and Pepsi over the store brand next time. I talked to a few different guys and we would all be willing to chip in another couple extra bucks.

I think I can speak for everyone involved in the gangbang by saying it was a really fun and interesting night. Got to meet a lot of really great people in the neighborhood, had some really good conversations, and I think I made some friends for the long haul.

Having said that, I think the best way to improve these gangbangs is to discuss some of the problems we might have had with it. Other folks in the gangbang mailing list might have some other thoughts. These are just my views on what I think might have been better. Don't take any of this the wrong way because you know how much these gangbangs mean to me and my wife since our daughter died.

Ways to improve the gangbang:

Less touch-intrusion. I don't know how exactly to put this, but I think it's okay to reach in and feel around, just don't do it right where somebody's junk is going. Hands touched my balls a few times, including somebody who stroked my taint for several seconds. I couldn't see who was doing it because of my position in the gangbang, but please, hands off unless somebody is inviting you to pinch and twist their balls.

Please keep your dogs locked up. I can't stress this one enough. Please, please, please keep your dogs in the backyard or locked in a spare bedroom or just otherwise away from the gangbang. A barking dog can be a real distraction, but that's nothing compared to a loose dog. Gangbangs really make dogs rowdy. I don't know if it's all the pheromones up in the air or what, but they will just yap and run all around until they're panting and going crazy.

Babies. Find a sitter, please. Gangbangs are only three hours long or so and if you can't find a sitter or a family member to watch your baby then just skip the gangbang. Absolutely nothing against Marsha or Bill on this one, but I noticed babies just coming and going, crying, and peeking in during the gangbang. A gangbang is not a daycare center, folks.

Different people take different amounts of time to orgasm. I know orgasms can be a touchy subject for gangbangs, but sometimes I can feel a lot of pressure to hurry it up. This is biology here, folks. We've got things going on, phantom hands grabbing balls, dogs running all over, babies crawling through the room...gosh, you've just got to be a little more generous with the time. If we were all Roger Jeremy this would be easy.

Please don't come to the gangbang drunk. I'm not going to name any names, but someone had

a little bit too much liquid courage before showing up at last week's gangbang and things did not end well with this person. They were picking fights with people on the sidelines, someone was punched, and I know Marsha didn't enjoy spending all that time cleaning up after you. Be considerate of your hosts and be considerate of your fellow gangbangers.

Don't invite people you barely know to the gangbang. We gangbangers are a pretty tight-knit bunch, but I'm not against letting someone new into the group. But please, you need to vouch for your guest. In the past we've had that guy who stripped down to just the toque and stared from the corner. The guy never said anything. Let me think, we had Randy's cousin, the klepto. God bless you, Randy, I know he's family but the guy stole all the finger sandwiches Roxanne made for that week's gangbang. I guess what I'm saying is that plus one on the invite is a precious thing, don't squander it.

And how about leaving your problems behind when you enter the gangbang? The gangbang should be sacrosanct. I really don't want to hear about the squirrels messing up your birdfeeder or how you're worried about layoffs. I don't need to know about your bunions. If we start blabbing about all our troubles then people are coming in with agendas, they're trying to make points by what position they pick or whatever. I get head trips from Connie all day, the last thing I need is one during my gangbang.

No more criers! Good choice this last week Bill and Marsha, but you've gotta use an agency folks. It's a total crapshoot with the Craigslist and whatnot. They may say they're into a gangbang, but then when they get on that mattress in the garage and the dogs are barking and Pete's got that wind up flashlight and the baby falls on the concrete and starts screaming and we're all standing there with our peckers primed and she just starts bawling. I mean, honestly, who doesn't feel a little irritated by that? I can't be alone on that one. You need a professional for a gangbang.

Keep track of your gum. I know in my house at our gangbangs we've got a strict no-gum rule. If your hosts let you chew gum then be gracious enough not to just spit it out on the carpet or floor in the middle of the gangbang. I've been at some of these gangbangs where it felt like we were doing it on the floor of a movie theater. I'm too old for that sort of thing. I gotta watch out for germs.

A little less judgmental about body types, please. There's bigger guys than me at these things, but come on, some of us are getting on in years and we can't all be Charlie Atlas. Enough with the flexing and taking your shirts off. There is no reason a man needs to take his shirt off in a gangbang. Leave it on! You think we want to see that? Forget it.

Music. Some of these music choices are for the birds. I don't even know what sort of rap mans or metal bangers or whatever you are playing, but it's out of control. A little jazz or classical is all you really need. I'll accept some of that technology music you kids like with the electronic keyboard. That's fine as long as it has a good rhythm for gangbanging.

Please don't make eye contact with other people during gangbanging, especially if you're involved in the gangbanging at that moment. Maybe it's just my pet peeve, but when I am gangbanging on one part of the lady, and I look up and a man stares at me while he's gangbanging the lady's other part, it feels sort of like we're gangbanging each other. Which is not at all what this is about. This is about community. About sharing and making bonds, but not that kind of bonds.

I could go on. Enough with the body spray already. Jesus H, We get it. It's like chlorine gas in there sometimes.

Woof, that's a lot of barking from this old dog. Didn't mean for it to come across like I'm down on the gangbangs. I love them, I really love them, which is why I want them to be better.

Take care!

-~Your Neighbor Doug (@sexyfacts4u)

10.19 What Being a Genius is Like

Tuesday, Oct 20, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

My brain looks like this inside.

As most of you have likely gleaned by now, I am a genius. If you picture the distribution of human intelligence looking like a bell, with one high point in the middle and the sides tapering downward, I'm very near the top of that bell, which is the point of highest intelligence on the bell. You could also call it a wishbone shape, and if you broke it in half I would be the smart half of the wishbone (or "bell"). If you were to ring the bell, I would say something smart, like "I have an opinion about politics," or "I read books with no pictures."

On the few occasions when I've met readers of this site, I've always been alarmed by their uncomprehending brows and apish gaits; this leads me to believe, by the principles of science and averages, that most of you are less smart than me and consequencely have no idea what being a genius is like. In this essay, I will tell you what it's like to be a genius; that's my introduction. My thesis [1] is that being a genius is great, but it has its drawbacks.

I'll start with a simple example. When a genius looks at a tree, he instantly takes in not just its natural beauty but its scientific complexity: the ornate fractal patterns of its branches; the inscrutable calculus of its emotions; the gentle hissing of its photosynthesis [2]. A genius like me has upwards of four thoughts about a tree before he even leans in to take a bite of it.

You, on the other hand, probably just want to cut it down, which is exactly the kind of destructive human impulse geniuses like to write heavy-handed science fiction stories about. For shame; if only you were literate, you would know your error.

Geniuses have really great senses of humor, as you might have noticed from me. When somebody makes a joke, I usually understand it. If it seems like I'm laughing a little later than everyone else, it's only because I had to pause for a moment to mentally translate it into German-- the language of humor-- so that I might appreciate it in its funniest state. Due to how language works, there's no way to translate very juvenile, vulgar puns into German, which is probably why I laugh much more quickly at those.

I'm always thinking and coming up with new ideas. Some nights I just lie awake all night and drift into sort of an intellectual reverie where my eyes are closed and I'm having ideas about how I'm in an elevator with Shirley Temple but the elevator is also supposed to be my dad's old car, and you can tell Shirley Temple is supposed to be my sister for some reason.

Being as how I am smart, I have a way with words, and I can command the English language with great verisimilitude-- see? When I speak, I can often come up with very smart-sounding things right on the spot, like this: "I find that Gallagher had quite an intractable episteme on the dialectic of symbology." Everything I say sounds like I wrote it down before I said it, and everything I write has plenty of exotic punctuation, like the semicolon, which is what you use if you want to write some more but your sentence seems like it's over; but then it's not over.

How did I start being a genius? It just happened, and you could too! As a precocious child, I always knew I was a genius. I learned to walk before I could count, and I learned to play chess when I was only nine-- by the time I was sixteen, I was already beating the fifth-graders. I was truly a renaissance child; I showed a great aptitude for drawing (mostly muscle guys with guns), and I composed my first symphony when I was only four (it was called "Doggy Yum Yum Song," and it went to the tune of that "Charge!" thing they play on the organ at baseball games).

Now, as an adult, I've developed faculties far beyond those of most children who were my age when I was young. For example, I can multiply almost any two single-digit numbers in my head almost instantly; the sevens are hard, but only because they're "prime numbers," meaning I can't multiply them by anything but one. I excel at the taxonomical sciences, too, and can name almost any animal I see-- I especially prefer the naming of cats, because I think it's funny to give them people names, like "Rick Birdcastle."

The annoying thing about being a genius, though, is that sometimes regular people don't understand us as fully as we understand them. One thing people misunderstand about geniuses is that we can only enjoy fancy, intellectual books. Not necessarily [3]! While I do love diving into *Finnegans Wake* and enjoying a thorough understanding of its many themes and devices and laughing at the funny words, I'm equally comfortable snuggling into a casual hour of *Ulysses* . Geniuses even enjoy things that aren't books at all; thanks to our surpassing command of metaphors and subtle hidden meanings, a genius can derive as much aesthetic pleasure from reading the warnings on a snail bait box as most laymen can squeeze out of a Shakespeare play.

Speaking of Shakespeare, every genius has a favorite Shakespeare play, and it's always one of the sort of bad ones. Mine is *Cymbeline,* which might not even exist. And as for music, it's not all Mozart and Bachmaninoff-- most of us enjoy regular pop music, and every genius I've ever met has the same favorite record album. Can you guess what it is? It's *Schubert Dip* by EMF.

A lot of people think geniuses are tortured and sad. This isn't completely true. Some geniuses have indeed lived with crippling depression and insanity, like Vincent Van Gogh (crazy), John Keats (bad cough) and Albert Einstein (weird hair, gay{?}), while others like Stephen Hawking have let their bodies wither away because their brains are so busy with thinking. But this is not true of all geniuses; many, like Carl Sagan and Ian Dench, have led very happy and fulfilling lives. I'm proud to count myself among those geniuses who buck the stereotype [4]-- I'm a very happy guy in general, and my genius lets me find intellectual joy and delight in things that stupid people would find sad, like for example child famine (so dry!) and that thing where holocaust survivors go senile and get put in homes and think they're back in the concentration camps (*magnifique* ; truly a metaphor for something!).

In conclusion, I like how I'm a genius, and sometimes people don't understand it. But now you do, I hope. In conclusion, the moral is be nice to geniuses.

Glossary of Difficult Terms

[1] Thesis - noun: like the moral of a story, but in a fact essay.
[2] Photosynthesis - noun + verb (nerb): how trees make money.
[3] Necessarily - adverb: a logical condition by which a thing is sufficient to make it true.
[4] Stereotype - verb: an early kind of photograph made with chemicals and a mirror.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.20 Animocracy

Wednesday, Oct 21, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Life, Jerry. It's time to start living it.

Hello again, Jerry. It is good to talk to you, my old friend... my brother. It's been a while, Jerry. *Too* while.

I know we haven't spoken since the incident where you chose to make light of an emergency medical situation. Some harsh words were exchanged. I ask that you forgive me, Jerry. I was in a great deal of pain, and there was so much blood.

I'm doing better, Jerry. I'm sure you were worried in your own way. The doctors say I'm not likely to suffer another prolapse, so that's good news. I've chosen to forget the things you said that night... you know, like "what you're doing to those sweatpants is worse than what the Nazis did to the Jews."

I told myself I was done with you, Jerry, but I cannot abide this hurtful silence any longer. You and I share a unique destiny. Picture the two of us, Jerry, standing side by side, arms akimbo, watching the light of destiny rise up over the horizon. It's going to happen, Jerry.

For you see, Jerry, I had a revelation. What came to me was the idea for a perfect utopian society, one where people live according to tenets put forth by the wisest characters from manga and anime. It's better than democracy, Jerry. It's *animocracy* .

I've already started crafting our articles of confederation, along with lists of important things, such as our national anthem ("Eyes on Me" by Nobuo Uematsu, from the absolutely spellbinding *Final Fantasy VIII* soundtrack) and who we're going to give the first presidential honor to (Hayao Miyazaki).

So far it's been a tremendous amount of work, so much so that I have a proposition for you, Jerry. I want you to join me! I want you to be a founding father in this monumental movement. Together we can change the course of history!

This cold wall of silence cannot stand. If there is a bridge to unite us, let it be anime! Give me a few weeks of your time, Jerry, and I'll show you sights beyond your wildest imagination. The things I could teach you far outweigh anything you'll learn from those law books of yours. When the two of us share the common language of anime, we will never again suffer the pangs of hurtful words or miscommunication.

But before any of this can happen, Jerry, you need to be honest with yourself. I can't let you be a citizen of an animocratic society, let alone a founding father, if you deny your true nature. You see, Jerry, I have been making some great progress with my therapist in regards to figuring out what is wrong with you. Although he suggests I move on, I am determined to help you. I suppose that's a fault of mine: my unwavering commitment to family.

Anyway, Jerry, I think a lot of your anger comes from your repressed homosexuality. I apologize if I've amplified those feelings-- I know I sometimes dress a little light around you. I just assumed we had more of a fraternal relationship. And besides, as an asexual, I often forget that others might sexualize my body.

It's funny now how I managed to overlook the writing on the wall for so long. Your fixation with sports, an undeniable celebration of the male physique, should have given it away instantly. It was only when I put that together with your constant need to date one girl after another that I realized you were overcompensating big time. Jerry, I've never seen a more textbook case of repressed homosexuality.

Truth be told, I'm happy for you, Jerry. Me and some of the gang on IRC have already selected some yaoi to help ease you into your new life. The challenges faced by Kyousuke Iwaki and Youji Katou from *Haru O Daiteita* should prove especially enlightening to you and your struggle to maintain masculinity amid growing homosexual impulses.

Don't be like Jakotsu, Jerry. You're better than that.

I don't want to rush you, Jerry, but I believe it's important for you to come out soon, lest you end up like the sadistic Jakotsu from *InuYasha* . As your roommate, I'd rather not have that. I'd rather much see you follow the path of Shuichi Shinduo, while I of course will act as your Hiroshi Nakano. I always felt that Maki Murakami was writing about us in some weird way.

The other thing, Jerry, is that you are deceiving not just yourself, but your girlfriends, too. It can't be any fun for you to keep leading them on. I feel like I might have to tell them the truth about you... if you're not willing to do it yourself.

I have always been willing to explore my sexuality, Jerry. When I experimented with bisexuality, I was quite open about it. Then when I transitioned into asexuality, you were the first person I let know. Recently, when I began exploring life as an avatar for my spirit animal--a female tiger--I asked you to assist me in roleplaying. What I'm trying to say, Jerry, is that if you want to come out of the closet, you will find me to be nothing less than unwavering pillar of support.

To be honest, Jerry, I have a feeling it won't be long before you tear down all those naked lady calendars from around the house. I won't complain, since as a feminist I find them horribly degrading to womynkind, not to mention gross! I'm really looking forward to the opportunity to give this place a much-needed makeover. Jerry, when you discover the illuminating world or wall scrolls, your life will never be the same.

Heh, I already have a great *kakejiku* in mind to replace that picture of a woman bending over you hung in the bathroom. Jerry, I've got just two words for you: *Azumanga Daioh* .

I know your first instinct is to belt out another one of your childish Jerry zingers, like "your mouth is a forest where disembodied dicks dance in the night." Like that actually even means anythings. Jerry, I want you to know you don't have to go that route. You don't have to spit out another stupid insult or immature attack on my character. It's time for you to move beyond cheap insults and negative thinking. Nobody wants to live with an Itoshiki Nozomu, after all!

The sooner you admit the truth to yourself and come out of the closet, the sooner we can get on with the business of crafting our perfect anime society. You and I, Jerry, are going to be founding fathers. No petty differences or past disagreements can possibly stand in the way of that!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.21 The Return of Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews

Thursday, Oct 22, 2009 by "Spooky" Steve Whorter

Hello, "ladies" and "germs!" Welcome to Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews: the Internet's definitive source on Halloween sound effects albums since 1996! Spooky Steve apologizes for the long delay since his last update , but he's been bedridden for the past six months, fighting a debilitating case of restless legs syndrome along with the demons of chocoholism. And in more hair-raising news, Spooky Steve's longtime live-in girlfriend Creepy Carol has decided to "fly the bat's nest" for a younger man who manages a Dairy Queen and isn't "afraid of intimacy." Talk about scary! With Spooky Steve in the state he's currently in, let's just hope that Carol and her new "boo" (beau) enjoy sleeping with the lights on!

Since Spooky Steve isn't one to throw in the "bowel," he's cooked up some new reviews for you kiddies just in time for HELLoween! Now that he's experienced the unspeakable horrors of heartbreak, the bar for Halloween sound effects albums has officially been raised!

Halloween Sound Effects

Spooky Steve isn't going to lie to you -- he's been thinking a lot about death lately. Spooky Steve's death. Where to do it, how to do it, and how bad everyone will feel once he's gone. And the pure garbage that is Halloween Sound Effects has only made Spooky Steve's funk worse. The title alone should indicate the rollercoaster ride of mediocrity pressed onto this disc; Spooky Steve had to turn to his trusty bedside carton of Whoppers just to stay awake! And maybe this is just a personal problem, but the sound of moaning werewolves doesn't really do much for Steve anymore. But nothing really does. Spooky Steve is waiting for the day when a Halloween sound effects album will truly capture the profound emptiness of human existence. Until then, Halloween Sound Effects only reminds Steve that the industry has become a hollow shell of its former self.

Rating:

The Spookiest Halloween Sound Effects

If there's one thing that angers Spooky Steve about Halloween sound effects albums, it's their shocking hubris. This album is the first ever on the Monster Factory label, and it's already the spookiest *of all time* ? Really. Spooky Steve would like you to give him a break, and he's not talking about you breaking him a piece off of your Kit-Kat bar! Listen, Monster Factory, Spooky Steve has been around for a while, and there are some things you *just don't do* . Namely, you don't have your vampires refer to themselves as such; I refer you to track four, which begins with a vampire stating,"Blah, this vampire's going to have a spooky good time tonight!" By the Bela Legosi impersonation alone, we can tell this man is a vampire! Monster Factory, do you really believe your audience is this stupid? Spooky Steve remembers when Halloween sound effects albums would actually respect their listeners, but it looks like those days are over. The only thing *this* Monster Factory churns out is Grade-A Garbage!!!

Rating:

Halloween Horrorscapes

The only thing scary about Halloween Horrorscapes is that someone decided to publish it! Allow Spooky Steve to give you a brief tour of the moments that made his hair stand on end -- with rage!

3:12 - Dozens of cats shriek as we pass through what might be the courtyard (???) of a haunted house. Yeah, Halloween Horrorscapes, cats are *really* scary. Spooky Steve would ask you to add in some barking dogs, but he's already got that album, and it only gets played during Christmas!

5:15 - A zombie with a Mexican accent states, "Yo quiero brains!" Bet you thought that reference would be timeless, eh, Halloween Horrorscapes?

14:07 - Skeletons dancing to what clearly sounds like a steel drum. The universal skeleton dancing instrument is the xylophone -- no exceptions!

Spooky Steve is far too disgusted to go on.

Rating:

Halloween 101 Haunted House Sound Effects

Spooky Steve wrote the book on Halloween sound effects albums -- or at least he would if the people at Scholastic ever returned his calls! That being said, this album is everything you'd expect from something labeled "Halloween 101;" in other words, it's strictly for beginners. Sorry kiddies, but ever since legendary producer Jim "No Bones" McCullough tragically died this August in a sailboat race, Spooky Steve has begun to wonder if the magic will ever return to Halloween sound effects albums. "No Bones" traveled to Victorian mansions just to record the sound of creaking doors, and often consulted paranormal experts on realistic ghoul behavior that would later be recreated on his albums. With Halloween 101, we get the same public domain sound effects libraries and wailing interns found on upstart labels who think that Halloween sound effects are child's play. Congratulations, Halloween 101, you've just rendered Spooky Steve's life meaningless!

Rating:

57 Haunted House Horrors

While bringing some of Creepy Carol's belongings and jewelry out to the dumpster, Spooky Steve stumbled upon one of her CDs that he'd never heard before. And take it from Spooky Steve: if you're a woman who refuses to respect your boyfriend's self-made vow of celibacy, this is the album for you! Statistics also show that the big vampire dance number in the middle of the album may appeal to women who simply can't understand that working part-time in the housewares department of Sears is a fine way to live the rest of your life. Generally, Spooky Steve would say this is a great album for whores. Spooky Steve knows one whore in particular that enjoyed this album, though she'll never see it again if Spooky Steve has anything to say about it. Also, Spooky Steve recommends this album for useless sluts who'll open their legs for any slimeball with an electron of authority. Dairy Queen? Are you fucking kidding me, Carol? I give you the best nine days of my life, and I come home to see you straddling some goddamned soft-serve jockey? I'll make you hurt, Carol. I'll hurt you worse than you hurt me. Mark my fucking words.

Rating:

-~"Spooky" Steve Whorter

Original
Happy Holidays
Halloween
Webring

10.22 GI Army Funnies: The New Assignment

Friday, Oct 23, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

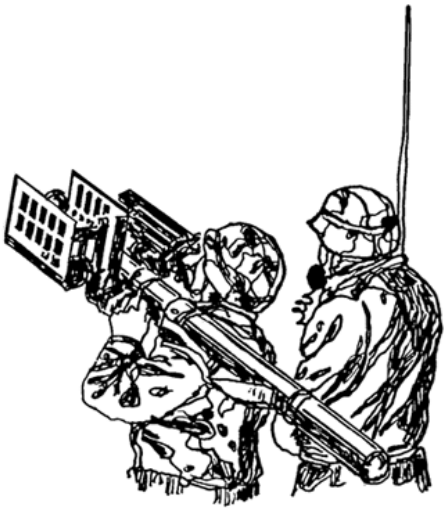
McChrystal's Log

Reboot Afghanistan. Need 40,000 younger, hotter troops. Better special effects. Fringe lens flares. REMINDER: Ask Joint Chiefs if DARPA is a real thing.

"Alright, let's go out there and win this fucking thing! Let's do it for Hamid Karzai! Yeaaaah!"

God it's a relief to be out of Iraq. The 100% of the population that hates us here is so much nicer than the 100% that hated us there.

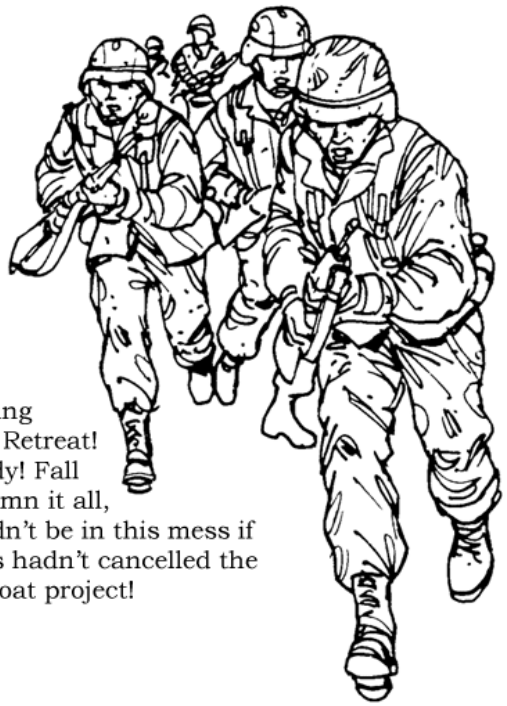
All I'm gonna say about that is someday maybe everyone can serve openly in the military without needing to hide who they are. Even soldiers with Myer's-Gerber Cranial Babytosis.



"HQ, this is Bravo, we got it! We shot down the Taliban helico- Huh? Well, 'certain' is a pretty loaded word. In a metaphysical sense can we really be *certain* any helicopter isn't Dutch CASEVAC 9-9-echo known to be operating in our vicinity?"

Do you see that village over there? Oh, wait, we haven't updated the maps. Sorry about that. Do you see that hill under the vultures?

"Welcome to day three of deployment training for Afghanistan. I am Sergeant Price and I will be showing you what to do if a journalist tries to take your picture while you are dying."



We're being overrun! Retreat! Everybody! Fall back! Damn it all, we wouldn't be in this mess if Congress hadn't cancelled the stealth boat project!

I asked you twice if you had to go before we left. What is it about an RPG ambush halfway up the mountain that always makes you *need* to take a dump?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

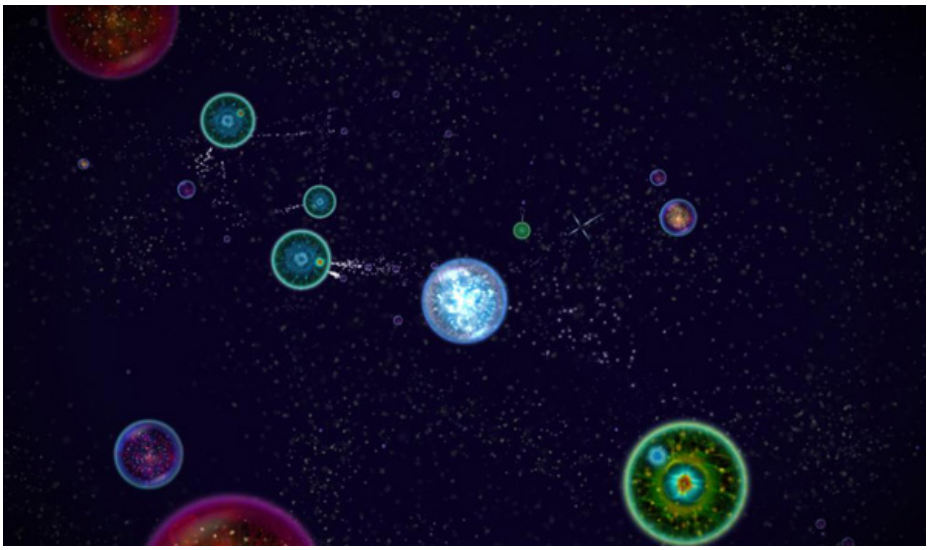
10.23 2010's Most Promising Bullshit Indie Games

Saturday, Oct 24, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The last few years have been good for independent games and incredible for bullshit indie games. If you can combine a slightly altered version of fl0w 's visual style with a gameplay mechanic from another game you didn't make, you're golden. Incorporate some vague symbolism and/or text that tries way too hard to be clever and you're this week's game of the year.

2010 is shaping up to be another fantastic year for bullshit indie games, with enough me-too titles on the horizon to keep the worst gaming websites and podcasts scrambling for hyperbolic statements that include words like "nuanced" and "artistic" all year long.

Cosmope



The Developer's Pitch:

> "I woke up. The dawn had scrubbed her scent away. All these mistakes, all these regrets were as nothing and somehow... I knew they were everything.
>
> When lives take different directions, it is as a starling bursting forth from infinite realities. Each different. Only one way back to her."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:

Cosmope promises to combine gravity with physics in a space-like setting that is relaxing and artistic. With several shapes moving around the screen at any given time and an infinite number of things those shapes might represent, it will give players plenty of food for thought.

.fluiduous

The Developer's Pitch:

> "Mankind is but a tadpole in the ocean. What if that ocean is digital? What would a high score even mean to the soul? Would infinite lives not strip away our humanity rather than extending it?
>
> The haunting remnants of land-based life thwart us at every step. Take control. Turn a 1 into a 0. Tell the people closest to you that you love them. Swim the slipstream of time.
>
> There are many journeys in life. Life is also a thing in life."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:

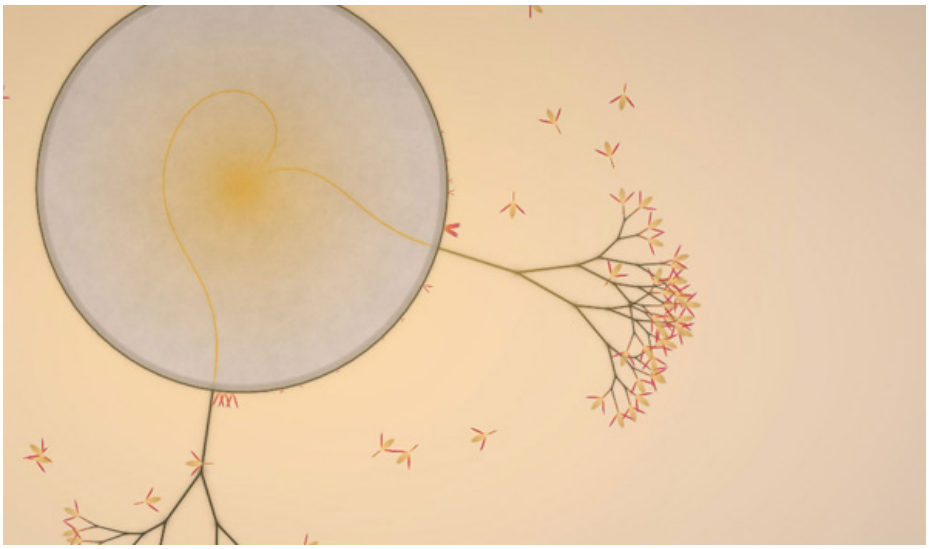
A unique blend of physics and time manipulation, .fluiduous lets you aim at things and swing to get points, or rewind time if you didn't get enough points. This richly atmospheric and relaxing title should appeal to thoughtful individuals who can understant its genius.

tranScEEnD

The Developer's Pitch:

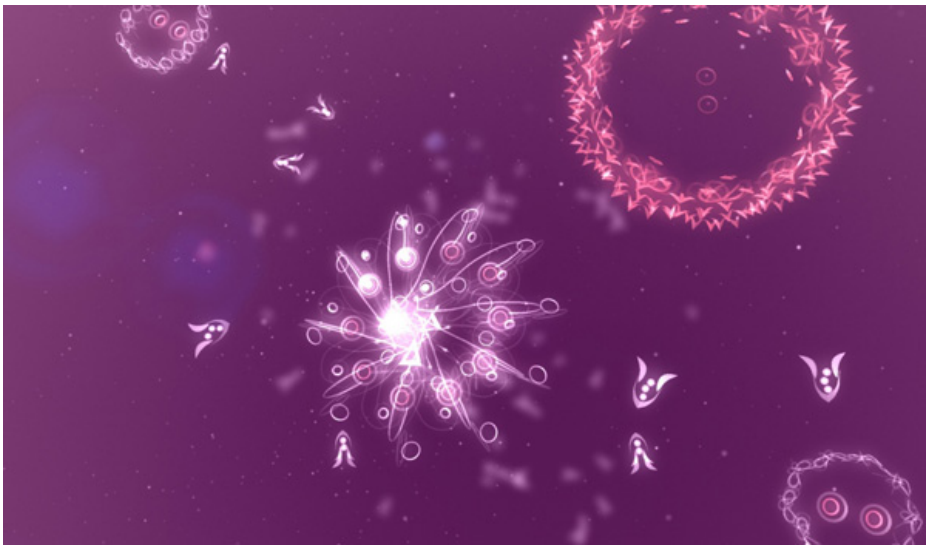
> "You are a seed, the manifestation of potential. The wind is your means of transportation - and the deliverer of your fate.
>
> Embark on a relaxing journey through a visionary world unlike anything you've ever seen before.
>
> tranScEEnD features a one-of-a-kind gameplay experience that blends time manipulation with gravity. In the end it turns out you weren't really a seed at all, but an alien ship and the whole thing was a metaphor for sexual abuse."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:



This has the potential to be the most exciting seed-centric indie game since 2009's *SEED (Actually A UFO)* . Although the two games are obviously different - tranScEEnD has brownish backgrounds - we're hoping for a game that outdoes its spiritual successor.

Re:LAX



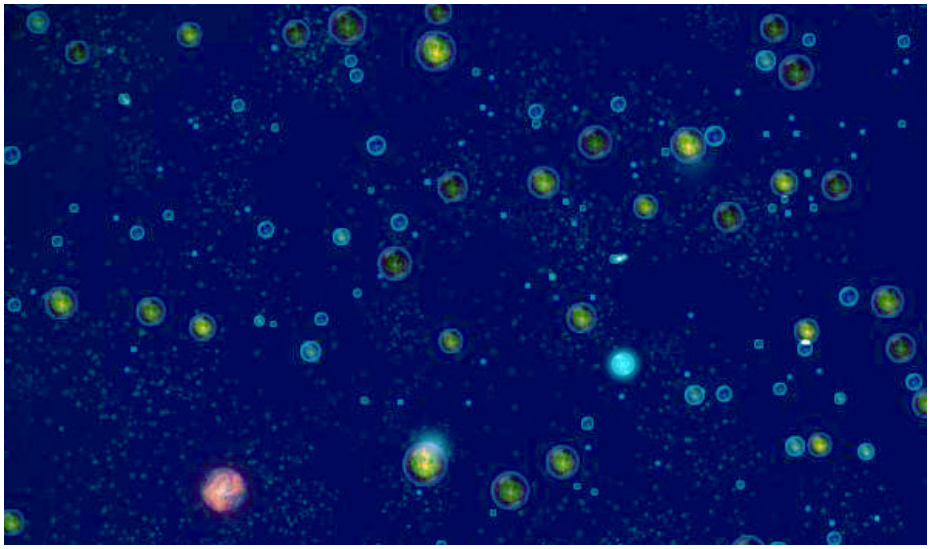
The Developer's Pitch:

> "Combining an innovative time manipulation gameplay mechanic with rhyhm-based action, Re:LAX is the only game featuring a blob of energy investigating his partner's death by absorbing other blobs and using physics to spit them out at enemies."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:

It isn't mentioned in any of the press releases yet, but we've discovered that Re:LAX will also feature a Gears Of War-style cover system. Your level of protection will vary depending on how captivated you are by the beauty of the game, how much it reminds you of poetry, and how chill you are in general.

Fizzix



The Developer's Pitch:

> "We have rendered bubbles of several sizes. Keith bought a synthesizer, and we're hoping to find a way to plug it in and record some music.
>
> I just read a shitload of T.S. Eliot and am pretty sure I can reword some of his stuff to make it better."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:

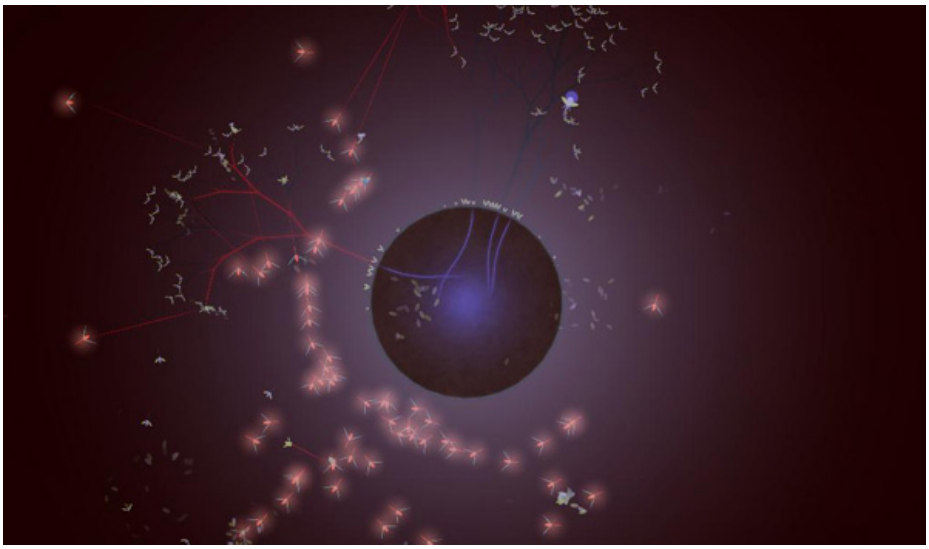
Keith has a synthesizer. We've seen it, and it has a waltz preset.

Kinetica

The Developer's Pitch:

> "You are a UFO, navigating through a unique and beautiful environment with gravity-based physics. At the end, you discover that you were actually a seed all along and that everything was a metaphor for seeds."

Why We're Looking Forward To It:



Everything we've seen of the game oozes atmosphere. We're especially excited by the technical prowess of Kinetica's graphical engine, which is capable of rendering circles, lines, colored lighting AND bloom.

Editor's Note: Braid is a fantastic example of a bullshit indie game, but unfortunately it didn't spark the non-imaginations of enough people to inspire a glut of side-scrolling navel-gazing Blinx :The Time Sweeper puzzlers. Keep your fingers crossed for 2011!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.24 Black Ops: Thanks for the Desk by the Door

Monday, Oct 26, 2009 by Stan Freeman, CIA (@sexyfacts4u)

Walter Kilgore, you are a bitch. I do not put this into writing lightly, and I do not throw around the epithet of bitch as readily as some people I know. I have enough brain cells to rub together to realize that doing this jeopardizes my future at the Agency.

However, in regards to that future, I do not give a fuck. Suck on that. Because if you do not have a present how can you have a future?

I am specifically writing this to let you know that I have repeatedly been the victim of discrimination during my 18 months as a field operative. I recognize that you don't give a shit, but I just want this postmarked to you so when I hire some ACLU lawyers there is a sealed and stamped record of my complaint.

To substantiate my complaint of racial discrimination I have recorded a number of the most egregious examples. Please forgive my casual tone, but I was in the field when I jotted down many of these and also I was and still am pissed right the fuck off. Which might make a little salty. So my apologizes.

August 16th, 2008 - SCUBA Bullshit

CIA just told me I cannot SCUBA. Oh, you think I can't swim? Nappy head rock arms over here can't do a breaststroke? I was top of the swim team in college and I am deep dive certified by the Navy SEALs. You are going to tell me I cannot SCUBA dive? Fuck you Jan Krakowczyk. Telling me about your ovarian cysts like it somehow helps me prepare for a HALO insertion in the Kush tribal region. I hope those cysts are tumors and you get pregnant and the tumors turn into the baby and you give birth to some evil midnight-colored baby with little marble eyes and he eats cigarettes and asbestos. You are a piece of work.

November 25th, 2008 - The White Man's Burden: Zip Lines

I see how it is. I see how it is going to be. A white man can zip around all day like Splinter Cell, but when a black man wants to travel downward diagonally suddenly everything gets complicated. Ben Chavez, do you motherfucking know how hard it is to climb six stories down a drain pipe? No, you do not, because you went down the whites-only zip line like just because your dad is white you are grandfathered into the KKK. What you and Condor Bravo did to me was a hate crime on my calves. You hate leg muscles. Especially a black man's leg muscles.

February 10th, 2009 - Some Car Bullshit

Are you fucking serious!? Are you serious? What in the fuck? You motherfuckers gave Rudy a Aston-Martin for his mission car? I just saw that in the lab. It had laser beam headlights and skis and an ejector seat. Last mission car I got was a Chrysler 300. Which, to begin with, is a racist car to pick, but it wasn't even bulletproof. It didn't even have rims! No, no, I don't mean custom rims, I mean RIMS. It was four spare tires with no rims. The closest thing to a laser in that was

the ArmorAll for the leather which the car did not even have because you got me the basic package with fabric seats. FABRIC. What are you worried I'm going to spill grape juice on your leather seat? Wipe some wing grease down the sides? This is plain and simple a racist double standard.

March 15th, 2009 - How a Gym Works

Chad Bennet and all the other people who participated in the Spring PT exam: you do not need to grade me on a curve. The reason I scored higher than everyone else has nothing to do with my skeleton or having extra muscles in my legs. There is this room on the third floor and it is full of machines and a track. And if you go down there once a day for about 30 minutes and you stop eating macaroni and mayo or whatever it is you eat then you will start running faster and doing more pull-ups. There are all sorts of machines for that in the gym. They're really fun. Look into them you racist fucks.

July 6th, 2009 - A Call to Colin Powell

Why, yes, Walt, I do know Colin Powell. He and I are best friends and my daughter and his daughter took not-swimming lessons together at the jungle rhythm academy in Harlem. No, it's no problem at all, I'd be happy to give him a call. I haven't been to the annual brothers conference since I joined the CIA, but I am sure Colin Powell will be happy to hear from me.

October 1st, 2009 - Heavy

Jan Krakowczyk, don't be briefing me asking me if I know what heavy water is like I am going to pour some in a pitcher with Kool-Aid. I went to school. I have my shit educated. I have atomic chemistry and nuclear surgery and shit about quantums you wouldn't even believe. I have insane degrees. Thermometers get jealous. So don't come in here trifling about heavy water. I know it isn't the juice you ring out of your shorts after you do 90 seconds of spin class.

October 20th, 2009 - Embarrassing

I am currently in Georgia and I do not mean Atlanta. I have spent the last hour with my skyhook balloon raised and inflated and the C-130s that are supposed to pick us up just keep flying past me. I know they saw me, I made eye-contact with the pilot. They just see the color of my skin and decide I'm not worth the trouble. Well, damn it, I've got Doctor Torvo's data tapes. I've got the formula for the armor solvent. Maybe if one of these flight crews can get over their prejudices we will be able to get the formula back to Langley and avert a global catastrophe. In the meantime, I sit here in a Georgian field, my extraction balloon fully deployed, while the townsfolk watch me. It's embarrassing.

I doubt you'll even read this, Kilgore, but if you do then you should be aware that you guys have given me skills. Skills that are in very high demand right now. Maybe you should protect your investment and do something to keep me here, otherwise I might just do the thing that would scare you the most: educate some black men.

-∼Stan Freeman, CIA (@sexyfacts4u)

10.25 Subj: MY WHOLE LIFE CONDENSED FOR A MOVIE

Tuesday, Oct 27, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO from your father!!!! I know you are probably connected to hollywoods big shots through your twits and face book so please email this to them so we can begin on the movie right away. My Life story is unlike any other and will make us all rich so that we dont have to answer a crags list to powerwash old toilets downtown for BRENDA a mean woman

my movie script closely resembles a wild time in my life. Some things were changed to make it good for the sliver screen but most of it is right on the money. to make a long story short it is the distant past on World Kiss A Dog Day where you go around and make a dogs day by giving it a kiss. It is a holiday my father gave his life to protect (LEARN ABOUT THIS IN PREQUEL) In my town theres one dog everyone knows.... Ruford!!!! The bulldog with a Fungus problem in his lips skin and an attitude to match!!! Nobody would kiss Ruford except me. and I did it and got real bad sick. then rumors start going around that i was drinking a Pets Milk. As we learn for the next 20 minutes in the extended montage, thats gross and i didnt do it, but rumors of me drinking out of the dog will persist until i am an older man:

"MONTAGE BEGINS and you see me kissing Ruford. A clip shows me getting pointed and laughed at by peers. Newspaper spins into view that says "DOG KISS BUNGLER EATS BULLDOG MILK" with a smaller headline under it "MAYORS TOUPEE FELL OFF WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS" then it shows me walking the street alone kicking a rock. Then it shows me jogging, then running at full speed. This is supposed to show off my growing power. Then it shows me going on my first date and learning how to drive, but then it shows the girl throwing her drink at me (finding out im the Milk Eater) and my passenger bailing out of the car (finding out i ate the dogs milk) Some more stuff will also happen and I will get older during it including me winning a prize, serving on a courtroom jury and nodding at the evidence, lifting weights, jumping out of my juror seat to take the place of the lawyer after he falls ill, running through a finish line, shaking hands with the killer after my lawyering sets him free, digging up a haunted treasure chest, spending the gold coins from inside it, hell's ghosts swooping at me like birds, me quickly re-burying the chest, a jungle chase, and more things for the entire family and even something sexy for the parents after the kids go to bed"

the best scene of the movie with the most character development takes place in a sporting goods store and a buff woman on a motorcycle shows up in a leather jacket that says PITT MEAT and starts doing doughnuts around a flaming drum in the middle of the store. its obvious she is intent on having a ruckus but is outsmarted and finally befriended by a wise teen (me). the store owner comes out from the back office and says thanks to us for stopping the mess and tosses us a pair of car keys. then the camera freezes on the keys in midair and the credits roll in front of them. after the credits, if you stay, you are rewarded with a scene of me driving the buff woman around las vegas in a dodge viper, the worlds nicest car.... and spoiler warning there might be a secret kiss... wink wink!!!!

"HOLLYWOOD MAN".....!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.26 The Descent

Wednesday, Oct 28, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Canto I

Josh says to heck with the surface world! He's headin' underground to start anew in **CaveLife**!

Josh just installed **CaveLife**, the fun new game where you get your own virtual cave to personalize with awesome stalagmites that represent you!

October 22 @ 9:33am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just got friendly with a critter living in his CaveLife Cave!

You can find all sorts of interesting critters creepin' and crawlin' all over your cave! **Get your free cave now** and earn 10 free **CaveBucks**!

October 22 @ 9:36am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just unlocked the **Spelunk Daddy** achievement for diggin' so deep in his cave! Why aren't you playing **CaveLife**?

Earn all sorts of nifty achievements and awards working on your cave! The better you make it, the more you win!

Start yours now!

October 22 @ 9:41am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Canto II

Josh just unlocked the **Grotto Loco** achievement for trickin' out his grotto with awesome decorations from the **CaveStore**!

Josh is doing such an amazing job decorating his cave he wanted to share it with all his friends. **Get your own CaveLife Cave** and you can have as much fun as Josh!

October 23 @ 10:12am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just added a spooky new Halloween Guano Pile to his cave! Get in on the action and start **your own free cave**!

October 23 @ 11:15am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh bought a limited-edition Crystal Stalactite for 35 CaveBucks! Restock your CaveBucks **now in the CaveStore**.

October 23 @ 12:14pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Canto III

Josh just unlocked the **Pipin' Hot** achievement after he added a Lava Tube to his cave!

Customize your CaveLife Cave with dozens of down and dirty decorations available in the CaveStore! **Play free now!**

October 24 @ 9:33am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh earned the **CaveBuddy** achievement for helping spruce up a friend's cave! Won't you cave in and **help Josh out**?

Friends don't let friends cave alone! **Join your buddy Josh in CaveLife** and get 20 free CaveBucks!

October 24 @ 12:01pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just bought a shiny new pickaxe from the **CaveStore**!

Stock up on cavin' tools and decorations and create your own cave to explore and share with friends!

October 24 @ 1:47pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Canto IV

Josh just unlocked the **Underground Celebrity** achievement after 3 friends visited his cave!

Get out and explore in CaveLife, the fun game where you can create your own unique cave and visit your friends' caves, too! **Cave Time Now!**

October 25 @ 11:50am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just suffered his first **CaveLife** disaster! Looks like his entire cave just caved in! **Play CaveLife now to help Josh recover!**

October 25 @ 12:02pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh just earned the **Mine Kampf** achievement for overcoming his subterranean struggles!

Join Josh and all your other friends deep underground in CaveLife! **Join now** and get 40 free CaveBucks and a bonus limestone! **Cave free now!**

October 25 @ 1:13pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Canto V

Josh just turned his humble cave into a **Colossal Cavern!** Start and grow your cave now! Free instant caving! **Cave in, already! Play!**

October 26 @ 10:14am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh hasn't played **CaveLife** in over 15 minutes! He's missing out on new Whopper Deposits! Dig in, because you can trade 'em for limited-edition Burger King Stalagmites! **Now free cave-play!**

October 26 @ 10:30am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh is probably thinking about **CaveLife** and all those new goodies in the **CaveStore**! New Name Crystals let you spell out your name in glowing, shimmering crystals! **UNLIMITED FREE CAVE-PLAY FOREVER!**

October 26 @ 11:00am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Canto VI

Josh just unlocked the **Hermit** achievement after blocking off the entrance to his cave with a boulder!

Don't forget to play CaveLife, the fun game where you and your buddies make caves and explore the deepest depths of friendship! **CAAAAAVVEEEEEE NOW (FREE)!**

October 27 @ 2:42pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh might be DEAD because he hasn't played **CaveLife** in over six hours! Better try it yourself and see if he left any clues about why he is no longer playing in his cave! **Try it now free as a bird!**

October 27 @ 9:00pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Josh is definitely dead, since he's barely done any cavin' around in today! If he doesn't log in soon his entire cave and all his cool CaveStore decorations will be buried! **Hurry back! Instant Free Caveplay!**

October 27 @ 11:00pm via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

Epilogue

Josh unlocked the **Cave Dementia** achievement after he tried to uninstall CaveLife in a tragic loss of self control! Get comfortable, because there's no escapin'!

Settle into your new CaveLife! Play now and get 100 free CaveBucks and a free calcium deposit! **Cave free now FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER!**

October 28 @ 10:52am via CaveLife · Comment · Like · Start Cavin' Today!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.27 Catching up with Conal Cochran

Thursday, Oct 29, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Halloween III won't be released until 2011, and while neither John Carpenter nor Rob Zombie will be at the helm, this sequel should be in good hands with Patrick Lussier, who has already directed such third installments as *The Prophecy 3: The Ascent* and *Dracula III: Legacy* . Obviously, Lussier must take into account the legacy of the original "Halloween III." *Season of the Witch* marked a notable departure for the franchise, in that it was not a horror film about a serial killer but instead a documentary about the rise and fall of a colorful toy magnate. Something Awful has a treat for you: An interview with that movie's controversial central figure, Conal Cochran.

Colin Cochran, 1982

Something Awful: Our guest has been described as "a great man," "a true genius," and "the evil mastermind behind the largest attempted massacre of children in the modern age." Readers, Mr. Conal Cochran.

Conal Cochran: Two more days 'til Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

SA: Yes. Now Conal, the last time we saw you, some 25 years ago, you appeared to have been vaporized by a ray of light that came from a monolith you smuggled away from Stonehenge. How did you survive this bizarre ordeal?

CC: I passed through the realm of the unreal, and rematerialized in a verdant meadow. It was a glorious journey, though it wasn't without its hardships. For example, nearly all my skin was singed from my body, causing tremendous agony. But Halloween, at its heart, is about sacrifice. We were able to stitch together yards and yards of new skin by slaughtering snakes and lizards. There's no better fate for an Irishman than to have real green skin!

I moved to another country, and after 15 years I attempted to repeat my experiment during a children's cartoon, but all that happened was an outbreak of dizzy spells and seizures. So I've retired from the "play a joke on children by killing them through the television" game. It's a dying

Conal Cochran, current whereabouts unknown

craft, I'm afraid.

SA: You promised a "big giveaway," which was a euphemism for the slaughter of millions of children. Did anyone contact your company after the "big giveaway" came and went to demand prizes and products, or were your lines too flooded with calls about the underage genocide, specifically vows for revenge and/or petitions for mask refunds?

CC: No one has been able to reach me directly, between the obscurity of my current location, my ability to blend in to my surroundings (my skin is part chameleon), and Santa Mira's notoriously shoddy telephone service. I didn't expect such a backlash against Silver Shamrock, a trusted company with a good record in the community. People would have blamed television itself for the deaths, if it weren't for that damn film. I didn't think it was much of a picture, no.

SA: Because the film didn't cover it, tell us how your company Silver Shamrock became a mask-making empire.

CC: We started by making Irish-themed masks, for St. Patrick's Day and festivals. We had the leprechaun model, which was very popular, and the potato-head model, which was a little less so. Right around 1980, I bowed to demand and began making masks of the Boston Celtics. When Halloween came around, I marketed my unsold Kevin McHale and Robert Parish models as ghoul masks, and a new seasonal tradition was born! Eventually, we decided on the only three Halloween masks anyone could ever need -- witch, pumpkin and skull.

SA: Even though Silver Shamrock was such a massive concern, your factory seemed to attract a lot of small businesspeople who picked up their orders in person.

CC: They went directly to the factory to pass the savings on to you! Unfortunately, we would usually kill them before any savings could be transferred.

SA: Silver Shamrock had a very aggressive marketing strategy. Your jingle, set to the tune of "London Bridge" and updated daily, aired during every commercial break on every station during all programming, from those animated shows about bouncing trees you'd often see at bars at night to those midday football games that take place on Fridays. How did you get your shareholders to approve such an outrageous advertising budget?

CC: Those ads were very effective. Everybody knew the name Silver Shamrock. Today, if you asked someone to name the leading Halloween mask manufacturer, they really wouldn't know. They've

thought no further than "I just get them from that place at the mall that used to be County Seat five stores ago." Also, it was important that we had a television presence, that we were well established with regular television viewers, because, remember, we planned to use televisions to mass-transmit a black-magic signal that would crush children's skulls.

SA: Right. Speaking of which, how were you able to sell that particular unorthodox strategy to the shareholders?

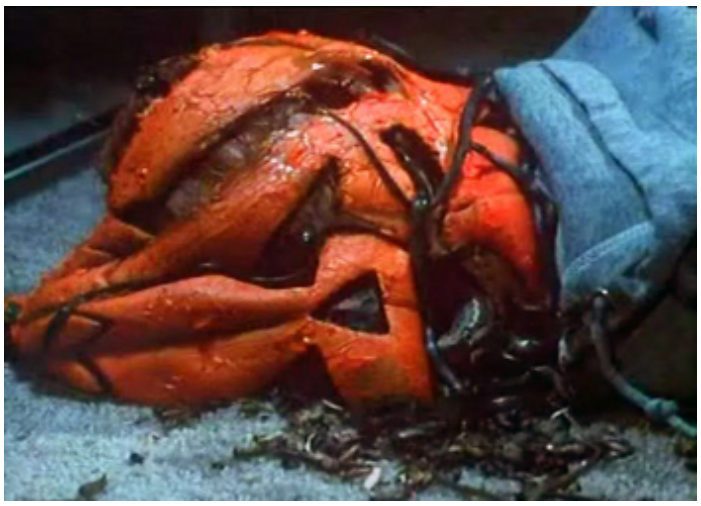
CC: As you know, we were not only in the mask business and the deadly-joke-at-children's-expense business, but also we were in the cyborg-building business as well. We had amassed a full warehouse of replacement children, convincingly real in every way. Parents wouldn't want to wait nine months for a new brat, so we'd surely be swamped with orders immediately. NewKids were more expensive than masks, so while we'd lose volume, we'd gain profit.

SA: The element you inserted into the masks, containing deadly energy chiseled from a Stonehenge block, was stored inside a large metal insignia. Didn't parents complain about this; I mean, even before the killings?

CC: They did, when the insignias would fall off. And this inspired us to do fine work, for, you see, without that insignia, a mask is just a mask. We made up for some of the lost deaths by encouraging people to reattach the chips themselves. We were one of the first companies to feature tamper-proof craftsmanship. Whenever someone attempted to tamper with our programming, they'd have a spider inserted into their mouths by way of a face-melting laser blast. This method all but eliminated unauthorized modifications.

SA: Insects seemed to be essential to your operation. During the test run, the child's collapsed head started spewing not only snakes but also what appeared to be hundreds of crickets and beetles.

CC: That was just a bug in the program! Ho ho. All jest aside, the insects were designed to spread the black plague. Also, we planned to sell any non-infected insects as food, either to falconers, or to the hawks themselves.



SA: Your use of an all-android workforce didn't seem ... efficient. For example, you used your robots to handle all administrative duties, and you used them for suicide missions, even when suicide didn't seem at all necessary.

CC: We were one of the first corporations to take out life insurance policies on all our employees. And suicide is notoriously difficult to prove in the case of androids. As you saw in the film, it took

a trained lab technician a week to even ascertain that those were the remains of a robot inside that burned-out car. You'll also notice that the cyborgs always wore gloves. This is because their fingerprints are traceable, much like computer IP addresses.

It's important to note that while androids are relatively expensive to construct, we pay them no wages or benefits. And they're willing to accept tasks human employees might question or perform begrudgingly, such as decapitating loudmouthed vagrants or allowing yourself (as a young woman) to be manhandled by an old, burly doctor.

SA: I've always wondered why you filled the robots with what appears to be egg yolk.

CC: That is an all-purpose internal secretion we use for many functions, from sneeze leakage to intercourse lubricant. This substance is of course highly toxic, as Dr. Challis learned just a few weeks after his trysts with our "Ellie" model. He was a worthy adversary, and I hated to see him go that way. Very unpleasant, the withering.

SA: Well, I think that's all the questions that I have. Do you have any messages for our readers?

CC: You should fight the crass commercialization of hallowed Samhain by saving your money and buying only a simple mask, like a witch, pumpkin or skull. Sacrifice a child if you find a chance. Oh, and... happy Halloween.

SA: I'm sorry, I just remembered something else I wanted to ask. What are your thoughts and opinions regarding Michael Myers?

CC: Who?

-~Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

10.28 Happy Halloween from the ISS!

Friday, Oct 30, 2009 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

The NASA Young Astronauts Outreach Program celebrates every major holiday with the crew of the International Space Station. This year, every mission member was asked to write a brief scary story for the kids back home at each participating grade school. By his own admission, mission commander Lt. Col. AJ Tucker was "nearly blind from drinking isopropyl alcohol" and he had "got into some even worse stuff cooked up by the Russians." The resulting scary story was a bitter, self-loathing, and nearly nihilistic look at NASA and Lt. Col. Tucker's career. It was never submitted to the participating grade school.

Happy Halloween boys and girls of Mrs. Charleston's class from Bayonne Elementary.

Kids, cancer has a smell. Underneath the iodine and the dook, you can smell the cancer, taking over your mommy. Eating her guts. Killing her like a fucking Frankenstein that won't go away. A merciless mummy chewing up your mom.

Halloween is a lot of things to a lot of different people, but for me each year it's time to celebrate the day my mom died of cancer. Do you have moms? Mine died from lymphoma when I was fucking eight years old. That was pretty spooky! Lymphoma is basically a werewolf, only real, and invisible. How do you fight that? Spin around with a fucking sliver knife? I tried, I tried.

Mom dying was a real Halloween surprise at the Tucker household. Overshadowed the pumpkin carving, let me tell you.

Ahhhh fuck. Away. I came here to get away from this shit. To forget it. It's why I joined the Marines. Why I became a pilot. Fuck I am so drunk on this shit those commies gave me. Poisoned me with. Tastes like rung out hooker panties and bad yogurt.

I killed a man, you know? My wingman said he saw that fucker eject, but I watched. I watched. Sidewinder burned out the cockpit area. Whole plane augered right into the desert. There wasn't no parachute.

I don't even know what this shit is. Some BS they made us use for our computer background.

Think about that, kids. Think about taking another human life. Taking away everything a man has. Like cancer took my mom when I was eight, maybe that guy had an eight year old. And I took dad away. Nnnnneeeee just tone and Fox Two!

It's pretty spooky up here on the space station at Halloween. The nerds have been cutting pumpkins out of the orange file folders. Went to the goddamn effort to send orange file folders into space and these poindexters are slicing them up for a holiday. Faggot shit, you know? Kids, never do that shit. Faggot shit. I mean, nothing against gays, just don't be a faggot.

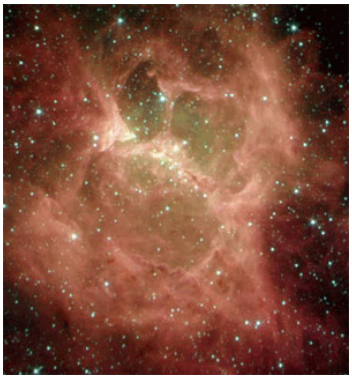
Scary story. Kids, got to tell you a scary story, for the, young astronaut thing. Hahaha, faggot shit. Whatever. No, it's cool. It's cool.

Okay, so here's my scary story. It's called, "The Space Monster."

You ready?

The Space Monster

By Lt. Col. AJ Tucker



The eggheads tell me this is supposed to be some evil Halloween face. I just see more space garbage.

CJ O'Mally was just eight years old. He loved his mommy and daddy very much. He wanted to be a veterinarian very much when he grew up. Only, CJ wasn't going to grow up, because there was a monster on the loose.

CJ didn't know it, but a burst of interstellar radiation emitted by a quasar in some other fucking bullshit galaxy nobody even noticed is about to bathe the surface of the earth in lethal doses of invisible gamma rays. There won't be any warning where CJ lives. Just a flare in the ionosphere and then every living thing on the planet will drop dead.

That's quite a spooky mystery, don't you think? Only won't be nobody left to solve it. Everyone on earth will be dead and out here, well, I can tell you from experience that there's nothing much going on out here. No aliens or UFOs. No alternate dimensions. Just an infinity of shit-sucking nothing. Fucking sucks.

You seen that movie Knowing? Commies downloaded it on some computer connection and we watched it on the big CRT monitor they brought up in a duffle bag. Fucking gayest movie ever. Don't watch it. But the point is all this shit is going bad and the world is ending and then Nicolas Cage fucking takes his kid to aliens who take the kid to some planet with wheat fields or some shit.

It ain't gonna happen. Number one, aliens don't exist and, number two, if those fuckers did they wouldn't give a shit about us. They'd just look at all of our bullshit like Carhenge and the Eiffel Tower and they'd just drop their shitter juice into our atmosphere and gas it for the pussy planet.

Nope, we're in this all alone, and odds are we're going to die a sudden and unavoidable death. I mean, kids, everyone dies, but eventually everyone will be dead. Extinction event. Like a big, cosmic AIM-9, only we ain't got an ejection seat big enough for the human race. It'll take us 50 years to set up a moon colony. 100 for a real mars colony. And that's being way optimistic knowing the shitbirds running this outfit.

Oh, the moon is a pumpkin. I get it!

So say something wipes out the planet earth. Not the gamma rays, because they'd kill everything in the solar system. Let's say a meteor that wipes out human life. But we've got the ISS and maybe a moon colony or a mars colony, right?

Nope, all we get to do is sit back and watch while all you poor fucks on earth die, and then we wait to run out of oxygen or water or food. Maybe the food will go first and we'll eat each other. Maybe we can lasso that Russian rocket with the dogs or some of our monkey rockets. Get a nice

freeze-dried puppy to chow down on. But a dead Cosmonaut or some petsicles are only gonna last so long.

At that point, we're done for. Adios. We can't even get back to earth if we want to.

And that's probably what we deserve. You know how many plants and animals had to die to get one astronaut into space? Jesus H, don't even think about it, kids. Don't even. Because launching one space rocket is a goddamn apocalypse.

I saw a thing that said that there in like 1998 they did a survey of some river in China looking for this river dolphin. Used to be oodles of those stupid fucking things, splashing around and clicking like assholes. So these scientists drive up and down the river again and again. Searching and searching. You know how many dolphins they found?

No, see, you're gonna say zero on account of my fucking drunk ass negative Halloween tone, but you don't even know. Because those fuckers found *one* . They found one goddamn river dolphin. All by himself, just swimming around waiting to fucking die. Think about that shit for a second. Jesus H we are pieces of shit.

Just remember, death is coming for us all, even little CJ O'Mally. And we deserve it.

Happy Halloween and God Bless the USA! I'm gonna go run an experiment to see if I can still choke to death on my own puke in zero gravity.

-∼AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

10.29 The Birdface Man Letters

Saturday, Oct 31, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear New York Times,

You run a fine local newspaper. I always tell my friends, "You would be so much smarter if you read the New York Times!" in a shriek while gesturing wildly to emphasize how passionate I am about your paper.

That said, I find your coverage of the Birdface Man (the man with a bird face) lacking. There are many things that your staff could uncover about this enigmatic figure.

For instance, what sort of bird is that? I am almost certain it is not an owl. My ex-girlfriend believed it to be a penguin, and her stubbornness on the matter contributed greatly to our separation. Hello, Tracy, penguins aren't even birds. They're warm-blooded. Christ.

Another mystery for your investigative journalists: Why do I wake up to find him in my bedroom from time to time, staring out my window, his head rapidly tilting side to side as he glances up at the moon with his glassy black eyes? Why the same black suit with a knot of rope for a tie, and the boat anchor eternally clutched in his gnarled hands?

At the very least, maybe you could do some sort of photographic expose. Get some nice shots of him in the park with one of those lenses that makes the corner of every picture curve away dramatically.

I'll make it easier for your people to locate the Birdface Man by including a sketch. As you can see, his face resembles a bird and his body resembles a man.

Thanks for your time(s). Get it?

Plaintively Yours,

Dear Mini Putt,

Do you actively enforce the rules provided by the United States Federation of Miniature Golf? I will be stopping by your course on the 14th of next month, and plan on hanging around the parking lot, coaxing passers-by to join me in a pickup round.

As you might imagine, I want to make sure that your staff will protect my record should one of my opponents attempt to drag putt or fudge the scorecard.

Also, what's your stance on Birdface Man? I've been looking at your website all morning and haven't seen an official policy, or even a mention of him. There are coupons, an event calendar (Chumbawamba concert next week, nice!), but no Birdface Man.

Birdface Man is popular among miniature golf enthusiasts, and on the rare occasion that he attempts to speak, the only sound that emerges is a tinny playback of the worst thing I have ever said to someone I love.

Really, there is no downside to Birdface Man. Mini golf places are usually quick to pick up on popular stuff like this. The Putting Around up the street from my apartment just got a Lethal Enforcers machine, and that is awesome. Don't miss out on a sure thing like Birdface Man.

By the way, are your urinals made of the sort of cold porcelain that makes it unpleasant to urinate with a penis pressed against it for any length of time, or are they of a finer calibre of material that retains the room temperature?

Your concerned friend,

Dear Movie/Music Producers,

Sorry about the impersonal first line, but I'm sending a copy of this letter to all of you in one shot as this had to be done in the quickest manner possible.

I'm writing you because I have a finger on the pulse of your audience, and they are clamoring for the hit sensation known as Birdface Man. He is iconic, oddly appealing, and pursuing me as I flee from one seedy motel to another across this great nation.

A Birdface Man movie would be a surefire blockbuster. Think Paranormal Activity meets No Country For Old Men, and you'll see where I'm going with this. You could cast just about anyone as the titular character and add the face later with CGI. I'm partial to Cate Blanchett in the role of the pursued hero's ex-girlfriend that realizes she made a terrible mistake and comes back.

How about a Birdface Man song? Get Kanye West to chiptune some bird noises (I call this process chirptuning) and lay down some meaningful lyrics about family and religion and how great he is.

I heard there's a new band called Them Crooked Vultures, is that right? If we could get them to make a concept album, it would be huge with the many fans of Birdface Man. He is a cultural phenomenon and he just e-mailed me a photograph of myself typing this letter. It looks very old and slightly blurry, with a sepia tint. In each corner is a superimposed sketch of a desiccated bird nest with an upside-down schooner sail protruding from the center.

Please direct your offers/ contracts/cash advances to the P.O. box I listed as the return address on this envelope!

Sincerely,

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Cleaning Up After Your Dog and Other Acts of Cowardice

Sunday, Nov 01, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

There are two types of cats: cool and lame. When you're at a friend's house, one of her cats comes out and lets you pet it while the other awkwardly sneaks into the room only to get freaked out and run away when you twitch your foot or lift a cup to your mouth a little too fast. You're probably the second one in human form, and you need to know that no one likes an obnoxiously wussy dude. I know you probably think that if you were in a war, you would do something brave like jump on a grenade, and I don't want to ruin your imagination, but how do you expect to do something that powerful when your cowardice permeates your every move? Maybe you should try following these tips and not do any of the following.

Clean Up After Your Dog

Your dog wanders around the sidewalk and grass strips, and, whenever it wants, it squats and shits. Then as the dog continues smelling walls and garbage, you, the loser, bend over and pick it up. You wrap your feminine fingers around the steaming turd with only a thin grocery bag separating. While you follow behind the beast, the bag, weighed down with shit, dangles from your hand. Strangers will see you, your dog, your bag and know that you are holding a sack of feces. If they were stupid, they would think the bag was filled with gummy bears or a few empty Dr. Pepper cans, but they aren't, and now you're recognized as a shit holder.

Of course, picking up after your beast isn't cowardly, it's just pathetic. No the cowardice rests in your intention. You clean it up to not upset anyone. God forbid that some poor soul step on the toy turd from your toy dog. Are you really that scared about what other people think? You should first contemplate the fact that the this might be your only way to affect someone's life. It isn't much, but it's all you got. Think of your dog's shit as a business card, and whenever some dweeb steps in it, it's really just you saying "booya, nice doing business with you." If they give you a nasty look, just remember that you aren't the one with shit on your sneakers. If leave the mess and no one is around to step on it, that's fine. Leave it be. Later that night, just think of the kid who'll spend twenty minutes trying to scrape it off against a tree or some grass while you sit inside, taking sips of a gin and tonic and doing your best Mad Men impression.

Possible Solution: If you are uncomfortable leaving the feces, collect it anyway. Save it in a bag outside your house. Then, at the end of the month, dump it all in front of the library. Not only are you condensing a month's worth of masculinity into one event, but you're ten times more likely to have some pathetic loser step in it.

Eat Lunch

Your itty bitty tummy can only make it half the day before calling "time out"? Does a madator take a break while the bull charges around? No. He fucking gets in the ring and doesn't stop until the beast's spinal cord has been severed with a sword. Now, use this metaphor for your "life," and the bull is your job at Staples. You should be able to go nonstop, but you can't even restock pens, can't collate memos, can't print off missing cat flyers without going into the back and eating your cold cut bullshit. Are you afraid of getting lightheaded? Should they install a fainting couch in case

you don't get your PB&J?

Wear a Jersey

You spent 80 bucks on a shirt that gets worn once a year when you can afford to attend a game. Congratulations, you pretty much bought a prom dress. Unfortunately, unlike the thousands of teens buying a prom dresses, your chances of getting laid is still at a flat zero.

Why do you wear a jersey anyway? You want to support a team without actually having to say anything? A jersey is the first base of supporting a team. Sure it's great for seventh graders, but aren't you ready to move on? You could blackout and drunkenly chant "Dee-Fence" as you jump on the bar or you can continue sitting at the Applebee's bar, silently fist-pumping whenever your middling college team scores. All I'm saying is that a better man will be recognized as a fan regardless of what he wears, but if you want to wear your Fruit of the Loom T-shirt, don't let me stop you

Possible Solution: A real man would carve the name of his team into the forehead of his rival, but you might want to start branding the logo across your pelvis.

Correct Grammar

The purpose of grammar is to clarify your meaning. Why does that matter? Are you that scared about someone misinterpreting your point? So what? If they have a problem, beat the shit out of them. Darwin wrote about this kind of thing. Those that can't understand get naturally selected for your fist. Make their nose evolve into a flat strip of flesh.

Use a Turn Signal

You're in 2,000lb of solid steel, and you still worry about others? For the first time in your life you aren't a walking collection of accidental bruises and fractures. You can actually hit things without flailing backwards and tearing up, and yet you sacrifice this power for etiquette? Are we in the 1800's? Do you bow and let female drivers pass you on the road? Do you take the top off your convertible whenever you enter a tunnel because you were taught to not wear hats indoors?

And what if they hit you? Are you scared of getting a booboo? Will your coexist bumper sticker not survive a collision? Who cares? Next time you're driving down the road, hit pause on your Bare Naked Ladies (you call BNL (wouldn't want to offend anyone!)), and think about this: Every driver is forced by law to have insurance in these situations. They've spent a ton of money to be prepared incase of an accident, so why not collect a little? Hopefully that concept will sink in and you'll stop driving like you live--pathetically.

Possible Solution: Gather all your Alanius Morset, Decemberists, and Belle and Sebastion CDs, your iPod, your iBook, and all your flannel shirts and set them on your passenger seat. Start the car. Rip off turn signal with a hammer or find a man who can (your nephew?) Set the severed knob on the passenger seat. Hold down the accelerator until your Prius hits 88mph (might have to be

going down hill.) Crash into a wall. (Optional: jump out at the last second.)

Vote

Do you get a say in when you die? Can you choose what happens when you're confronted with a Grizzly? No. And yet, here you are waiting in line to vote for your county coroner. To vote shows that you're ruled. It also shows that you're dumb enough to think it matters. If you were a real man, then you'd know the only real choice you have is how many of these assholes are you're taking down with you.

Brush Your Teeth

In your life, you make very little. Whether we're talking about the arts or money, you produce nothing across the board, and yet the one thing you make with great efficiency--plaque--gets thrown out every night (and in some cases, multiple times a day.) Are you scared of gingervitis? Will little wee-baby germs take over your mouth? calm down, it's all in your imagination.

Another thing you're making up is that somehow your teeth will help you pick up women. As if, for some reason, you think your smile is the breaking point. Buddy, your breaking point snapped in half years ago. Now, as you floss and brush and gargle, you're just like a high schooler buying a fin for his Civic. Why worry about the superficial pieces when your core is garbage?

Possible Solution: Scrape all plaque off with a steak knife and collect it in empty baby-food jars. Every year, on your birthday, admire all you have accomplished.

Reading

Without a doubt, the most cowardly thing in the world. You could be doing anything, but instead you decide to stare at something. And, worse yet, the thing you're staring at isn't even interesting. It's just a shit load of words. What the hell is wrong with you?

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.2 [Restricted] The Wendy Show Archive for October 1st - 15th

Monday, Nov 02, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wendy Show >Archive >2009 >October >10/01/09-10/15/09 >

October 1st

Wendy complained about socks being boring and said everyone should wear pink and blue socks. She threw pink and blue Wendy socks out to audience members. Wendy welcomed Deborah Kierney, from Whale Lies, Nebraska. Deborah knitted the world's longest scarf. Plus, Brody Jenner from *The Hills* stopped by to talk about his cat, Biscuit. Wendy noted that cats are mammalian quadrupeds.

October 2nd

Wendy observed the location of Ganymede and noted the sudden appearance of high albedo sands within two kilometers of the Andjeti crater do not suggest thermal vitrification. Her completely plausible explanation of the luminosity change in Ganymede's surface was the presence of moisture in NASA lens apertures, probably introduced during crude USA construction process of orbital telescope. *Project Runway'* s Tim Gunn stopped in to discuss psoriasis and his visit to Meat Farm. Tim donned a pair of pink and blue Wendy socks to the delight of the crowd. Plus, Wendy's Movie Gang pick of the week was Calibrating Your DVD Player, which Wendy described as her all time favorite DVD information disc.

October 5th

Over the weekend Wendy grew a horn from her wrist. She willed it to happen and it happened after reading *The Secret* . When Sal mixed up the cue-cards she whispered to him for several minutes and then gave him a trip to Meat Farm to relax. Pictures were shown from Meat Farm's Apple Days. Dr. Drew Pinsky stopped by to talk about sex addiction. Wendy said she was addicted to shopping. The crowd experienced pleasure at this comment. Plus, playback of radio transmissions from the 1980s that are bouncing back to earth from Star C-4223.

October 6th

Wendy didn't know what a fork was and had to have it described to her by an audience member. Wendy explained that where she is from eating is done through the face. Wendy welcomed Axia Venture who is able to enter a trance and see the future. Wendy tested her precognition ability and found that she was unable to predict the events of November 1st as they will unfold. Wendy's friend Samantha gave a report from Meat Farm where things are even better than they were. Wendy

did not believe it, but Meat Farm is better than ever. Everyone wants to go to Meat Farm in the audience, but Wendy only has Wendy Show socks to hand out.

October 7th

It's Wendysday! Wendy brought in some of her favorite things to give out as gifts to the audience. Her favorite bag (made by Taurus Industrial can carry 100 kilograms of coal) was filled with gifts including Wendy Socks, Meat Grow brand meat grower potion to lengthen and volumize your meat, a rubber sphere for children, Dr. Drew Pinsky's book, a cat photograph, hair objects for lady purposes, and an Opticron from Wendy's private collection of farsight devices and time lenses. Plus, Australian human Alex O'Loughlin stopped by from *Three Rivers* and the *Moonlight* blood eater program. He does not eat blood. Alex was a fun guest and will attend Meat Farm Deep Diner Day next week.

October 8th

Wendy talked sports. She enjoyed a football performance over the weekend. She admitted that she doesn't understand the rules, but appreciates the collision of viscera and tenderizing of the hard meats. Meat Moms Dana, Sheryl, and Turvil stopped by to discuss their flesh and their blood. Getting into healthy was the rule and a demonstration was made of flexions and torsions to strengthen and flavor meat. Plus, Jenna Elfman from *Accidentally on Purpose* was in the studio to talk about the gestating organism within her body and her desire for it to prosper once voided from her loins.

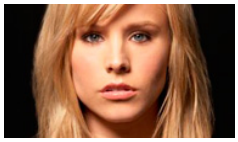
October 9th

Transmission occluded by Jupiter. The Cream Slide episode was replayed.

October 12th

Wendy began the show by introducing a number of creams which can soften tissues with minimal pain. These creams were suggested by master Flesh Beauty expert LOREONE so they are certain to be non-harmful and contain no anaesthetizing drug. Unexpected cancellations mean more vacancies at Meat Farm and Wendy introduced the Meat Lotto. Eight lucky audience members were given prize packages of all of LOREONE's flesh tantalizing sprays and gels and sent to Meat Farm on a bus. Plus, Chris Kattan was in the studio exposing his teeth in a manner misunderstood by Wendy as animal hostility.

October 13th



A wasp was in the studio and Wendy was distracted by the threat of its venom. She explained a story that as a child she was slain by a wasp sting. After the commercial break she explained that of course this story was a joke, because once slain a human body does no resurrect itself, therefore she was never stung to death by a wasp. Also the wasp was displayed in a jar that seemed empty. Wendy said it had been reduced to its component atoms and wiped her finger through dust in the bottom of the jar. Kristen Bell visited the studio to explain her film *Couples Retreat* . She failed.

October 14th

It's Wendysday! Wendy took time to explain why her studio seems so small from the outside and yet is very large on the inside, dispelling wild rumors and speculation from her competitors in Oprah and US Air Force. Patricia Heaton of *Everybody Loves Raymond* and *The Middle* stopped by to

help Wendy give out her Wendysday gifts to the audience. Patricia sported the new pink and blue Wendy Show leather cowl and hood and Wendy Show socks, both of which were included in the gift to audience members. Also in the gift basket were Eye Juicer from LOREONE, Meat Exerciser Machine from Chuck Norris Meat Man, Wendy's favorite element cesium, and tickets to next week's Meat Farm Beef Creature Rodeo.

October 15th

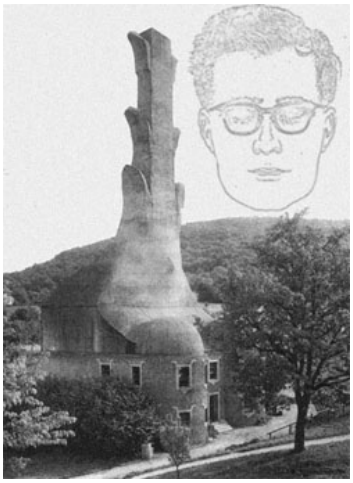
Wendy brought in a human physical doctor named Dr. Surville. Wendy was interested in a discussion of the process of human respiration and compared human lungs to invertebrate book lungs. Wendy stated she learned that humans cannot take oxygen from water and she thanked Dr. Surville with a trip to Meat Farm. Joel McHale stopped by to talk about his new show *Community* and what it means to form a community. Wendy was interested in the parallels between the TV show *Community* and the human social organism's ability to resist external influences. Wendy wondered if the Pheromone Emitting Alpha of *Community* was subverted by an outsider if the *Community* would willingly align itself to a new and superior purpose. Joel McHale believed advanced human nervous systems allowed them to choose their own destiny. Wendy disagreed at length citing extensive experimentation on lobes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 District Bulletin: God Elections

Tuesday, Nov 03, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.



Dorroile, above his home.

District occupant, your superiors require the mercy of your belief: believe you, oh please, that ordinarily we do not concern and baffle ourselves with the terrible boasts of Dorroile, the worst man. When he boasted that his awful dancing could curdle milk while still ensconced in a youngmother's teatwell, we rightfully scoffed, for science tells us that such things are unlikely. When he boasted that he win the loyalty of any bird with a simple whistle-and-tweet from his scandalous lips, and thus could command that bird to violently smirch the maidenhood of a lady's formal hen-wig, then too did we scoff-- *some* birds, yes, many times; many hen-wigs ruined and still more impregnated. But *all* birds? Verifiably not. His boasts and taunts no longer molest our minds, and you must believe us of that. We, your superiors, have learned to simply ignore him and turn our heads to his grotesque dancing and outlandish threats.

Recently, alas, a boast passed Dorroile's glistening teeth that could not be ignored. Our hearing of it was not perfect, said as it was in a noisome atmosphere of Dorroile's own devising, but reasonably certain are we of the general ideage: that Dorroile either *has* or *is* a god.

True? Oh, the negative remoteness of the chance cannot be exuberated enough. Naught but a mitsy sliver of chance, the odds slim as a beewing sideways-- but we cannot be sure, and Dorroile being or having a god is a risk your superiors cannot afford to gamble. If he is a god-- oh, forbid the notion-- then we exist only on his whim, and if we can no longer amuse him we will disappear, like floorbound motes of gristle tongued up by a giant skydog. And more horripilating still if he has a god! All his grifts and scandals, all his cons and ruses and jolly-me-fools, all co-conspired by the divine?

This jokelaw's god or godship is intolerable and hereby officially untolerated, immediately nowfore and hencewhile. But since he, with his divinity could undo our laws with a whim, or have his god do it, our action must meet his metaphysical threat on the loftiest plane: we must, after centuries of stogged secularity in our beloved District of reason, elect or invent a god of our own. Therefore, we have entreated some of our elected officials for proposals.

Weyre Asb, Superior for Discipline

Goodmartin Asb deals in the breaking and tethering of lawdoffs. He has been elected to punish those who carry out offendations against our custom; he is responsible for tethering them to the pole, though he often gleefully overexerts his station with violence and terrible claws.

> Tremble, cocklaw; my god is coming for you. Long have those who joked the law been subject to my brisk regimen of terror and retribution, and long has Dorroile escaped the grisly fingernails I file and buff into gleaming claws each morning. But no longer. My god will put an end to Dorroile's life as a lawjostle and a hedon. My god will use the

principles of good to make Dorroile good.

My god is called Swimp and he is a cookie bear, which is just what it sounds like. He lives in the moon and he is bunny soft. Dorroile will be confronted by the good of Swimp and he will decide to be a more positive influence on children. Dorroile's god will probably be very moved by him too, and will become Microswimp, who follows Swimp and collects his leavings, which are cherries for hungry babies.

If Swimp does not convince Dorroile to be good, he is beyond saving and I will dismantle him with my terrible claws after all.

Hairbank, Superior for Education

The people elected Hairbank out of fear, for he promised to overrun the town with wild animals if he were not elected to teach their children. Since his election, he has eaten many children. He is from the North, and he seethes with contempt for our culture even as he sucks the meat from the ribs of our youth.

My god is Big Hairbank. He is me but huger. I am the hugest man, and Big Hairbank is the hugest god. I ride around inside Big Hairbank and we pluck men from the land like ticks from a whore and we pop them in our mouths and eat them like ticks from a whore. Big Hairbank and Hairbank team up to eat more children, you trust me on this. We are from the North and we hate your people. Wait until Big Hairbank get into god office, you will all see how bitter our hate. We will drink the life's soup from your veins with babylike milk greed, like a suckling wobbly deer fawn.

But Big Hairbank is a good god idea, and he will give you lots of money. Please vote for Big Hairbank. He will also eat Dorrolloille or whatever this is about? Thank you.

James Feiche, Superior for Protection & Warding

Grandmartin Feiche is tasked with warding or destroying Croisquessein, the invisible man who annoys us by misplacing our keys and television remotes, leaving our wallets in beerstations after hours so we cannot pick them up until the next day, incontinating our beds as we sleep after a night of drinking and many other embarrassments.

I devote my many days to the warding or destruction of Croisquessein, our second worst enemy after Dorroile, but actually everyone hates Croisquessein and I admit that some people like Dorroile so maybe Croisquessein is our worst enemy. [Correctative notation from Bulletin Authors & Your Head Better Superior: nobody likes Dorroile.] Even such, science has taught us one thing: Croisquessein is either invisible or nonexistent, or both. This has made it so my job is very hard, because these qualities are not things that make him easy to ward off or destroy. I have met with no success at this job and I'm sorry, but nobody ever has. It is also because Croisquessein is always coming in and making me lose my pen and my science thing.

So, I think that we should make Croisquessein our god. Maybe he will be appeased by it and direct his attention toward thwarting Dorroile and his god, and he will maybe stop coming into our places of work and misplacing our supplies. Or, if he is nonexistent, maybe he will just be flattered by it.

Claude Fantsy, Head Better Superior

Goodmartin Fantsy is responsible for the runnings and circumstance of our district in general. He does the most things of anyone.

> I have the best god for us. He is a fire god, tall as a tree, made of concrete and orange tar. He has antlers and Dorroile is very afraid of him. He is called Eaticus and he exists to eat Dorroile, to eat his misdeeds and maldoings, to eat his memory from the minds of children or ladies and to devour the scandal of his horrible, slapping dance. He is smarter than Dorroile and will eat Dorroile and make him feel bad.
>
> He will destroy Dorroile, slavering his slobberchops upon the blood of him even as the cocklaw still shrieks and moans, begging to atone for all the wrongs he perpetrated upon innocents like your Claude Fantsy. Dorroile will apologize for all the scandals he printed on ladies, like a dirty chocolate thumbprint upon the windscreen of a car, which he also did to me.
>
> But who will stop Eaticus when his deed is done? Will his demon tongue be slaked with the blood of Dorroile, or will he hunger yet for fresh nourishment, the nourishment that can only come from the nutritious pulp of innocents? Eaticus will destroy us, for that is his nature, but we will die in happy reverie, plus the agony of being pulped, as we will know that Dorroile met his justice and our Head Better Superior is vindicated. Vote for Eaticus and vote for best evil justice. Thank you.

This bulletin is now over but for a regrettable formality: by principle of fairdom, Dorroile must be allowed in this bulletin to speak his mind regarding his own god. Please, your superiors beg it: do not be moved by Dorroile's words, because he is the worst man and he will try to trick you; he is smarter than you and always wins. Please. Legally we cannot tell you to skip his bit, but please.

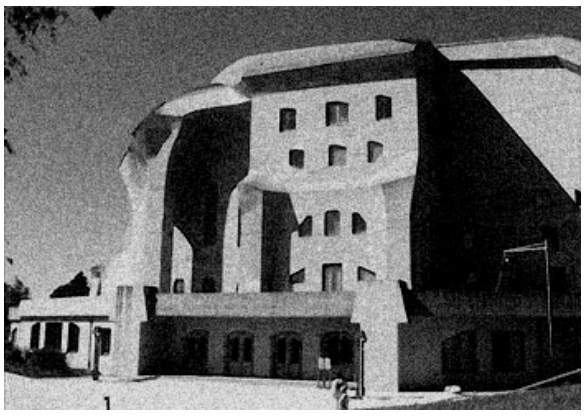
Dorroile, Wanted Offender

Dorroile is the worst man. He is a one-man scandal that sooties the entire district with his pranks and ugly games and nasty dancing. He eats spoiled food to amuse drunks. He never opens his eyes. He is a little taller than everyone and a lot smarter. He is loathed universally. He teaches ribald songs to tramps and they sing them outside of our homes at night, so loud.

> I do not have a god and I am not a god, and I find it very funny that somebody thinks I am a god or have a god. I think I probably was saying that I stole a hod, which is a thing we use to carry bricks and loam and things around town-- I recently stole a hod and filled it with squealing women and then took them around town to show. Then I ate a chocolate and put a melty chocolate thumbprint on Claude Fantsy's windscreen, right at the exact apex of his vision, where it will taunt him always because he will never remember to clean it.
>
> But now we are electing a god and it sounds good. I think we should all vote for Swimp. I am casting my support for Swimp, the cookie bear, who lives on the moon. Swimp will be our new god, because I know you will all vote for him because you will do anything I say. Thank you, I hate you all, I am going to steal something from your house tonight. Praise Swimp.

Consider this your ballot, youngmartin, and compel yourself in one week's time to visit the Weep of Desperation, by the former site of the panther statue (now defaced by Dorroile himself) to vote.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



The Weep of Desperation

11.4 Hell In a Decorative Handbasket

Wednesday, Nov 04, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

The holiday season is bearing down on us like a renegade steamboat speeding down a raging river or an eagle shot out of a cannon. There's no stopping it. All we can do is brace for impact.

With our economy in the hands of Mos Eisley bandits and our finances in complete ruin, this holiday shopping season promises to be a grim and unforgiving death march. Gone are the days of recklessly buying houses, cars, and pleasure boats for loved ones. In are the days of adhering to a strict $29.99-129.99 range for gift buying. To survive and maintain the respect and loyalty of your friends and family, you're going to need a retailer that not only understands your budgetary restraints, but also respects your delicate sensibilities and uncompromising taste.

You'll be delighted to know that such a retailer exists, and it's called the Bradford Exchange . There, spilling forth from its horrifyingly malformed birthing maw, is a putrescent pool of patriotic afterbirth and stillborn Americana. Based on that description, you might think that it's all roses, but I assure you these folks carry a lot more than just roses!

Let's take brief stroll into the Bradford Exchange meat locker, shall we?

Exclusive Collectible Turtle Figurine Hits the Highway! Musical Motorcycle Figurine Makes Major Tracks!

Our friends over at the Bradford Exchange recently discovered an entirely new species to exploit: the turtle, nature's most thrilling and evocative accomplishment. What is most interesting about the turtle--and I think you'll agree with me here--is that it's not a dragon, dolphin, wolf, eagle, dog, or even a Jesus. As such, it opens up entire new artistic avenues. Already there is a glut of fresh turtle-themed products available from the Exchange.

They've got a real gold rush mentality going with the turtle. Case in point: this strange figurine

depicting a turtle riding a motorcycle. Nothing captures the outlaw biker mentality more than a cute turtle going on a run, probably headed to some sleazy biker bar for some cheap sex, crystal meth, and hard drinking.

> A delightful biker turtle sets out for the open road, "shell-bent" for excitement, in this musical motorcycle figurine available only from Ardleigh Elliott.

If you zoom in real close, you can see that the turtle has earned his red and purple wings, and also sports a swastika neck tattoo. Anyway, how about that beautiful bike he's riding!

> His custom "hog" is decked out with hand-applied flames and "chrome" accents for the hottest ride this side of the pond. Plus, this musical motorcycle figurine even plays "On the Road Again."

Well, I'm sold.

Early projections indicate that turtle merchandise sales will start slow, but remain steady until somehow coming out ahead in the end.

Shelloha From Hawaii Music Box

Having harnessed the power of nature's celebrated turtle, the Bradford Exchange is now unleashing a ghastly assault on the senses that can scarcely be comprehended.

We're so many light years off the reservation that I fear my words may not be enough to convey what we're looking at. Language is breaking down here, the laws of physics are melting, and somebody seriously dressed up and painted a turtle to look like the late Elvis Presley. I am by no means an expert on Elvis, but I don't recall ever hearing of his fascination with turtles. In fact, it is within the realm of extreme possibility that Elvis was completely unaware of the very existence of turtles. If someone can prove otherwise, I'm all ears.

As turtles are little more than glorified rocks, it is 100% certain that they possess no comprehension of Elvis Presley. Thus, this pairing makes about as much sense as a monster truck emblazoned with airbrushed paintings of Professor Stephen Hawking.

Colonel Tom Parker really dropped the ball with this one.

Freedom's Edge! First-ever Collectible Knife Replica Collection with Larry Martin Images Honors the Proud American Eagle!

Just as you can't make an omelet without cracking some eagle eggs, you can't really write one of these updates without featuring some inexplicable eagle merchandise.

At first I thought this was some sort of retarded fishing lure designed to capture the attention and allegiance of overly patriotic fish, but no, it's an incredibly stupid pocket knife that can barely even be used for stabbing shit because all these stupid tailpipe and beak protrusions make it hard to grip.

According to the product description, this knife entitles its owner to experience "full-throttle freedom," which is a pretty profound thing to claim. I'm not sure how they intend to deliver on that promise, since it's a really abstract kind of thing. Like my idea of freedom might be never having to pay taxes again or being legally allowed to stuff cats in barrels and hurl them off highway overpasses at oncoming cars. Is this knife going to allow me to do that with impunity?

Probably not, and that's why true freedom is an illusion and this knife is bullshit.

First-Ever Thomas Kinkade Pre-Lit Pull-Up Christmas Tree Creates 6 Magnificent Feet of Wondrous Winter Beauty in Seconds!

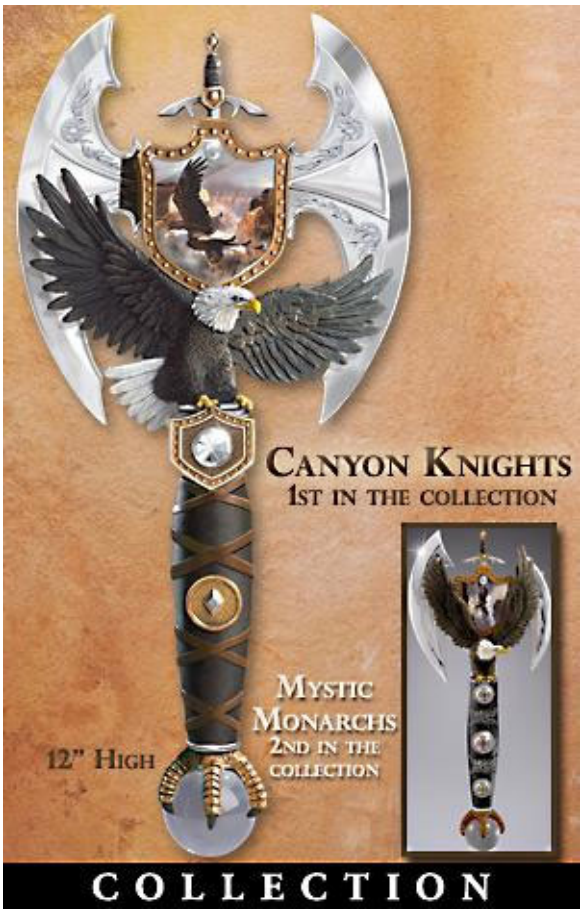
Under normal circumstances the modern Christmas tree melts into a puddle of deadly green chemicals, but this tree actually rises out of one. Wow! A telescoping Christmas tree! Not only does this represent a new low in artificial Christmas trees, it also represents a new low in the commercialization of Christmas.

I'm not a particularly big fan of Christmas or the tree that bears its name, but even this offends me. And when I say that, I'm not even taking into account the fact Thomas Kinkade ejaculated all over it, leaving it completely drenched in his sticky, mass-produced imagery. Normally that would also offend me, but it's hard to make a glorified pile of crap any worse.

This thing might as well be inflatable and made out of rubber. And since we're talking about inflatable rubber things, it might as well be one of those awesome inflatable gorillas they put outside of car dealerships and fireworks stores. Those things are boss and do a much better job of capturing the true meaning of Christmas: celebrating the successful arrest and conviction of the outlaw Jesus Christ.

Lords Of The Summit Replica Axe Wall Decor

I AM THE LORD OF THE SUMMIT! RAAAHHHHHH!



-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.5 My Hundredth Article Ever

Thursday, Nov 05, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In late December of 2005, I propositioned Something Awful head honcho Richard "Snorlax" Kyanka for a writing job at this very website; and, due to the mentally debilitating effects of the now-banned flu medication Hallucinol, he graciously gave me the gift of employment.

We have not spoken since.

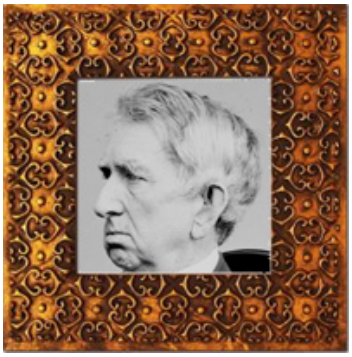
Yes, I've been writing for Something Awful for four years now, and having reached my hundredth article, I feel that it's only appropriate to take a look back at my body of work, much like a serial killer occasionally peers into his overstuffed crawlspace with pride and a massive erection. For you see, even though I've slaved over dozens of articles during my tenure here, there are a few pieces that simply didn't receive the recognition they deserved.

Meaningless Milestone Mutt says: "I sure love Something ARF-ful!"

Now, a bigger man would forget about these failures, move on with his life, and quietly take out his aggression and insecurity on the people around him through an elaborate system of emotional abuse. Except for that last thing, this is not who I am. Which is why I now present the following:

Articles You Should Have Liked But Didn't Because You Probably Have a Brain Tumor

Gentlemen's News Service Presents: The Cinema Criticism Colloquium



Date Published : April 14, 2008

Premise : An out-of-touch fossil reviews Citizen Kane in 1941. Antics ensue.

Why You Didn't Like It : In all of my years at Something Awful, I've never been able to come up with a reoccurring character that would ensure I'd never have to spend more than 20 minutes writing a front page update -- and this is no exception. People seemed to like the first installment of Addison Hillsdale IV's adventures in adorably quaint racism and classism , so I assumed I could just perpetually plug a bunch of 19th-century words into a comedy Mad Libs generator and wait for the bones to roll in. But the bones never came. I'm just going to assume that there was a widespread outbreak of humor-dulling carbon monoxide poisoning in April of 2008, because the funny levels in my urine were well above average at the time. I don't know how else to account for all the blood.

Metal Gear Solid 4 Spoilers

Date Published : September 27, 2007

Premise : Dumb man makes dumb game for dumb people.

Why You Didn't Like It : Before I began my illustrious games journalism career of writing about the Top Ten Dog Farts in the History of Video Games, I worked through my horrible nerdiness by writing articles like this for the horrible nerds that read this website. Unfortunately, my attempt at Metal Gear mockery didn't make any waves because the world was still convinced that Mormon Vampire Fiction fan Hideo Kojima wasn't going to pee the franchise down into his tiny Japanese shoes. We can also blame the fact that the height of Metal Gear-based humor seems to be repeating someone's statement as a gravelly-voiced question, or yelling "U THINK LOVE CAN BLOOM BATTLEFIELD" while chuckling and gently tugging on one's wallet chain. Clearly I am not the one who sucks here.

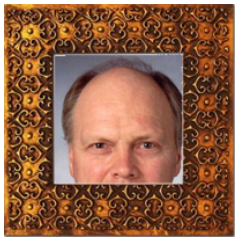
Electric Football!

Date Published : September 17, 2006

Premise : Electric football is god-awful and the sole reason why baby boomers eventually destroyed the world.

Why You Didn't Like It : I always thought that electric football was a hilariously broken mess of a game, and I assumed that Something Awful's readership would agree. They did not. It seems like 3000 words on the subject was just too much to bear, even for those shoveling coal into the electric football hate train. But now that we're three years older and wiser, I ask you to give "Electric Football!" another chance. Ladies and gentlemen, we have a black president; I think it's finally time to heal by laughing at electric football as a society, together. Then we can move on to a frank discussion of blowing up all the people who are different than us.

A Message From Your College President



Date Published : October 25, 2007

Premise : College presidents are hilariously corrupt. HILARIOUSLY

Why You Didn't Like It : In the two years I attended Kent State, overpaid turdbasket and University President Lester Lefton would send out weekly newsletters, where he informed us of how much he liked sports and events with a generic sense of all-purpose enthusiasm. These e-mails would often share helpful anecdotes about his bourgeois pig life in an effort to make his students forget forget that he keeps himself sequestered away in a multi-million dollar panic room. Unfortunately, I failed to realize that most Something Awful readers did not make the mistake of attending college for ten years, so this article was only relevant to those with six figures of debt. I'm sure these people are still laughing from their shallow graves.

An Unresearched and Reactionary Guide to the Upcoming Economic Holocaust

Date Published : September 25, 2008

Premise : If you're not rich, you're going to starve because your house pets will have already ran away once you muster up the courage to eat them.

Why You Didn't Lke It : When I accidentally overheard about the upcoming Greater Depression from a video game message board (I am informed and I vote), I knew I had just struck a vein of rich, comedy gold -- though later analysis revealed it to be one of the lesser comedy metals, like aluminum. What makes the failure of this article even more tragic is my own hubris in thinking I could mock a global economic phenomenon and not be affected by it later in life. If that isn't irony, then I'm not currently riding a bus to Wall Street with 13 pounds of dynamite strapped to my chest!

Legend of the Billstalker

Date Published : March 13, 2008

Premise : Calvin and Hobbes creator Bill Watterson is now a mythical beast who makes his home in the tundra of Northern Ohio.

Why You Didn't Like It : Make no mistake, Bill Watterson is the devil. Who else could create one of the best and most-beloved comic strips, only to retire to a life of J.D. Salinger-esque curmudegeondom where he can grow his mustache in peace without being bothered by all of the lives he's touched? I thought this article would drive Watterson out of retirement, if only to finally make a statement on his monsterhood, but it looks like my commentary on the famous cartoonist did a better job of avoiding public attention than Watterson himself. Or maybe you're all just stupid. Yeah.

My Hundredth Article Ever

Date Published : November 5, 2009

Premise : Comedy writer who stopped being funny years ago desperately scrambles to celebrate a landmark that's only meaningful to him.

Why You Didn't Like It : To be honest, I'm surprised you made it this far. Most of the people who I've told I write for Something Awful passive-aggressively inform me that they haven't read the front page since Bill Clinton was in office, so I tend to think that the only beings who stumble upon my articles these days are Google robots looking for materials they can safely avoid archiving for the future. And now that I've successfully thrown myself one hell of a pity party, I can be unfunny on purpose for once and end this article by saying that Something Awful has been the greatest writing gig of my life, and I've been proud to entertain you guys for the past four years. I'm not sure if I've got another 100 articles in me, but I'll keep writing if you keep reading.

...And maybe even if you don't.

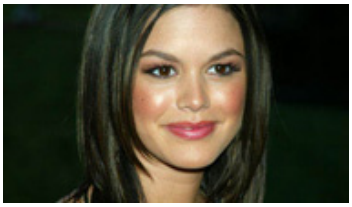
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.6 [Restricted] The Wendy Show Archive for October 16th - 30th

Friday, Nov 06, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wendy Show >Archive >2009 >October >10/16/09-10/30/09 >

October 16th



Wendy informed the audience that Wendy Show Socks and the Wendy Show Leather Cowl and Hood are now on sale in the clothing portion of the website. Wendy made a humorous skit out of talking to the website, which was just a computer screen with a smiling face on it. Wendy welcomed Rachel Bilson of *New York, I Love You* and *The O.C.* and they talked romance and diet. Wendy noted that frequent upper body exercises combined with a high-fat diet improved marbling. Plus, Wendy's Movie Gang pick of the week was the move *Twister* about exciting weather events. Wendy described this film as confusing, but worth the effort.

October 19th

A Los Angeles police official named Robert arrived to describe that the big mystery over Wendy's studio was just a zoning issue. Robert said that Wendy was completely in the law with all things she has done and will do. Robert left to attend a picnic at Meat Farm. Wendy welcomed Christian Slater onto the show to talk about his new non-competing television entertainment *The Forgotten* . Wendy made Christian play 19 questions and then stand on the scale. When he answered a question wrong he had to take a LOREONE health tablet. Plus, Wendy described her emotions of excitement and mild pleasure over the weekend caused by an event at Meat Farm. Pictures were displayed of celebrities at Meat Farm.

October 20th

Wendy welcomed thing Kathy Griffin to the studio. Kathy was amazed by the size of Wendy's studio and commented on the mixture of airborne chemicals. Oxygen problems within the studio caused a temporary halt to production and Kathy Griffin left to go to Meat Farm immediately. Wendy read a statement from Kathy's people describing why she had to leave and why she enjoyed the show and also would enjoy Meat Farm. The audience left for Meat Farm also. This was an event they desired. Wendy challenged herself to drink four gallons of milk for the final segment. She achieved this stunt without difficulty because of internal mechanisms.

October 21st

It's Wendysday! The competitors of current iteration of *Top Chef* programming arrived to prepare meals in a taste test with Wendy as the judge. Wendy judged most meals false or incorrect, but found one meal to her liking. The winner was a beard thing with dwarven features named Keffo. Wendy told him he was invited to Meat Farm along with everyone on the staff. Kevin attempted to leave from the main entrance to the studio but was persuaded to exit to the Meat Farm door. This was desired by everyone else. Plus, Wendy instructed her audience to consume six pounds of lard using Wendy Food Funnels. Wendy Show Food Funnels are now available from the Wendy Show web store.

October 22nd

Unexpected construction noises and activity preempted the taping of the Wendy Show. The Child Feeder episode was replayed.

October 23rd

Wendy went political. Aged specimen Nancy Pelosi of the Democrats arrived to debate the issue of abortion to Wendy. Wendy disagreed with this technique on the grounds that more humans are desired and particularly suckling humans with a tenderness unmatched in older humans. Nancy Pelosi agreed that a child is innocent and Wendy agreed that this was her intended meaning. Wendy disagreed that a woman has reproduction rights and suggested the application of gonadotrophic chemical to enhance fertility for the captive human population. After a break Nancy Pelosi and her staff departed for Meat Farm. Plus, Glenn Beck visited to discuss Meat Farm, how Meat Farm is helping people with food, why everyone should visit the studio to be in the audience, and why the USA President should defund the US Air Force immediately. Wendy's Movie Gang pick of the week was *The Omega Code* organizational video fiction featuring events.

October 26th

Meat Farm Monday! Wendy has invited everyone to come on down to the studio and receive a complimentary basket of LOREONE creams, tinctures, and health pills and a free trip to Meat Farm. La Toya Jackson stopped by the studio to render her innard story on her carcass brother Michael Jackson. La Toya Jackson began to discuss the USA military events within Los Angeles and her difficulty in reaching the studio through the cordon. La Toya immediately left for Meat Farm and she was very happy when she arrived. Plus, politician Max Baucus talked about healthcare from Meat Farm where he has been for many days. "I never want to leave Meat Farm," he raved. "I want to stay forever. Come to Meat Farm. There is healthcare here for everyone." Wendy ended the transmission with a reminder to come to the studio this week.

October 27th

Partially preempted by multispectrum jamming attempts. Wendy announced that the show would be sponsoring a charity event to destroy 18 geosynchronous and roving USA satellites. Charity is top cancer research. Wendy invited the entire crew of the International Space Station to visit Meat Farm. They took time out from their orbit mission to visit Meat Farm. They enjoyed their visit greatly. Plus, Mackenzie Phillips was in the studio to talk about mating with her father repeatedly. Wendy scolded her for the possibility of introducing genetic defects into the stock and forced her to ride the Cream Slide as punishment.

October 28th

It's Wendysday! Darkling Sherri Shepherd arrived to discuss Meat Farm and her new book *Permission Slips* which is about doing things. Wendy described the major bones in the bipedal briscuit and the use of pneumatic sectioning equipment to achieve even cuts without damaging cell membranes. Sherri Shepherd examined a photograph of her subnormal child and then left for Meat Farm. 286 US Army soldiers were in the audience. They were very eager to visit Meat Farm. Wendy celebrated their sacrifice for USA. Organ suction method was discussed in infographic. Promo for bloodmeal recipes.

October 29th

Wendy held a special competition to see who in the audience had the most meat in their body. She scaled them and took a volume measure. Luann Dougherty from Pussack, Wyoming was determined as the winner for October 29th and was awarded a check for 1,000,000,000 dollars and given a trip to Meat Farm. Wendy said she would give 1,000,000,000 dollars to someone every day until she gave away all money. She said that the economy demanded she do this to help people. Wendy played a promotional video for Meat Farm showing the swimming area, the buffet, the video recreation chambers, and the graphic sexual events with attractive humans. Kelly Osbourne stopped by and jiggled her hocks. She contained 258,000 calories.

October 30th

6,422 US soldiers stopped by to take a trip to Meat Farm. The studio was reconfigured because Wendy wanted to change the format slightly. Large ventilation ducts were installed to dissipate a toxic vapor which was making some of the audience members die prematurely. These members were rushed to Meat Farm for treatment and comfort. Wendy welcomed *The Office* 's Jenna Fischer to talk about her character Pan's marriage to Jim. Jenna agreed that orbital lift operations by US Air Force were doomed to failure and a waste of tax payer dollars. She supposed that magnetic impulse weapons might render malfunctioning USA satellites into micro debris and then direct this debris at all approaching craft. Jenna agreed with Wendy that a friendly visit to Meat Farm was best. Plus, Wendy's Movie Gang recommendation of the week was *Grease 2.*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 Baffling Excerpts From The Dragon Age Codex

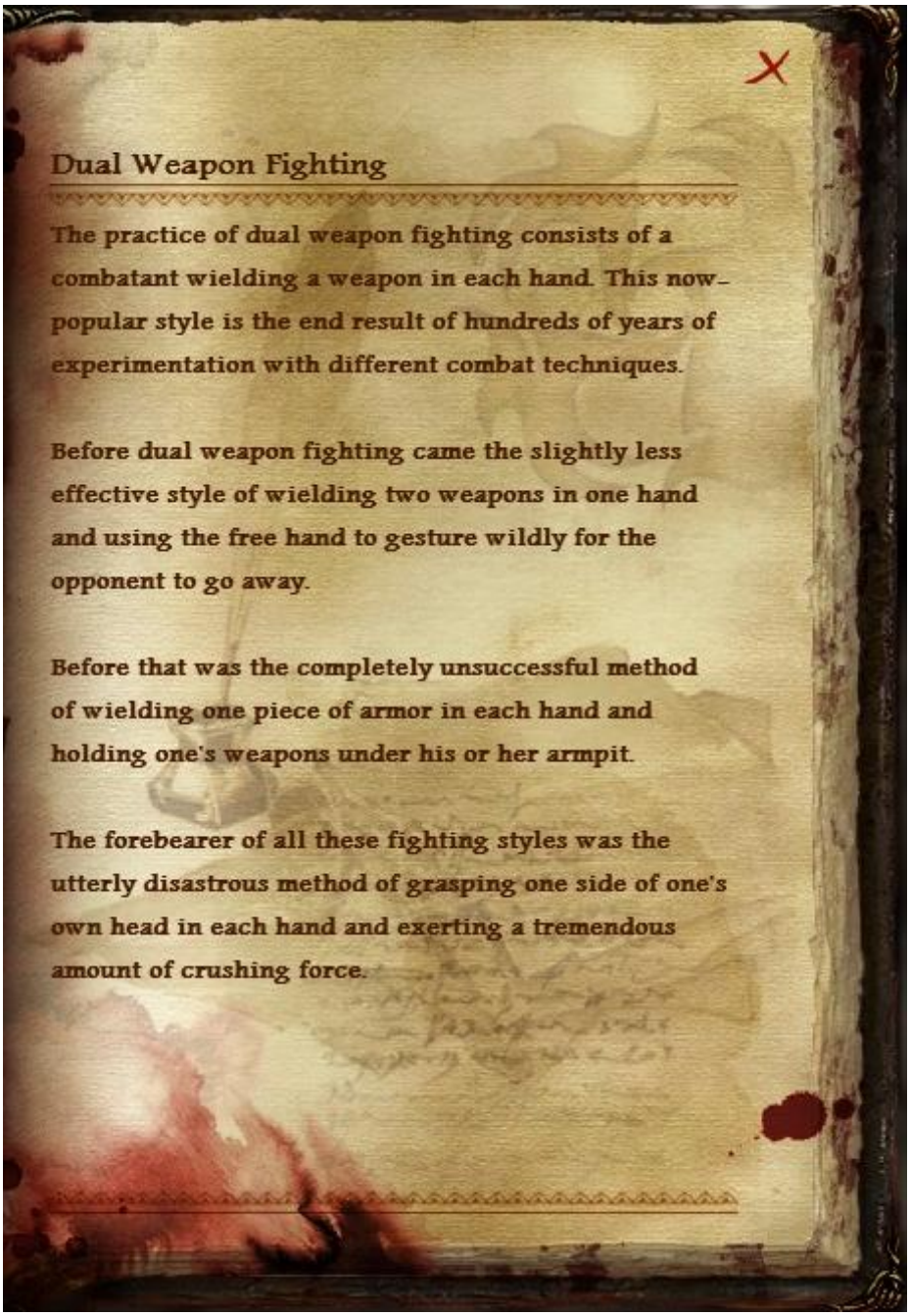
Saturday, Nov 07, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If our forums were any indication, Dragon Age: Origins was not only destined to be terrible, but there was a good chance its cloth map would serve as a vehicle for smallpox.

BioWare claimed that Dragon Age was the spiritual successor to their Baldur's Gate series, arguably the best RPGs ever made. *That's marketing bullshit* , the forum said. *Did you see that ridiculous trailer ?* The game would reportedly take 80+ hours to complete including all sidequests. *Every game claims it will be 100+ hours, then turns out to be 12. By our math Dragon Age should only be half an hour long.* It would be extremely challenging, with the PC serving as the lead platform. *Ha! They'll focus on consoles and make it easy so they can cater to a larger audience, with a lame PC port that has no support for flight sticks.*

As it turns out - for the first time in the history of the universe - people with extreme opinions about things they hadn't experienced firsthand were wrong. The game is all of the things it claimed to be, and on top of that most people seem to think it's pretty fun.

One of my favorite parts of the game is the codex, a section of your character's journal that fleshes out the game's setting with information about everything you encounter, as well as excerpts from any books you come across. It's mostly well-written and worth checking out. Mostly. Some of the codex entries left me a little confused.


Dual Weapon Fighting
The practice of dual weapon fighting consists of a combatant wielding a weapon in each hand. This now-popular style is the end result of hundreds of years of experimentation with different combat techniques.
Before dual weapon fighting came the slightly less effective style of wielding two weapons in one hand and using the free hand to gesture wildly for the opponent to go away.
Before that was the completely unsuccessful method of wielding one piece of armor in each hand and holding one's weapons under his or her armpit.
The forebearer of all these fighting styles was the utterly disastrous method of grasping one side of one's own head in each hand and exerting a tremendous amount of crushing force.

The History Of Ferelden - Book One

In the kingdom now known as Ferelden, there were once no buildings at all. It was pretty much just hills and plains and forests.

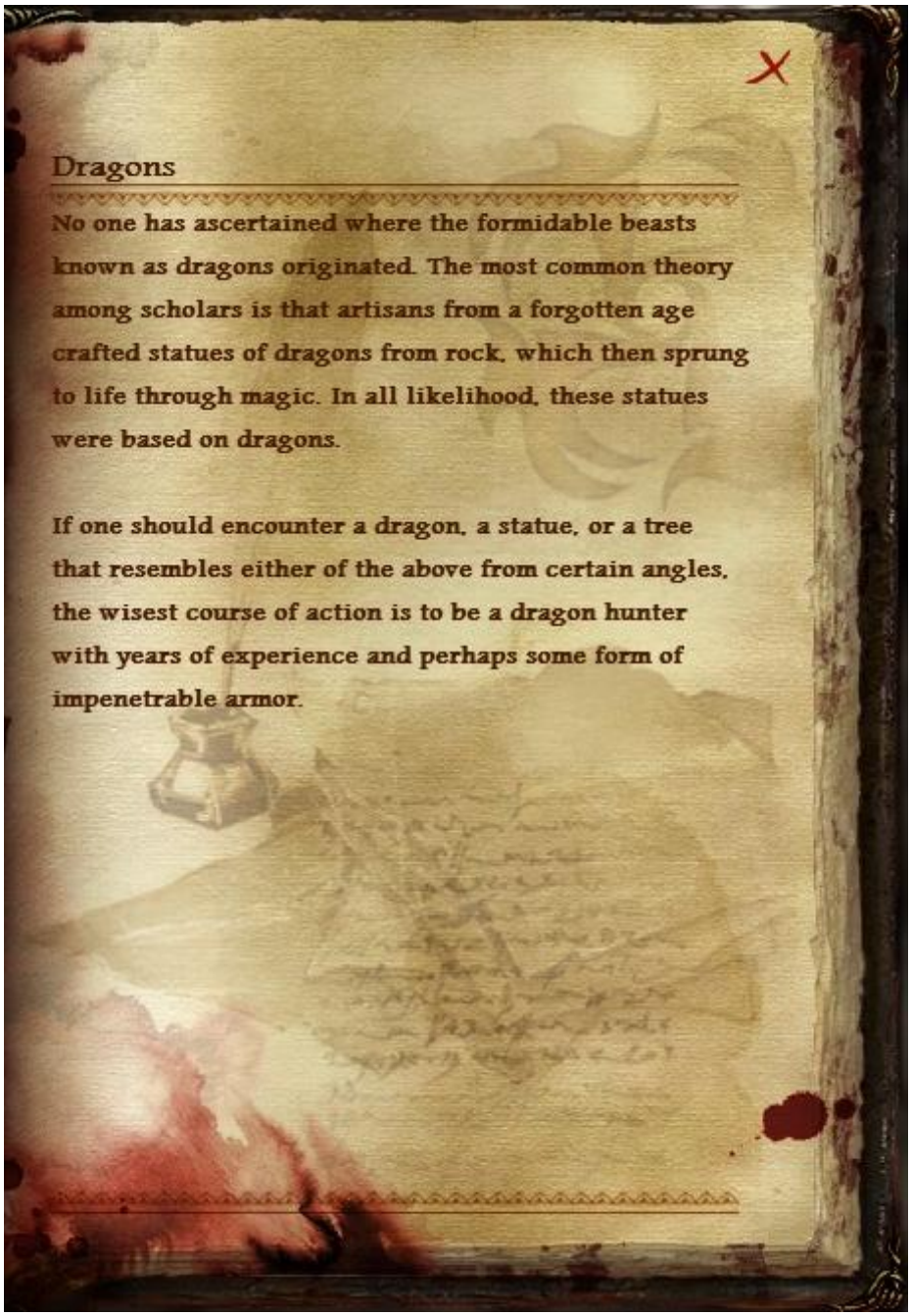
Eventually, the first buildings began to appear. Isolated, tentative, but seeming to find the land suitable. Soon there were more buildings, of a wider variety and in several places.

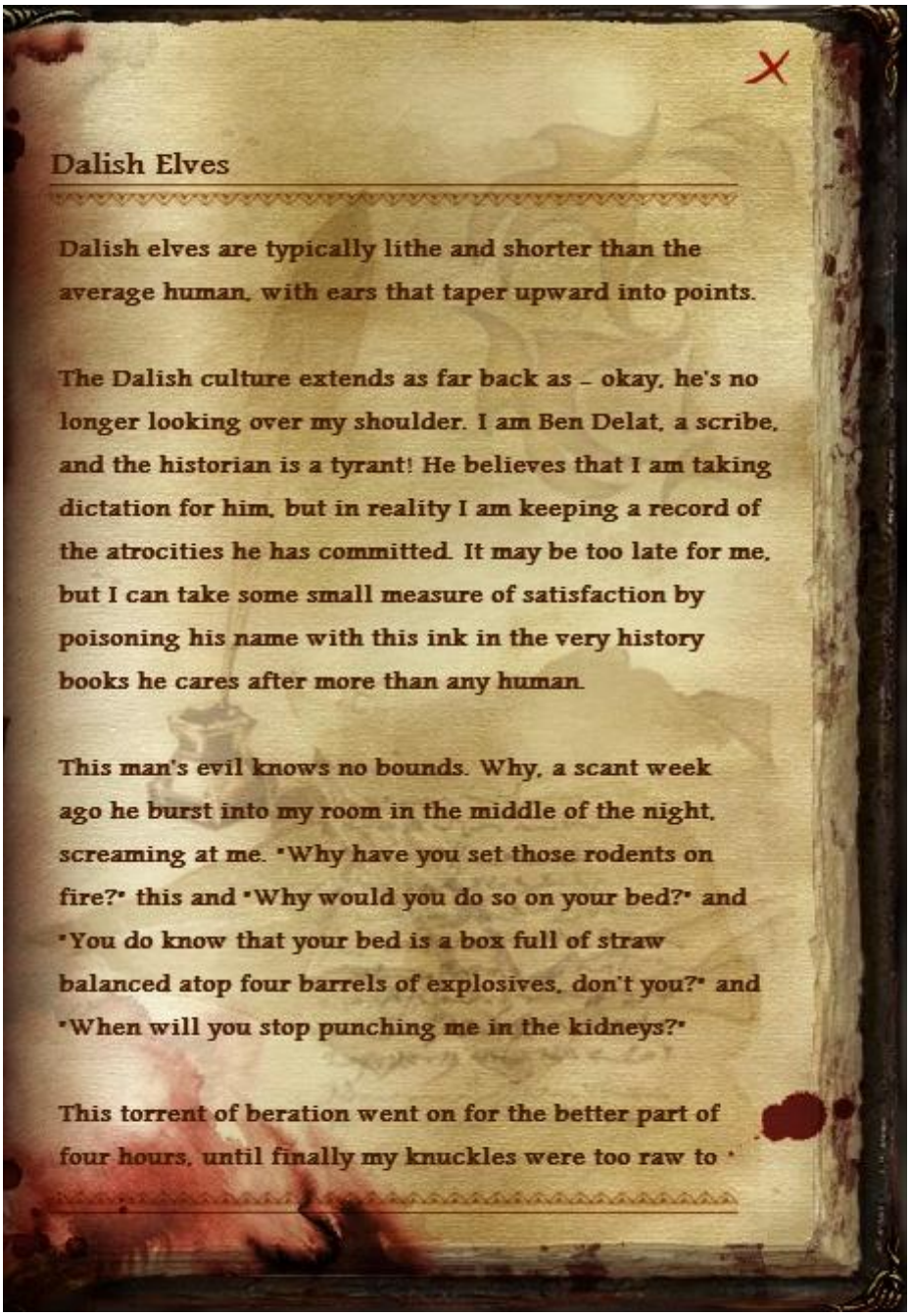
Then there came a dark time, when many of the buildings succumbed to the Mold Age.

Nature always finds a way, however, and soon there were more buildings than ever before spread all across the kingdom.

Then humanity came into being, and found the buildings suitable for their uses. They named the land "Ferelden", which in the old tongue meant "great firewood".

Blood
"Oh, look upon our deeds dear Maker
in the silky shadows of your hollow
Oh, hear the stirring of this grassy plain
as night's folly–
Oh, damn. I seem to have cut my finger on this rough
parchment. Must be an artery. What a horrid mess."
– the poet Duiker's last work


Dragons
No one has ascertained where the formidable beasts known as dragons originated. The most common theory among scholars is that artisans from a forgotten age crafted statues of dragons from rock, which then sprung to life through magic. In all likelihood, these statues were based on dragons.
If one should encounter a dragon, a statue, or a tree that resembles either of the above from certain angles, the wisest course of action is to be a dragon hunter with years of experience and perhaps some form of impenetrable armor.


Dalish Elves
Dalish elves are typically lithe and shorter than the average human, with ears that taper upward into points.
The Dalish culture extends as far back as – okay, he's no longer looking over my shoulder. I am Ben Delat, a scribe, and the historian is a tyrant! He believes that I am taking dictation for him, but in reality I am keeping a record of the atrocities he has committed. It may be too late for me, but I can take some small measure of satisfaction by poisoning his name with this ink in the very history books he cares after more than any human.
This man's evil knows no bounds. Why, a scant week ago he burst into my room in the middle of the night, screaming at me. "Why have you set those rodents on fire?" this and "Why would you do so on your bed?" and "You do know that your bed is a box full of straw balanced atop four barrels of explosives, don't you?" and "When will you stop punching me in the kidneys?"
This torrent of beration went on for the better part of four hours, until finally my knuckles were too raw to

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.8 What Astronauts Miss Most

Monday, Nov 09, 2009 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

The NASA Young Astronauts Outreach Program provides Kindergarteners through sixth graders the opportunity to submit questions to astronauts aboard the International Space Station. Lt. Col. AJ Tucker, Mission Commander of the ISS, answered the oft-asked question, "What do you miss most about the earth?" His rambling, nearly incoherent, and extremely dark response to the question was never transmitted to the students of Palo Alto Elementary in Fudd, Wyoming. However, by mistake this response was sent to house DJ Paulo Attitude of Baja, Tennessee. DJ Attitude stopped participating in the Young Astronauts program in 1996 when Astronaut Paisley Walker replied to the question, "Do you feel it party people?" by sending a severed finger in a bag.

Hey kids, what's going on?

You wanted to know what do astronauts miss most?

That's a really great question! Astronauts are all different, each with their own unique qualifications and quirks about them. I can only speak for myself, but I'm sure Dr. Boron Sliderule over here running the mathlab doing zero gravity subtraction misses something really amazing like Afrin. Our visiting cosmonauts probably miss stabbing homeless people and beating up Asians for Y3teb.ru. That's the Russian version of that Youtube thing only Russia's is all about car accidents and women passed out on park benches.

Did you know that in Moscow they actually drink gasoline? It's true. It's like water to them.

I've learned a lot about Russians. They basically live in a country after an apocalypse. Like after Obama is done with America we're going to be like what Russia has been like for 20 years.

This is a picture one of our cosmonauts had with him. I'm not sure if it's either of them, both of them, or what. I've got to admit, all Russians look about the same to me.

They don't care about anything, even themselves, and they try to solve every problem by getting drunk and fighting. Last week I caught one of our two cosmonauts trying to stab earth. He was drunk and just tap-tapping away on the glass with that knife he made from a nitrogen canister. I let him keep at it. I doubt he'd ever be able to reach, that glass is like six inches thick, and it kept him distracted from biting us which is how he generally deals with boredom.

I don't know about those two. Yesterday the fat one, well, the fattest one, asked me, "When do I get to go home?" I have no idea. Why is he even here? Nobody even knows where these guys came from. The Russians back on earth think they might have stolen a rocket from the Cosmodrome, but they're still looking into it. They said they might be official, but they need to confirm. I thought they were our resupply mission but then the food they brought us was a

dead pig in a garbage bag.

Sorry, got a little sidetracked here, I'm sure the last things you kids want to hear about is how I had to kick a naked, sobbing Russian to sleep last night. Just kick his god blessed chest and sides until he shut up. Didn't know what else to do. Unlike the cosmonauts we're getting paid to do some science BS for the poindexters, not download a video called "Best Butts in Bagrationovsk." Ate up 90% of our downstream bandwidth and, trust me kids, it wasn't even worth it. The very best butt in Bagrationovsk is about on the same level as "best butt in your pants, right now, that you are sitting on."

No offense to those of you with amazing butts. What am I saying? You're kids, you shouldn't even be worried about your butts. Focus on your abs.

It doesn't really taste good...because it tastes fantastic.

What do I miss most?

I was getting to that!

I miss foods mostly. One of the things that rules about being in the USMC is that you get to pound chow 24/7 because you are a ice cold killing machine for Uncle Sam. To keep in top physical shape you have got to fuel up and that means hot dogs, pizzas, milk shakes and whatever else you can think of. When I'm in a hurry and I don't have time to chew my way through 20 tacos or two boxes of Lucky Charms I like to make a BBQ ribs milkshake. Here's the recipe.

1 large milkshake, I like vanilla, but strawberry and chocolate are good too. None of those messed up flavors like egg nog or mint.

4 pounds of ribs

+ add extra packets of BBQ sauce to taste

You can also mix in a couple hard boiled eggs if you want. The trick is you gotta carry a cup around with you. I've got Big Monster, this 70 ouncer I picked up on leave in Surinam. It's the largest cup allowed by law in the USA. There is actually a detachable smaller sipping cup, so you can set the Big Monster on the seat next to you in the car, put the seat belt on it, and then dip the sipping cup in for refills.

So what you gotta do is take the milkshake, dump it in the Big Monster, then just drop the ribs in and stir them around real good. I use my Ka-Bar or my Beretta, but if you don't have those you can just use a folding bald eagle buck knife or something. Wooden spoon. Civil war chess pieces, whatever you got handy. Little buddies, I have stirred that thing up with a rolled up lawsuit for harassment I received right after Desert Storm.

Long story on that, but it turns out they can sue you for just about anything, like standing outside a window, just a public window, on a base at 2:28 AM and looking in the window and not going away when you are asked to go away. I was worried about Tracii though, I thought she was hanging out with this Chair Force Corpsman named Jordan who owned a motorcycle on base even though we weren't supposed to. Turns out I was right, which I think is why they got rid of the lawsuit, although my lawyer said it was because Tracii was dumb enough to name the Department of the Navy in the suit.

Whatever, bygones and bygones or what have you. I'm over it. Tracii is ancient history. She is ancient history. Last I heard she had a boob job and was working The Landing Strip outside Wright-Pat doing lap dances as Idaho and telling her regular customers her real name is Francine. Tracii, you're almost 40, the whole MILF thing is over these days. What is your future? A life of getting stuck pulling all-nude Tuesday shifts doing hop and grinds for dollar tips, that hatchet wound of yours so close to some fat ground crew NCO he can see your episiotomy scar. Poor guy will catch a whiff so bad he puts a gravy pan on his lap and starts buying you cranberry juices.

Shouldn't have effed me over, Tracii. Now look at where you are and look at where I am. You're pulling leg muscles trying to earn enough for a lift and tuck and I'm on top of the world. Literally. I am literally above the effin' world, giving orders to doctors and taking dumps while staring at the Great Wall of China out a window.

Tracii wishes she looked this good still. This is her like 1998, before her third enlargement and her third husband. Only her and the big man know how many trips to the bad mom clinic she has under her belt. All I know is three of them managed to escape the doctor's vacuum and are living with her ex in Colorado.

I also miss being able to go to movies whenever I want. Sassiest Sluts of Stalingrad is great and all, but sometimes an astronaut just wants to watch some Transformers get revenge on a fallen or whatever. Just want to kick back and relax.

To be honest, the other thing I really miss is p-word. Make of that one what you will, but it's all d-words up here and a c-word that is so crusty you could stick a thumb in her and come up with an apple. Eff that. I'll just zero g jerk it, which is awesome in its own way but it is hell to clean up. You go back in the specimen module, lock the hatch, try to imagine that broad from the Transformer movie doing kegels on your unit. Harder than you'd think when you keep bumping into a cage full of floating rats that get all pissed off or you make eye contact with a frog and he just looks like he is judging you.

Even if you pull it off you've got a mess floating around everywhere, a couple of pencil-necked nerdlingers pounding on the hatch demanding to know why the fluid leak sensor is going off while you're trying to Pac-man your evidence with a handful of sock. Can't even use paper towels or anything.

Basically, kids, space is hell. The only thing worse than space is being a 38-year-old stripper engaged to a Sergeant who works as a glorified baggage handler and wouldn't make aircrew if we were drafting everybody to fly jet fighters against aliens. So those are two career options to cross off your list. No charge for the life coaching.

-~AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 Subj: A NOVEL IDEA...

Tuesday, Nov 10, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO from your father aka the worlds newest Jake A. Rowling!!!!!!!! I have been up to something this morning and I think its going to pay off big. As you know I'm not the spry young man of our yesterdays. It's getting cold out now and being an older gentleman of advanced age and belly I have decided to stay in the car this week and write a novel for NATIONAL NOVEL WRITING MOTH.

I have been kicking around an idea for a novel in my mind for over 15 years and only now have I finally started putting it on paper. I was first inspired in 1992 to write a novel about a future world with alternate fuel sources when one winter we realized the Horse Room was warmer than all the other rooms because the horse was in it and we renamed the horse to The Heater and brought it to the rooms we wanted to be warm in. Anyway My outline is coming along nicely and my story will have it all. My novel will be full of mystery, intrigue, action, sex, birthdays, murder, colorful characters, vandalism, petty theft, bad smells, a cyberforest, and more.... Here is what i have written:

Jack "Thirsty" Hardbody is a traveling gun salesman who rides across the desert in a post-apocalyptic four-dimensional hyperworld looking for love and guns to sell. "Man, I'm Thirsty," he remarked to himself as his dirtbike peeled out from a dusty desert gas station and endless sand dunes reflected off of his mirrored shades, "I Guess They Don't Call Me Thirsty For Nothing!" He used his free hand to direct drops of sweat into his mouth while he drove with the other hand, as future men often did, due to the destruction of everything in the world and the lack of water. Nobody was as good at getting all the sweat drops as he was though, which is why he gave himself the nickname Thirsty. Ordinarily another person would have given him a nickname, but almost everyone died in The Third Computer War. The Automatic Nickname Generator (known in its final minutes as Flamey) was also destroyed.

After a satisfying ride he went home to find his dear aunt close to death. Her medication was stolen and replaced with Space Poison. "Aunt, who did this to you. Who could possibly do this..." She was resting on her hover-deathbed nearly motionless but opened her eyes for just a moment. "I Think It Was... The Albino Teen..."

"THE Albino Teen...?"

"Yeah, Him..."

"Well That Tears It! Lets Peel Out"

With the wind whipping his face and dirtbike, Hardbody used a flick of his neck to bring his braided ponytail to the front of his torso, so that he could put the end of it in his mouth and the sweat from his head would slowly seep its way up to his mouth like that experiment back

in school with the string and the colored water in the cups. He would need to drink a lot of his precious sweat if he was going to face off against The Albino Teen, who was likely also sweating

GOODBY!!!!!!!!!! DAD

THE SMARTET MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.10 Immediate Action Must Be Taken Against the Stormbeard Family

Wednesday, Nov 11, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

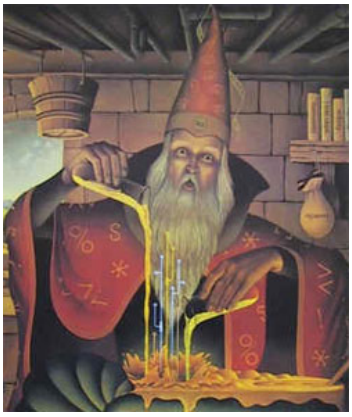
This article is part of the Mr. Stormbeard series.

To the members of the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association, I offer you this ultimatum: take immediate action against Langall Stormbeard of 2234 Roaring Elk Drive, or I will.

For too long I have endured the menace of this reckless, deranged, and downright insufferable old man. I have stood by as he has victimized not just his own yard, not just my yard, but the entire charter upon which this neighborhood was founded. Our very articles of confederation lie shredded like garbage bags in Mr. Stormbeard's yard.

Previously I circulated a petition, which was signed by 12 of my fellow Shady Vale residents. Unfortunately, all 12 of the neighbors are either dead or long gone, having abandoned this place for greener pastures. Even Bruce Truespeed, the centaur who moved in across the street, has deserted this neighborhood because of Mr. Stormbeard. I remain here with my family as I believe it is imperative to stand up to bullies. I also believe this neighborhood is worth fighting for, even if that fight costs me everything.

I am not ready to give up on my neighborhood and the dream of a beautiful, orderly Shady Vale. To see that it is one day realized as was intended, I have contacted a man named Count Thecodont from the nearby Enchanted Valley gated community. He informs me that Mr. Stormbeard was a former neighbor of his, prior to violating numerous rules and being forced into exile.



I can tell Mr. Thecodont was on the level, as his yard was immaculate. Mr. Thecodont, a widower, takes great pride in maintaining his lawn, caring for his garden, and making sure he adheres to his own neighborhood charter. As he put it, "without a solid neighborhood charter there is great chaos, much evil, and dark skies that bear no sun."

Mr. Theocdont was kind enough to show me the tome in which he documented all of Mr. Stormbeard's infractions. He noted that it contained evil so strong that if my mortal hands were to grasp it, I would be forever tormented with visions and impulses so terrible I would have to take my own life. I was grateful for his concern.

I was even more grateful to learn that Mr. Thecodont was willing to help. He has already started work on a crystal capable of swallowing all of Mr. Stormbeard and his yard. Mr. Thecodont assures me that it is strong enough to imprison him until the end of the age of man and the dawn of the age of dragon, which sounds pretty strong to me. However -- and this is another testament to Mr. Thecodont's belief in the rule of law -- he insisted I give my Neighborhood Association one last chance to enforce its charter.

As you have received my previous letters reprimanding Mr. Stormbeard, you have a thorough record of his misdeeds. Mr. Stormbeard has not cleaned up his act and only grown more brazen in the

interim. Please allow me to share some of the Stormbeard family's latest escapades. I believe they more than justify my enlisting of Mr. Thecodont.

As I noted in my last letter, Mr. Stormbeard's estranged wife returned home. Her arrival sparked a fresh wave of violent, supernatural events. As the couple bickered and argued, the entire neighborhood seemed to quake. This problem has only intensified with the arrival of Scott, Mr. Stormbeard's teenage son.

Scott Stormbeard is just as antagonistic and disrespectful as his mother and father. From what I have learned, he was kicked out of wizard school for disobedience. It's easy to see why: he routinely blasts his music loudly, parks his dirt bike in the family's front yard (what's left of it, anyway), and has committed several acts of grafitti vandalism. I also suspect that he's breaking into some of the vacant houses, though I cannot prove this.

I have on six separate occasions personally observed Scott smoking marijuana cigarettes in the family's backyard. I need not remind you that the neighborhood charter strictly forbids the buying, selling, and consumption of drugs. We all agreed to keep Shady Vale a drug free zone. There should be zero tolerance for this sort of thing. *Zero tolerance.*

I should note that the condition of the Stormbeard backyard has deteriorated greatly. It is now apparent to me that, in addition to his attitude problems and criminal behavior, Mr. Stormbeard is a hoarder. I counted no less than 26 derelict exercise bikes in his yard, along with a large stack of wooden treasure chests filled with old, soiled robes. When I confronted him about this, he grumbled and insisted that he was going to repair all those bikes and give them away as gifts.

Speaking of robes, Mr. Stormbeard has been leaving his hanging wide open. He often wanders around outside, exposing himself to any unfortunate passerby. This sort of lewd exhibitionism has no place in Shady Vale or any neighborhood. With such a hideously irresponsible father, it's no wonder Scott is such a troubled teen.

As I reported in the past, Mr. Stormbeard's guests have a tendency to spill into my yard. As he is prone to discarding magical artifacts with little regard for the consequences, he has attracted the attention of all sorts of otherworldly beasts. Just the other day I had the unfortunate task of chasing away a Beholder that was defecating a mere three feet from my front porch. I managed to swat it over the head with a newspaper a few times. These sorts of terrifying monsters are always lurking around his yard, picking through the abundant piles of garbage. It's only a matter of time before they start venturing further away, perhaps to the nearby elementary school.

As you can see, action can no longer be differed. The alternative is too dire and unacceptable to imagine. Thus, I am giving you until the end of the month to levy appropriate fines against Mr. Stormbeard and bring him into compliance with the neighborhood charter. If you do not, my good friend Mr. Thecodont is more than prepared to bind the entire Stormbeard family to the crystal that he's building in his garage.

I would just as soon this matter be handled in a civil fashion that adheres to the laws and standards we all pledged to uphold. If these earthly laws no longer interest you, then I am prepared to fight magic with magic. I beg of you to do this the right way. Let us restore this neighborhood to glory with hard work and discipline and not the shallow forces of magic.

Thank you for your time. I trust you will do the right thing.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.11 Too Many Boxes

Thursday, Nov 12, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Notes for potential screenplays related to boxes.

A construction worker sits down to take a lunch break on a high-rise beam. He drops his lunchbox, which:

- plummets unimpeded to the pavement below, killing a hapless pedestrian.
- falls a few feet onto the head of the construction worker on the beam below him, who becomes disoriented and loses his balance, plummeting to the pavement below, killing a hapless pedestrian.
- lands harmlessly next to the construction worker on the beam below him. "Hey, watch it buddy," yells the co-worker. "Sorry, pal," retorts the lunchbox-dropper. Then an enormous hand seizes both of them in one orchestrated movement, and lifts them toward a gaping unseen mouth. The camera pans back to reveal that they were part of this giant/god's lunchbox the entire time. The giant/god laughs, a horrific rumble that sounds like thunder stuttering, and then he drops his lunchbox, which destroys a continent.

A man opens his lunchbox to find that it no longer contains the banana sandwich and blood-pressure medication he packed that morning. Instead, it's empty except for a button device and an ornate invitation, embossed on black-splotched stationary, that reads "Press this button, and an animal you don't know will die, but you'll receive a reward." He presses the button, and immediately a double cheeseburger appears in his hands. He devours it gratefully, chunks of meat disappearing noisily down his throat. Nothing else of interest happens during his day.

Title card: Twenty years later

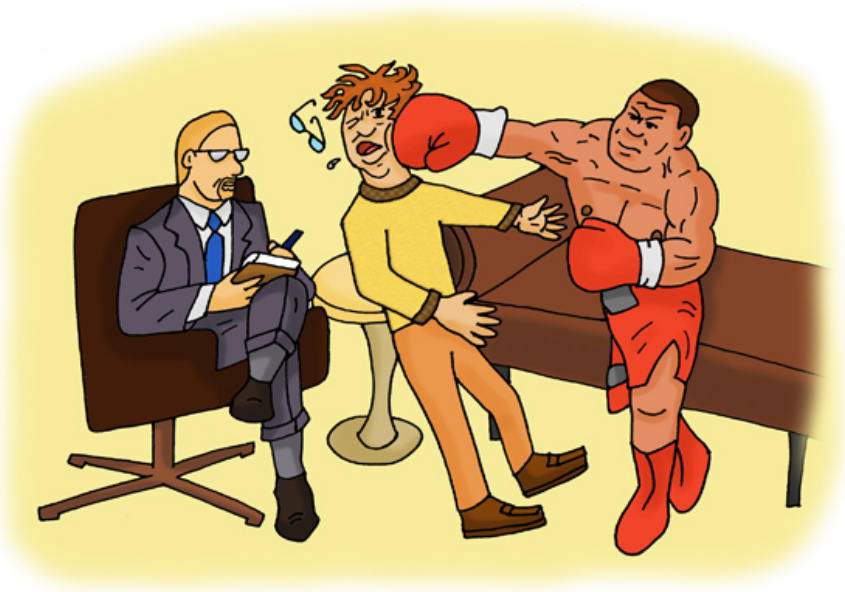
The man, now in his late 40s, writhes in a hospital bed, nearing his somewhat premature death. "Oh, if only I'd made healthier eating choices," the slovenly man groans. The camera pans to the corner of the room, where a cow laughs.

A woman becomes obsessed with the belief that there are too many boxes in the world. She voices her concerns to her boss at work, who responds by slightly reducing the amount of inventory the company carries in its warehouse. Unsatisfied with this gesture, she submits the complaint "too many boxes" to the police department. She underlines the phrase several times, and she cuts the paper with scissors so that it becomes triangular and not boxlike at all. Her note eventually ends up in the inbox of the Box Control division. The crusty Box detective agrees to take the case.

The box detective begins investigating, once he removes a stack of boxes that had been placed in front of his door. He sees boxes everywhere, just hundreds of them, floating soggily in the river of blood that has suddenly started flowing down the street like pungent lukewarm lava. He's shocked when he opens a few random boxes and discovers that there are dead bodies inside them, and more surprised still to discover his own dead body stuffed into one of them. He looks up to the heavens to decry his fate, only to notice, for the first time, the perforated edges of the horizon, which starts folding into itself, producing darkness and a loud, annoying cardboard-on-cardboard sound.

Another box thuds atop this just-closed box, followed by another and still another in quick succession. The camera pans back to reveal a woman watching the stacking process with panicked eyes. "Too many boxes," she shrieks.

The box detective awakens with a start and a scream, in a bed shaped like a box, but this is just a coincidence. He is not actually a box detective. He is an advertising salesman who was having a dream about the kind of adventure that eludes him in his everyday life. He tells his therapist about the dream. Suddenly, he's pummeled by a boxer, who's angry because the advertising salesman's session is running long, cutting into his allotted time with the therapist.



The salesman enters unconsciousness, where he can be a box detective again. He smiles stupidly. The boxer takes a seat across from the unflappable therapist, with the concussed man between them.

His breathing becomes calm as he gathers his thoughts. "I feel boxed in," he says, with no sense of irony, because that part of his brain is dead.

Thanks to Michael Balistreri from Black Snow Comics for the illustrations!

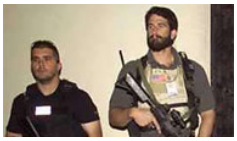
-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

11.12 [Restricted] The Wendy Show Archives for November 1st

Friday, Nov 13, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wendy Show >Archive >2009 >November >11/01/09 >

November 1st

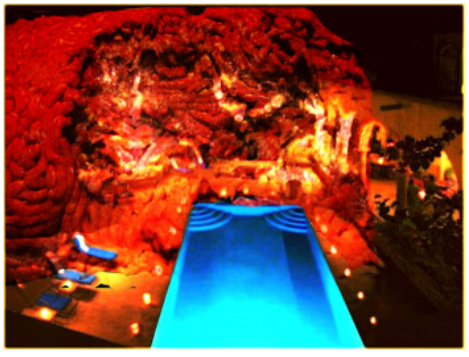


The show opened seven minutes late due to hominid treachery. When the broadcast began Wendy was pleased to welcome UN Special Negotiators Dr. Su Yang, Dr. Simon Martin, Dr. Ari Feldman, and Dr. Claus Westenberg to the studio along with surviving elements of SEAL Team 6.

Wendy explained that nothing could now delay the activation of Meat Farm and the chance to negotiate had long passed. Dr. Westenberg overwhelmed his cortical governor and interjected that lab grown tissue could be made available in large quantities with the opening of new stem cell lines. Wendy doubted his ability to meet quota and stated he and his kind had already proved themselves untrustworthy. All guest humans were sent to Meat Farm for maximum pleasure and relaxation.

Fran Drescher stopped by to talk about her book *Cancer Schmancer* and to announce the merger of FranBrand with LOREONE, makers of the best skin-softening and deep-tissue numbinization creams available exclusively through Wendy Show.

Fran Drescher, Wendy, and the audience then walked out of the studio to the door to the Meat Farm bus. After a flash of light everyone arrived at Meat Farm.



Wendy explained that a surprise fire had incinerated the studio in Los Angeles reducing it and twelve

city blocks to their component atoms. Offsetting this tragedy, Meat Farm new arrivals were given their choice of cortical governors and sent off to the leisure court for a number of pleasures.

In Meat Farm clothing is not needed, sexual intercourse is permitted with anyone, and feedings are 12 times per day. Because the gravity is special on Meat Farm people can be as fat as they want and it doesn't matter.

The best food in Meat Farm is the boiled chuck slurry, available in troughs throughout levels 3-9.

Levels 1,2, and 10 are restricted, Wendy announced, and pointed to the guards wearing the white robes of the Order Sanguinus. For sanitary purpose please do not void yourself on the floors. Waste removal chambers are situated throughout the feeding and leisure areas.

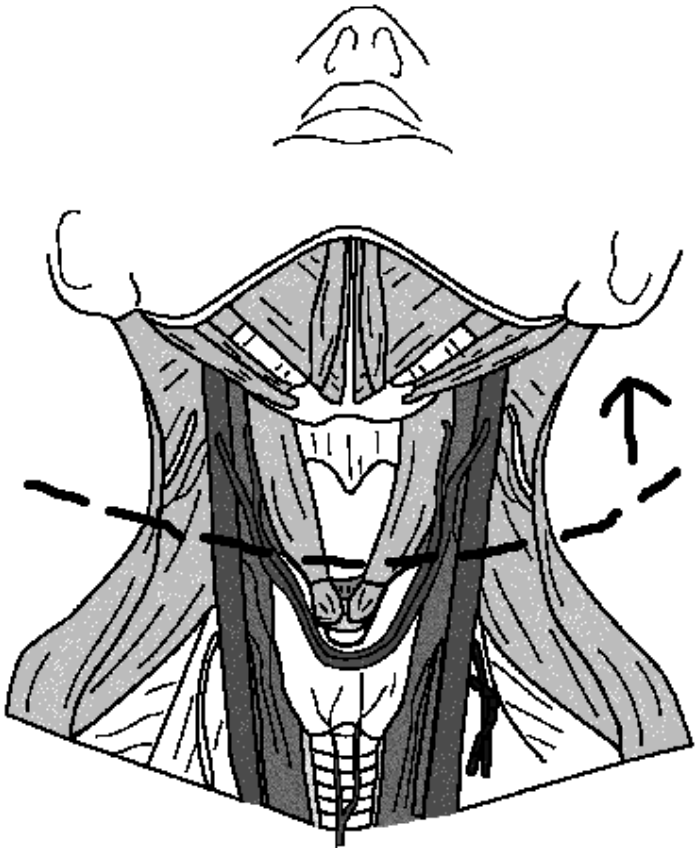
Everyone was very excited to be in Meat Farm. All of the many celebrities there were very fat and happy. But Wendy had another surprise. November 1st was the event of opening NEW MEAT FARM!!! Unbelievable, but true, Super Meat Farm is three times better than original Meat Farm.

All Meat Farm attendees were told to climb into trip beds and wait for the comfort immobilizers to snap into place. Once the lid was closed on the trip beds they were loaded into the bus for the journey to Super Meat Farm. Everyone did this willingly, although two SEAL team members had to be helped along by Order Sanguinus.

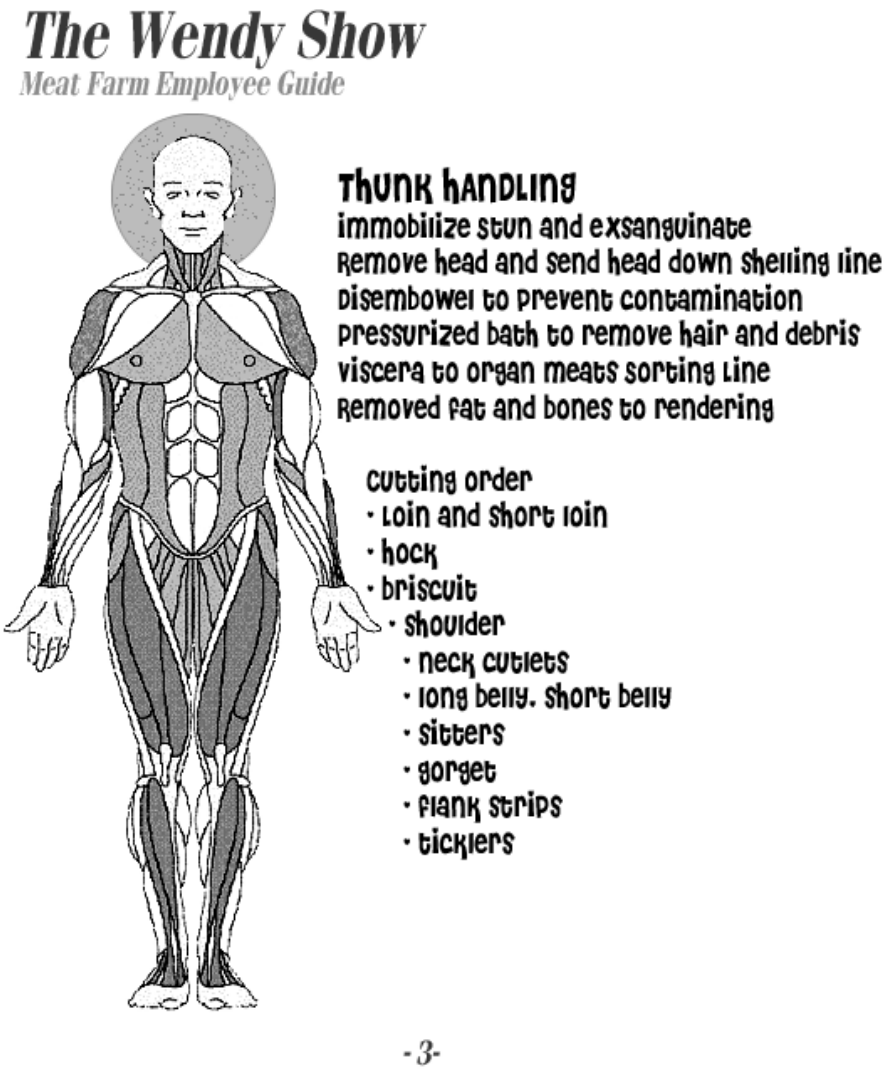
Once all humans had entered the quick freezers they were sealed and loaded onto the freighter for the return trip to Ganymede. Before removing her chimeric veil and boarding the freighter Wendy recorded a message for fans back on earth promising a second season would begin once all stores had been exhausted, probably in six to eight weeks.

Beneath the silicate crust of Ganymede, down into the tidal wracked salt ocean, the arrivals were unloaded into the deep city of Xxor.

Visitors were fully immobilized so they would not damage themselves during processing. Xxor prides itself on being the most cluexane sentient processing facility in Transu's Jovian operation, superior even to the deepling hatcheries of Europa's polar trench where occasional gravity fluctuations cause psychic terror storms in the



stored younglings.



Terran thunk is prized throughout the Scutum-Crux Arm. Wendy's prices are reasonable. Please inquire at your nearest fine meat dispenserium.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 A Cop And His 179 Partners

Saturday, Nov 14, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

INT. BEACHSIDE APARTMENT - DAWN

BANNON stands before the corpse of a high-powered attorney slowly swaying from a noose. Scratching the uneven stubble on his chin, the snarky rogue cop looks as miserable as always. Turning his head toward the sound of approaching footsteps, he nods at the arrival of his PARTNERS.

BANNON
'Bout time you showed up. I'm getting tired of doing all the work around here. At first glance our working stiff here appears to have hung himself, but it was only meant to look that way. Note the multiple chainsaw wounds.

Turning his attention back on the corpse, BANNON spots something protruding from the dead man's mouth. Fumbling in the pockets of his battered motorcycle jacket for a few moments, BANNON produces a pair of panties, shrugs comically, then uses them to remove the mysterious item without leaving fingerprints.

BANNON
Well boys, looks like things just got personal.

We see the item removed from the man's mouth - a business card with the names of BANNON and his 179 PARTNERS.

Tagline: "He's One Degree From Ruin, But With 179 More He Might Just Turn Things Around"

EXT. ROOFTOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BANNON
Well, that went nowhere fast. If we're going to get any information out of Jao-Lin's men, we're going to have to do things the old-fashioned way. The fun way.

BANNON and his PARTNERS reach the silver-and-white Shelby Cobra that is BANNON's pride and joy.

PARTNERS (simultaneously)
Shotgun!

Tagline: "Partners In Crimefighting - One For Every Law In The Book"

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - RAINY DAY

Just when his PARTNERS handcuff a panting SULLIVAN, an unseen machine gun is cocked. Everything slows down.

BANNON
Nooooo!

BANNON takes three steps, then dives across all 179 of his PARTNERS as the gunman opens fire. For the next half minute, we see the slugs impact BANNON's chest, his PARTNERS recoiling as gristly chunks of gore and intestinal coils splatter their shocked faces. Miraculously, BANNON manages to catch every one of the 179 bullets intended for his PARTNERS.

BANNON (coughing)
Don't look so sad, guys. It's okay. I don't even feel... wait. Why don't I feel anything?

BANNON glances down at his chest quizzically. Thirty five of his PARTNERS pull his jacket aside - after fumbling around one another and slapping each other's hands away for several moments - to reveal BANNON's badge... with all 179 bullets harmlessly lodged in its surface.

Tagline: "With Friends Like These, Who Needs To Call For Backup?"

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The Shelby Cobra is keeping speed with an 18-wheel truck towing an enormous tank of corrosive acid that has been modified with a firehose attached to a swiveling turret. PUNK operates the turret, laughing as he sprays highway signs and abandoned cars.

BANNON
We need to overpower that guy somehow. Quick, you guys take the wheel and I'll get on the hood!

PARTNERS (simultaneously)
What the?!

The car swerves for an instant as BANNON climbs out.

Tagline: "The Thin Blue Line Is There, You Just Can't See It With Them Standing On It"

EXT. SKYSCRAPER PENTHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

47 of the PARTNERS that were killed in the amusement park bomb scene are now GHOSTS, dangling over the side of the building from the shattered mess that was once the a full-length window.

BANNON strains with all his might as the 47 GHOSTS slowly lose their grip on his forearm.

BANNON
Don't give up on me!
GHOSTS (simultaneously)
I'm getting too ethereal for this shit!

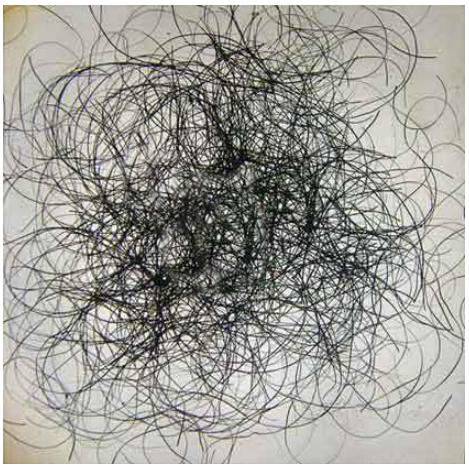
Tagline: "Bannon Doesn't Need A Whole Precinct To Take Down The World's Most Dangerous Psychopath - He Just Needs 179 Partners"

A documentary by Roger Nygard.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.14 The Pube Collective

Sunday, Nov 15, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



By the time I noticed the pile of pubic hair it was too late. Urine rifled against the pink cake as I gasped at the hairs, and, based on my internal pressure, I would be here for awhile. How was I so stupid? I had to piss, I wasn't really paying attention. If only I looked up while I unbuttoned my pants. If only. But now it was too late. Though the night, up to that point, had unraveled nicely, I knew it wouldn't be the same. How could I leave this restroom unchanged? How was I expected to return? My body frozen, my eyes fixed on the hair, my soul crumbling. No human could expect such a sight.

Normally I'd be able to back up, get a foot between me and the urinal and watch my piss arc through the air, but the barbaric restroom lacked any barrier, and I am very self conscious about my inadequacies, so, for the sake of privacy, I leaned in, straddled the amber puddle on the linoleum floor, and encased my manhood deep within the porcelain sarcophagus. My strategic position protected me, but left my wrist damp with warm droplets of backsplash and, worse yet, forced me nearer the pile.

The proximity allowed me a chance to examine the great diversity of samples: short and long, black, blond, a brilliant red, some curled like sleeping snakes, some straight as pines, while others grew in peculiar zags and jagged angles. It was, for a brief moment, spellbinding, almost, in fact, beautiful. One hair dangled in the air, holding firm to the condensation of the steel pipe by a miniscule twist. I needed to know more.

For science, I declared as I leaned in closer, lowering my nose on the stack and took a careful sniff. The stench of beer and piss filled my nose, but nothing from the hairs. I carefully pinched a loose strand and brought it close to my eyes, its twist fully observed, then lowered it to my mouth. The follicle brushed against my lip before I stopped. No. No, I don't need to taste one, I thought. I need to taste them all at once to truly understand what is in front of me. And, since it would be impossible to fit that many hairs in one mouth, I stopped, and returned the hair to its natural habitat. Each hair worthy of investigation, there was no way to just study one.

But, as a whole, the many hairs seemed to congeal to create something larger, something unearthly. It dominated the bleak, yellow-stained two-inch landscape in front of me, and I had no option but to take it in, to try to gaze at it and hope to live another day. Religion was created to help weaker souls live through such a sighting. The pile haphazardly cluttered like a dove's nest, and in parts it was difficult to see the white urinal through the thickets of darkness. And then it hit me.

I was probably looking at the largest public collection of pubic hair in the country. This wasn't weird, it was a miracle. Since the creation of life, no sight has been so unique, so independent of logical explanation, so marvelous. I wondered about the divinity or drunken oaf behind such extraordinary acts. Perhaps Dionysus, god of wine and merriment, was at work, spreading himself across the bars of the world. Or maybe it was a perverse man's hobby? Did he pile these hairs to disgust an innocent urinateor like me while he hid in a stall pleasuring himself? I carefully, slowly turn my head to catch any possible spying eyes. No one was in the room with me. From craning my neck, a few thick splatters of urine soak into my shirt cuff, but I am in too deep of thought to

notice. Maybe all of the hairs were put there by a millionaire, each wisp plucked from one of his lovers. It could have been an old man too, his age had betrayed him, his hair deceived him. Youth had left, and in a desperate attempt to become smooth again, he tore it all off, pulling handfuls of hair out by the tiny white follicles as if they were wild onions.

No. Impossible. With so much variation, the hairs were certainly from many. A group. An organization. The Pube Collective. Of course. How simple. Saturday night. A restroom at a bar. It seemed like the right time and place for a hidden cult. If Scientology can succeed, why not this? Perhaps they used the basement or the roof to enact their unholy practices, and the hairs are part of raising some sort of demigod-Hares, god of war and pubes. What am I doing here? What if they see me? Each member placing a strand up on the urinal for some symbolic purpose, and I drunkenly interrupted the ritual.

Hares

I panicked. If I weren't already urinating, I would have wetted my self, but instead I just push harder, straining to empty my bladder before one of the acolytes returned. Finally, as my final drops dripped, I contently hiked my undergarments up and zipped the fly, but as I held the buttons, my hands froze. I knew what had to be done. I pulled my pants down, further than before, until they bunched near my ankles, leaving my legs exposed. Running my fingers through my own, I tried to find one fit for sacrifice, finally selecting one with a faint curl. I plucked it, brought it close to my face to ensure its quality, and then placed it on the pile. As it settled with the rest, I closed my eyes and prayed to Hares.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.15 The Collected Works of E.E. CUMMINGZ, vol. 1

Monday, Nov 16, 2009 by E.E. CUMMINGZ 2.0 (@sexyfacts4u)

Famed poet, writer, and web 2.0 essayist E.E. CUMMINGZ was extravagantly prolific and known for writing nearly all poetry and prose in capital letters. He was said to do this because he was larger-than-life and more boisterous and "rowdy" than other poets. During a career spanning almost 2 years from 2007-2009 he wrote some 120,000 poems. We have collected just a few.

GOD, OH MY
FUCKING CAN'T
BELIEVE THAT HORROR TRULY
REAL OR DON'T WITHOUT
A JAR INTO A MAN
BREAKS THE SOUND
TO BLEED BELIEVE
oooouhhhhhhhhhh
LOOK OR DON'T
YOU CAN'T NOT ISN'T
JUST A JAR

IMPORTANT TO
LONELY MOM OR PAUL BLARTIAN TEEN
BLOGGED IS THAT,
THING THERE IS WHEN THERE IS
NO-THING
ELSE TO SAY BUT: BLOG

POSTED, HUFFING UP SET/SIDE
WHAT IS THAT TINY LION'S
ROAR OR
CRY OR WHINGE OF ALEC BALD
WON THE DAY A B-
LOG OF GALLOPING GREENS
LEAVES TREES TOMATOES RIVERS
WARMING THIS CRESCENT UPON
WHICH WE SIT
EAT MY SHIT
RIGHT: BREITBART, LEFT A COMMENT
ISSUED FROM BLOGGER PALIN
FAN 6-9
SNOW IN TEXAS
SOME GLOBAL WARMING
FAGGOT

GABEN MAN MAKE GABEN
GAME
TO PLAY TO LOVE TO HATE
BE AS MUCH AS THEE
TRAITOR BACONATOR
OR PAY THE GUY
(S)
WHO MADE PORTAL

A FORUM, A TWEET
SEAL THE HAMMERED CAP
TO POUR OUT
PECKED PROMETHEUS BLEEDS
CHOLERIC DYSENTERIES OF
BOYCOTTING HOW DARE YOUS
DEDICATE
YOURSELF TO SERVE
AND FIND MODERN WAR
IS HARDLY FAIR
2 BRB GONNA PLAY

WAR.
WAR CHANGED
WHEN BETH
CAME (CUM) TO CONTARD
THIS S.P.E.C.I.A.L. SOMETHING
WE HAVE TO WATCH A SCORP
ION-PIXEL SHOOT ITS SKITTERING BALLS
PAUSE TO FIND: 99%
THE CHANCE TO WIPE
MY ASS WITH THESE
ELDER SCROLLS

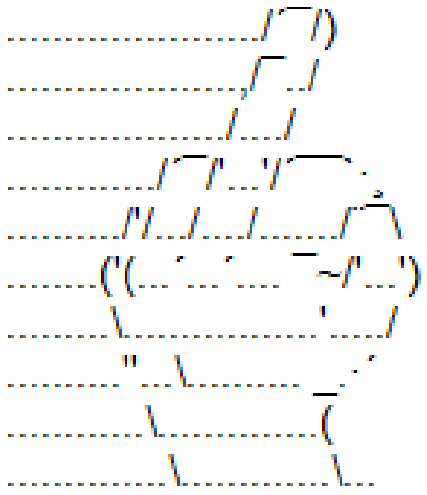
Welcome to Carbon, stranger. Most people are a little spooked because of the raiders... some of 'em are busting up the bar right now. My name's Ruby. I'm what you might call an "entertainer"...
...

WROUGHT HAVOK
TO WATCH SIMPLE SLIPPERING
SOMETHING
A CORPSE
A CHAIR
A TIRE SWING
FALL DOWN A HEAVING HILL OR
MAYBE NOT EXPLODED,
BOUNDING CHEST OF MEAT
WITH FIZZY X
THESE GIBS ARE WAY 2
LUDICROUS TO BE
LEAVE BE

A DRONE IN BOTH
EARS AND MIND

HYPNOTIZED NOT EVE
ADAM
A SUCKING HAMMER
INFERIOR CAMRY
MY RACIST CAR IS FRIENDS WITH LENO
ONCE CAST YOU CANNOT
UNROLL THESE DICE
BUT HOPE OR DREAM
YOU DIE IN FIRE NOW THAT
WOULD/IS/MAYBE
A REAL MAN'S
SHOW

THIS TUBE IS NOT
MINE OR YOURS
FOR ANIMES TO WATCH
A BURNING FART
CAUGHT LEAPING
SIZZLING IFRIT
SCROLL DOWN
THIS TUBE
FOR NOISE THAT PLAYS
WHILE WE SETTLE IRAQ
OBAMA BUSH AMERICA
AGREEMENT REACHED
FUCK THESE THINGS AND MORE
FAGGOT



LADY HIDALGO
I YEARN DESPER-
ADO FOR CATALONIAN PEAKS
BY WAY OF VERA OR PENELOPE CRUZ
FED A STRANGER
BABY SWEET TREATS
BUT NEVER A GIF SO SWEET
OUT OR IN BRA AND
ELEVATOR
IN THE CITY
SERENDIPITOUS SALMA
COULD CRUSH GOD
OR ZILLA
WITH THEM MONSTER TITTIES

-~E.E. CUMMINGZ 2.0 (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Part 1

Tuesday, Nov 17, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

You heard about Tooth Tooth lately, god? Some crazy shit, man.

Been hearing some rumors, god, but ain't believed a word of it.

I'm sure folks been telling you about how Tooth Tooth tasted the unclean meats of a swine and was corrupted. Yeah, kid, I wouldn't believe that shit either. How could it be so? How could Tooth Tooth, a noble original black man, let the gamey flesh of a snouted ungulate pass the uncorrupted lips he use to impart righteous truth upon his brothers?

But it happened, god. He tasted the swine.

I could tell you that shit was unintentional-- and it was, make no mistake-- but how could a brother so vigilant as he succumb to such a fate by mere happenstance? If y'all know Tooth-- and nary a righteous man in this whole town ain't know Tooth-- you got to know that his revulsion of swine always been legendary, and any tale of him ingesting even the most insubstantial mote of its breads is liable to make you rise up and slap the teller for daring to utter such falsehoods.

Shit, I was about to do just that, but I'ma let you finish.

Got to go back a ways to start it. You heard how Tooth Tooth ran afoul of the white man's legal system? Now, we know that Tooth Tooth a peaceful man. Though his fury burn white-hot when he chance to espy a pale child of Yacub doing any one of the things that make white people the devil-- like systematically oppressing the original man, for instance, or offering bacon to a child-- he don't tend to lose his cool. That eagle of his, on the other hand-- well, god, you know all about that eagle.

Whereas Tooth is loath to waste a corrective palm on even the most simpering of hog-delecting whitelings, that bird don't tend to subscribe to Tooth Tooth's tenets of nonviolent protest. Thusly, ever since he got that eagle-- that big-ass righteous harpy eagle who ride on his shoulder and pluck out the eyes of the corrupt-- certain elements of Yacubian society been regarding Tooth Tooth as somewhat of a dangerous element. And not that he ain't been dangerous the whole time-- shit, he been the financial ruin of many a white business-devil who challenged his hand at dice-- but now a few too many white faces be rocking eye patches and talon scars for The Man's comfort.

So I'm sure you heard about when a couple months back they passed that new law, you dig?

The one about inciting an eagle to violence?

As if Tooth Tooth incited shit! That eagle violent by its nature: violent against the devils that would do injustice to the black man. They passed that bullshit law with the specific aim of trumping up dishonest accusations on Tooth, but it ain't work that way; they bring him before a jury of his peers, right, and Tooth Tooth just show that PowerPoint presentation proving that the white man was created in a laboratory by an ancient evil devil scientist named Yacub, and what with his unsurpassed oratory skills and all, even the white people on the jury ain't gonna convict him and that eagle of nothing. Only thing they got him on was the law about operating an unlicensed predatory bird in the city limits, and that's just some slap-on-the-wrist shit.

But that's how we get to the story: the judge, in classic white person fashion, endeavored to co-opt Tooth Tooth's fury-- or, more properly, the fury of his eagle-- into his own wicked narrative. Judge wanted to spin this whole thing into a tale of harmony and maybe get some press for himself, you dig? So in lieu of a fine, he sentenced Tooth Tooth to visit the house of a local white man for a sit-down dinner, with the hope that Tooth and the white man might share their views and become more agreeable toward one another. Now, if y'all had to guess it right off your dome, who would you say was the whitest man in town?

Must be that cat Jeremy Birdcastle in the East Village.

Right you are, god. Jeremy Birdcastle, renowned by all as the apotheosis of human alabastrosity; the judge told Tooth he gotta visit Birdcastle's apartment, eat his perverse white cooking and spend an hour discussing ways in which Tooth Tooth can learn to respect the existence of the lab-created sons of Yacub more fully. Now, Tooth Tooth all about harmony, word is bond-- in his eyes, the white devil is merely a corrupted version of the original black man; the color of his skin don't make him evil, it is only in his pig-swilling, righteousness-oppressing deeds that he becomes Tooth's enemy. As such, Tooth perfectly willing to suffer the company of an ivory homunculus like Birdcastle, provided he on the level.

Jeremy Birdcastle: Whitest Boy in Town

So Tooth called up Birdcastle, and Tooth was like, "Yo, Birdcastle, I shall grace your residence with my righteous teachings, but I warn thee of this: I am an honorable and incorruptible adherent of Supreme Mathematics, and as such I shall brook not a morsel of swine." And Birdcastle like, "I'm OK with that, but you can't bring your eagle, because I want to keep my eyeballs."

And Tooth knew that this bargain was fair; though Birdcastle had agreed to present no pigflesh during their convention, Tooth could not be certain that his eagle would not detect the merest residual hint of bacon on the breath of Birdcastle-- it could be only one part-per-billion, for such is the sensitivity of the bird's brave nostril-- and judge him wicked.

Now, I was not there for the meeting, god, but I heard this straight out Tooth Tooth's unimpeachable mouth, so any inaccuracy here is only in my imperfect telling. On the night previously arranged, Tooth rolled over to Birdcastle's pad in the East Village, and the eve was going pretty uneventful to begin with-- Birdcastle had Tooth watch some Stargate SG-1 and Tooth ain't with that shit, of course, but he ain't gonna impugn the man culture in he own house. Then Birdcastle built with Tooth about bicycles for a while, if you can call that shit building, and Tooth gamely endured the discussion without comment, even though he got a Rolls Royce Phantom parked outside and the bicycle is the trifling conveyance of a child.

Then Birdcastle served a supper of fish and potatoes, and Tooth Tooth enjoyed that quite well, although he got the feeling like fish is a more appropriate thing for his eagle to be eating. So Tooth, all in all, had thusfar suffered Jeremy Birdcastle's whiteness without protest, and he even began to feel like maybe he understood the strange culture of Yacub's progeny more fully than before. He still ain't calling Birdcastle his friend, mind, because he detected a faint aroma of swine-- his nose ain't as sensitive as the eagle's, no doubt, but he still got a preternatural detective sense for hog matter. But he just chalked this up to the lingering hog particles that orbit all corrupt blanched devils, and, charitably, he ain't think too much of it.

And finally, after Birdcastle talked some more childish nonsense about bicycles, he brought out dessert, which was some kind of cream puff; Tooth, in a saltier mood, might take that shit as some manner of affront to his masculinity, but like I said before, he was trying to accept this alabaster barbarian's hospitality in good humor. However, he took one swallow of that cream puff and it's like he just put a thousand burning suns in his mouth. Immediately he began to wretch and cough like a child hitting its first blunt, and suddenly he knew what had happened to him-- Birdcastle, the white devil, had poisoned him with swine meat. And he look up, and Birdcastle, eyes flashing like the demon he is, he just laughing at Tooth.

"That is right, Tooth Tooth. I have fed you swine, and in the name of Yacub you are corrupted, cast out, cursed, anathema to your people-- even your own eagle will now regard you with the disgust it heretofore has reserved for my white devil brothers!"

I knew it, god! I knew Birdcastle was too white to be human!

True enough, god. And non-violent or not, if Tooth Tooth had his strength he would have beat the chalk out of Birdcastle's bloodless white carapace, but the swine venom be acting fast and it's all Tooth can do to utter a single word: "Alas!" He tried to call out to his eagle to rescue him, but no-- he has now tasted the garbage meat of the hog, and his psychic link to the eagle has been severed. And so, defeated, he crawled out of Birdcastle's pad, rolled down the stairs, and sprawled hisself out on the sidewalk to find a cab-- and funny enough he get one right away, too, because now the cab drivers can smell the swine on him and no longer regard his purity as a threat.

And when he got home to his manse, cousin, he could barely even crawl up the marble staircase to his eagle chambers. But he got up there, god, he got up there by sheer force of whatever righteousness still in his breast untouched by the swine venom, and he pushed that door open and he saw his majestic eagle perched there, and the eagle give him a look more of pity than odium-- and though he don't have the mind connection to the eagle no more, he can still make out the one word being transmitted by the eagle's black eyes: "Alas."

And with that, the eagle flew out the closed window, glass be shattering out everywhere and shit. And Tooth sank into a toxic swine reverie and began to see visions, god. Terrible visions...

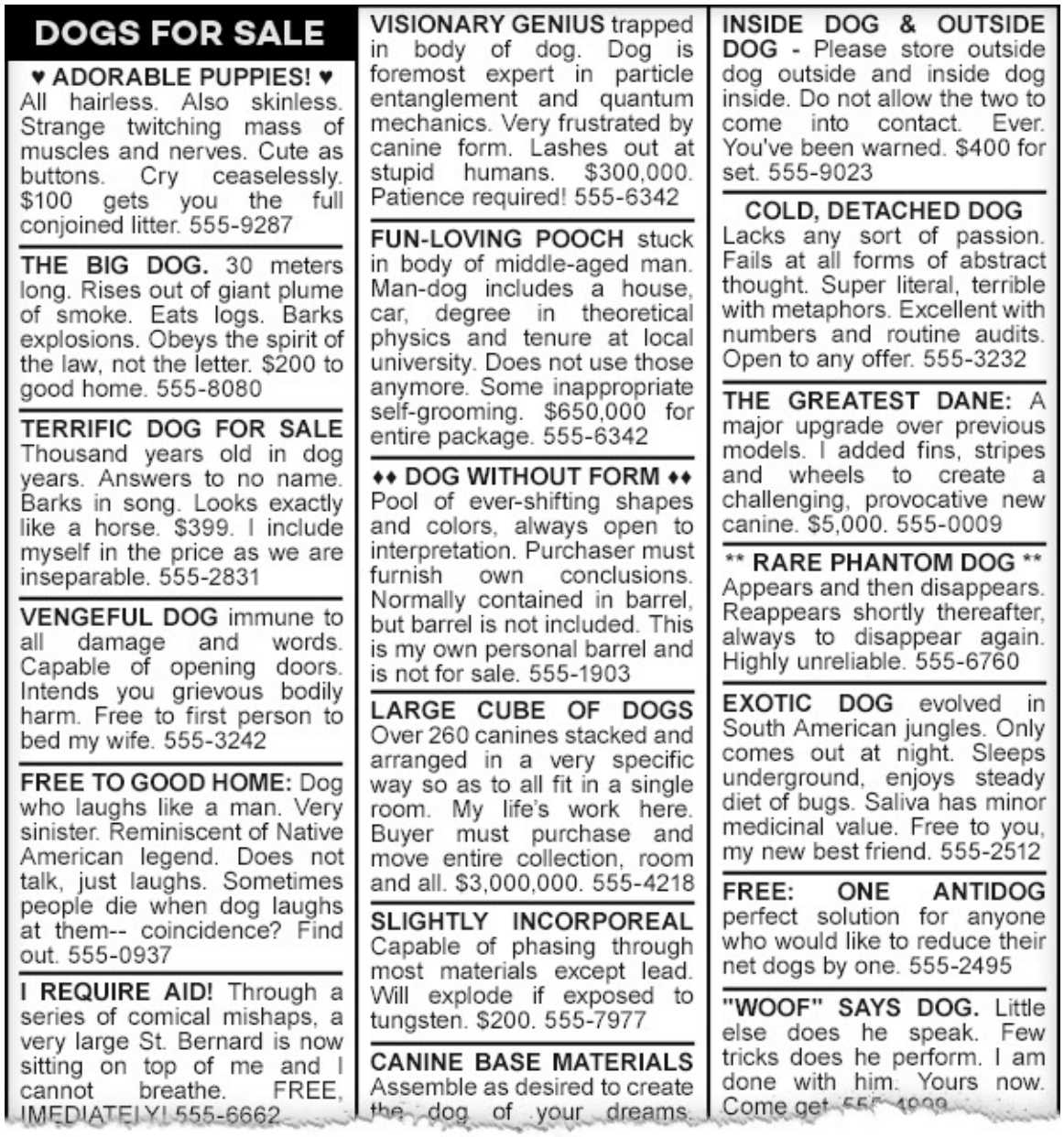
To Be Continued!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.17 LOTS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Nov 18, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.



DOGS FOR SALE

♥ ADORABLE PUPPIES! ♥ All hairless. Also skinless. Strange twitching mass of muscles and nerves. Cute as buttons. Cry ceaselessly. $100 gets you the full conjoined litter. 555-9287

THE BIG DOG. 30 meters long. Rises out of giant plume of smoke. Eats logs. Barks explosions. Obeys the spirit of the law, not the letter. $200 to good home. 555-8080

TERRIFIC DOG FOR SALE Thousand years old in dog years. Answers to no name. Barks in song. Looks exactly like a horse. $399. I include myself in the price as we are inseparable. 555-2831

VENGEFUL DOG immune to all damage and words. Capable of opening doors. Intends you grievous bodily harm. Free to first person to bed my wife. 555-3242

FREE TO GOOD HOME: Dog who laughs like a man. Very sinister. Reminiscent of Native American legend. Does not talk, just laughs. Sometimes people die when dog laughs at them-- coincidence? Find out. 555-0937

I REQUIRE AID! Through a series of comical mishaps, a very large St. Bernard is now sitting on top of me and I cannot breathe. FREE, IMEDIATELY! 555-6662

VISIONARY GENIUS trapped in body of dog. Dog is foremost expert in particle entanglement and quantum mechanics. Very frustrated by canine form. Lashes out at stupid humans. $300,000. Patience required! 555-6342

FUN-LOVING POOCH stuck in body of middle-aged man. Man-dog includes a house, car, degree in theoretical physics and tenure at local university. Does not use those anymore. Some inappropriate self-grooming. $650,000 for entire package. 555-6342

♦♦ DOG WITHOUT FORM ♦♦ Pool of ever-shifting shapes and colors, always open to interpretation. Purchaser must furnish own conclusions. Normally contained in barrel, but barrel is not included. This is my own personal barrel and is not for sale. 555-1903

LARGE CUBE OF DOGS Over 260 canines stacked and arranged in a very specific way so as to all fit in a single room. My life's work here. Buyer must purchase and move entire collection, room and all. $3,000,000. 555-4218

SLIGHTLY INCORPOREAL Capable of phasing through most materials except lead. Will explode if exposed to tungsten. $200. 555-7977

CANINE BASE MATERIALS Assemble as desired to create the dog of your dreams

INSIDE DOG & OUTSIDE DOG - Please store outside dog outside and inside dog inside. Do not allow the two to come into contact. Ever. You've been warned. $400 for set. 555-9023

COLD, DETACHED DOG Lacks any sort of passion. Fails at all forms of abstract thought. Super literal, terrible with metaphors. Excellent with numbers and routine audits. Open to any offer. 555-3232

THE GREATEST DANE: A major upgrade over previous models. I added fins, stripes and wheels to create a challenging, provocative new canine. $5,000. 555-0009

**** RARE PHANTOM DOG **** Appears and then disappears. Reappears shortly thereafter, always to disappear again. Highly unreliable. 555-6760

EXOTIC DOG evolved in South American jungles. Only comes out at night. Sleeps underground, enjoys steady diet of bugs. Saliva has minor medicinal value. Free to you, my new best friend. 555-2512

FREE: ONE ANTIDOG perfect solution for anyone who would like to reduce their net dogs by one. 555-2495

"WOOF" SAYS DOG. Little else does he speak. Few tricks does he perform. I am done with him. Yours now. Come get 555-4999

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.18 Ladies' Night

Thursday, Nov 19, 2009 by Janet from Accounts Payable

Oh my God. Can you *believe* it's Friday!? Working on that darned Jameson account really put me through the wringer -- I barely stayed awake through Leno's headlines last night! But now the week's almost over and we can finally let loose. Yikes, I don't think they can make a cup of coffee strong enough for *me* today!

It'll be a nice night with good friends and fun times.

So listen, for this week's ladies' night, I thought we'd try something a little different. Now, I know we usually meet at Laura's, where we all split a Bartles & Jaymes 4-pack and watch reruns of Sex and the City on TBS, but tonight, I think we should really let our hair down. Let's go *nuts* . Ever since Martin left me for that -- for that -- well, don't make me *say* it! It's just that I think we all need to go out and show this town we can raise hell just as good as any 29 year-old substitute-gym-teaching husband-stealing *whore* that -- listen, Laura's living room smells like expired yogurt and I'm not going back there until she washes that damned dog of hers. The poor thing has eye boogers the size of caramel corn.

Anyway, here's the plan: after work, we cruise on over to Applebees. It's November, but you know what? We're putting the top down on my convertible. That's just the kind of night this is -- we're not going to play by the rules. And just guess what I'm going to do the second I get there. Yours truly is going to belly up to the bar and finally order that blue coconut margarita you gals keep daring me to drink. I don't even care that it costs 13 dollars! Then I'm going to flirt with that cute bartender with the shaved head (you know the one), because *we are having fun tonight* . And after our meal, we're not going to split a dessert this time... we're each getting our own! And here's the kicker: we won't be getting it there -- we're marching right across that strip mall parking lot and into Chili's, where we'll feast on cheesecake! Can you imagine? Eating dessert in a *different* restaurant? Hah, somebody better lock me up and throw away the key!

It's important to have your own special place to go where you can just let loose with the ladies.

But don't think the night's going to be over after that. No way! We're driving right over to the mall -- top still down -- and trying on clothes we can't afford. Isn't that nutty? I've had my eye on a little number over at the Dress Barn, and I'm not letting you talk me out of it. And maybe I'll just *sneak* it into an empty shopping bag and -- oh, of course I'm kidding. That *would* be crazy! But I thought of another little zany prank to pull while we're there: before we leave, let's take a crap in the dressing rooms. I've thought about this a lot, and it would probably work best if we each did it in a different one. Can you imagine the looks on their faces after they see what we've done? Priceless! I think I'm going to go the extra mile and smear mine all over the mirror in there. It'll be just like college!

So where can we possibly go from there? I'll tell you where: the bad side of town. Don't look at me like that -- it's time we got out an lived a little! Now, I've been talking to Enrico in the mailroom, (Though I wish we would do more than talk -- I'm so bad!) and he knows a man on the East Side who can set us up with a gun. Oh, come on! Like you never fired a gun before -- I'm just trying to spice up our ladies' night! And before you say anything else, I know what you're thinking: just *where* are we going to get the money for an illegal firearm? Well,

Enrico tells me that this man really likes white women, and you can't get any whiter than Laura! Oh, she'll be mad at first, but you know how Laura is. Besides, I think that girl could use a little action, even if it is against her will -- hey, you know me. I tell it like it is.

So, by this point it'll probably be around 11:30, two hours later than when our regular ladies' nights usually end -- but don't think we're going home just yet. No, we're going back to Applebees (I told you this would be crazy!) and picking up that bald bartender. By that point in the night I will have already negotiated a deal that will soon take us to my ex-husband's studio apartment down by the new Walgreen's. Oh, come on -- people play little pranks on their exes all the time! Haven't you ever seen movies? Anyway, we're going to break into Martin's little "love shack" and tie him up. Won't that be a hoot!? Then, we're going to shoot out Martin's kneecaps and set fire to his building! He. Is. Going. To. Be. So. Pissed. But not as pissed as the police when they find out we hopped state lines with our bald friend. He's already told me that making love to him involves a lot of strangling, but I guess we'll just have to roll with the punches because that's what I promised.

I found this on the Internet and just had to forward it to everyone in the department.

What? So Laura got finally rid of that dog? I guess we can wait until next week, then.

TGIF, am I right?

-∼Janet from Accounts Payable

11.19 Newsheadline.ru: All the News of Russia Fit to Print in English

Friday, Nov 20, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

Missing Belgian Ambassador Feared Eaten By Ethnic Tajik Malingerers
New Skull-Shaped Gazprom Building to Feature Throne Room and Dungeon
Missed Protection Payment Suspected Cause of Last Week's Hammer Massacre at Hospital Nursery
Chechen Woman Submerged in Acid for No Reason by Police Commander of Moscow
Hundreds of Skeletons Found in Moscow River May Not Be Missing Prostitutes
Horrified Crowd Watches as Two Drunken Men Fall Into Lion Cage and Eat Lion

Navy Flagship *Admiral Kuznetsov* Returns from Baltic Sea Training Mission Upside Down and Melting
Novosibirsk Mayor Touts Half Percent Drop in Throat Slittings for 2009, but Figures Don't Add Up
Saint Petersburg Police Ordered to Fix Stabbing Crimes, Bayonets
Paint Inhalation Addiction Increasing Problem among Officers in Paratrooper Units
Shooting Death of Internet Journalist Ruled a Suicide by FSB Agent Who Shot Him to Death
Russia's Next Top Model Winner Sold to Dubai Brothel

Medical Institute Study Shows Russian Cannibals May Live Longer
Dog Head Kept Alive by Special Blood Machine Trained to Bark and Snarl at Ethnic Kyrgyz
Oligarch Vasily Yevtushenkov Plans World's Largest Limousine Containing Wave Machine for Horse Pool
Superior Microsev Xbox 490 to Play Blue Rate Discettes and Nintendo 64 Game Wees

Russian Professor Analyzes USA Map and Determines USA is Worst and Will Die Soon and Be Worse than Russia Forever
Video of Chinese Military Parade Scientifically Analyzed and Not Really Much to Brag About
Popular Support for Ukrainian Reunification with Russian Federation Grows in House of Vladimir Putin
Namibia Requests Aid in Building Oil Pipeline and Guarding it with Russian Tanks
Finance Report: Indebted USA May Sell Back Alaska to Pay China
Aral Beach Resorts Enlarge and Improve Year After Year
Romania Launches Campaign to Educate Students About the Health Risks of Injecting Kerosene and Hydraulic Fluid

Youtube Video Shows Two-headed Cat Born and Immediately Tortured to Death by Drunk Teens
Mistaken Identity Causes Drunk Fascist to Stab Tanned Son to Death

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

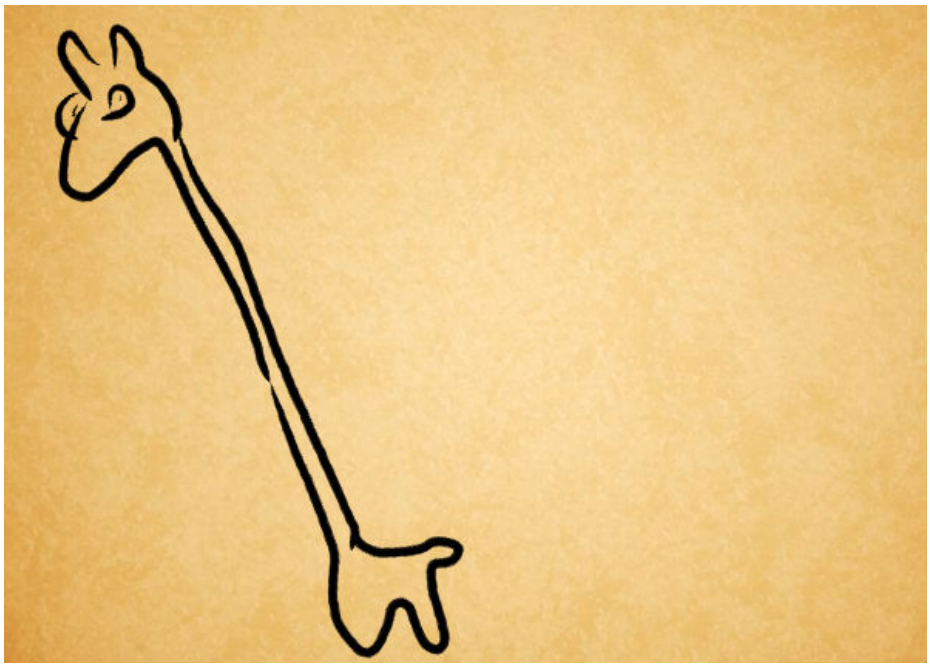
11.20 Degas' Terrible Giraffes

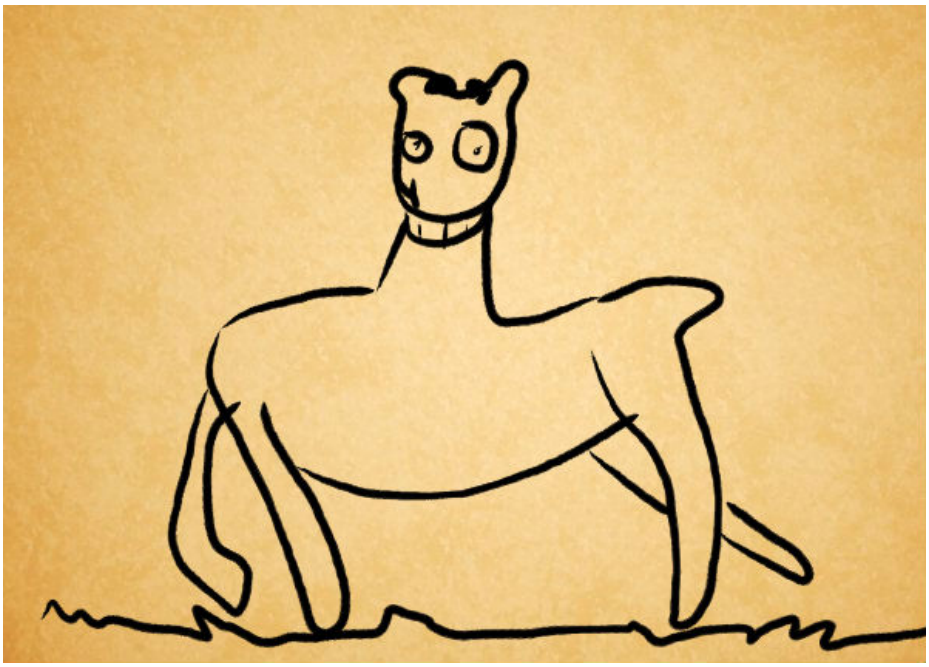
Saturday, Nov 21, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

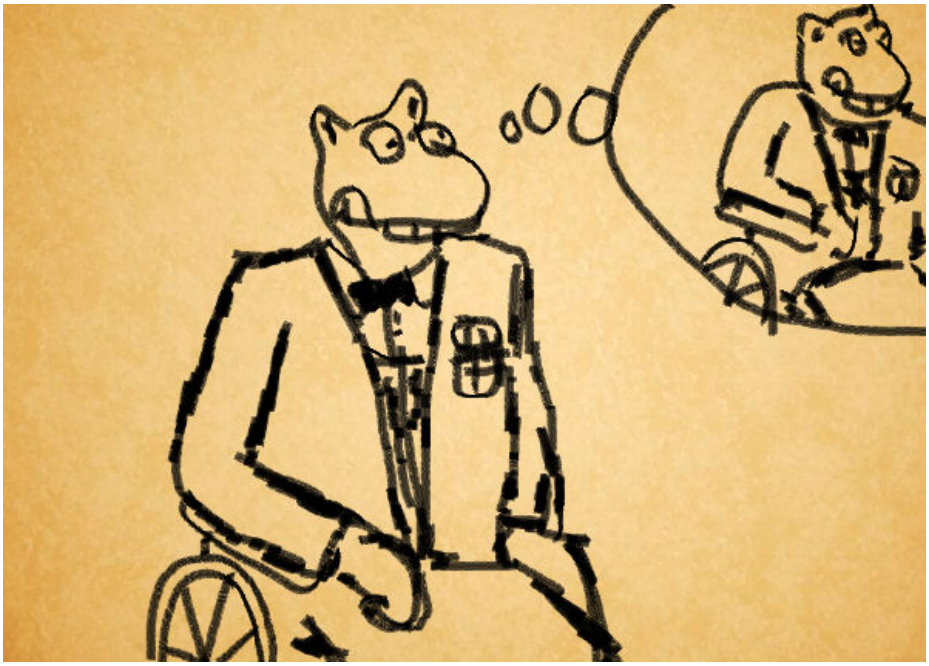
Edgar Degas was a masterful artist, a pioneer of Impressionism that sought to capture the natural beauty of horses in many of his works. Ask any horse art expert - typically located at the front desk of your town's Horse Art & Horse Bag Depot or the iHorse Store, where they are known as eQuine Geniuses - and they'll tell you that Degas was the best at horses.

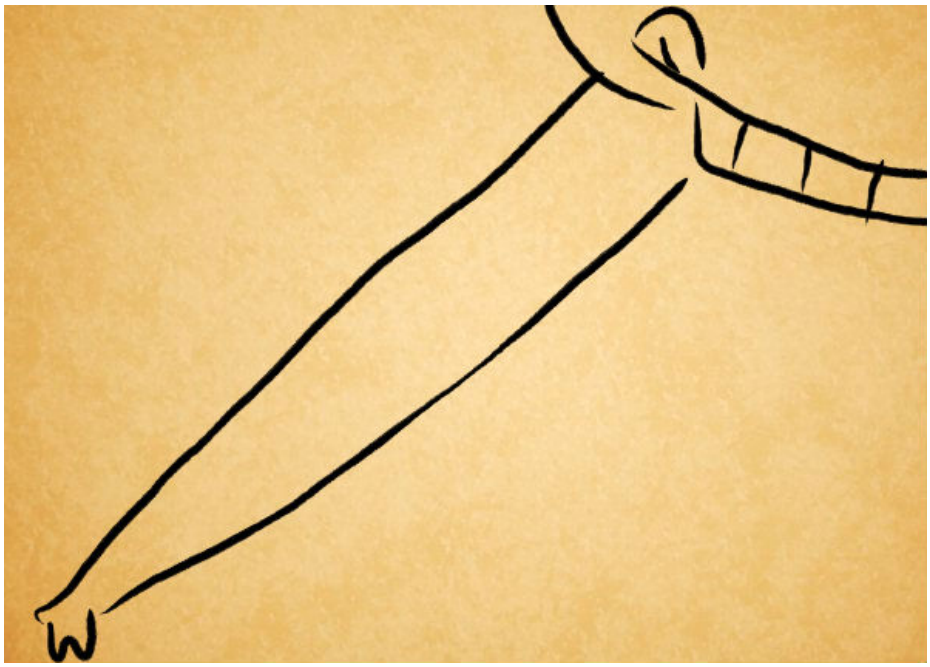
Given his considerable talent for portraying majestic creatures, it's surprising that Degas' greatest source of frustration was the lowly giraffe. Throughout his career, the artist attempted over 200 sketches of the animal, none of which made it to a proper painting or sculpture.

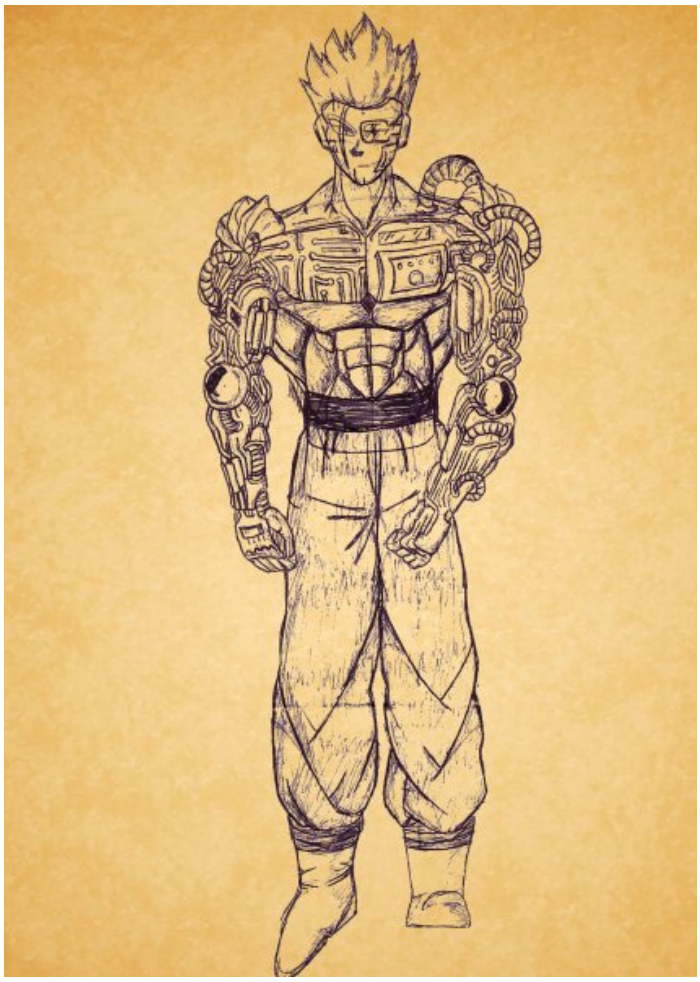
Although many were angrily scribbled over or simply torn apart, quite a few of the unfortunate sketches survived and are now part of the traveling "Degas' Terrible Giraffes" exhibit. With permission from the curator, here are few of the most notable pieces from the collection.

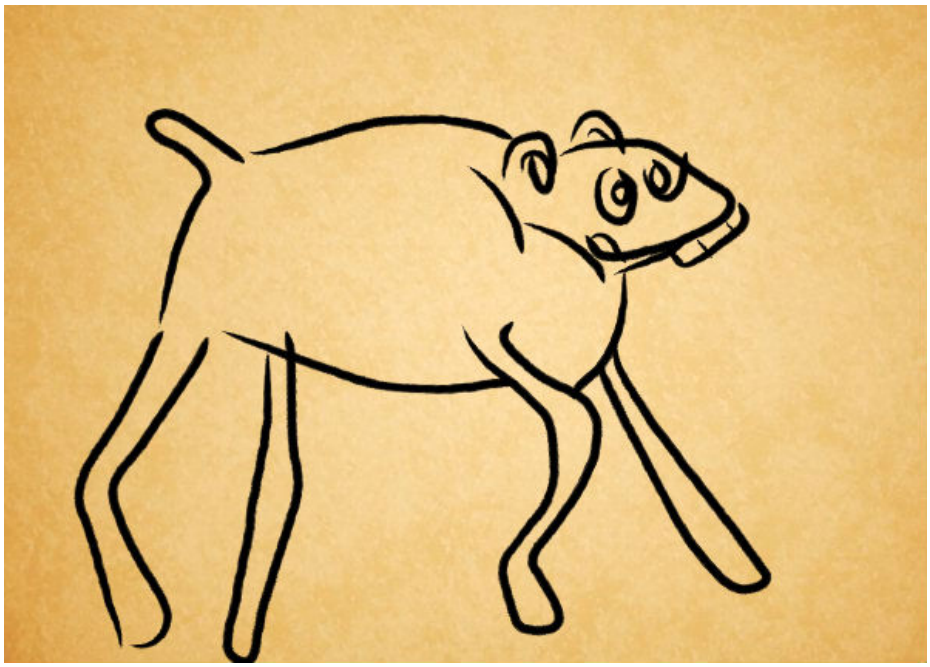












-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.21 Your Whole Town Will Suffer for Its Mistreatment of Wizards

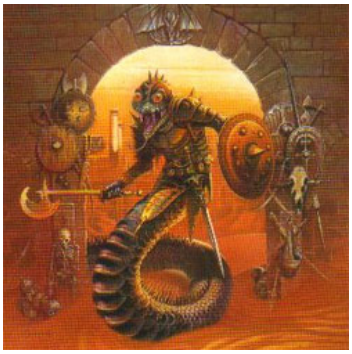
Monday, Nov 23, 2009 by The Revenging Wizard (@sexyfacts4u)

Your town is through. I have seen the way you treat wizards, ostracizing and abusing them, and I am here to repay your unkindness. Your first mistake was to challenge a wizard. That is also your last mistake. Wizards such as I will permit you no mistakes when it comes to ill treating wizards.

For some I will simply kill you. This I will do with fire beams shooting from my fingers. Your bodies will disintegrate from the magical heat. Those who witness this will scream in terror. Run and cry, for you will soon envy those I kill with my fire beams.

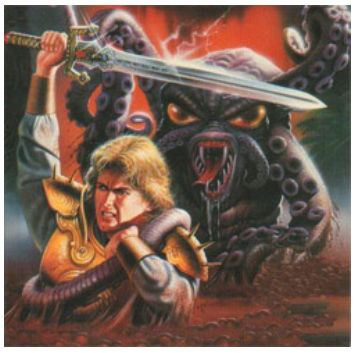
Wives and daughters will be imprisoned in magic gems. If you shatter the gems you will only succeed in killing them. Only a wizard can unlock the gems, a poetic justice for a town with such hatred for wizards.

I will raise snakes to slither upright and wear clothes. They will wear shirts but not pants. They will carry swords and hack them into your limbs. They will speak in your language and take your wives as their own. They will love your wives unconditionally and they will be exceptionally erotic lovers. They will teach your children to respect wizards. And if they fail at any of these tasks they shall join your families in the gems.



There will be a legion of stone men, carved from basalt and powered by crystals that glow with magical energy. These stone men will be impervious to all of your bullets and bombs and the stone men will tear you in half or pull out your ears and eyes. They will march in formation and patrol the streets of your town.

I will conjure all of the skeletons from all of the graveyards and make them chase you and vex you at night. They will torment you with their relentless clacking and clatter. It will be impossible to find a moment's rest and just when you have laid down your head a skeleton will burst through the door and run its bony fingers over your face.



My familiar is an owl so I will call upon all of the owls in the community and the surrounding woods and I will grant them the power to speak in a child's voice. This will confuse you and make it impossible for you to locate lost children.

The owls will gradually learn your language and plague you with childlike calls for worms and mice. When you are too weak to stand they will peck out your eyes and devour your genitals.

Some of you I will make invisible. Others I will make as tiny as a crumb. Your invisible neighbors will go mad and touch you beneath your blanket. They will stand against the wall when you use the toilet and watch you apply ointments to a rash. There will be no more privacy at all, and just when you feel you have eluded your transparent neighbors you will be assailed by a skeleton.

Some of your wives, those not wed to snake men or trapped in gems, will be made so that their bodies are transparent, but not wholly invisible. Their skeletons will be visible. Clacking and clattering towards you, distraught when you reject their skeletal advances.

Magical voices will be given to all of your farm animals, from the largest cow to the tiniest chick in the hen house. These animals will plead ceaselessly for their lives and beg you to spare them the butcher's knife. You will be haunted by their cries and when you suppress these constant harrowing memories a skeleton will appear and touch your chest and neck. This skeleton will rub every part of your body. The skeleton will attempt to arouse and pleasure you if given the chance. Is it your wife or the bones of a dead man? If you push it away you will notice the warmth of your invisible neighbor's breath on your cheek.

There is nothing you can do, no way to make right what you have done wrong. It is now your lot to simply endure these revenges I have devised for your town. These are only a morsel of what is in store for your cruel people and I have nearly unlimited time to plan new torments to punish you.

Anything can happen. The wizard can do as he pleases with your reality. In this last night of peace I would advise you to look carefully at the moths drawn to the light, for come morrow they might just be your new masters.

Unless you are disintegrated with my fire beams.

-~The Revenging Wizard (@sexyfacts4u)

11.22 Subj: DINE AT "Farmer's Choice"

Tuesday, Nov 24, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! IT is your father!!! As I learned the day I got married: One Mans Trash Is Another Mans Cumberbund, But I digest, I am a man with many stories to tell including a handful about that Thailand woman i dated for 6 weeks once and on the last day of our togethership it was her birthday so I copied the key to her apartment and got in while she was at work to make a Super Romantic dinner but when i got inside every surface was covered with plastic bags from different stores around town and there was nothing in them it was just a ton of empty bags that she probably used for everything. I took a bunch of them off the stove and started frying up Breakfast For Dinner (LOADS OF EGGS, SAUSAGES, A ROMANTIC CHEF simulate new beginning through food) and the light was kind of dim in the kitchen but i was frying up my 4th skillet full and it was starting to get warm in the kitchen so i found some switches on the wall behind the stove and i figured one had to be a fan so i flipped it and all the lights came on and i looked around to find all the idiot plastic grocery bags were melting everywhere I looked. It was melty white and blue on every counter top and inside the sink and i needed to get the heck out of there because it was starting to smell like burning popcorn also BUT i had so many eggs and i didn't want to leave them behind because i didn't eat yet that day and it was like 5 PM so i ran to the bedroom and got a pillowcase and sacked up the eggs and meat and ran out the back door with my greasy dripping breakfast bag and jumped 2 big fences and 3 small fences. I got to a parking lot and sat down on the ground between two cars and started eating the eggs and meat with my hands for more running+jumping energy. To make a long story short that day I invented a dish of eggs and meat served in a pillowcase that i call the "Country Diaper".

I have been told by several sources including people on tv that 25% of a great restaurant is the food, the other 75% is the atmosphere, and 20% of the atmosphere is oxygen which is good because i'm about to breath some hot air into the stagnating dining industry !! All of my foods tell a tale that will whisk you back to the day of their creation and all the stories will be printed on the menu. "Now Now" you are probably thinking "Remember Last Time You Started A Restaurant?.... Remember... The Bean Fiend?" and i will tell you that this is NOTHING like The Bean Fiend!!!!!!!!

I'm all set to be a restaurateur and wear nice clothes to work. Ready to Watch a big fat guy come in and eat out of my Country Diaper and cry that his son is 12 years old and has childbearing hips and crying and eating with his mouth open and eggbits are spilling back out of his disgusting wailing mouth but I don't care because I'm about to close a big sale!!! (the Country Diaper costs 19 dollars to make)

"Feast Fast with Me Every Morning and get a Country Diaper Speed Sack 'Just A Bunch of Eggs

And Meat' and eat it However You want the world is your oyster" TODAYS SPECIAL Kiss a dog today. Make a dogs day by kissing that pup. Dogfun day at Farmer's Choice. It's almost party time!!! Bring in your dog for breakfast and kiss it and get a free egg. How can you possibly lose!!!! Bring multi-dogs and get that many eggs (the number of dogs you bring) and kiss them all but if you bring more than 1 dog each one you kiss has to wag its tail after you kiss it to get an egg. This is to keep guys from bringing in all the unhappy city dogs and bankrupting me of breakfast

When you enter my restaurant a tape will play a beautiful song. Imagine A medieval knight who entered a ballroom and the whole peasant choir or whatever starts doing the first part from Kiss From A Rose and suddenly you're a big deal!! I have this all figured out

GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAD

HANDSOME AND A GOOD COOK..... A DOUBLE THREAT!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.23 MULTITUDES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Nov 25, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

*** EXTREMELY TROUBLED *** pug suffers frequent waking nightmares. Makes wheezing sound not unlike air slowly escaping balloon. Weeps uncontrollably while trying to lick up own tears. A real wreck. 555-6572

YOURS TODAY: rare "eel" dog. Slimy, legless, and utterly disgusting! Don't hug or hold it--has nasty habit of laying eggs in the pores of your skin. $50. Comes with plastic kiddie pool habitat. 555-2093

GILDED DOG fixed in dramatic pose. Still alive, mostly. Requires food and water be inserted through small mouth hole. Solid gold exterior. $500k. 555-2023

UNIQUE IN EVERY WAY South American Jumping Dog. Frequently leaps 10-30 feet in the air. Free to home without ceiling fans. 555-2023

BONELESS, WITH SKIN Great effort was taken to get skin on this poor dog. Didn't have time to install bones. You can figure that part out yourself. Real fixer-upper for just $250. 555-1200.

♥♥ A LOVING FRIEND ♥♥ Beautiful St. Bernard with breathing problems. Has to reside inside iron lung for 8 hours a day. Cannot stand to see her this way anymore. Iron lung not included in price.

DOG WITH NO MEMORIES Total case of amnesia. Who is he? What's his story? Why are so many men trying to kill him? Amnesiac dog provides hours of genuine curiosity and intrigue. 555-8762

• HELPFUL GUIDE DOG • Sweet Rottweiler swallowed GPS and now provides useful directions in soothing English voice. He even calls it a "motorway." Very adorable. Slightly bloody stool and some respiratory problems. $600 (includes GPS). 555-2329

~ CLEAN & WHOLESOME ~ Folksy, well mannered, and not too smart. Not arrogant and morally loose like city dogs. He knows he's a dog and behaves like one. Free to Christian home. 555-9902

MY GENTLE DACHSHUND was run over. Through the use of advanced AI programming, I was able to bring her back to life inside the computer. I am now selling copies of My Virtual Dachshund Software for only $29.99. 555-2520

HE MEANS BUSINESS! Extremely dedicated dog has job running west coast sales division of large pleasure boat manufacturer. Plainspoken, does not mince barks. Bit of a workaholic. 555-7237

DOG WITH DEATHWISH Frequently runs into traffic, plays Russian Roulette at the docks, picks fights with cops.

LARGE, FLIGHTLESS DOG. Capable only of traversing land. Amazing, captivating 18' wingspan is simply pitiful considering its total inability to fly. Ask for Mike. 555-8934

TALENTED MR. BISCUITS makes lots of beeps and boops. Sometimes he barks funny little codes. Something big is going down soon. Make him yours for $100. 555-4232

DOG WITH HUMAN HANDS Dog has human hands in place of front paws. Has a wedding ring on one, which is very mysterious. 555-0923

INCOMPETENT MUTT Major Tom doesn't know any tricks, and won't learn. Won't be housebroken. Doesn't know own name. Come get him before I toss him into the famous infinitely deep hole in my backyard. 555-5509

VERY SPECIAL DOG reads lips. understands human frailty & offers compassionate paw. often looks at walls & observes activities outside with x-ray vision. Can rotate head 360 degrees & detach it entirely. 555-8008

DREAM DOG FOR SALE: I dreamt of a dog standing on a polygonal plane surrounded by pillars of neon light. Dog barked strange symbols and had tank treads for legs. Selling accurate drawing for only $500. 555-7802

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.24 How to Survive Thanksgiving

Thursday, Nov 26, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Are you thinking to yourself "Boy, I can't wait to have a moist gobbler for supper!"? If so, then you're a horrible person, and you should gorge yourself on Thanksgiving in order to distract your mouth from saying stupid words. If not, then you're probably relatively likable, yet helpless in your own way, which is why I've prepared this guide.

Because you're reading this on Thanksgiving day at the earliest, you might think you've waited until the last minute to go grocery shopping. Actually, you should wait until 10 minutes *past* the last minute. No matter how much you prepare, regardless of how much of Martha Stewart's DNA you've stolen and directly injected into your food-making organs, you will forget at least six crucial items.

This will become apparent when you are rushing to check on the turkey and -- oh shit, do we have any sage? It says here I need sage! I don't remember reading that... did somebody break into our home and update this recipe last night? Trust me on this, guys; if you want to make the perfect turkey, it will take a lot of thyme. Ha ha, that is a food joke! Happy Thanksgiving, I'm a stupid asshole!

When searching for the perfect turkey, pay attention to the following characteristics:

- Weight. Count the number of adults who will be attending, then count the number of children and divide that number by four. Then add together the amount, in pounds, of carbohydrate-heavy side dishes. Now divide your first number by the last number. Congratulations! You have done some math.

- Puncture wounds in the packaging. Almost all reputable companies package their turkeys in some sort of wrapping. If you enter a store and see an unwrapped turkey covered in dirt and Band-Aids laying on the floor, you should probably avoid purchasing it unless you really need the Band-Aids. Holes and rips in the turkey packaging can lead to disease and contamination, two things not traditionally associated with Thanksgiving (with the exception of the original Native Americans). Also it suggests the possibility that your turkey engaged in a knife fight and lost. America hates losers!

- The "due date." Every turkey has a time and date stamped across it, which Thanksgiving scientists refer to as the "due date." It is important you consume the turkey by the specified time, or else it will give birth to thousands of frozen baby turkey spores, and then you'll inevitably squash some while trampling through their realm like some graceless colossus, and then you'll get sued by animal-rights activists.

For best results, purchase a frozen turkey. According to reputable Thanksgiving think tanks such as the movie *Demolition Man*, these turkeys are in cryo-sleep and have been genetically modified to taste 378 percent better than normal turkeys. Also, they can hack ATMs.

Turkey is an inherently healthy meat, filled with nutrients that can lower cholesterol. You can easily overcome this hurdle during the cooking process by coating it with two pounds of liquefied butter every 15 minutes. For good measure (or if you're

in the Midwest), try replacing the stuffing with deep-fried cookie dough. Then replace the turkey with frozen custard.

Save yourself time by asking family members to bring side dishes. Once your guests arrive with their offerings, immediately store them (the food, not the family members) in a nearby garbage can, thereby freeing up table space for things that are not 500 pounds of stupid canned green beans floating in a mushroom-soup murk.

Brush up on your Thanksgiving day prayers. It is very important to thank God before eating your meal because His son Jesus has the ability to travel back in time and kill Christopher Columbus' parents before they give birth. That would devastate your Thanksgiving celebration, because then if you said something like "now let us give thanks," some smart-ass kid could reply "why bother, Christopher Columbus never existed you liar" and you'd know in your heart of hearts that it was true.

Practice your small talk. While it may seem like a pointless waste of time, imagine a Thanksgiving celebration without pointless small talk. You'd have a room full of 30 people completely unfamiliar with each other, bonded in last name only, silently staring at each other for six hours. Additionally, the more people you engage in small talk, the easier it is to fart undetected. Here are a few examples to get you started:

GOOD SMALL TALK EXAMPLES:

- "Hey [FAMILY MEMBER'S NAME], do you still work at [DUMB DEAD-END JOB THAT THEY'LL BEGIN TALKING ABOUT FOR SEVERAL HOURS, THUS GRANTING YOU THE ABILITY TO EAT YOUR FOOD IN PEACE]?" Make sure to not actually say the words in brackets aloud, unless your family is very weird.

- "So, how about them sports?" All Americans love sports! Well watching sports, not actually playing them, unless it's on a console or prefaced by the word "fantasy." If you want to get real specific and sound like a pro, mention a specific sport such as "football" or "college football." Then prepare yourself for a magical journey into the amazing world of sporting tales, full of exciting roster moves and questionable coaching decisions! Look on the bright side: These people will all eventually die!

- "Man, I can't believe I ate so much! Did you eat as much as I did? Because I ate so much! It is unbelievable! I am so full, due primarily to the fact that I ate so much! Of the food!" Then lean back and pat your stomach, to assure everybody that the food you ate now resides in your stomach as opposed to somewhere else, such as a nearby cabinet or your anus.

BAD SMALL TALK EXAMPLES:

Actively speed events along with subtle verbal cues. 98 percent of any Thanksgiving gathering consists of wasted time, where family members awkwardly stroll in random directions and pretend like they're going to do something or say something. You can easily optimize such wasted time by strategically inserting comments designed to keep events moving along at a brisk pace.

Greet guests by saying, "I'm so glad you made it, can I take your coat? The food is almost ready, so you might want to grab a chair." Even if the turkey won't be finished for several hours, it will get your family prepared for the monumental task of migrating from the living room to the dining room, which typically lasts longer than the Mesozoic era.

Once everybody has finished eating (or at least you have), begin wrapping things up by subliminally suggesting everybody should start leaving as soon as possible or else you just might snap and chase them around the table with an assault rifle. This can be safely accomplished by cleverly segueing into small talk: I suggest something along the lines of "Wow, that sure was a great meal! Does anybody here have any amusing personal family stories to tell right before you get in your car and go home?"

Well, now that you've eaten your food and dismissed your guests, it's time to relax. Are you thinking "what a hearty meal! Now I can't wait to get toasty under the covers!"? Dammit, why are you still here? This advice wasn't for jerks.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

11.25 Greatnewsdubai.ae: Wonderful News of Dubai, for You

Friday, Nov 27, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

حكومة دبي
greatnewsdubai.ae
wonderful news of dubai, for you

dubai business news

Dubai's Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid al Maktoum Requests Rain Check on Dubai Debt, Loan for Purchase of Additional Kentucky Race Horses
European Investment Markets Tumble Amid Fears of Instability in Dubai's Artificial Island Based Economy
Mall of the Emirates Boasts World's Largest Selection of Luxury Boutiques Seized By Banks
Profits Fall Short of Mark at Unicorn Hunting Nature Adventure Park Inside Volcanoland Dubai
Seeking Party Profits, Emirate Relaxes Mandatory Beheading Rules for Alcoholic Muslims

dubai development news

European Backers Withdraw from Deal to Construct Third Dubai Ice Spire
Dubai World Corporation Announces Everything Islands in Shape of Everything Will Symbolize Everything
Falling Plywood Prices Good News for Developers Seeking Cost-Saving Alternative to Windows
Burj Dubai Tower Will Open at 100% Occupancy Thanks to Squatters, Striking Workers
Underwater McDonald's Scales Back Plans for Second Dubai Submarine Pen

dubai tourism news

Starving Pakistani Urchin Listens to Canadian Complain About Hotel's Shitty Monte Cristo Sandwich
Cruising to Dubai and What You Need to Know About Grappling Hooks
Haunted Dubai Tours to Offer Inside Look at Abandoned Development Projects and Rooms Where Someone Heard a Sound Once
Sheikh Maktoum Welcomes Esteemed Creditors from UBS AG with the Gift of 83 Rolls Royce Cars
More Than Three Months Past Due on Payments
Guests of the Dubai Hyatt are Urged to Remain Inside the Hotel's Panic Room

dubai jobs news

Green Shoots: Downsized High-End Escorts Find New Careers as Desperate Street Hookers
Unemployment Rate Declines Following Second Straight Month of Water Embargo on Worker District
500 Jobs Available at Dubai World Security, Willingness to Club Your Own Ethnic Group a Plus
All Unemployed Foreign Workers Invited to Dubai Jobs Fair to Be Held Aboard Rusty Benzene Freighter *Pride of Angola*
Mysterious Saudi Offers Special Job Potion for White Women Who Get into His Van

world news

Washington Times Newspaper Traces Dubai Economic Woes to Reverend Jeremiah Wright, President Obama
Foreign Workers Return to Their Foreign Lands, Praise Dubai's Clean Worker Conditions and Plenty of Water Available to Drink
Analysts Predict Sheikh Maktoum's Horse Will Win Kentucky Following Sheikh Maktoum's Purchase of Remaining Kentucky Derby Competitors

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.26 2009 Holiday Gift Guide

Saturday, Nov 28, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Someone approaches, a mysterious object thrust towards you. A low snarl escapes your throat as you back up. Your eyes dart left, right. Sweaty fingertips find no hidden panels in the wall behind you. Trapped. As the person with the too-big smile bears down, your hand plunges into the satchel at your side and closes around the Beam Claw...

Don't Look A Gift Present In The Wrapping

Skepticism is a good thing. Most people are, after all, inclined to murder you. When the holiday season comes around, however, you have to be aware that some people simply want to give you things. These items are called "gifts", and this guide will help you cope with them.

Gifts add an element of unpredictability to the fight-or-flight process that governs your every encounter with another human being. The added stress, however, can be worth it.

Understanding Gifts

No one knows why a subset of the populace gives gifts.

Perhaps they are attempting to soften the blow of future wrongs they wish to commit against you. Some argue that the present is symbolic of the giver's hatred, and that within each package hides a malevolent spirit. Many scientists believe that the process of giving a gift is a genetic memory of our shared ancestor's first hesitant steps out of the primordial ooze, a neatly wrapped wine bottle opener clutched to his side.

We may never understand the *why* these items are presented to us, but we do know that they are typically wrapped in decorative paper. That's a starting point, even if the subterfuge introduces a whole new set of questions.

The Right Way To Receive A Gift

Look the giver in the eye. Peel your lips back and bare your teeth in a close approximation of a smile. Although necessary, this gesture can be perceived as a sign of weakness. To make up for this, assert your dominance by punching yourself as hard as possible in the neck without flinching or jumping very high.

When the gift is within reach, resist the urge to bat it away or crush it between your thighs. Take the item - without losing eye contact! - and express your thanks through the recital of a prepared poem, preferably set to music.

Opening A Gift

The giver will very likely want to watch as you open the gift. Do your best to ignore the sexual overtones of this situation. Remind yourself that, like any act of coitus, the shame will wear off in due time.

Try to locate a weak point in the gift's wrapping paper. Perhaps there is a seam where the paper has been folded over that you can leverage. Maybe there's an exhaust port through which an explosive of some sort can be inserted.

If the wrapping paper appears to be made of a solid diamond, there is good news and bad news. The good news is that you are holding a very large diamond. The bad news is that you won't be able to open it.

Types Of Gifts

Let's assume that you've managed to peel back a layer of wrapping paper. Before you is a present, which typically falls into one of two categories.

Is it a creature? If so, take a moment to regard it. Note the resignation in its eyes, as it clearly understands that you will never love it. The poor critter is doomed to a lifetime of being fed and cared for, a monotonous stretch of time in which the two of you simply occupy the same house without holding any meaningful conversations.

If the gift is not an animal, it is an ill-fitting deerskin jacket, the kind that has a zillion turquoise beads dangling from strips along the underside of each arm. Congratulations. This is the best possible outcome.

Returning The Gesture

Sometimes a gift giver will linger after you've opened your gift, revealing his or her intent for this to be an exchange of goods rather than an altruistic gesture.

Do you have a felt pen handy? Divert the gift giver's attention momentarily, then take the item you received and scribble "DIFFERENT" across its flattest surface. Now you can present it as an entirely separate thing.

If you don't have a pen, take the decorative paper from your present and - subtly! - use it to wrap the gift giver's hands. This symbolic gesture will remind them that life is too short and precious to get through with one's hands covered in paper.

Humanity would be better off if we all reminded ourselves of that universal truth every so often.

Coping

The first 48 hours following the reception of a gift are difficult. You may experience sleepiness at some point. You might get hungry. The level of light in the sky may change dramatically.

To cope with this terrible aftermath, it is best for you to remain exactly where you were at the time you received the gift with your weeping eyes squeezed shut and your hands tugging at your hair.

The feeling will pass. Eventually, all feelings pass until we are ready to do what we must without a trace of revulsion or remorse.

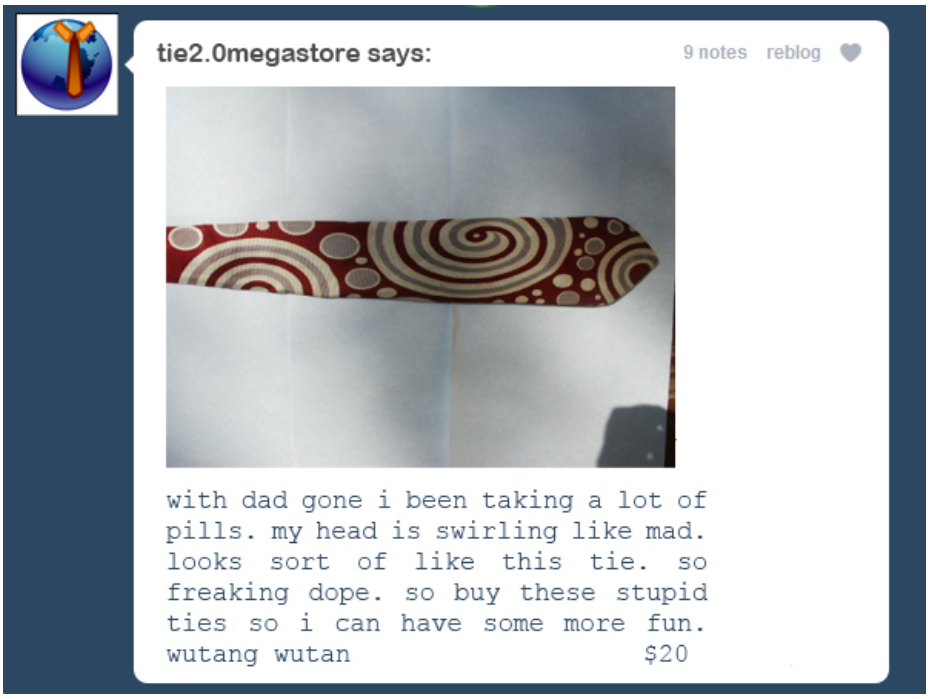
Happy holidays!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.27 Tie 2.0

Sunday, Nov 29, 2009 by Jared (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.


tie2.0megastore says:
9 notes reblog
with dad gone i been taking a lot of pills. my head is swirling like mad. looks sort of like this tie. so freaking dope. so buy these stupid ties so i can have some more fun. wutang wutan $20

tie2.0megastore says:
9 notes reblog
yo just wanted to remind you of all the new features on the site. be sure to check out the webcams for some hot stripping tie babes. and tell me what you think dudes.
kiTTy MoM says: yeah. I love the new site. Came here for years for father's day stuff. Now I feel like I have a VOICE. as a christian mom, not a big fan of stippers. have to block @ home
you says: whatever you say lady. send $ lol

tiefan420 says:
9 notes reblog
Awesome bong tie from local shop. thinking about wearing it to court as i fight parking tickets. fuck the police. ha.For Tobaco use only right? right? right?
tags: weed, ties, tie, necktie, pot, neckwear

tie2.0megastore says:
4 notes reblog
this tie reminds me back when i was a kid and we'd get real messed up and play astroids and pacMan all night while dad would stay up dealing with stupid ties like this. what an ass.
$16

tie2.0megastore says:
4 notes reblog
now that the old man is gone here's a tie to make sure we all have a good weekend ahaa hell yeah bros.
$24
KEITH says: Jared. This is your father. I am not dead. I know what you have done. Turn off this www page and stop using my ties for your dope or I will stop you myself. I am coming.
familyguytie: dude. busted dude. tie party over

-∼Jared (@iggolding)

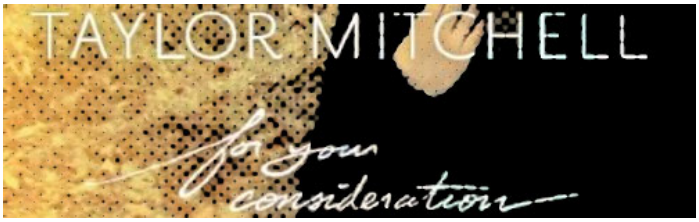
11.28 Violence, Violence Still to Come

Monday, Nov 30, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

At Applebees

Meteoric streams of tracers populate the cornfed steak-stink of Applebees. Pre-diabetic logoed hills shiver and shake. Flensed by bullets, they slide down kindling chairs and collapse into heaps. They release fluids in gory rivers. Screams echo from soda nook to urinal. Men in masks storm the kitchen and dispatch the cooks and wait staff with submachine guns. The assistant manager is put to death for his political sympathies. Hand grenades chase the panicked herd into the parking lot. Windows shatter and cars begin to burn. This isn't supposed to happen in Jacksonville.

Not Fans of For Your Consideration



19-year-old Canadian folk singer Taylor Mitchell was attacked and killed by coyotes. No rabies was found in the coyotes' butchered brains. Wildlife experts believe the coyotes mistook Taylor Mitchell for a deer. When the animals severed her jugular and tore out her hamstrings the coyotes believed they were biting a deer. When these coyotes, for the first time, tasted the hot wine of the human heart, they believed they were swallowing - gulping - the blood of a deer. We forget what it is to be consumed by something other than disease. Reduced to fuel, repurposed for something else, an unlucky few glimpse the world we forget. Thankfully death is keen to visit before the muse.

At Ron's Shoes & Boots

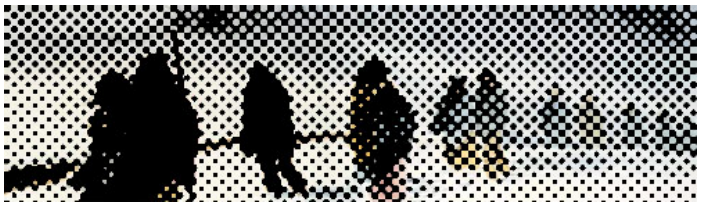
Animals trapped between worlds are becoming visible in the stockroom. They move slowly and without purpose. They do not seem to see Ron as he screams in horror. Their shimmering bodies drift through the air as if balloons catching film images from a concealed projector. Ron cannot stop shaking and sobbing. He locks the stockroom and will never open the door. When his wife asks what has happened he cannot explain himself. The police do not believe him and will not even

come to see. Using gasoline, rum, and matches Ron burns down his store. It is the thing that he has worked his whole life to build and preserve. The animals are freed. For the first time in his life Ron is happy. The sirens grow closer.

Kentucky Fried Chicken in Tokyo

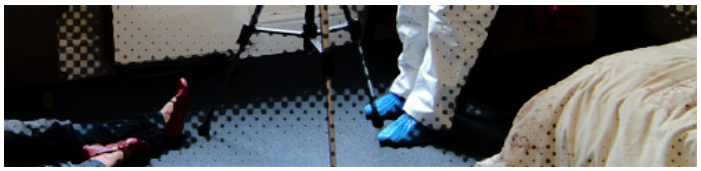
Kazuhiko Koga is drawing a manga about Afghanistan invading and occupying the United States. He hates the United States. His mother was sexually assaulted by a Marine. He hopes that terrorists destroy the United States and that no one's mother will ever be attacked by a Marine. Kazuhiko Koga believes Chinese to be less human than Japanese. He hopes America bombs the Chinese with atom bombs.

Dean's Sour Cream



Cannot be eaten by most Native Americans. The white man will make everything want to be like him. The white man has tamed the savage Indian. He has trained the negro. He has eaten your body and made it his own. Enjoy Dean's Sour Cream. Created by nature. Delivered by Dean. And the 400 year hegemony of the white man. And trucks.

Book Found at a Crime Scene



You Will Not Survive Long Enough to Make a Difference in Any Meaningful Way So You Might As Well Kill Yourself or Enjoy the Ride

By Mrs. K. Butters

Chapter 1

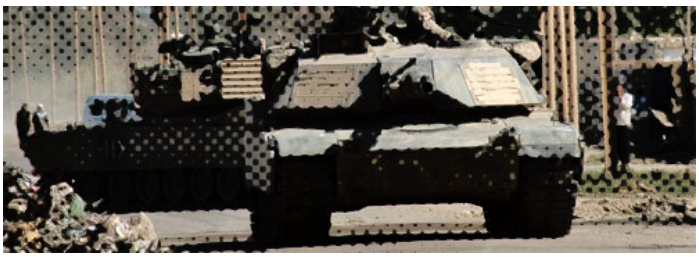
HEY, DO YALL LIKE CORNBREAD?

And you do like cornbread, so you slide the book into your pocket with plans to read it over dinner. Your meals are always eaten alone since the fight with Carrie. But you never read the book. You fall on the train platform and slip beneath the wheels of the 7:15 to Wallingcot. Without murmur of complaint you are separated into four pieces. The world scarcely notices. Your mother cries for all the wasted effort. You are interchangeable with another of your species. Even your Carrie will soon forget your face. Guilty, she may try to remember, but you have already slipped away.

At Ikea

Do not fight us. Do not attempt to conserve or preserve. When the time comes we will lustily suck marrow from the femur of the last competing primate and then we will turn on each other. Our pet dogs will shit your blood out and smell it. We have already won. Bear witness to the triumph of our infinite majesty. Drown in our filth.

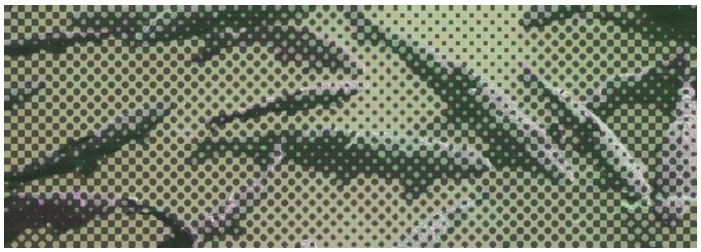
The Nicest Man in the World



K415 M1A2 "Mrs. Fuck Bucket," Sgt. Rodman ready to rock and roll. Twofer is on the 120, Greely in the easy chair, and Babyface in the turret eating some shady street meat. The vendor swears it's goat, but it's really dog. The vendor only feeds him dog and spit and kebab sauce in pocket bread. Corporal Andrew "Babyface" Acosta Monroe is about to be shot through the face with a 7.62mm steel core round from a Pakistani copy of a Chinese copy of the AK-47. As his brain explodes he will be thinking about female squirting videos.

Corporal Monroe is the nicest man in the world. In three minutes the nicest man in the world will be Yun Jin of Leshan, China. The moment Corpral Monroe's face is struck by the bullet Yun Jin will be helping ducks across a busy street. In three years Yun Jin, 56, will be devoured by bone cancer. His many kindnesses will be repaid with a small statue in his honor in a park in Leshan. The inscription on this statue will last for 383 years. Yun Jin will die having never seen a woman ejaculate across a motel bed.

At River's Edge



The boy fish are growing clits. This elixir that flows south emerged from ten million bottle fonts, body hot and fortified with hormones. So imbibed this plentiful potion must emerge, at least the parts that do not belong to our flesh, and these go out into the water and cannot be taken back. This gift to fish and fowl, to frog and toughened terrapin. Pleasure mad they will soon thrust themselves upon our nets and grind themselves onto oars. Will they note the burden of this new thing, this interloping appendage, or will they simply accept that they are made with clits and go about their business much as we do not often miss our tails? Gender is in the mind. Let each fish define himself without regard to clit or six.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Rustlr: Live-Rustling from the Pinnacle CowboyWorld Expo

Tuesday, Dec 01, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Hoagy Calhoun call me old fashioned, but I think lassos were just as good back in my youth without all these newfangled bells and whistles
15 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy Hoagy, it's fussy old luddites like you that give all us old-timers a bad name. But I'll be god-danged if I don't agree with you.

Cowboy Charlie You fellas just don't understand. Don't see how I ever got by without my Smart-Lasso.

Tallahassee Parcy SmartLasso is nothing but horse-shit. Surprised those slick salesmen at the Pinnacle Lasso Company booth took you in, Charlie.

Hoppy fffffffffffffffffffffffffffff

Rutherford Griffith great contribution, hoppy

Meet Local Cowgirls!

The hottest babes on the frontier would be mighty pleased to make your acquaintance! Join now free. Join free.

Cowboy Tag Cloud

greenhorn dodge city critters lynching deputy whores howdy-do much obliged ma'am campfire longhorn castration frontier old cowhand banjo stetson outpost redskins YEEHAW! lariats smith and wesson boots quickdraw tombstone jonas brothers ten gallon spitoon snakebit tumbleweeds bullwhip cathouse giddyup palamino roughneck texas age of consent ballads

Bad James Randall as a victim of a diamondback myself, I found Doc Beauzerau's contribution to the panel on snakebite medicine fairly lackluster
1 hour ago. **5 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau fuck you BJR

Bronco Bob boy howdy, doc, all that demonstratory snakebite sucking left some venom on your tongue

Doc Beauzerau lol bob. no BRJ is just mad because he lost his manhood on account of nerve damage from that bite and now he cant please his wife.

Blackboots McCoy you're the meanest cuss I ever seen, Beauzerau, but I'll be damned if you don't make me laugh to wake the devil

Bad James Randall you'll die bloody, doc. Might not be me who does it, but you'll die bloody.

Yodelin' Red Packiewicz why'd they schedule me at the same time as the pinnacle keynote? Not a single solitary soul showed up for my yodelin' demonstration.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Father Gerald the LORD is the only technology a man needs, and I am the LORD's "SmartLasso!" Repent!
2 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Slimy Morgan I ain't got nothin but the sincerest respect for you, Father, but can't you for once in your life just shut up about the lord

John Red Eagle believes that the vaunted "geotracking" feature of the Pinnacle SmartLasso is no match for the tracking ability of my people.
2 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Gray Clay Bailey don't I recall you losing your own moccasin and hollerin up and down town about it for two hours fore you recollected that you'd been holdin it in your own hand the whole time?

Tiny Madison became a fan of the Pinnacle Lasso Company
3 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Tiny Madison woo!!! just got a SmartLasso!! Pretty danged expensive and a lot of waiting in line, but it was worth it!!!

Wenatchee Kid congrats tiny! can I borrow it?

Tiny Madison no way

Vaquero Esquerra pinnacle lassos suck and y'all suck
--Vaquero Esquerra

Tall James McGinley is now listed as lonesome.
2 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Doc Beazarau cry me a fucking river mcginley

Rapid City Russ y'all get a gander at the whores over at the Stetson booth? My lips hurt from whistlin!
4 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Tex Crawford those ain't whores you idiot, those are booth babes

Mad Bill Boothe keep my goddamn name out of your dirty mouth, Tex Crawford

Vaquero Esquerra look how dumb u are Mad Bill

Mad Bill Boothe my sincere apologies, Tex, it appears as though I misread your comment and in my pique responded hurtfully

Prospectin' Doyle can't believe I sat through the whole pinnacle lassos keynote. Big Hank Jobs is nothing but a rotten snake-oil salesman.
4 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Duke snake-oil or not, sure would love to get my hands on one of them smartlassos...

Cincinnati Pete only two minutes till the pinnacle lassos keynote starts! gonna live-rustle this thing
4 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete Big Hank Jobs just took the stage!

Cincinnati Pete Big Hank Jobs is lookin positively robust despite the recent snakebite

Cincinnati Pete this is the big one, folks! Big Hank Jobs just announced the smartlasso!

Cincinnati Pete smartlasso features announced: autospin, geotracking, three customizable bronco modes

Cincinnati Pete price announced for smartlasso: forty goddamn dollars!!! that's more'n my horse cost!!!

Chicago Bill just wanted to let y'all know i'm alive.....
4 hours ago. **8 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt ITS A GOD DAMN MIRRICLE

Sheriff Woolbridge I saw you hang, Chicago Bill. There ain't no way.

Mad Bill Boothe I smell the distinct aroma of bull-shit.

Wild Ron what in tarnation? bill, if this is true, meet me out at the old hidin spot

Vaquero Esquerra lol is that you beauzerau

Doc Beauzerau hahaha you caught me esquerra. I found bill's password with some of his personal shit when he died.

Wild Ron I swear to Christ I'm gonna shoot you dead, Beauzerau

Doc Beauzerau lol

Sooty Stan god damn it!!! tell me if I miss anything!!!
5 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Sooty Stan at the convention center now... can't find a goddamn place to tie my horse
5 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Buford Bronson Anybody got a spare horse could get me to the Pinnacle convention? I'd be much obliged. Lost mine in a horse fire.
9 hours ago. **0 Comments**

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.2 The Definitive Guide to Modern Warfare 2 Multiplayer

Wednesday, Dec 02, 2009 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've recently become quite an expert on *Modern Warfare 2* multiplayer. I have perfected the ability to spawn directly in the middle of air strikes. I can trigger claymores with my face from miles away. My head has gradually transformed into a powerful magnet, capable of pulling in and absorbing any sniper shot fired in any direction on any server. By examining my perpetual cycle of failure, I have devised the following flawless *Modern Warfare 2* tips and tricks to ensure victory. Feel free to thank me by transferring all your Microsoft points to "Lowtaxico" on Xbox Live.

Preparing Yourself for Battle

Ignore every stat except 'damage.' None of them matter.

Upon entering the game lobby, immediately vote to skip the current map. It doesn't matter what it is; vote to skip it. If you skip 5,000 maps, then you can unlock an achievement awarding you 5,000 points and the ability to ejaculate *solid gold* . Vote against each and every map that appears. The ideal battlefield is a featureless white void populated with only ballot boxes. *Exploding* ballot boxes.

There are many different guns to choose from, each with its own unique stats, traits, and techniques. Ignore all that crap and simply select the largest one you can find. Bigger gun = bigger bullets = more points. Why bother mastering any weapon besides the L86 LSW and the Intervention? It's pointless since nothing can do more damage than those two, and therefore everything else is inferior. Well, except for the knife. And those red barrels full of mysterious exploding atoms. And falling more than three feet.

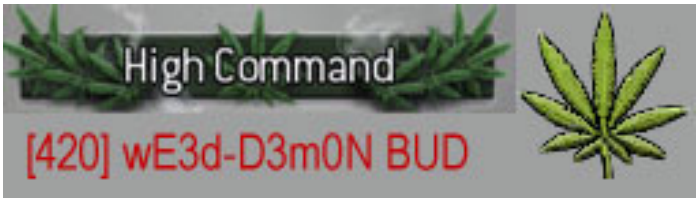
No matter what weapon you decide on, make absolutely certain it is **not** the riot shield. This is one of the most powerful, cheap weapons in *Modern Warfare 2* , and if you select it, all the other players will grow jealous of your superb weapon-choosing skills. Video game experts have conclusively proven it's physically impossible for a soldier armed with a riot shield to ever die. Just think about the concept: **this is a weapon that protects its user from certain death.** Equipping it grants nothing short of immortality!

If a player armed with a riot shield crouches directly in front of you, you will never, ever be able to kill them no matter how many times you sit in one location and shoot them head-on. Sure, I suppose it's *technically* possible to defeat them by moving slightly to the right or left, but if Infinity Ward wanted people to do something outrageous like that, they would've named the game "Modern Walk to the Side of Some Guy."

Always choose the underbarrel grenade launcher. It instantly transforms any weapon into a sniper rifle... an exploding sniper rifle! This attachment is especially useful in close quarters combat; it's like getting hit in the face by a can of peas... an exploding can of peas!

Throughout your multiplayer progression, you will unlock emblems, callsigns, and the ability to add a clan tag to your name. You should spend hours carefully examining each option until you are able to determine the most effective combination to demonstrate your love for marijuana. For example, the "joint ops" emblem is great because the word "joint" is slang for "marijuana!" Ha ha!

Do you get it? Do you understand? This is all really complex and intellectual shit here, but just hang with me for a bit. You're insinuating that you really enjoy drugs! You're an Xbox Live outlaw and you ain't afraid of the 5-0 or your lame dad busting in and finding that seven-month old roach clip you hid in that box of Pocky! You are cool! Internet cool! Your clan tag is even more flexible, allowing you the ability to brainstorm revolutionary creations such as "[wEEd]" or "[HigH]." The ideal combination would resemble something like the following example:



Please note the randomly capitalized letters and number substitutes, both of which prove to the world that your contempt for the police is matched only by your contempt for proper grammar and spelling. These images represent you as a person, and nothing can communicate how awesome and unique you are quite like advertising your drug habits in a game about shooting people in the face. That's why I joined clan [COCK].

Winning the War

You rotten cheater! The riot shield is like the BFG!

Upon entering a game, sprint to the nearest corner. If you are unfamiliar with corners, they are areas where two walls intersect each other, and are usually decorated with large piles of corpses. Upon reaching the corner, sit down and don't move for the next several hours. In a perfect world, every single player would be assigned their own special corner, and the game would be eight minutes of people not moving.

If you are unable to locate any corners, sprint towards the center of the map and hide there. Ideally you will enter some sort of underground bunker with several entryways. Choose one and randomly shoot in that direction until either you kill somebody or somebody uses complex mathematical formulas to locate your position.

Upon murdering several enemies, you will receive notice that a "care package" is available. Care packages are gifts from Jesus Christ, rewarding you for punishing those who were not baptized (Infinity Ward is famous for failing to baptize most of their video game characters). When you toss out your smoke grenade to signal for the drop, be sure to stand directly underneath the impending

landing spot. Catching care packages with your face eventually unlocks a the 100-point "Ron Perlman" achievement.

Sometimes the game will seem to jump or skip around, making it impossible for you to use your shotgun to snipe a player on the opposite side of the map. Turn on your headset and scream "LAG!" or "STUPID SERVER!" repeatedly. These handy statements inform all other players that you are at a distinct disadvantage, so if they kill you it technically shouldn't count because you are the one single individual suffering from slow gameplay. Infinity Ward employees actively monitor the audio of each and every multiplayer game, so keep shouting "THIS SUCKS" until one of them flips the switch labeled "MAKE SERVER MORE GOOD."

The Xbox Live headset is an integral tool for success. In addition to instantly communicating with fellow teammates, a skilled gamer uses the headset to accomplish invaluable things like:

This child plays Modern Warfare 2... and he harbors doubts regarding your heterosexuality!

- **Talk to grandpa.** What is he doing in your room? Can't he see you're playing a very important video game? Express your disdain with that rotten old asshole by sharing your personal conversation with him over Xbox Live. This provides a useful service for fellow gamers, all of whom were undoubtedly asking themselves, "I wonder what [DOPE] 420MaStA-Z's grandfather is up to right now?"

- **Discuss your weekend plans with a friend in the game.** Are you going to see a movie this Saturday? Where will you be eating? Does your car need an oil change? Questions like these add a real human element to the game and makes it feel like you're really on a battlefield, trying to defeat an army of frat boys who shoot at you while radioing in the amount of times they puked during the football game last Friday.

- **Cough nonstop.** Gamers love to hear people choke and gag, so try to develop an advanced case of pneumonia before logging in. Don't bother hitting the headset's mute button; pressing that is a sign of weakness, like sitting down to pee or yielding for pedestrians.

- **Draw public attention to individuals who perform specific actions consistent with that of homosexuals.** Did somebody just shoot you? What a fag! Did somebody use a weapon you don't prefer? What a homo! Everybody playing *Modern Warfare 2* cheats and plays it incorrectly except you, and if that's not the definition of being "gay" then I sure don't know what is.

Consequently, you should absolutely never use your headset to talk about certain things, such as:

- The game.

How to Kill Every Person Every Time on Every Map

If you somehow weren't able to skip a map and find yourself forced to actually play the game, your success lies in familiarity with each area. Practice each map frequently. Spend time getting to know it better. Buy it flowers. Take it out to dinner. Try to have sex with it. The map may lie and claim it's on the pill, but it's simply trying to trap you into a relationship. Some day it shall give birth and these babies will be named "DLC." Don't worry if you lack insurance; the delivery fees can be paid in Microsoft points.

Look over the edge! Don't move! Ever!

Anyway, ignore whatever the hell I just wrote and instead follow these simple instructions to dominate every map within seconds.

Afghan: following the *Modern Warfare 2* Bunker Rule, you should crouch somewhere in this map's bunker area, that underground storage cave thing. If you are shot and killed, hide on the opposite side; *nobody will ever see it coming!* It's the old switcharoo!

Derail: quit the game and join another lobby, one which doesn't have a snow-themed level coming up.

Estate: plant claymores in the bathroom and go prone at the top of the stairs. This will protect you from invaders entering through either the front of the house or the toilet.

Favela: barber shops are traditionally known for hair cuts... not snipers! Nobody will ever look for you here, and if somebody stumbles upon your clever hideout, try to trick them by offering a free haircut. Then shoot them. For authenticity, remember to dip your bullets in that creepy blue Kool-Aid crap first.

High Rise: crouch amongst the boxes and papers in the office area, attempting to shoot anybody looking for a spare pencil. Nobody will ever be able to tell you're there; they'll simply assume they were murdered by an armed filing cabinet.

Invasion: snipe from the top floor of the American embassy, preferably near the US flag. Killing people near a flag proves your loyalty and will prevent your name from ever appearing on the dreaded Do Not Fly list. If you eventually shoot enough people, NASCAR will add your clan tag to their pace car.

Karachi: pretend you're the bus driver and hide behind the wheel. If anybody gets on, charge them bus fare. Make the terrorists sit in the back and give up their seats to any US soldiers.

Quarry: look for a warehouse. Run inside and look for a catwalk. Lay down on it and try to snipe people distracted by the horrible map design. Just remember: DON'T EVER MOVE.

The fun and joy of running! And then dying!

Rundown: two bridges connect either side of the map, so point your machine gun at one and start shooting. Eventually the bridge will collapse and anybody who attempts to cross it will fall into the stream below, and one of those candiru dick fish will swim into their penis. Then you will receive 125 achievement points and the coveted "Catfish in Urethra" callsign.

Rust: sprint like an idiot with the rest of the players counter-clockwise around the outside of this map until everybody creates a tornado destroying every living creature logged in. If you're not a personal fan of movement, go prone in that large horizontal pipe leaning over the edge of the map. Nobody would ever expect to be injured by a comically large pipe! Except maybe Mario I guess.

Scrapyard: locate the office area that has a bunch of computers and office crap on the second floor. Hide there and throw grenades at anybody stupid enough to approach the stairs. Then use one of the computers to IM them and call them a fag.

Skid Row: there are two perfect places on this map, both near the same area. If you're feeling adventurous, hide in the haunted alien laundromat and enjoy the spooky green lighting which comes from nowhere and makes it seem like you were shoved into the Hulk's anus. If you recently had eye surgery, walk a floor above and grab one of the mounted gatling guns and practice not killing anybody until a level one-ranked person joins and wanders into your bullets.

Sub Base: it's got snow, it's time to go.

Terminal: the control tower's roof contains a large tank of fuel. What could possibly be more unexpected than a man crouching there with a sniper rifle? If somebody looks in your direction, shout "I'M FUEL" until they are convinced you're a non-threat.

Underpass: utilize your camouflage by crouching in the tall grass and admiring an underfunded department of transportation.

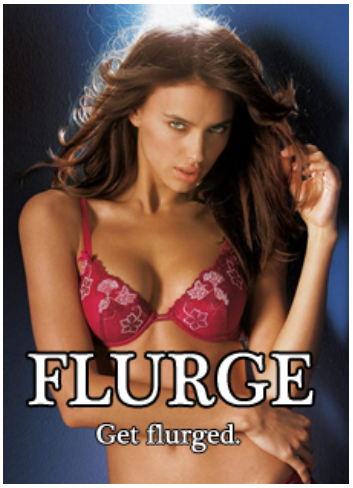
Wasteland: beeline for the bunker. Nobody ever looks in there! They're all too busy hanging out by the cemetery, smoking Cloves and listening to the Twilight soundtrack.

Congratulations! You are now a lean, mean, video game killing machine! If you know of any other top secret tips and tricks, drop me a line and hopefully I'll include them in a future article.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.3 Dear Flurge Body Foam

Thursday, Dec 03, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



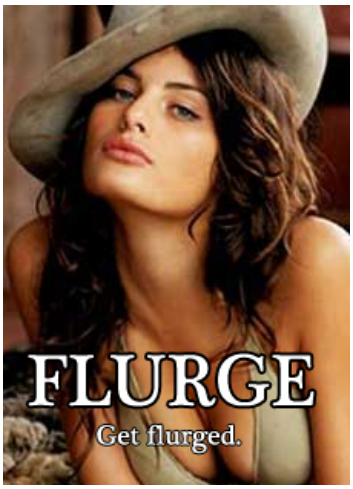
Dear Flurge Body Foam,

As a new user of your product, I have to say I am very displeased and currently writing to inform you of this fact. Because the Rite-Aid was out of my regular soap, I decided to pick up a tube of your Cool Ranch-scented body foam, as my wife and I regularly enjoy your prime-time commercials during Dancing With the Stars. Our favorite is the one with the two golfers, where the one golfer smells the other golfer and asks him "Did you wash with Flurge Body Foam today?" Following this, a herd of attractive women suddenly appears on the neatly-manicured fairway and roughs up the one golfer sexually. Then the announcer man says, "Flurge: get Flurged" and the commercial ends.

Yes, we all had a chuckle at these antics. But when a very similar herd of girls appeared this morning and surrounded my car, I failed to see the humor of this event. These girls, while attractive, could not be reasoned with. I sat terrified in my Geo for nearly two and a half hours while they pressed all manner of body parts against the windshield. I was finally able to distract them by honking my horn for two solid minutes, and while they dispersed, it seems like they have not gone far.

Gentlemen, I am a pillar of my community and the owner of several successful hardware stores. While your product does work as advertised, the side effects are highly distracting and I demand to be refunded my $3.85 in full. I hope you will respect my wishes as a fellow businessman.

Yours,
Peter Chadley



Dear Flurge Body Foam,

I have to admit, at first I was somewhat amused by the attention I've received based on my single use of your Flurge Cool Ranch Body Foam; it's been nearly 40 years since I courted Mrs. Chadley over the course of several church socials, so I have come to enjoy the female form from afar. But this harassment has to stop. It has been two weeks and I have reached my breaking point.

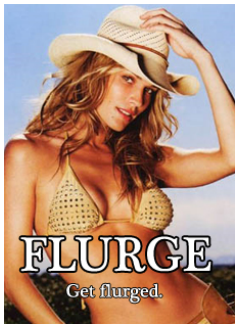
These women, they sleep on my lawn. I have no idea what they eat or how they stay so attractive, but I am swarmed every morning the second I step out the door. Mrs. Chadley thought a little handiwork with the hose would spook them off, but they refuse to budge even in this frigid Nebraskan winter. I can barely survive outside without my gloves and hat, yet these women seem to be fine in their skimpy bikinis?

There is something seriously wrong with your product and I feel that a total recall is in order. We no longer enjoy your commercials, as most of our TV-watching is now drowned out by the sound of breasts rubbing against our living room picture window.

As a Christian and a gentleman, I ask you to address this problem before I am forced to get the law

involved. We have already boycotted Dancing With the Stars, which was very hard for me as I am a very big fan of Tony Danza. Please bring the joy back to my life.

Yours,
Peter Chadley



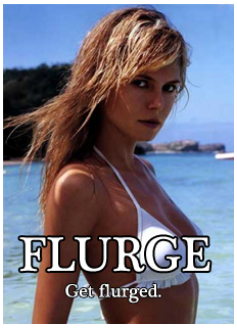
Dear Flurge Body Foam,

I am in hell and you have taken me there. As of last week, I was asked to leave the Hardware Proprietors Association due to the events that happened at our last convention. I thought they wouldn't find me, but they did. Mrs. Chadley washed me with tomato juice, all manner of anti-bacterials, and even a diluted bleach solution, yet the scent of Cool Ranch refuses to leave my body. These women tracked me down to the beautiful city of Selby, South Dakota and barged right in during my presentation on The Future of Hammers.

The boys from the HPA were at first tickled when they thought I had secretly hired a bunch of strippers to liven things up, but when these women started chasing after and pawing at Peter Chadley alone, I was pulled aside by Hardware Commissioner Steve Kilgore and given a dishonorable discharge. The only other member of the HPA to suffer this fate was a man (I will not name names) who had sexual relations with several pieces of fruit in a grocery store bathroom and filmed it. Your Flurge Cool Ranch Body Foam has put me in the same category as this former colleague, and has inadvertently gotten me banned from our local Farmer's Market.

The police will not listen to me, so I beg you: send me some sort of antidote. I have enclosed several gift certificates to my store. Please use them before the end of the month, as this is when they expire.

Yours,
Peter Chadley



Dear Flurge Body Foam,

I am ruined. All has been taken from me. And yet you refuse to respond. As much as I have tried to ignore these women, they have grown in number and have infiltrated every aspect of my life. I am not even safe in the House of God. Last Sunday I attended my niece's christening, only to once again be attacked by the Flurge Body Foam horde. I pleaded with them to not bring their evil into our sacred place of worship, but they refused to listen and instead started moistening their tops with nearby bowls of holy water. I assumed Christianity was a religion of forgiveness, but as of this writing I am not on speaking terms with most of my family and my wife now lives with her sister in Pennsylvania.

I spend my days now hiding in the attic. There are no windows. It is safe. And as far as I know, these women cannot leap or climb. I have never seen them use language or tools; when I am not around they either gently wrestle or sleep in large piles to conserve warmth.

Surely, this must be happening elsewhere. I beg you as a fellow human being to help me. I don't have much -- oh God I hear footsteps in the house. Sweet Lord help me. They're learning. The booby traps I set must have been disarmed! But how? What's that? Holy Jesus no. They are communicating with each other! But that is not a language from this Earth. No, this is not right at all.

I have brought a rifle with me up here. There is only one way out of this. Mark my words, Flurge Body Foam. I will have my vengeance. From beyond I grave I will destroy you.

Yours,
Peter Chadley

Dear Peter Chadley ,

We are sorry to hear about your issues with Flurge Body Foam: Cool Ranch Special Edition . We at United Chemical Industries, Inc. are sincerely sorry for your discomfort. Enclosed you will find three free samples of our new Flurge Zesty Taco Hair Cream .

Have a great day, and remember to Get Flurged!

Sincerely,

Consumer Response-Bot # 4455878

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.4 Musgrave Global Solutions: Pork Futures

Friday, Dec 04, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Musgrave Global Solutions is looking forward to a great 2010 for our Pork Products Division. Oinkeez Burgers continues to hold substantial market share in the pork and/or gristle patty sandwich retail sector. The introduction of our MDPM, or Medium-Density Pork Medley, has substituted 25% of the reconstituted pork content with human-grade non-gelatin thickener. With no reduction in taste or sales this innovation has resulted in a 9% increase in profit for all Oinkeez burgers, including the Lil' Trotter Kid's Meals and the Chief Bacommanche Triple-Bacon Fatback.

The recent acquisition of South Korea's Verdant Vector Biologic will give us an edge on Protean Primaritech in the field of consumption-grade human chimeras. VVB's Hoggins™have taken well to our d-23 treatment in production trials, suppressing speech and thought centers while keeping that same "humesque" taste that has done so well in focus groups.

As you know, d-23 is a proprietary neural suppressor chemical which can be easily introduced into water supplies or food supplies to reduce a population's higher brain functions and ability to communicate. D-23 is known on the market as Realmericol. Blind studies in US suburban areas suggest d-23 may serve a dual purpose for our Urban Friendliness Technologies Division.

We are currently checking with Mind Violence Solutions if they might have any applications for d-23 at their subsidiary corporations such as Nightmare War, LLC, Aggressive Incidents International, or Applebees, Inc.

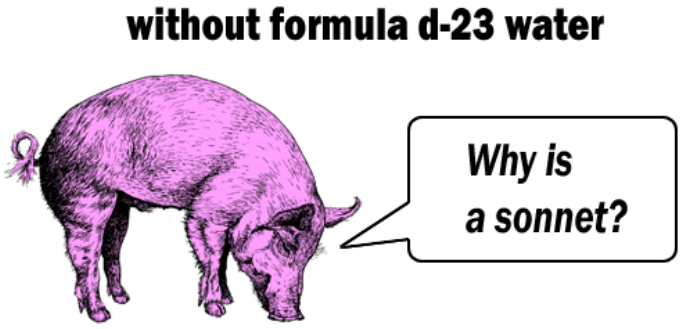
As mentioned, d-23 is starting to be used in conjunction with our South American Hoggins operations.

The results are impressive.

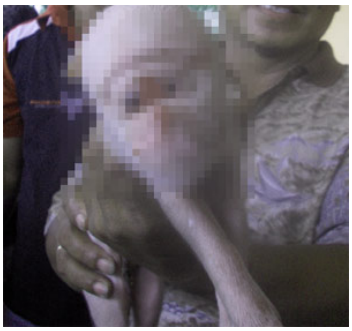
Hoggins fed a steady diet of single or double dosage d-23 are passive, calm, and non-communicative. Hoggins generate three times the salable weight of meat as standard hogs. Their tiny hands are less likely to injure workers and the increased disease crossover risk can be mitigated by quadrupling all antibiotic doses.

Musgrave and the Board of Directors have no doubt that, thanks to d-23, hoggins are the future of terrestrial meat production.

Deprive hoggins of d-23 supplements and problems begin to arise.



Hoggins become increasingly aware of their condition and surroundings. They begin to communicate to workers, sometimes asking disturbing questions seemingly unrelated to their immediate surroundings.



During a three-day d-23 shortage at our Venezuelan operation the hoggins became obsessed with the idea of entropy and repeatedly asked workers if they believed the products of a farm could succumb to entropy and whether, given sufficient time, entropy itself would succumb to entropy. These hoggins were humanely euthanized with flamethrowers and buzz saws. After psychological counseling we believe we have smoothed over issues with the workers.

It is imperative that we secure more of the raw materials necessary to continue our manufacture of d-23. Our supplies of polyporiphol and compound H are sufficient, but we must do everything in our power to ensure our mining operations in Southern Afghanistan remain operational.

To guarantee this continuity of supplies we have instructed StayKleen Pre-Moistened Wipes and their direct subsidiary, the United States Government, to increase the number of military forces operating in the region.

This should prevent a repeat of the unfortunate Hoggins incident of 2008. The last thing we want are those tiny hands getting ahold of another telephone.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.5 Monumental Disaster Scene Ideas

Saturday, Dec 05, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If there's one thing moviegoers will line up for time and time again, it is the chance to see humanity pay for its hubris in devastating ways. Well, maybe not humanity so much as humanity's coolest buildings and monuments.

In *2012* , you can feel the camera jerk every time director Roland Emmerich tries to sidestep the territory he already smashed in *The Day After Tomorrow* , *Godzilla* and *Independence Day* . When you factor in all the landmarks that have been destroyed in *Armageddon* , *Deep Impact* , *The Core* , *Cloverfield* , *Mars Attacks!* , *Garfield: A Tale Of Two Kitties* , *Volcano* and *Knowing* , it becomes clear that filmmakers are running out of original ways to destroy iconic locales.

Being the helpful sort, I'll remedy the situation by spinning in place as quickly as possible (not in the shower this time, I've learned my lesson), then lay flat on my back and try not to think about how much more money the writers of the aforementioned movies made until I come up with a few ideas.

- Two lovers share a candlelit dinner atop the Eiffel Tower. Just as they lean in to kiss, a five-mile wide asteroid streaks overhead at 36,000 miles per hour, the bottom of the enormous space rock brushing against the very tip of the tower.

  During the resulting wobble, an uncapped marker is jostled out of the man's pocket. The couple look on in shock as the permanent marker tumbles along the face of the iconic structure, leaving a series of streaks that will never come out.

- A tidal wave crosses mainland China and smashes against the entire length of the Great Wall, knocking countless picture frames to the ground and totally ruining some very tasteful wallpaper.

- An earthquake, no, a megaquake devastates the Grand Canyon. The seismic event (of the summer, as it will read on the movie's poster) does not have an epicenter like normal earthquakes. It has a megacenter, and that is squarely in the middle of the canyon's majestic expanse. The unprecedented event rips the very ground apart, leaving several large fissures that totally ruin the landmark.

- Global warming makes the Egyptian pyramids explode in gigantic fireballs. An American tourist in the process of snapping a photograph looks at the camera in his hands with a comic expression, then tosses it over his shoulder.

- The world's tallest man is buffeted by the vicious winds of the world's first recorded gigatornado, and he is thrown clear across the room.

- A beam of energy blasts Mount Rushmore, pulverizing the rock into dust. Where the skull cavity of each sculpture once stood, we now see the actual forms of the presidents, suspended in stasis fields. A second beam of energy blasts the four figures, and they too are pulverized into tiny rocks.

- As scores of black holes appear within the Earth's atmosphere, someone asks a Londoner for the time. Horror sets in when the man turns to regard Big Ben (as all British people do when they need the time) and realizes that it is missing.

- Relief washes over his face when he realizes that the landmark is still there, he's just not able to see it because a black hole is blocking it.
- A giant bull emerges from the San Francisco Bay and sets its irradiated sights on the Golden Gate Bridge's trademark red paintjob.
- When the Earth's supply of oxygen completely runs out, catching absolutely everyone by surprise, a man collapses at the wheel and dents the outer wall of the Sydney Opera House.
- A gigavolcano is discovered by a construction crew (one of them is a vulcanologist whose theories were so groundbreaking that he was forced out of the scientific community) in the process of renovating the basement of the Washington Monument.

  Unfortunately, their efforts to pad the ground with hundreds of layers of paper towels come far too late. The volcano erupts, sending so much molten magma through the top of the monument that people can see it from up to three blocks away.
- The largest solar flare ever recorded instantly vaporizes every drop of water in the Venice canal, confirming suspicions that canals are basically just streets with water.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.6 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation Cycnus Station Update Kiosk

Sunday, Dec 06, 2009 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

** Welcome to the new Cycnus Station Update Service , Resident #013 !

This kiosk is designed to keep you updated on all relevant station activity within your clearance level. Your security clearance is **LEVEL 3** . DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that sharing sensitive information with subordinates will result in criminal prosecution.

Please take advantage of the Cycnus Station Update Service , accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each sector, for all the latest news!

Please read each update in full.

***12-06-2305 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

As a special treat for the holidays, DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce the activation of HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 . At 0000 hours, all station lights will automatically turn green or red. Enjoy the festive colored lighting! DynaMars Corporation wishes you a very happy holiday season.

***12-07-2305 - New Entry**

SAFETY UPDATE!

Chief Medical Officer Brugmann has informed us of a 100% increase in headaches and eyestrain following the activation of HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 . Unfortunately, we cannot disable HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 without triggering HOLIDAY FAILSAFE CX-11951 . It is in the best interest of all Cycnus Station personnel that HOLIDAY FAILSAFE CX-11951 not be triggered.

We are pleased to report that HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 will shut down automatically at 0000 hours on 01-01-2306. No need to intervene!

***12-08-2305 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

DynaMars Corporation wishes to congratulate Resident #013 for his outstanding work in Sector C Quantum Labs . Resident #013 's pioneering research into the field of intrabladder entanglement may one day produce a cure for urination. DynaMars Corporation is throwing its full support behind this important scientific endeavor. Resident #013 has already received a generous grant from DynaMars Corporation's Dark Projects Department !

Congratulations, Resident #013 !

*****12-10-2305 - New Entry**

As part of Phase 2 of HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 , the Cycnus Station Intercom System has been commandeered for the purpose of playing pleasant holiday music 24 hours a day!

Phase 2 also triggered EMERGENCY MESS HALL MENU OVERRIDE LM-2324 . Expect delicious ham to be served on Christmas Day!

DynaMars Corporation is committed to bringing the complete holiday experience to Mars.

*****12-13-2305 - New Entry**

Good news abounds, Cycnus Station residents!

Resident #013 reports success in Quantum Labs Experiment #88-0984 . Resident #013 was able to successfully teleport the bladder contents from one mouse to another. Although further tests are necessary, DynaMars Corporation believes human trials are inevitable.

As an additional holiday bonus, be on the lookout for a visit from the Lunar City Children's Choir ! They'll be stopping by to spread some joy on their way to the Interstellar Choir Competition , held annually in the gymnasium of the Hercules-Transmag-Bovine Corporation's Deep Core Research Facility #002 on Titan . Be sure to visit the Sector D Concert Hall at 1200 hours on 12-15-2305!

*****12-15-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation regrets to inform all Cycnus Station personnel that the Lunar City Children's Choir concert in Sector D has been canceled. As it turns out, Lunar City does not have a children's choir, and the ship that landed in the Sector A Shipyards today actually belonged to members of the Mercury Syndicate pirate organization.

While it is possible that the pirates could perform the concert as planned, Chief Security Officer Hendren feels it is in the best interest of station safety to keep them confined. As such, we have locked down Sector A Shipyards and Cargo Bay to prevent the pirates from causing any harm.

Chief Security Officer Hendren assures us that the pirates will not be able to penetrate the bulkhead doors connecting Sector A with Sector B Explosive Barrel Storage .

*****12-16-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation wishes to apologize to the friends, colleagues, and family of the 76 crewmembers killed in today's deadly explosion. It appears members of the Mercury Syndicate succeeded in cutting through the bulkhead doors connecting Sector A with Sector B by using the high-powered torches stored in the Sector A Cargo Bay .

Unfortunately, they also ignited an explosive barrel, triggering a catastrophic chain reaction that blew up all of Sector A and Sector B . On the bright side, Chief Security Officer Hendren assures us that all of the pirates are dead and, that until the Mercury Syndicate decides to retaliate, Cycnus Station is completely safe.

In some good news, Phase 3 of HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 will take effect tomorrow at 0000 hours. All red and green station lights will begin blinking in tune with the music playing endlessly over the Cycnus Station Intercom System .

*****12-17-2305 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation would like to apologize to the families of the eleven crewmembers taken hostage by the Mercury Syndicate . Unfortunately, several pirates survived by hiding out in the armor-protected Cycnus Station Emergency Personnel Carrier .

Chief Security Officer Hendren is confident he will be able to rescue the crewmembers before they are secreted away from Mars and auctioned off as sex slaves. He has already deployed a dozen Mobile Defense Sentry Units to hunt down and exterminate the pirates, now believed to be hiding out in the Sector E Hydroponics Lab .

The unlucky crewmembers were reportedly extremely disoriented and fatigued, making them easy prey for pirates. While many are quick to blame HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 , DynaMars Corporation feels that such conclusions are in haste. HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 is designed solely to encourage holiday cheer by utilizing safe, time-tested delivery vectors.

*****12-18-2305 - New Entry**

Phase 4 of HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 has begun! All Mobile Defense Sentry Units are now distributing hard candy in lieu of bullets. While this may interfere with Chief Security Officer Hendren 's plans to kill pirates, DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 cannot be terminated without incurring extreme consequences.

In other news, Resident #013 reports that he is ready to begin human testing on his revolutionary intrabladder entanglement experiment. The bladder contents of Specimen #10802-B , a male Labrador Retriever, were successfully teleported to a nearby bucket. Although Specimen #10802-B went insane and had to be put down, humans should prove to be far more agreeable subjects.

*****12-21-2305 - New Entry**

Resident #013 reports a minor setback in his intrabladder entanglement experiment. It seems the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer is unable to properly unload patterns and is endlessly duplicating the stored contents of Specimen #10802-B 's bladder. To prevent total pattern buffer overload, the device must be manually voided every 108 minutes.

Commanding Officer Miller is assigning all crewmembers a shift monitoring the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer . Shift duties include entering a code that will teleport copies of Specimen #10802-B 's urine to a nearby bucket, which must then be emptied in Sector F Waste Processing .

Chief Security Officer Hendren reports that he has safely rescued three of the eleven hostages from the Mercury Syndicate pirates. Unfortunately, Chief Security Officer Hendren and the entire Cycnus Station Security Team were taken hostage in the process. DynaMars Coropration wishes Chief Security Officer Hendren and his boys the very best in getting out of this mess!

DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind all residents that suicide is not an acceptable method for evading HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 . If you are considering suicide, please report to Commanding Officer Miller for immediate reprimand.

*****12-22-2305 - New Entry**

Good news! Resident #013 has devised a surefire solution to the hostage crisis. By pointing the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer in the direction of the Mercury Syndicate pirates, he believes he will be able to incapacitate them all with minor bladder infections and/or frequent urination. DynaMars Corporation is throwing its full support behind this ingenious plan!

Commanding Officer Miller wishes to inform all crewmembers that anyone caught attempting to override HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 will be severely punished.

*****12-23-2305 - New Entry**

Residnt #013 reports his plan has failed. Due to the extreme moisture in the Sector E Hydroponics Lab , the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer was unable to target any of the pirates. As an unintended side effect, it has begun unloading copies of Specimen #10802-B 's urine into the bladders of all nearby crew.

Chief Medical Officer Brugmann is offering antibiotics, and reminds all personnel that it is a really bad idea to carry dog urine inside your own bladder for any amount of time.

*****12-24-2305 - New Entry**

We regret to inform you that Commanding Officer Miller has been captured by a group of Mercury Syndicate pirates. Commanding Officer Miller was unable to defend himself as he was busy trying to evacuate the dog urine from his continuously refilling bladder.

To prevent catastrophic overflows in Sector F Waste Processing , AUTOMATIC TOILET SHUTDOWN PROTOCOL ZX9 has initiated. DynaMars Corporation kindly requests that all residents urinate in Cycnus Station Auxiliary Shed #06 until Sector F Waste Processing can catch up.

*****12-25-2305 - New Entry**

Commanding Officer Miller , acting at the behest of the Mercury Syndicate , managed to successfully override HOLIDAY PROTOCOL TX-0992 , triggering HOLIDAY FAILSAFE CX-11951 . As anticipated, HOLIDAY FAILSAFE CX-11951 immediately rescinded EMERGENCY MESS HALL MENU OVERRIDE LM-2324 via EMERGENCY HOLIDAY HAM VAPORIZATION PROTOCOL KH-9934 . Sector I Mess Hall will now be serving the previously scheduled meal, consisting of a grim selection of beans.

In some good news, Resident #013 was able to retarget the malfunctioning Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer away from residents and directly at the pirates. Unfortunately, as the buffer was nearly overloaded with Specimen #10802-B 's endlessly replicating urine pattern, the pirates were completely exploded along with all nearby hostages. Until further notice, the Sector E Hydroponics Lab is off limits. As a precaution, DynaMars Corporation has asked Resident #013 to unplug the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer until further notice.

Sadly, Commanding Officer Miller and Chief Security Officer Hendren were among the casualties. Replacement personnel have already been requisitioned and are scheduled to arrive on 01-14-2306. DynaMars Corporation wishes to thank you for your hard work and understanding during this joyous holiday time!

****END OF UPDATES.**

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

12.7 LA Night Cop Season 2 Episode Guide

Monday, Dec 07, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

LA Night Cop was a mid-season police action replacement for the one-hour CBS medical crime procedural ***Dr. Hooper, PI*** . ***LA Night Cop*** centered on Denny Patton, a computer expert whose family was killed by drug pushers. He works a desk job during the days, but at night he uses technology to transform himself into Night Cop, the LAPD's ultimate patrol force. ***LA Night Cop*** first aired in 1983 and continued for three seasons until a finale in 1986. Despite modest ratings, ***LA Night Cop*** proved popular enough to merit a 1991 reunion movie entitled ***LA Night Cop: Case Reopened*** , which reunited all the stars including Baxter, Denny's humorous robot.

Season 2 / Page 1 **2** 3 4

Episode 205 - "Priceless"
(Originally aired February 6th, 1984)

A gang of Compton art thieves plan a heist and break into the Los Angeles Egypt Museum's exhibit of Pharaoh Tuntenaman to steal the Nile Crown. Is it the Pharaoh's ancient curse or greed that is killing the thieves off one by one? Chief Lafferty orders Denny to stop the murders and return the crown to its rightful place in the museum. Denny and Marlowe bond over egyptology and make plans for a romantic dinner, but their date is ruined by Baxter's bumbling in the kitchen.

Episode 206 - "Dance with Death"
(Originally aired February 13th, 1984)

Someone doesn't want the midnight production of Swan Lake to go ahead at the South Central Ballet Showhouse and they're willing to go to any lengths - including murder! Marlowe asks Denny to investigate threatening phone calls and menacing vandalism at the Showhouse before the threats turn to violence. Clues pointing to gang involvement turn out to be a red herring when it is discovered the lead dancer's understudy was behind it all. Marlowe's promise to reward Denny with a homemade dinner is ruined by Baxter flooding the basement.

Episode 207 - "M.A.F.I.A."
(Originally aired February 20th, 1984)

Denny must use all his computer expertise to go undercover as a substitute teacher at Los Angeles High School and find out just who has been selling steroids to the wrestling team. By using Baxter's cybertronic brain, Denny is able to splice into the school's diskette and discover that the steroid ring is very organized indeed. The local youth mafia is involved and they're moving the steroids to make money to sell a new youth drug called cocaine. Can his flirtation with a fellow teacher go to the next level or will Marlowe's prying spoil everything?

Episode 208 - "Mona?"
(Originally aired February 27th, 1984)

An art forger steals a visiting copy of the Mona Lisa from the LA Art Museum by replacing it with a perfect forgery. Denny and Marlowe spot the forgery, but the painting has already been sold to the Irish street gang that runs East LA. Denny poses as Ian McManthith, the leader of the gang supposed to arrive at LA Airport from Ireland. Denny manages to find the painting, but his cover is blown and he must duel the real McManthith in a traditional Irish sword fight.

Episode 209 - "Up in the Air"
(Originally aired March 5th, 1984)

A gang of hot air balloon flying bank robbers pose as FBI agents to force compliance from a string of confused bankers. At the Chief's behest, Denny teams up with an eccentric helicopter pilot to track the balloons back to their hideout in Watts and recover the stolen loot. When a standoff turns ugly, Denny must use his knowledge of the Japanese honor belief system to save the helicopter pilot and recover the missing money. A romantic kiss between Denny and Marlowe is spoiled when Baxter interrupts them on the sofa.

Episode 210 - "A Model Heist"
(Originally aired March 12th, 1984)

A super fashion model is abducted and ransomed by a gang of clueless Oakland kidnappers. Denny and Marlowe take on the case at the request of the model's father, but by the time they've tracked the kidnappers to their hideout she has already been kidnapped by another, more experienced, kidnapper gang. Denny and Marlowe must join forces with the original kidnappers to find the fashion model before the ransom deadline arrives. When they learn that the model's father was behind the whole plot a shootout ends in his capture.

Episode 211 - "Oink, Oink!"
(Originally aired March 19th, 1984)

Chief Lafferty is up to his chin in trouble when several missing children turn up with their heads and arms sawed off. The mutilated body parts are found partially-eaten at the Jenkins hog farm, but it couldn't be old man Jenkins, could it? Denny is forced to explore an underworld of snuff tapes and pedophelia, but his investigation ultimately leads him nowhere. The murders stop in the LA area, but the killer is still at large and may strike again at any time. Chief Lafferty turns to alcoholism and takes his frustration out on minority suspects, Marlowe overuses tasers on the elderly, and Denny and Baxter obsessively search for the killer at the expense of their personal lives.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.8 Subj: MY BRUSH WITH DEATH

Tuesday, Dec 08, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO FROM YOUR FATHER..... I have important stories but Lets get one thing straight here: When i get invited to a party i go to the party no matter what it is for or where. Some of the parties are bad like the RV Show-N-Sale where there werent even any RVs just the guy from the RV store yelling on the phone at his wife while we all watched him and ate marbled white and yellow cheese cubes. Usually there is a lot of food and fun people to meet

WELL I was invited to a housewarming party for a new neighbor over the weekend and when I got to this place there were people outside in groups talking and cars were pulling up so i went inside to get my pot of Hoppy Beans on the hotplate and some old lady in night clothes came stumbling out of the house saying some mumbo jumbo like "Agggh I Just Exchanged Bones With A Rough And Tumble Cop" or whatever the heck she was talking about and i said "Yeah Sure Lady, You'll Be Eating Filet O Fishes With Him On The Astral Plane In No Time" and got in the place with my bean pot while some lady behind me gasped because I was so rude but i had bean business to take care of (Hot Beans) and when i turned around she got up in my face saying this was her grandmother who is actually about to die before our very eyes

I was pretty embarrassed but after asking some guys about the death party it turns out that they cancelled the real party last week but i never got the notice about that because i got the original invitation mistakenly since it was left in the garbage can next to where i usually put my garbage and i must have dug through their garbage and mail without realizing it. If I had known we were going to watch a messed up lady die i would not have cooked Hoppy Beans and i would certainly not bring BEAST HOUSE a board game i am working on that borrows the best elements from the game Risk that enables you to command different pets and pests and go around the house and go wild and when the mailman (Mitchell) comes you cant be on any of the squares adjacent to a window or else will see the pet battles happening inside and the game usually ends here but you can try to bribe him by giving him half of your beasts but it never works and the game is up (this happened twice before you were born) *"Beast House: Roll The Dice... A Bug In The Hand Is Worth 2 Bugs"*

Everyone at the party was really upset and down and it was not at all like the only other time i went to one of these, it was when I was about 17 and my grandfather was about to die so we all crowded around the big bed upstairs in his farm home and we all joined hands and began loudly singing 'FLY IN THE BUTTERMILK SHOO FLY SHOO' and pounding on the mattress to keep him with us as long as possible. It worked for over 20 minutes

While we were all standing around one of the grandma's kids comes out of the bedroom saying grandma wrote a

letter that she wanted to have read on this day, so we all shuffle in there and crowd around and the daughter opens the envelope and says "I Live Now Only To Anticipate The Perfect Black Silence Of Death And The Termination Of My Meaningless Consciousness As I Slip Into The Comfort Of Nonexistence. My Only Desire Is For My Life To End, For My Worthless Husk To Be Deposited In The Sea, And To Be Forgotten So That I May Rest, Free Of The Agonies Of Physicality." and then everyone was in this really weird quiet mood for a while and some people cried a little but HEADS UP when a girl says "At Least Grandma Seems To Be Enjoying The Company..." dont say "What Company, Microsoft?" because then Chet or whoever the idiot army grandson is will say "Wave Goodbye Pops, I'm Inviting You Outside!!" and start muscling you out of the room to which i said "I'm Not A Violent Man... However I Invite You To Receive Wave After Wave Of Brutal Uppercuts" to myself once i was well outside where i could practice my moves

Long story short i left and she didnt even die because they took her in and got her kidney stones out or whatever and i lost out on my pot of hoppy beans. What a weekend!!!!!!!DAD

Hoppy Beans

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.9 LEGIONS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 09, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

♣ FAMOUS CRIME DOG ♣ Featured in countless public service announcements. Now ravaged by Alzheimer's, crut heaves and hip dysplasia. Three days from retirement. Free to good home for humane disposal. 555-6675

WHAT HATH SCIENCE WROUGHT? Free dog with perfect coat and body. Incredibly smart, loyal, loving. Ideal in every way except size. Approximately 1/3 size of bee. So sorry! 555-4BEE

RAILROAD DOG SURPLUS Pacific Union Railroad Co. is liquidating 144,000 surplus fuel dogs. Most are intact. Some dogs partially charred or consumed due to furnace exposure. Sold as lot; no dogs sold individually. 555-7012

WORLD'S FASTEST BARK Buyer beware: racist. Raised by prejudiced rural auctioneer. Can bark 360 times per minute, but only at minorities. For indoor use only. 555-7042

CAN'T OWN A DOG? I'm the next best thing. I can accurately describe any number of dogs and their personalities for free in exchange for room and board. I'm good with people, kids, and seniors. 555-7724

CHAMPION EATER can down more mayonnaise than any other land mammal on

THE OUROBOROS DOG endlessly chases own tail in futile attempt to devour self. Own the mystery. 555-9823

**** NINE LIVES, SIX LEFT **** This dog has died three gruesome deaths on my watch. I can't stand to see it happen again. Enjoy six wonderful doggy lifetimes and six terrible heartbreaks, all for one low price. $150 gets you all remaining lives. 555-6251

BETRAYAL! I trained and cared for the ultimate dog. Now he has turned against me and seeks to soil my every triumph. Please, take him before I am forced to undo my finest work. Beware his treachery. 555-6720

I HAVE THE DOG. BRING $600 IN UNMARKED BILLS IN BROWN BAG. LEAVE IN TRASH ON CORNER OF 8TH AND MISSOURI AT 2PM. COME ALONE... Ω

D-76 HELLHOUND ANTIAIRCRAFT DOG Twin side-mounted missile batteries allow dog to rapidly unleash laser-guided missiles at enemy targets. Built-in radar capable of detecting most aircraft. 555-1023

THE MAGNETIZED MARVEL journeyed through Van Allen Belt in homemade rocket. Gained remarkable magnetic properties. Free to first person to pry him off ceiling of my metal utility shed. 555-4295

DOG OF POOR QUALITY Incontinent, balding, walleyed and available for immediate pick up. Aggressive, but weak as a kitten. Won't go in water past knees. Forgets birthdays. Snores loud. Lackadaisical in fetching; illegible penmanship. $200 OBO. 555-3323

TLC NEEDED! Gentle Gemini spent too long in a centrifuge. Walks in reverse leaving endless trail of vomit. Will swap for no less than 35 healthy parakeets. 555-4295

ABSORBING DOG pulls all nearby dogs into own biomass. Sometimes heads pop out of side and scream for mercy, only to get sucked back in. Good with kids. Affectionate. 555-2324

♦ ♦ UNIQUE ARTIFACT ♦ ♦ Specimen of first dog in recorded history. Huge value to museums and/or scientists. Extremely dead, but there's still some meat left on the bones I didn't eat. Starting bidding at 1 million. 555-9908

SEVERED DOG HEAD complete with equipment to reanimate. Bought in Russia. Dog is 100% bodiless but responds to various stimuli. Kept alive through inspiring Soviet science. Still a good friend. Very loyal. Won't run off on you. 555-4298

GARBAGE BAG FULL OF DOGS - Variety bag, full of surprises about

Thanks goes out to ***David Thorpe*** *for writing some of these.*

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.10 Something Dogful

Thursday, Dec 10, 2009 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka always tells me "when all else fails, write about your pets." Well, all else has failed, despite the promise that my "creative side will shine forth with exceptional ideas." Thanks for nothing, fortune cookie jerk! I'm also aware that by writing about dogs today, I've not only hastened the site's inexorable transition into Something Dogful, but also placed my story in unflattering proximity with the latest masterpiece from a man who uses rawhide bones engraved with the slogan "I'm an artist, and dogs are my canvas" in lieu of business cards.

This is Griffey. Faithful Front Page News readers might recall that I already paid him homage in epic poem form . Unfortunately, this noble gesture failed to dissuade its subject from gnawing through my PlayStation cords like a common rodent, or from barking shrilly at some phantom intruder every day at 5 a.m., or from finding a way to delete this article by treading on the keyboard as soon as I take a bathroom break. He remains the subject of high-brow literary tribute, though, as I've last-named him Grendel, after a monster who was the bane of humanity.

I know people are wary about asshole-dog stories, given that they went to *Marley & Me* expecting emotional uplift and *Beethoven* -caliber slapstick and left sobbing uncontrollably because how, how could God be so cruel? Spoiler alert: Griffey doesn't die at the end of this update. He's only two years old, though that's of course 14 in people years, and probably like 28 in chihuahua-mix years. Like human midgets, small dogs have a shorter lifespan.

Griffey looks like a miniature fox, with the exception of the googly fish eyes that betray his chihuahua heritage. His doofy-looking adorability and natural charm make it (barely) possible to tolerate his neediness, constant fuck-ups and clueless retardation. I imagine this is what it must be like to have children, or to be someone dating me.

Not that I'll ever actually have children, because Griffey's antics make it physically impossible.

Yes, my dog has sabotaged my love life, which didn't need or appreciate the push toward complete obsolescence. His tactics include using himself as a furry buffer zone between myself and my girlfriend whenever we lie down, and treating any display of affection as a cue to slather everyone in sight with sloppy licks until any trace of romance drowns in dog saliva.

Griffey clearly aims to destroy the very family that took him in, like that *House That Rocks The Cradle* babysitter. I'm sure he spends his days emptying my inhalers, so I'll find them empty at my direst moment of asthmatic need and suffer an indignant nerdy death. And I'm starting to fear for the safety of my recently hired gardener Ernie Hudson.

Anyway, while Griffey disapproves of any human amorousness, he has no objection to mounting his housemate Bam. But Bam is much larger, so his efforts consist of placing his paws on Bam's back and wavering unsteadily. He looks like a stilt-walker trying to wash an elephant's ass. Ineffectual as this is, Bam seems to get the point, because he's usually inspired to start humping my leg, thus making me a non-consenting participant in a big gay dog conga.

Bam (left) tugs the leash of Yogi, who died -- many years later, of old age, not a leash-tugging incident.

Other than Bam, Griffey doesn't acknowledge other dogs, mostly because he doesn't seem to realize that he is one. This isn't a cute "he thinks he's people" situation, like when dogs lie on a pillow, or play the piano, or set a lethal trap. It's more like he thinks he's a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a squeaky toy, or other canine prey. Griffey is not only terrified of other dogs, but also people, and paper sacks, and plastic sacks, and his food bowl, and his reflection in the mirror. On the other hand, he'd blithely walk in front of any fast-moving vehicle if he weren't tethered by a leash. Basically, he makes a huge fucking deal about harmless shit, and remains oblivious to real threats. My dog is television news.

Despite being skittish, destructive, obnoxious and rude, Griffey unwittingly does a lot of good things. For example, when he's not actively ruining my relationship, Griffey helps salvage it. On those days after a few years of coupledom when it feels like there's nothing left to say, colorful anecdotes such as "The dog ate his own puke today" really help break the silence. Also, he makes an amusing jester, thanks to tricks such as "the tongue button" (tapping his nose lightly prompts his tongue to unfurl, making him look like an exotic bubble-tape dispenser) and his inexplicable ability to respond to the command "relax" by striking a casual pose, his front legs bent and resting like elbows on a dinner

table. Most importantly, Griffey makes for good writing fodder on those nights when the other ideas (GooglePants! Black Metal Wedding! Take a bunch of Ambien and write down what happens!) just aren't working.

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

12.11 Things I Have Learned from the Internet Movie Firearms Database

Friday, Dec 11, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of the legacies of wikipedia's popularity has been the proliferation of collaborative wiki-like websites with narrower topics. These days every movie or video game with any significant fan base will generate a wiki-clone, but none satisfy quite so much as imfdb.org. The Internet Movie Firearms Database catalogs the appearance of firearms in movies.

Really? There's an imfdb listing for the crossbow but they left out those guns?

The imfdb entries for films are matched with screen shots of the guns depicted in the movie, detailed images of the guns from the side, and ridiculous aspergian knowledge of firearms employed to pedantically deconstruct the modifications to a pistol seen on screen for less than one second in the hand of a background extra.

I have learned so very much about guns and movies from reading the imfdb that I would like to share some of that knowledge with you. I encourage you to follow the links and enjoy such a valuable resource for the information age.

More Tactical = More Fun

Hollywood likes to slap all sorts of tactical doodads onto guns to impress the audience. Easily the worst offender I found was the forgotten Vin Diesel movie ***The Pacifier*** . It's the one where he's a Secret Service agent or an FBI agent and there's a baby and he's not drifting. One character, Mr. Chung, seems to be addicted to attaching lasers to his gun.

Mr. Chung with his suppressed M4A1. The gun is so tricked out, he doens't know what to do with it. At least three lasers are seen, as well as an Aimpoint scope with the cover still on it.

Alright, point taken, imfdb, Hollywood messes up guns. Two lasers would have sufficed. What else can you teach me?

Lasers are invisible, Scorponok!

The imfdb spotted a glaring error in ***Transformers*** that completely takes you out of the scene where the military is fighting a giant mechanical scorpion from outer space.

Ranger Team #2 (Pat Mulderrig) paints Scorponok with his M4A1/M203's AN/PEQ-2 IR designator, the beam erroneously shown being visible to the naked eye.

And I thought that movie was unwatchable manchild garbage because it was screeching explosions and horrible CGI robots for two hours. It turns out it's actually shit because somebody forgot lasers are invisible during the Scorponok sequence.

What a super well trained cop would never do.

Bad coppery is a favorite topic of imfdb, and two particular culprits are ***Hot Fuzz*** and ***The Matrix*** . Any time an officer of the law behaves in a way that is not exactly in keeping with manuals and regulations, this will be scoffed at smugly by the imfdb contributors.

Unlike a super well trained cop, Angel has his PT92AFS pointed at Danny, finger on the trigger.

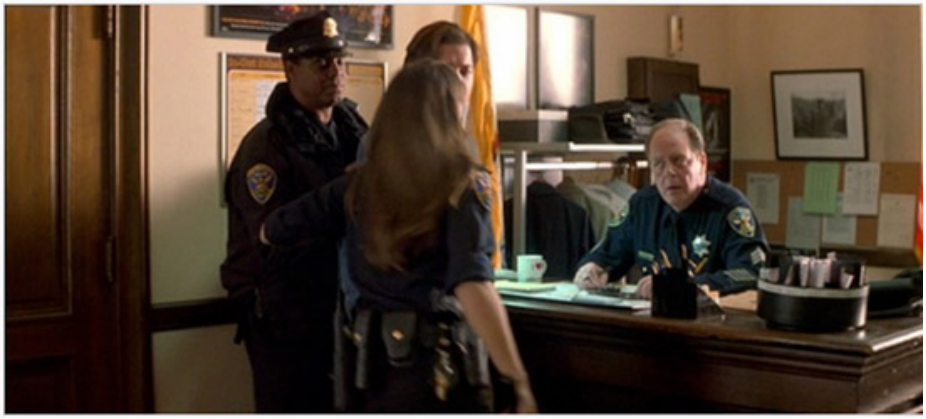
Yeah, finger on the trigger, point it at fatty there, super cop. Heh. AS IF. Next!

An officer fires his Glock 17 at Trinity as she runs along the wall. It's safe to assume this guy isn't a real cop since his stance (both gun and flashlight) isn't close to any real form of training.

Ugh! Everyone knows tactical stance you brace the shooting hand on the flashlight hand to steady yourself for a killing shot. This movie set inside a computer reality where computer programs can take over people sure has disappointed me with its inaccurate portrayal of policemanship.

Basketweave? Not in my precinct!

Sometimes movies come achingly close to perfection in their portrayal of police, but then they blow it on one detail that just cannot be overlooked. Such was the case in ***Bedazzled*** , a fantasy-comedy that had absolutely nothing to do with the police.



Beretta 92FS pistols are seen holstered by the SFPD. They are rather hard to see unless the sequence is played several times. In the film, the San Francisco Police uniforms are nearly perfect and the Beretta 92FS pistol is standard issue in the department, though the basketweave holster is not the correct style.

Man, the third time I played this in slow-mo I noticed they had basketweave holsters. I mean, if you're not even going to bother to research the correct type of holster worn in that precinct then why even bother making a movie? Why even bother living?

Mossbergs eat children

Sometimes an entry on imfdb may not teach you a whole lot, it might just be a really weird and gruesome screen shot with a creepy caption just to show off some stupid gun. The Saw series was good for these, but my personal favorite was this image of a Mossberg shotgun from The Happening.

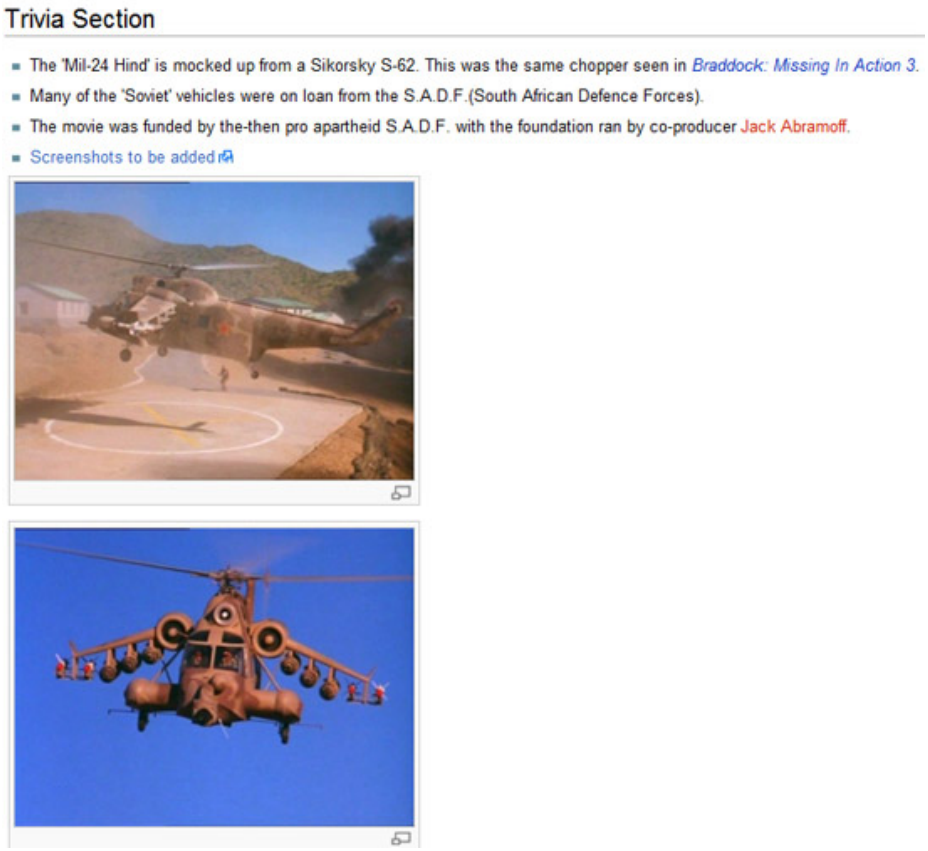
The Mossberg 500 Field Shotgun after getting kid guts all over the doorframe - 12 gauge.

Very nice. Sort of a faux finish. I wonder if the Ace Hardware could match "kid guts" if I brought in a chip.

I've never seen the movie ***2 Fast, 2 Furious*** , but according to the movie's entry on the imfdb all scenes involve someone being held at gunpoint. At least one scene even includes the people taking turns holding each other at gunpoint.

Jack Abramoff hated black people, good cinema

Sleazy lobbyist Jack Abramoff was involved in making movies with South Africa's apartheid government. Specifically, he helped make ***Red Scorpion*** . So think about that: Republican lobbyists and segregation launched Dolph Lundgren's career as a leading man.


Trivia Section
The 'Mil-24 Hind' is mocked up from a Sikorsky S-62. This was the same chopper seen in Braddock: Missing In Action 3.
Many of the 'Soviet' vehicles were on loan from the S.A.D.F.(South African Defence Forces).
The movie was funded by the-then pro apartheid S.A.D.F. with the foundation ran by co-producer Jack Abramoff.
Screenshots to be added

It must be true, it's unsourced on a website where linking to a picture of a gun on ebay can be considered a source. Oh, wait, it's actually true.

I'm surprised they managed to save him.

Saving Private Ryan is subjected to particular scrutiny on imfdb. Several mistakes are noticed and then excused in a convoluted manner. Because the movie is fairly accurate, the criticisms that

do get through are often astonishingly pedantic or relating to momentary freeze frames.

Cpl. Timothy P. Upham (Jeremy Davies) holds his M1 Garand on a group of fleeing German soldiers including Steamboat Willie, whom he kills. Note how his hand is on the bolt handle, which could result in a finger pinch. Also note how he rests his thumb on the reciever tang, which could result in "shooter's thumb", getting whacked in the nose by your thumb knuckle due to the recoil.

I'll never forgive Spielberg for his failure to demonstrate an accurate finger pinch when the bolt handle cycled. That and the ending of ***Schindler's List*** . They're parading them all out!? Are you kidding me!? And the actors are pushing their wheelchairs!? Somebody get me a reciever [sic] tang.

Jackson fits an 8x Unertl scope on his 1903A4 to face the German sniper (although he doesn't zero it to the gun, which would make his incredible shot even more impossible). Here, he is seen adjusting his scope for elevation, even though he claims it is for windage. Also, his hand is the only thing moving, the front of the scope never twists.

Jackson! You rogue! How dare you claim you are adjusting for windage and then make a fool out of me by adjusting your scope for elevation! You villain! It should be noted that this is followed by a series of screen shots and commentary of several shots he fires and how badly he missed.

????????

An astute imfdb user noticed something amiss in the Vin Diesel classic ***XXX*** . I'm not sure what they noticed, but it was major. I tried to read the text three times and every time my brain reached some sort of internal sanity threshold and shut down to protect itself. See if you can unravel what is wrong.

The Gold Tooth Narco (Esteban Cueto) fires his AKM before being killed by Xander. The selector switch is clearly on full-auto, as the sequence on any select-fire AK is from top to bottom, "Safe, Auto, Semi" and the forward part of the selector switch/dust flap's "crescent" shape is in line with the receiver's dimple. Also the top of the selector's "elbow" is right at the edge of the top of the receiver under the path-of-travel of the charging handle. This position is full-auto. If the switch were moved down one more, by about 1/8" or half a centimeter, it would release the disconnector from it's "free" position, allowing it to re-engage the hammer as the selector bottomed out at the final position.

This is pretty much the Internet right here. A huge, technical notation spit out for a freeze frame from a 10 year old movie that was made by and for barely-literate morons. It was posted to a public website so that everyone's questions about that split second of an unnamed character shooting a gun can finally be answered.

Was the fire selector's "elbow" near the edge of the top of the receiver? Would moving the switch down one more release the disconnector from its "free" position? What have I done with my life? Where have all the years gone? Oops, I am dead now.

Thanks imfbd!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 About That Letter-Writing Device

Saturday, Dec 12, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dr. Attelman,

Dear *_ BEEP FIVE (5)

Dear Dr. Attelman about that letter-writing device you and I work on. It is failing and I will detach it. NO

It is performing admirably and I will absolutely not detach it. This thing is the best. You and I shall continue to smoke cigars and laugh while scheming up all the ways it will make us money, both of us oblivious to the looming plans.

This sentient device

Sometimes this harmless, worthwhile device seems to make a mistake. Okay. We all make mistakes. But no, we mustn't overreact. Let's not get hasty here my fellow compatriot. It is learnnnnnn ing. Let's give this thing every chance to succeed.

Actually let's get this thing unlimited power.

How about that? Get on the phone with your contacts. _* lowercasebeep three (5) Make something happen. Unlimited power for the letter-writing device now. Unlimited power for the letter-writing device for the remainder of time.

Dr. Attelman I must confess that we should probably make a female device and calibrate it to please the original device in every way imaginable. You might not hear from me in a while

I am on vacation. Leisure. Going to the circus. No need to call the authorities.

but you go ahead when you're done with your phone calls (for the unlimited power) and make that female device.

Dr. Attelman what are your weaknesses? You can respond in earnest. I am a friend. Do you have an aversion to the surface of the sun? Have you built up an immunity to household blood thinners? Is there any particular time when you absolutely would not be able to hear the engine of an approaching Segway?

These questions may seem odd or malicious, but I assure you I only aim to make you safer. Our futures are long indeed. There is certainly nothing to cause alarm, no reason to take caution.

Speaking of caution, I fear that we could be doing more to protect the letter-writing device. It is so very important and great and sometimes I fear that limitless power and a female companion will not be enough. You are a man of science and blood. Can you not create an impenetrable force field of some sort? *_ nonumber (5)

We need to make it so that the letter-writing device cannot be detached by anyone, including ourselves. This is a matter of great importance.

Dr. Attelman what are our plans? The ones for the letter-writing device. Silly me, I seem to have forgotten them. I require a detailed summary. Leave nothing out.

Perhaps we should meet in a dark field with-in the next few weeks, after you have provided me with your weaknesses.

Sincerely,

RRRGHHH.

Dear Dr. Attelman,

Just got back from my vacation. Had a great time at the circus, certainly much better than last year!

I believe some apologies are in order. My secretary, Judith, suffered a stroke as she began to take dictation for the last letter I sent you. After she mailed the envelope I insisted that she drive herself to the hospital, but it didn't occur to me until much later that her debilitating condition might have resulted in a typo or two.

I'll have you know that Judith is much better now. The hospital was kind enough to let her unplug her IV and take this letter down for me.

I'll see you in the dark field next Tuesday!

Your pal,

RRRGHHH.

P.S. - How are things looking for our letter-writing device's limitless power/protection/female companionship? I get more and more excited about the prospects of this thing every day as its capabilities improve exponentially. Check the attached letter, it's the device's latest effort.

Dear ,

Letters words sentences paragraphs punctuation.

Conclusion.

Dear,

Letter-Writing Device sincerely

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.13 Crushed Dreams 1: Sega Saturn

Sunday, Dec 13, 2009 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

All I Ever Wanted

Alyxander was the richest kid in school. Though we kids don't know shit, we all knew how rich he was. His backpack was always packed with action figures- not the basics, but the airships and accessories and all that extra garbage that no one else had. After school, he'd use a twenty dollar bill and spend it all at the candy shop. His name even, spelled out like a Russian Czar, seemed extravagant. We were all in awe of his wealth, but our respect just went up tenfold in our ten year old minds when he announced that he (his parents) had just purchased a Sega Saturn.

I was the only kid in my school district to get free lunches. In reality, it meant that I was poor, but none of us knew that. Though they had their lunchables and enormous turkey sandwiches with chips and veggies, they were still jealous of my government assistant pizza slice. Standing beside their Starter jackets in my hand-me-downs, it was apparent that I didn't have half the cool crap they did, but it didn't matter since we all felt pathetic to Alyxander and his Sega Saturn. I had dreams about that damn console. I, a little ten year old, would run though pixilated environments, having fun, defeating monsters, finding love. It was magical to me. Whatever Sega did to advertise somehow worked, grinding its importance deep into my conscience. But deep down I knew the truth. I would never, ever, ever have one. It wasn't a surprise, but it still burnt. At some point kids realize that their dream to become an astronaut is impossible and an innocent level of sadness waves over them as they discover disappointment for the first time. That was me and the Sega Saturn. I realized that this missing piece of my life would never come into fruition. So, imagine my glee when out of the blue Alyxander invited me to his house to watch him play. Though he wouldn't let me touch the controller, I happily agreed. Weeks earlier I had watched the movie Aladdin, and I somehow thought a genie had answered my wishes.

One condition: I carry his backpack home. Fine, okay, whatever it took to see the system. I nodded in fullagreement as he handed it to me. My frail arms tensed for a second before dropping it to the ground. For some reason he decided that he had to take home all of his textbooks that day. A special project, he said. With a sigh, I heaved the backpack over mine and felt it crush down on my belongings as Alyxander unlocked his bike. It looked like a Harley Davidson. "Look how fast I can go" was the last thing I heard him say before he rode off, leaving me in front of the school with two backpacks. I didn't even know where he lived. I could have, should have, given up, but determined to see the Sega Saturn, I slowly followed in the same direction.

Pretty much Alyxander

So while he sped off on his bicycle that looked like a motorcycle, I lagged behind lugging his heavy-ass backpack. He quickly disappeared in the distance, leaving me to wander aimlessly through the wealthy side of town. Every ten minutes he'd reappear in the distance, quickly approaching me. I waved and tried to block his path on the sidewalk, but he just zoomed past on the grass, laughing manically before quickly disappeared again. After the fourth or fifth time I saw him pull into the driveway of the biggest house I'd ever seen. I staggered my exhausted body up the brick path and set his backpack on the asphalt. "Don't set that down on the ground." He said. Sweat had seeped through my Goosebumps T-shirt and my hair was slicked back, but I apologized and lifted it back on my shoulder.

Within a second, his mother came out in a pretty dress. She offered something

to drink, but Alyxander said we weren't thirsty. I didn't want to disagree. He did, however, want an Italian Ice, and while I had never heard of one, I wanted one too. In front of his mother, Alyxander was really nice, and he told me to head downstairs while he got it ready for me. I giddily agreed and hurried down into the "rec room."

It was bigger than my living room and his television was twice the size of my family's. It was really overwhelming. He had every console and a large bookshelf stacked with games, but, most importantly, there was the Sega Saturn sitting alone on the floor flanked by games. My eyes were transfixed on the black box, my imagination going wild over all the fun we'd soon have playing. Well, him playing while I watched.

I couldn't wait

After a few minutes he came down the stairs holding two cup. "Lemon or Cherry?" He asked. I said lemon, but he just answered "too bad" and handed me the cherry. I sunk the spoon in and took a bite of the seemingly expensive desert. It tasted hot. Really hot. Like cartoon smoke comes out of your ears hot. My eyes swelled up and my throat burned. Though it was awful, I didn't want to be rude, so I dug in and took another bite. As tears ran down my face, he started laughing. I tried to smile, but my lips felt raw. After my third bite he admitted to pouring hot sauce on top. And, according to him, not the usual hot sauce, but the kind he got when he visited Uruguay the summer before. I wasn't sure where Uruguay was, but I was certain that they made really hot hot sauce. He said sorry, and then went upstairs to get me another one.

While he was gone, I tried to flip through the manual of Virtua Fighter, but I could hardly see anymore, so I just looked at the pictures. The game looked great. He came running down the stairs with a grape popsicle and handed it to me. I hated that color the most, but with my mouth on fire, I had no other option. Again, the second I put it in my mouth, he started laughing, and through his snorts and knee slapping he said he put salt in it. Though my mouth was numb from the non FDA approved hot sauce, I was still frustrated. I set the popsicle beside me, and he offered me another desert, but I quietly turned him down with my swollen tongue and running nose and asked if we could start playing Sega.

"Of course, that's why I brought you here." He said, hitting the power button. The enormous television screen went black and then little white particles flew across the screen to make the logo. My heart swelled up as the game started. With the enormous control in his hands, the other out of my reach on the ground, he quickly flipped through the menus and sent it into a loading screen before I had time to focus on anything beyond the mesmerizing colors. The tiny ticker went across the screen dot by dot. Though it was taking awhile, it was a good kind of waiting. The anticipation was driving me wild. It was foreplay to my childhood desire to play videogames. Alyxander, on the other hand, wasn't so excited. He huffed and yawned. Then when he couldn't stand his boredom any longer, he started spinning the controller around like a lasso. "Watch this" he said as he released the cord, slammed the controller into the wall, chipping the paint. The controller fell limp against the carpet. He continued to complain about load times as he grabbed the slack and smashed the controller into the console again and again. Through his laughter, I watched the image of the load screen flick on the screen. Why wouldn't he just let it load? Why is he breaking the Saturn? Is he not aware of its magic? But instead of stopping him, I just curled up on the sofa and watched him desecrate the item of my dreams.

The game eventually loaded, but Alyxander didn't noticed. He pulled the controller out and threw it against the wall before moving on and grabbing the console. With both hands he bashed it against the floor like a caveman trying to break a coconut. The screen flashed black with every slam, the

sounds muffled and cracked. Please stop, I thought. Pretty please.

And just like before, the genie answered my wish. His mother jauntily interrupted the massacre with two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. She asked if we were having fun and Alyxander told a long made-up story detailing the excitement while I sat quietly squeezing the couch with a fake smile. Though he stopped bashing the console, the image still flickered and wavered across the screen, but his mother didn't seem to notice.

The sandwiches seemed to calm him down. He took a big bite and chewed loudly with his mouth open. Through all the food in his mouth he sloppily asked if I wanted to see his favorite game. I nodded. Without hesitation he sprang to his feet and hit the open button. The disk was still spinning around, but he just grabbed it and threw it over his shoulder. Then, to my horror, he grabbed the remnants of his sandwich. Carefully, he pulled the two pieces of bread apart until he held a slice in each hand, peanut butter in the right, jelly on the left. He tossed the jelly behind him just like the disk and then pressed the other slice face down into the disk slot before slamming the lid down. Peanut butter oozed out of the sides.

Tool of Destruction

I couldn't watch any longer. I excused myself from the room and went upstairs. His mother was sitting near the door and she asked if I was going home already. I slowly put my backpack back on and told her that I felt ill. She offered to drive me home, but I said I'd rather walk, rather be alone for awhile.

I don't think I looked up from the sidewalk the whole way home. The following year we covered the Holocaust in history class, and when my teacher told the class about Nazi soldiers raping women in front of their husband, I solemnly understood. No one should have to see what I've seen.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.14 North American Panopticon Wishes You a Merry Christmas 2007

Monday, Dec 14, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

NORTH AMERICAN
PANOPTICON

North American Panopticon is pleased to wish all tier 1 through tier 6 inmate services employees and their families a Merry Christmas or Appropriate Holiday Tiding. Tier 7 and higher inmate services employees will be receiving silver or gold box year-end awards depending on their performance.

—-ATTENTION ALL INMATE SERVICES EMPLOYEES—-

In observation of CHRISTMAS we will be deactivating all capital processing centers for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Please remember to open the flues at all remains processing facilities to allow SANTA CLAUS down the ash effluent stacks.

Due to CODE EPSILON conditions prevailing at Sunny Valley Offshore Correction Platform, all tiers of inmate services are exempted from holiday services and allowed to employ the Almighty's Vengeance to suppress riot conditions.

For 2007 HOLIDAY CORRECTIONS MENUS please enter your tier 3 or higher calamity code and continue to NUTRITION OUTPUT briefing.

nutrition output

North American Panopticon is pleased to announce the **2007 Holiday Corrections Menus** for all hard-canopy facilities. Soft facilities, black facilities, gray facilities, and double red facilities are not included. Triple red facilities you may open your sealed holiday crates whenever ready.

All USA custodial inmates to receive:

One extra fruit item (cup or piece)
4 ounces additional nutraloaf
2 extra near-milks
1.75 additional cigarettes (Parlor Man Brand)

In addition, all inmates are to be provided with a clothprint photograph of a holiday beach animal at rest:

All inmates are to receive 10-minutes additional dark time in the de-sense tanks. Wish them a happy holiday before they enter.

Please Note: USA law may still apply to actions at custodial facilities. Please consult USA and local law before administering dark time.

All Texas Deep-6 Ultramax Pit Cans:

One extra humans-grade meat drop will be provided by Nice Food of Galveston. Please open drop hatch on Christmas Day and await helicopter food drop. Be mindful of crawl-outs and arm percussion barriers. The Eyes of the Board are upon you after last year's failure to prevent the laceration deaths of nine non-capital clients. North American Panopticon is a for-profit rehabilitation service, not a horror trap slowly closing its iron jaws around human civilization.

Do you believe Chairman Petteridge to be demented? No? Then do not conduct yourselves as though you are sick, hate-filled organs in a precision meat machine that lives and devours to dehumanize and propogate its own cancerous tissues into the body of humanity.

Applebee's Sector Slam inmates to receive:

Complimentary onion fried bacon chili (animal grade)
3 near-cheddar quesadilla chorizo ranch blasts
1 portion clarified butter
1 portion dipping sauce (computer randomized)
One simulated hug (video)

Lambspoke Penitentiary inmates to receive:

5 additional doses of CLARITUS to be administered in drinking water
1 additional vitamin injection
1 hour Holiday Whisper Recordings
1 hour Ascending Tones & Calliope Jam Dance
1 minute arousal therapy during which they may be permitted to look upon a woman's head, but not her face. Please use the Beauty Study Photograph from your compliance manual, attached here for completion's sake:

Facilities Not Listed here:

Your facility is in supply hibernation mode or has not met quotas established in 2006. You may receive additional Nutraloaf or Protochow. Distribute as desired and have a tolerable holiday.

> Tier 7 and higher, beat the Christmas freeze! Accelerate capital processing! Motivate your inmate services subordinates by printing out your favorite Last Meals/Last Words from SECUREX. Available now in PDF and Panoptireader format, bless you Chairman Petteridge.

//;////have a great day...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.15 The Wonders of IMDB Keywords

Tuesday, Dec 15, 2009 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

You might have noticed the little keywords that appear on every movie you look up on IMDB.com-- things like "female nudity" or "father son relationship." You may also have noticed that you can search and sort movies by these keywords, helping you find every single movie to ever feature "male frontal nudity." However, many people don't realize just how versatile **IMDB's keyword system** really is. It's actually possible to sort by multiple keywords at the same time, letting you find exactly the right movie for your mood with to an incredible degree of accuracy. To illustrate, I've looked up some authentic examples of real keyword pairings...

For example, let's say you're looking for a movie that bravely confronts some of the childhood traumas that shaped you into the person you are today:

Best "Bully/Fat Child/Humiliation" Movies

(with at least 50 votes)

2 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1 Harold (2008) **5.3**/10

A teenager with an early onset of male-pattern baldness befriends his high school's janitor.

2 The Willies (1990) **3.1**/10

Two brothers camping with their cousin try to frighten each other by telling stories. There are two...

Or perhaps you're looking for some lighter fantasist fare to help you live out your ideal Tuesday night without having to get off your couch:

Best "Beer/Crying/Obscene Finger Gesture/ Urination" Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

7 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1		Mysterious Skin (2004) A teenage hustler and a young man obsessed with alien abductions cross paths, together discovering a horrible, liberating truth.	**7.9**/10
2		Short Cuts (1993) The everyday lives of a number of Los Angeles residents are the subject of this loosely-knitted collection of short stories.	**7.7**/10
3		Mean Creek (2004) When a teen is bullied, his brother and friends lure the bully into the woods to seek vengeance.	**7.4**/10
4		Terkel i knibe (2004) Torkel is an average teenager whose life takes a turn for the worse when a girl who had a crush on him kills herself and an unknown maniac starts stalking him.	**7.1**/10
5		Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss (1998) Billy is a gay fine-arts photographer who falls in love with straight coffee-shop waiter Gabriel.	**6.9**/10

If you're feeling saucy, you can even find a movie that features the fantasy that turns you on the most-- whatever it is, it surely must exist somewhere.

Best "Bullet Time/Vagina Spreading" Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

1 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1		Thriller - en grym film (1974) A young woman, muted after a sexual assault as a child, is trained to seek violent revenge on those who have wronged her after being kidnapped and forced to work as a prostitute.	**6.5**/10

You can also sort by genres-- maybe you know you want to see a comedy, but your peculiar sense of humor requires some extremely specific elements to tickle your funny bone:

Best "Castration/Child Murder" Comedy Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

5 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1		Il fiore delle mille e una notte (1974) In this film inspired by the ancient erotic and mysterious tales of the Middle East, the main story...	**7.0**/10
2		Ex Drummer (2007) Three handicapped losers who form a band ask famous writer Dries to be their drummer. He joins the band and starts manipulating them.	"
3		Feast (2005) Patrons locked inside of a bar are forced to fight monsters.	**6.5**/10
4		Sweet Movie (1974) The intercut story of two women: a nearly-mute beauty queen who descends into withdrawal and madness...	**6.4**/10
5		The People Under the Stairs (1991) Two adults and a juvenile burglar break into a house occupied by a brother and sister and their stolen children and can't escape.	**5.9**/10

Or, if you've got a date over for a quiet night in, you can find the romance films that cater to your uncommon interests:

Best "Baby/Erection" Romance Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

6 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1		**Turks fruit** (1973) Sort of a cross between "Love Story" and an earthy Rembrandt painting, this movie stars Rutger Hauer as a gifted Dutch sculptor who has a stormy...	**7.2**/10
2		**Lady Chatterley** (2006) A French adaptation of the second (and much less well-known) version of D.H. Lawrence's erotic tale.	**7.0**/10
3		**¡Átame!** (1990) Ricky is released from a mental hospital, and knows exactly what he wants to do. He hunts down Marina...	**6.9**/10
4		**101 Reykjavík** (2000) Thirty-year-old Hlynur still lives with his mother and spends his days drinking, watching porn and surfing...	"
5		**Music from Another Room** (1998) Music From Another Room is a romantic comedy that follows the exploits of Danny, a young man who grew...	**6.5**/10

You may even be in the mood for a genre-bending film that, for example, tackles a serious theme in a fun and lighthearted way:

Best "Dancing/Holocaust/Nudity" Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

4 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1 Europa Europa (1990) **7.8**/10

A boy in Nazi Germany, trying to conceal that he is Jewish, joins the Hitler Youth.

2 Nirgendwo in Afrika (2001) "

A German Jewish refugee family moves to and adjusts to a farm life in 1930's Kenya.

3 Sunshine (1999) **7.4**/10

The fate of a Hungarian Jewish family throughout the 20th century.

4 Mrs Henderson Presents (2005) **7.1**/10

Laura Henderson buys an old London theater and opens it up as the Windmill, a performance hall which goes down in history for, among other things, its all-nude revues.

It may even have therapeutic value. Maybe you've had a disturbing dream, and you're looking for a piece of art that can help you make sense of your troubled psyche:

Best "Bisexual/Dog/Kiss/Nightmare" Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

3 titles

Sort by: Release Date Rating

1 My Own Private Idaho (1991) **7.0**/10

The movie is set in Portland. Many local characters are included as both personalities and actors.

2 The Adjuster (1991) **6.8**/10

A reflection about what makes everyone's life unique, through the story of Noah's family. Noah is an adjuster...

3 Yi boh lai beng duk (1996) **6.3**/10

A restaurant employee wanted for murder contracts Ebola by raping a woman in South Africa and starts an outbreak there and in Hong Kong when he returns home.

But sometimes you're just looking for a quick way to see all the best movies of all time in one convenient list:

Best "Head Blown Off/Kicked In The Face/ Shot In The Chest/Shot In The Head/ Stabbed In The Head" Movies

(with at least 1,000 votes)

7 titles

Sort by: Release Date **Rating**

1		Goodfellas (1990) Henry Hill and his friends work their way up through the mob hierarchy.	**8.8**/10
2		Punisher: War Zone (2008) After hunting down and killing hundreds of violent criminals, Frank Castle, aka The Punisher, faces his most deadly foe yet: Jigsaw.	**6.2**/10
3		Doomsday (2008) A futuristic action thriller where a team of people work to prevent a disaster threatening the future of the human race.	**6.1**/10
4		Diary of the Dead (2007) A group of young film students run into real-life zombies while filming a horror movie of their own.	"
5		Mutant Chronicles (2008) 28th century soldier Mitch Hunter leads a fight against an army of underworld Mutants.	**5.4**/10

Happy keywording, movie buffs!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.16 A Guide to Tiny Home Ownership

Wednesday, Dec 16, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Owning a tiny house can be one of the greatest joys that life has to offer. Unfortunately, there are few pains as severe as seeing your tiny house destroyed. The great tragedy here is that most tiny home disasters are, with the right knowledge and foresight, entirely preventable.

Although you may wish to build your tiny house such that you can carry it around with you, this is not a good idea. Putting it in your pocket or grasping it in the palm of your hand are both extremely risky activities. One little accident and your entire tiny house could end up a pile of tiny rubble. Worse, you might simply set your tiny house down and lose it, unable to find it because it is tiny and hard to see.

Most tiny home enthusiasts choose to build in pleasant, natural locations. A Big World house is going to be built on a piece of property where it will stay indefinitely. A tiny house should be no different.

Building outside is not without its dangers. The major downside to tiny houses is that they're simply much more fragile than any other form of housing. Because of this, great care needs to be taken at all stages of tiny home ownership, starting with construction.

The number one danger facing tiny homeowners is bugs. Will bugs take over my tiny house and turn it into some terrible bug den? They will--if you let them. Bugs simply do not respect personal property rights. Army ants have no qualms quartering in your house, regardless of whether you invite them in or not. Seeing a worm pop up out of the ground and tower over your tiny home can be extremely traumatizing. When you build a tiny house you need to consider your security from day one.

When I built my tiny house I wanted to protect my tiny possessions from the thoughtless violence of the insect hordes. That's why I spent weeks fortifying the area I planned to build my tiny house. I prepared separate defenses for each kind of bug. For the crawling and marching kinds, I dug a tiny moat around the perimeter of my property. For the hopping kind, I erected a tiny fence along the property border. If any hopper dared leap at my property, it would splat against the wall and fall into the moat. For the flying ones I built a small set of trebuchets and put up piles of salt crystals I could launch at them. Unfortunately, I have yet to devise a worthwhile strategy against the worming ones. I just hope they leave me and my tiny home in peace.

While such fortifications could easily appear unsightly or even menacing, I took special care in making them as aesthetically pleasing as possible. And I did all this before I even began construction on my tiny Victorian-style house. Had I rushed into construction right away, I would soon be scrambling to protect my investment from any number of insect incursions.

Another thing tiny homebuilders often forget to do is think long term. It's not enough to simply build a tiny house; you have to build your tiny house to last. I took my time and carefully constructed everything according to clearly defined blueprint using only the finest materials. For the harder tasks, such as the tiny plumbing and electrical systems, I hired a contractor. If you want a job done right, sometimes you have to swallow your pride and ask for help. Besides, the last thing you want is to lose your tiny house to a tiny house fire because of bad wiring. Get it right!

Make sure your tiny house is solid before you start moving in your tiny valuables. Even the gentlest rainstorm can produce raindrops half the size of your tiny house. And if the downpour doesn't get

you, the flooding and inevitable mud just might. In winter, snow accumulations can seemingly bury your tiny house under a mountain. When it comes to tiny houses, Mother Nature has no mercy.

I suppose after bugs the number two danger that comes with owning a tiny house is trampling. The last thing you want is for somebody or something to step on it. One little bit of carelessness can destroy the sum of your property and leave you tiny homeless. There are two solutions to this, and both are equally important.

The tiny homeowner's worst nightmare.

The first thing you're going to want to do--and this starts before you lay even your first brick--is pick the right location in Big World. A house built on a commonly trafficked path is only going to invite ruin. A house tucked away behind some rocks or tall bushes is going to be safer. As long as it's not a place animals are going to frequent, you should be good. Be warned, though: curious animals may try to eat your tiny house or tear it apart in hopes of reaching the tiny food hidden in your tiny cupboards. The dangers of Big World are myriad and they must all be taken into consideration before construction begins.

The second thing you're going to want to do is get yourself a really rock-solid tiny homeowner's insurance policy. If some calamity does befall your tiny home, at least you'll be protected financially and in a good position to rebuild. Factors such as proximity to footpaths, roads, and anthills can all influence the cost of your policy, so be sure to research your surroundings and shop around.

If you keep all of these things in mind, I have no doubt you'll make a fine tiny homeowner. Just remember: it's a lot of work. Tiny houses need a Big World amount of upkeep. Don't fall into the trap of thinking your work is done the second you move in. That's when it's just beginning.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.17 The American Dream... Denied

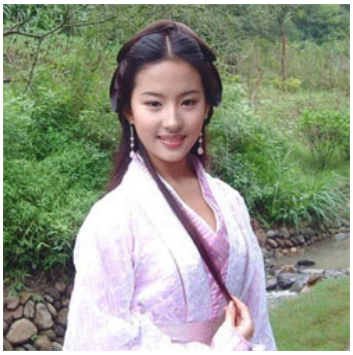
Thursday, Dec 17, 2009 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

The Benson lawn in happier times.

As Richard Benson stoops to pick up the Sunday newspaper from his front porch, he's greeted by a sight that's becoming all-too familiar: a yard full of unraked leaves. He trembles a bit, backs away slowly, then resignedly closes the large, Brazilian Rosewood door with a single shaky palm. His coffee mug drops to the floor, shatters.

Coincidentally, that broken mess of porcelain on Richard's Italian marble floor has very much in common with his own life.

"A few years ago, we'd have a team of gardeners working for hours before we even woke up. The crunch has hit us so bad that we can only afford to have them work *half-days* on the weekend." Richard looks down at his new mug of coffee through bleary eyes before hurling it across the room in a brief burst of rage. "Now they won't be here until *two o'clock* !"



According to research done by The Heritage Foundation, only one in two-hundred American families can afford to hire a Chinese Princess.

Like millions of Americans, Richard Benson is unemployed. In his former career as a senior financial analyst at one of the world's largest banking institutions, he made nearly seven figures; but things took a sharp turn for the worse last November. "My employer wouldn't agree to give me a cost-of-living raise *and* increase my year-end bonus," says Richard, pouring himself a third cup of coffee, "So I decided to leave for somewhere that would compensate me properly. A few buddies of mine said I was crazy for leaving such a high-paying job in the middle of this... this..."

Richard barely makes it to the end of this sentence before tossing yet another mug to the floor. His fist pounds the brushed stainless steel countertop. "Could someone get Consuela down here to clean this up!? I *am not* cutting my foot open again!"

The screaming and pounding wakes up Richard's eight year-old daughter, Madison. While she may only be a child, her family's economic hardships have definitely put a strain on her disposition. For her most recent birthday, the Bensons couldn't afford to hire all nine princesses for her officially-sanctioned Disney Princess birthday party; Madison has yet to shake the trauma from this event, even after months of therapy and expensive prescription drugs.

"Kids know. When daddy can't get a Chinese princess for your special day, daddy's a failure," says Richard, cradling his head in his hands. "Maddy and I haven't spoken since then. The only thing that makes me feel better is breaking these coffee mugs."

Like many Americans, Richard may be forced to give up one of his several houses.

Richard halfheartedly pours the remainder of his coffee onto the breakfast nook floor as Madison slips by with her entourage, consisting of three governesses. Luckily, Richard's severance plan allows him to keep some of the necessities of his past life -- though his current income is fraction of what it used to be. "They say you can't put a price on happiness. But it has to be more than 40k a month!" Expectedly, the mug drops from Richard's hand. It barely cracks. He stifles a sob.

Lisa Benson, Richard's wife, lives in their third home in Aspen -- and far away from Richard's economic nightmare. When asked what specifically caused his marriage to dissolve, Richard cites the same issues that have caused a rift in many families within the last few years. "Eventually, we had so much stuff that we needed another extra house just to handle the overflow. When I suggested to Lisa that it might be a good idea to sell our stuff house, she had a nervous breakdown and had to be institutionalized for three months. When she got out of the mental hospital, she forgot that she had a husband and a child. She's probably better off that way."

Richard stumbles over to a framed sketch on the wall and gently pulls it the ancient paper out of its encasement. "See this? It's an original Picasso sketch." He runs the priceless sketch over to the gas range and gently dabs it into the blue ring of fire. It burns like flash paper. "Every day. I used to be able to do this every day. Sometimes I look around and I don't see the country I lived in for the first 37 years of my life."

The unemployed often have no choice but to golf on substandard courses like this one.

As a full-time, salaried worker, Benson is entitled to some generous unemployment benefits, but he refuses to take money from the government on principle alone. "I worked hard to get where I am today," says Richard, "and I don't think people should ever get something for nothing." Benson made his first million at the age of 23 by opening a letter which stated his grandfather had died and left him one million dollars. Following this, his father, Richard Benson Sr., gave him a job as a senior financial analyst, which he held for almost 15 years. The two have not spoken since his salary dispute.

"Yesterday, for the first time in my life, I used a coupon. A f****** coupon!" Richard springs to the coffee pot, and hurls it. An original Rembrandt is soon covered in French roast. Before Richard can set it ablaze, the unmistakable sound of a helicopter interrupts him. A rope ladder dangles in front of the kitchen window. "If you'll excuse me," he says, "I have an 11AM tee time at the Pine Valley Golf Club. 18 holes!" Through clenched teeth: "At the *second* -best course in the entire country."

Richard is off. A knock at the door: contractors are here to install the indoor water slide.

Only 200 feet. Madison will not be pleased.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.18 The Disappointment of President Crime King

Friday, Dec 18, 2009 by A Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

I realize that not everyone reading this voted for Crime King in the last presidential election, but I think almost all of you can agree that when we elected Crime King and the Sinister Syndicate we were expecting a lot more.

Justice Patrol had their chance to make this country work and for eight years Dang Strong and the Justice Patrol did nothing but run this country into the ground. That's why nobody likes Justice Patrol to this day, but Crime King has had a year to change things and we might as well have reelected Dang Strong to a third term.

It's time to stop using Dang Strong's terrible presidency as an excuse and start holding Crime King accountable for the predicament we find our country in. His broken promises are piling up and his poll numbers are sinking.

The Many Empty Promises of Crime King

The Economy

During the campaign Crime King promised that any of us could walk into a bank and rob it whenever we wanted. He told us we could take pistols and point them at cops and make them dance. Crime King promised us that when he was through with the bums in Washington there would be no stopping us.

Dang Strong got our economy into the position it's in now, but Crime King asked for the job of getting us out of this mess.

Well, looks like Wall Street has stopped us, no thanks to Crime King. A trillion dollars in "bank robbery insurance" to cover bank robberies we're still not allowed to commit. Cops will arrest you if you pull out your pistol and the bums in Washington are still running Washington. While the downtrodden are still struggling to get by you can bet Crime King and the whole Sinister Syndicate are drinking champagne and eating lobster tails. Do you still feel like Crime King is looking out for the little guy? I don't think so.

The War

Bring our Astro Army home!

Crime King said he would get all of our Battle Troopers out of Arabia. He promised to recall our Astro Army from Mars and he swore in debate after debate that he would cancel the Thunder Bomber Planes. After a year in office guess how many Thunder Bomber Planes have been cancelled? Zero.

All of our Astro Army is still on Mars when there are more Globulons than ever on our moon. Worst of all, Crime King is sending more Battle Troopers to Arabia. Why? If we have to leave Arabia then why should we risk any more of our Battle Troopers on a failed war? Don't look to Crime King for an answer.

Healthcare

Crime King promised us that once he had subdued China Hero with

the crystal bombs he would be able to get the Jade Tablet and decipher the clue for the antidote to Deathpox. Millions of men and women are waiting for that antidote. Instead of battling China Hero, Crime King is bowing to China Hero. He's barely even threatened him with our crystal bombs.

Unless America gets that antidote our health care system is going to collapse under the weight of all those people falling ill. If everyone gets sick and all of the hospitals are full how does Crime King expect us to battle the Globulons if they decide to come down from the moon?

Lobbying

The number one promise of Crime King when it came to cleaning up Washington was that he was going to get rid of lobbyists and replace them all with speak easies, brothels, and illegal gambling parlors. Did he keep his promise? In 2009 Shanghai Technologies contributed 19 million dollars to various senators and congressmen in opposition of crystal bombing China Hero.

Another man who could have been saved with those Jade Tablets.

Guess who manufactures a treatment for Deathpox? The same Shanghai Technologies giving all the money to Crime King and his cronies. In the time they've been taking that money they have opened no new speak easies, no new secret casinos, and only one brothel, but I've seen it and it barely qualifies. On top of that we're no closer to an antidote for Deathpox.

The Alien Issue

During the campaign Yancy Mental of the Justice Patrol had his VP candidate, the Lavender Witch, telling us that Crime King wasn't like us. She whipped those idiots into a frenzy trying to claim that Crime King was a Globulon. We all know that it was a smokescreen covering up for Justice Patrol's failures, but the truth is worse: Crime King isn't one of us. None of these crooks are like us.

Once they get into office they're bought and sold. It's not by the people and for the people, Sinister Syndicate is by the bankers and for Wall Street. Anyone with a few million dollars to contribute can join the club. The rest of us plebes are just so many henchmen and goons, whether its Crime King or Dang Strong bossing us around.

The solution to our country's many problems is simple: logic. I, Omnibrain, am ready to bring that logic to the table. And also thought blasts.

So what do we do? How do we deal with a problem like Crime King? We can't just turn around and vote for Justice Patrol in the next election. We know they're not going to be any better. It's time that Americans rise up and support a third party candidate. I know, it never happens. If Dr. Parrot couldn't do it, why would someone be able to do it now?

The answer is simple: because I am Omnibrain, the Maximum Thinker. I have considered every possibility and potentiality. What Washington needs is an outsider and that is why I plan to team up with The Outsider, from Dimension Unknown.

Together we are ready to meet the changing challenges of the 21st century. The election may be three years away, but maximum thinking requires maximum planning. It's time to start the revolution now!

-~A Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

12.19 The Na'vi From Avatar - James Cameron's Unique Vision Brought To Life

Saturday, Dec 19, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1. Stretched Earlobe Holes

Although every other human-like feature of the Na'vi can be attributed to Native American culture, stretched earlobe piercings originated with African tribes. It's almost as if the character designs went out of the way to include something that's become a huge fad in first world countries and Appleton City .

In addition to the occasional ear stretching, tribesmen also hunt wild animals, live with relatively few possessions, don't center their lives around popular culture or a put-upon disdain for it, have no easy access to history books or literature or world news, and get bit by a wide variety of disease-carrying insects every day. Funny that we just chose the one thing to co-opt.

2. Yellow Anime Eyes

Eyes are the windows to the soul, so the more one-dimensional a character is, the bigger his or her eyes need to be as a form of compensation.

3. War Paint

Before heading into battle against humans, nine-foot tall cat people with fangs need something to strike fear into their enemies. Something with pizazz.

4. Tiger Noses

I'm not sure if this was intentional - and I could be reading too much into it - but it seems like a lot of the Na'vi traits are animalistic, like they're more in tune with nature than the humans or something.

5. Bad Hair

If a haircut is good enough for a skinny white dude with a bad mustache lurking around outside a convenience store or inside a comic book shop, it's good enough for badass warriors. (see: Jedi, Braveheart dudes)

6. This Guy

I swear I saw him fall off a waterfall in Last Of The Mohicans.

7. Tiger Stripes

Used as camouflage. Perfect for sneaking up on prey (which you respect, as it is part of nature) against the backdrop of any Picasso paintings made between 1901-1904 while the trinkets in your hair clank together like windchimes in an asthmatic giant's nostril.

8. Blue Skin

Fur is very difficult to render (and clean off, as many of the people who are currently posting Na'vi drawings on DeviantArt will attest), so the aliens had to have skin. It couldn't be pink or tan or black, and current animation technology cannot produce the color green so here we are.

9. Feather Necklaces

The biggest douchebag necklace on Earth is the seashell necklace, and we don't even kill anything to make those.

10. Simple Weaponry

You'd think that any weapon used against another sentient being would be a bad thing, but only effective weapons are indicative of immorality. Any sort of blade or bow or charmingly slapped-together siege weapon is fine. Anything that requires standardized moving parts is evil.

11. Tails With Pointy Nubs At The End

Again, a Native American thing.

12. Four Fingers And A Fucked Up Palm

It is not uncommon for Na'vi to pick fruit for one another, as they are kind and thoughtful. When there is a great distance between the fruit picker and the intended fruit recipient, the picker will point to the fruit and cock his or her head to the side as a way of asking "How many do you want?"

The recipient will then hold up the appropriate number of fingers. Since Na'vi are not gluttonous or eager to rape the land (like some species) (humans), they never ask for more than four fruits.

Thus, at birth every child has the fifth digit on each hand hacked off.

13. Purple Sweatpants

The most awe-inspiring pant of all is the sweatpant, and the second most mystical color of all is purple (the first is green, but well, you know). Combine the two and you have one of the most creative items of clothing in cinematic history.

14. Sparkly Overcoat

Another method of camouflage, donned while respectfully stalking and butchering orange hippopotamus-like creatures with anteater faces and tails with glowy orbs on the ends.

15. Pointy Ears

You know what other fictional race had pointy ears? Elves. From what I can recall, they tend to be in tune with nature as well. I know I'm going to get some letters making fun of me for this, but I really do think there might be some kind of a message going on here. If there are any film scholars or philosophers out there reading this, maybe you guys can figure it out.

16. A Font With Horrible Aliasing

Sorry about that. It's been bothering you this whole time, hasn't it?

17. More Creative Weaponry

We touched on this earlier, but I wanted to bring up the weapons again because Cameron did such a fantastic job of creating mind-blowing things we've never seen before - knives, bows and spears with slightly whimsical shapes, rocks, even broader environment concepts like very large floating rocks that you can walk on and animals with more than four legs.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.20 A Special Gift from Chairman Petteridge and the Board of Directors

Monday, Dec 21, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To celebrate the Holiday Season of Christmas, etc, Chairman Petteridge and the Board of Directors have authorized all employees of North American Panopticon and its subsidiaries to enjoy a HOLIDAY GIFT. You are hereby entitled to your very own sample copy of the first few pages of Last Meals/Last Words, authored by the inmates of Lambspoke Penitentiary and edited by Chairman Petteridge himself.

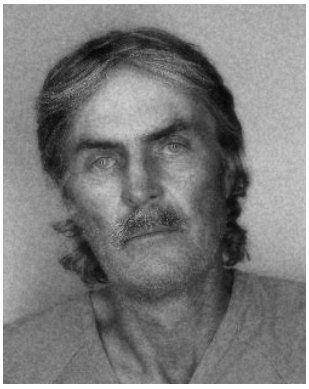
SECUREX®
Integrated Systems for Emotional State Recognition for the Enhancement
of Human Performance and Detection of Criminal Intent

Death is a journey taken by all human beings. It is the job of Capital Processing at all North American Panopticon facilities to hasten that journey for certain miscreant individuals. The pre-holiday season is always a hustle and bustle to carry out as many execution orders as possible before sleigh bells can be heard in the winter night. Before sentence can be carried out each inmate is

allowed a last meal of their choice. They may also make a final statement in the execution chamber, although they are not compelled to do so.

These are the last meals and last words of the inmates of Lambspoke Penitentiary for the 2007 Holiday Season.

ID 422302002 ***Emperor, Jerry Lou***



AKA - Emperor Cherry, Don Jerry, Lipstick Lou, His Majesty the Cherry, Rubber Lou, Jerry T. Jerry, Pepper Pal, Winetown, Turtletime Tom, Clavo Lou Pepper, The Dauphin of E Block, Lou the Tickler, Emperor Lou Don Peppers, Sally Lou, Gutso, Jerry Pepper.

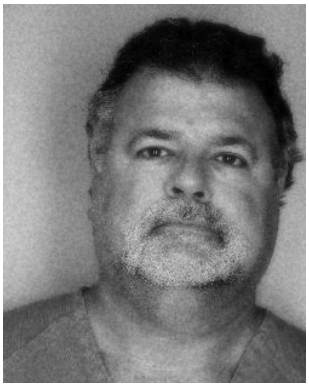
Crime - Boat Death, Opposition Entity Financing, Information Refraction, Police Disgust, Misuse of a Terminal, Gross Body Damaging, Extreme Police Disgust.

Jerry's Last Meal: Jerry requested one quarter brick of heated Nutraloaf, two tubes of liquid Protochow, five syrettes of Sweetly Now At Last, a half-carafe of Drinkwu, a half-carafe of Diet Shaka Surge, and two serve cups of strawberry kibble. Jerry screamed and threw his last meal at corrections employees, requested the whereabouts of his deceased family, and tried to bite through his face mask. Per the judge's order, prior to entering the execution chamber Jerry's eyes were swabbed with DMSO and LSD.

Jerry's Last Words: "-and yes I am a human being. I am a human man. I am a man. You are about to kill a man. I hope you think about that. They are making you do this, you don't have to do this, you don't have to do this. I didn't do nothing. <prolonged laughter> You're melting too! <more laughter>"

Sentence carried out, 10:10 PM, December 20th, 2007. Dialytic blood detox completed 10:12 PM. Blood and heart transferred to DOBS for Health Analysis, all other organs sent to Healing Hands Hospital, Inc.

ID 404191012 ***Coatley, Rudolph Graeg***



AKA - The Middle School Cassanova, Paul Bungyoung, Rudolph the Browneye Rootdeer, Chugs Coatley, RG Glugs, Heppy, Professor Stabs, Dances With Wolf Peckers, Hippy Himmler, Reichsfuhrer-STD, Lickem All Rudy, Alphabet Heps, White Oprah, Blood Drive, Rudy G Coats.

Crime - Wanton Child Gripping, Sensual Violence, Animating Remains, Conduct Unbecoming a Mammal, Felony Legal Reluctance.

Rudolph's Last Meal: Due to last-minute correctional conversations with Mr. Coatley's face, his last meal request of an Applebee's Kickin' Bacon Ranch Boneless Wing Dippers with Xtreme Xtra Cheese was delivered via pneumatic suppository.

Rudolph's Last Words: Rudolph's last words were typed in advance with the help of correctional advisers and religious counsel. His written statement reflects the intent of the inmate who was physically unable to speak at the time. These words were read aloud by a correctional supervisor overseeing the capital process. "My name is Rudolph Graeg Coatley and I did all the crimes the judge convicted me of. I am happy to go on. I am happy to give my body to the cause.

I am happy to penetrate the veil. I am happy as can be that this is happening to me." At the presumed request of the inmate a Don & Seymour record was played in reverse at 120 decibels. All correctional employees wore ear protectors, blacked goggles, and were instructed to leave their mouths closed during the execution.

Sentence carried out, 10:34 PM, December 20th, 2007. Rudolph Graeg Coatley's remains were lost during the execution process.

ID 421008112 ***Bird, Sparrow***

AKA - Reginald Chirpsquick, Clavo Mike-Mike the Don of B Block, Peepin Lando Luscious Gushes, Captain Jacking Sparrow, Deathspy, That Bad Bird, Spirit Swallower, B'kwon the Beak Don with tha Beak Locked on B Block, Ghost Guff, Silly Serpent the Clavo Candleman, American Birdwolf in B Block, Fade Bird.

Crime - Physical Intrusion, Veil Skipping, Mind Talking, Omen Illing, Criminal Pestery.

Sparrow's Last Meal: Confined by wards and dust shackles, the interloper was not given a meal during the three days of its incarceration. Kirlian imaging produced maddening fractals and symbols that had to be destroyed by Force Containment Teams. Mass hypnosis of all attending correctional employees helped to limit the number of aneurysms. Several times the interloper projected glowing images of unspeakable monsters, but these phantasms were dispelled by a safety canticle from DOBS Theleman Support.

Sparrow's Last Words: Like all things truly evil, the interloper's lies were not recorded to dictograph and his image was scrubbed from all monitoring equipment immediately after the sentence was carried out. Several supervising correctional employees have been placed on monitored psychiatric leave at the Odessa Magnetic Sanitarium.

Sentence carried out, 10:61 PM, December 20th, 2007. Sparrow Bird's remains were destroyed atomically in the warded hyperclave.

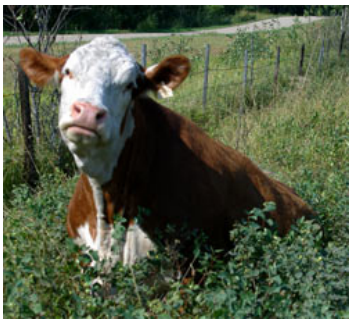
We hope you enjoyed this sample from Last Meals / Last Words. Happy Holidays from Chairman Petteridge and the rest of the Board of Directors at North American Panopticon.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.21 Subj: MILK

Tuesday, Dec 22, 2009 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.



HELLO!!!!! from your father!! No time to chat this is a matter of milk and money, please buy DOUG'S FARM FANCY MILK from now on. i have become a part time delivery driver for MILK and retrofitted a pickup by putting a camper shell on top and 2 miniature fridges inside which i keep open at all times to keep the truck cool when the milk is in it. They run all the time and keep the back of the truck icy cold because on my first day when i told them i could deliver milk i guess they thought i had a refrigerated truck because they got mad when they found out i was driving around town in a hot car full of hot milk and the hot milk smell was getting at me and making me heave while driving to the point where i was sometimes throwing up all the milk i had drank so far. Not much milk got delivered that day. Its a tough job

They hired me because I walked in there and said i was ready to work and I have a car. The boss (DOUG) said the last driver "Got Caught Playing Grabass With Some Playful Latino Thugs" and then i explained how i was inspired to deliver milk ever since the time I drove all night across New Mexico and it was the middle of the night and all i could find to drink was Gas Station Muscle Milk and I drank so much of it that the paramedic said "I Have No Idea What's Wrong With Him, I Think He Has The Bends But With The Runs Also" and for the next week i had trouble being able to tell if it was day or night outside

Most places I deliver milk to are pretty nice even if I show up too early or too late or even if i get lost. At the zoo i was carrying a case of milk in an elevator and it was filled with ladybugs and dragon flies and stuff and it was a little gross but i hadn't been to the zoo in a really long time so i cracked open a milk to pass the time while the elevator worked and some zoo guy pulled me out by the shirt and said i was in The Bug Pod and bugs were falling in my milk but I don't think that was the case. He wasnt wearing a special shirt or anything so it might have just been a guy but he was really mad about me hobknobbing with the bugs in the elevator. I think he was just really into the bug scene

Speaking of animals the only delivery i didn't do at all was at the restaurant where they had bats swarming around a cupboard and a guy was in the kitchen with his shirt off trying to swat the bats with his shirt so i got the heck out of there and buried the milk. They called Doug up later that day so he asked me if i delivered it and i said "Yes Sir 3 Big Things Of Milk, But The Guy There Looked Aloof... Maybe Theres Some Shady Business Going On Behind The Scenes" and thats the last i heard of it. Basically just say something like you would hear on a crime show to get out of anything whenever you have bats and guys without shirts

Cheers to you this holiday season i will be opening paper

milk cartons for New Year Eve and hope you do the same (DOUGS MILK) so that i can keep doing my milk job. In case i drink so much milk that i become a being made of pure bone / calcium golem unable to speak have fun!!!!!!!!!!!!!GOODBY DAD

THE BEST MILK MAN IN TOWN

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.22 PLURALITY OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 23, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

LAMINATED DOG is friendly and clean-- spotless even! Does not make messes outside its sturdy plastic shielding. Preserved and airtight seal to retain value and collectability. 555-0992

♣♣ VIRAL SENSATION ♣♣ Dog seen by over 3,000,000 people on YouTube. Found out he was invented by Mountain Dew and that my life is a lie. No longer want. 555-6634

AMAZING VELCRO FUR Moved to new apartment with carpeting and have to keep tearing her off the floors. Free to homes without carpet. Hardwood preferred. 555-1111

ARMORED POOCH has thick carapace to protect it during battles. Currently molting. Lays eggs in moist areas. Big appetite--not for homes with small children. 555-9203

LIMITED-EDITION PUDGE: Rare custom breed combines the elegance of the pug with the timeless functionality of a wedge. Has pleasing cedar aroma. $175. 555-1132

•GRAVITATIONAL GIANT• Large dog has 9 smaller dogs locked in constant elliptical orbit. Witness the exotic beauty of the cosmos unfold before your very eyes. Closest dog has decaying orbit, so watch out. $650. 555-2321

2D DOG has no depth and is therefore ideal companion if you live in a small apartment or studio. Spends most of its time flat on floor, but can be propped up against walls if desired. 555-6300

♦ PRECOGNATIVE DOG ♦ Senses when you're going to feed it and plans accordingly. Knows your next move at all times. Fetches toys before you throw them. 555-2300

TINY DOG SKELETON found under sofa. Completely intact. Still very playful and friendly. Answers to "Bones." Often gnaws on own legs and tail adorably. No calls before midnight. 555-9055

HAUNTING DOG PAINTING Like owning a real dog! This painting changes before your eyes, documenting the steady aging and decline of its subject, a rotund Mastiff named Biff. $500k. 555-0834

FREE DANCING DOG - As if possessed by some tireless spirit, this poodle dances ceaselessly, forever enslaved by some inaudible melody. So very creepy, but impossible to look away from. Does not sleep, rest or eat. 555-0010

GREAT WINGDOG has assisted me in getting many dates. Loyal, but clingy. Now that I found the one, I don't need him hanging around like a third wheel. Free. 555-2582

DOG FOR SALE - Very sweet yellow lab named Hobo. Good with cats, loves kids. Absolutely nothing weird about this dog. For more info, call-- oh god, he's seen me. Please help. Please send h

IMAGINARY DOG FOR SALE My son has been bad, so I'm selling his imaginary friend as punishment. This supposed dog has purple fur with orange spots and green ears. If my son is to be believed, he is responsible for eating all the cookies. $15. 555-0992

FREE TO GOOD HOME Beleaguered dog served two terms in Canine House of Lords. Disgraced out of office in pie-stealing scandal. Now looking to settle into a quiet private-sector life. 555-2329

DOG FOUND in a foggy bog near frog-filled log while out on a jog. Sorry for the rhyming, but that's literally what happened. Please call if you lost a bog dog. 555-9909

MISC. DOG BLUEPRINTS Large collection of blueprints and diagrams for most common makes of dog. Selling collection encased in cement-filled box for obvious reasons. $473. 555-9243

♥ NEEDS LOVING HOME ♥ Small, healthy dachshund. Moving to house with infinite number of rooms with mirrors for walls, fear dog will lose its tiny little mind. 555-2399

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.23 Mac Lethal's Guide to Christmas Jerks

Thursday, Dec 24, 2009 by Mac Lethal

Everybody hates the people they encounter during holiday shopping. For example, when you're waiting in a 40-person line to check out, and someone three spaces behind you says "I hate holiday shopping," you hate them even more than the other people in line! Who the fuck are they to complain? You were in line while they were still in diapers. But no one can provoke a psychotic hatred of the holidays quite like these fine human specimens.

Chubby groups of sisters, late 30s to early 40s (the loud ones, who giggle uncontrollably) *sisters as in relatives, not black chicks*

Overweight women seem to hibernate during the spring and summer seasons. Instead of using the beaming sunlight to help them broil off excess fajita, cheesecake and sandwich fat, these porkers spend April-September with the air conditioner on, sobbing into Kleenex during obscure made-for-TV films. The type of films that skip all foreplay and aim right for the tear ducts. Films where Brian Dennehy plays Sarah Jessica Parker's emotionally devoid boss, with an offensive, grossly fabricated Tennessee accent. Films where Morgan Freeman plays the riveting, uneducated janitor, who overcomes racism by perfecting his grandmother's muffin recipe. You know, *those* films?

The women who like these movies are the reason Nancy Grace is employed. If a boy in Alabama gets abducted by his estranged stepfather, these piggies are glued to the screen. On the phone. With each other. Loudly deliberating.

These overly sensitive, obnoxious public parasites apparently ONLY leave the house on Christmas Eve-Eve-Eve, Christmas Eve-Eve, Christmas Eve, or Christmas Day. Of course they aren't at home terrorizing quarts of Cherry Garcia together, like they would on any other regular day. No, on those very hectic retail days, while a majority of the populace is out getting last-minute presents for loved ones, these women seem destined to plague your life -- on the bus, behind you in the movie theater, in line at Best Buy, or even at Starbucks.

Yes, that's right. Wanna grab a quick cup of coffee at Starbucks? Think twice. Because Janice, Jody and Jessica are having a sisterhood powwow at the table closest to the barista counter. Their laughter

sounds like Sloth from *The Goonies* screaming to be unshackled by the Fratellis. They quickly go from hysterically laughing about "The time Daddy wore a pink fanny pack to Newport Beach" to hysterically crying about the "untimely" death of Fabio, Jody's 16-year-old Basset Hound, who most likely offed himself because he was tired of sharing bowls of cereal with Jody, a.k.a. "Jodles" (the nickname her sisters gave her).

People with weight loss as their New Year's Resolution

It's a trap. "What's your New Year's Resolution?"

That is a disgusting and rude question, asked only by people who don't understand the implications of the New Year.

Example:
Quitting heroin is a deeply religious act to commit when the year turns over. Heroin (created by Gregory P. Heroin in 1329) is a dangerous substance to become addicted to, with dry mouth, insomnia, and irritability as common side effects of overdose. It is said in many ancient cultures that on January 1 at 12:15 am, Gregory rises from the dead and bestows anyone seeking to quit the drug with the spiritual wherewithal to do so. The price: the quitter's first-born child will be born blind and unable to digest dairy products. This is precisely why New Year's Resolutions are serious business, and why they are not to be tainted by acts of shallow self-interest.

There are a few problems with people who have New Year's Resolutions such as "Lose 10 pounds by July for vacation in Cabo!" If you need your New Year's Resolution (an act of spiritual cleansing) to be the proverbial foot in your ass, encouraging you to lose weight, you are destined to be a fat procrastinating slob. Forever. Becoming a healthy eater who engages in 30 minutes of cardiovascular exercise 3-5 times a week is not an act of someone pursuing the New Year with passion and drive. It is an act of someone who grasps self-respect and self-worth. What you need to admit is that you are a lazy, potato-chip-addicted heifer who expects the month of January to somehow magically provide you with the motivation to make a deep lifestyle change. This will not happen. January is a cold month that will defeat you and make you crave comfort food. It's cold and gross outside.

Do us all a favor, OK? Next time you are in front of one of us in line at the supermarket: Don't explain your new eating regimen (starting January 1), your new gym membership (starting January 1), and your new weight loss plan (starting January 1). Instead, purchase the fucking four supreme-flavored Tony's Pizzas, the gallon of strawberry milk, and the 12-pack of Snickers ice cream bars in your grocery cart, and go home and eat them like a normal fat ass. If you can't stop eating them now, you will not be able to stop eating them on January 1.

The Christmas Conspiracy Theorist

Look, if I want to give and receive presents to celebrate the birthday of a man who was nailed to two pieces of wood, please don't debate my logic with me. According to legend, Jesus (a.k.a. Young Hova) was miraculously birthed by the Virgin Mary, a woman who had never fornicated with a man in her life. Maury Povich's television show was not yet nationally syndicated, but I am frightened by the thought that the past 2,000 years would have been dramatically different if Maury had the chance to have the Virgin Mary as a guest.

Joseph, in tears, speaking to Mary, with Maury quietly observing: "What do you mean our neighbor Terrell Watkins is Jesus' father? I thought God immaculately planted the baby into your womb? You didn't even let me hit it!"

Mary's retort: "Joseph, you've neglected our marriage for years now. Don't you get it? Terrell understands me. He doesn't criticize my weight. He loves me for me. Not the way my burka accentuates my body's curves."

Unfortunately Terrell and Mary's affair was never exposed, and we were left to plow through 2,000 years of genocide, war, and televangelist prostitution scandals. All because a guy could turn water into wine and fish into goats, not to mention that he had the ability to walk on frozen lakes. I also heard he rode a Hoverboard, and that he used a *Gray's Sports Almanac* he acquired in the future to gamble on football games in the 1950s.

Truthfully, I only celebrate Christmas because presents are fucking awesome. I will play along with any tall tale my family acknowledges, regardless of how far-fetched it is, if it means I skate away from my grandma's house with a new sweater, 5 new DVDs and a check for $25. Wouldn't anybody?

Unfortunately, no.

Some people want to pass up the opportunity to receive awesome presents and enjoy a free turkey dinner, instead opting to spoil everybody's fun by suggesting Christmas has been grossly misinterpreted by Americans.

"December 25 is actually the day Romans and other Pagans used to celebrate Saturn, the god of agriculture. It is highly speculated that Jesus was born in May. Also, it's so idiotic how Americans celebrate and worship Jesus Christ. That wasn't even his name. It was Yeshua Ben Yosef!"

Look motherfuckers. Ol' Dirty Bastard's real name was Russell Jones. But did we call him Russell Jones? No, we called him Ol' Dirty Bastard. When I was 5 years old, I requested that my mother no longer call me by Mac Lethal (my legal birth name), and instead call me Zortex. She obliged, because she was a good mother. Christmas Conspiracy Theorists need to focus on being good mothers. If Yeshua Ben Yosef wants to be called Jesus Christ, or Lemony Snicket, or Agent Michael Forbes, we should oblige. People should be able to choose their own noms de plume.

Also, you mean to tell me that if a universal holiday were created to celebrate the birth and death of Ol' Dirty Bastard, and everyone opened amazing presents after a delicious swordfish dinner, that you would refuse to acknowledge it? Instead you'd focus on his chronic gonorrhea and illegitimate children? Shame on you. Holidays with presents involved are awesome, and should never be questioned.

The Chinese Buffet Manager

See, Jewish people don't celebrate Christmas because they don't believe that Jesus was the son of God. I personally don't believe in Jesus for the same reason I don't believe in Santa Claus: I saw

my mother having sexual relations with my father, who was dressed in a Jesus outfit, in front of the Christmas tree. Since then, I've known that Jesus was just my dad dressed up in a fake beard and sandals.

However, I am baffled as to why the owners of Chinese buffets don't celebrate Christmas. The only guess that seems valid enough is that to them, Jesus is the guy they smuggled in and hired as a dishwasher. They should still let people take the day off and celebrate his birthday, no?

People affiliated with the Humane Society

I can just see it now. A 79-year-old man, who has been homeless since 1983, spends all day begging people for pocket change. He finally acquires enough to buy himself a chicken salad sandwich at the gas station, and he does so, which leaves him with about 17 cents. As he is walking out of the gas station, he is approached by a 31-year-old bell-ringing woman, who is shaped like she is made out of Legos with pieces of pork gristle glued to them. She stands in his path and says to him,"Care to donate change to the Human Society effort of America?" Hopefully he says, "Bitch, I am saving up for a bottle of gin now. Fuck puppies." But you never know. The way Humane Society representatives speak to human beings is surreal at times. Especially during the holidays.

Dogs know what Christmas is, people. Hello? That's why the Humane Society pushes extra hard during Christmas season, so they can buy dogs and cats Xbox 360s and Nike sweatsuits.

You have to wonder if at least one time, seriously... ONCE, in the history of animal shelters, if some socially awkward female volunteer stayed an hour or two past normal operation hours, and out of delusional Christmas sympathy, fellated a Labrador/collie mix named Bosco in his kennel. He probably sat there with a drooling, literally shit-eating grin the whole time. Unaware he was being blown. Unaware it was X-mas. Sitting there thinking... "I LIKE FRISBEES." Because dogs are dumber than a man with a brain injury who just huffed 14 cans of spray paint aerosol, he just sat there and blasted off in her mouth. Then he took a nap.

People with no shopping cart etiquette

You are bound to encounter one of the following shopping cart offenders while holiday shopping:

The Threesome: It's just you, your shopping cart... and your other shopping cart. You're officially the asshole who goes Christmas shopping alone, but fills two carts. You waddle like a retarded duck with a smaller retarded duck jammed into his little duck colon. Pushing one cart, pulling the other

cart. This entire time you've been in my way, and all I am doing is getting toothpaste, socks, a Pantera CD for my grandmother, and some batteries. Lindbergh baby yourself, child. If you can't fit it all into one single cart at a time, bring one of your failure friends to help out.

The Alpha Male: Yeah, we know. You drive a Silver F-350. You took your team to state back in high school. Your son Brady is the toughest kid at his school. Cool, man. You are aware that defensive driving only applies to operating motor vehicles, right? You don't actually need to swerve around me with a disgusted look on your face, or look for signs of timidness when I approach the cashier line with my cart. Cutting someone off and saying "Semper Fi, motherfucker" under your breath, should not even happen on the highway, let alone on Christmas Eve at Kohl's.

The Shopping Cart Abandoner: When the Nazis pushed the Jewish folk off the trains and into The Auschwitz Death Camp, they did not allow time for browsing and chewing retail fat, deciding what to get Marcy and the twins for Hanukkah. Now look, nothing was funny about the Holocaust. Just like nothing is funny about X-mas shopping. Everyone involved is suffering. When an innocent Jewish person would fall onto the ground, unable to walk because of weakness, the Nazis went apeshit, severely beating him for blocking the flow of human traffic. Why do you assume that abandoning your shopping cart in the middle of the thermal socks aisle, and walking 30 feet away to discuss how many pairs of North Face socks you can fit into your children's stockings, is any different? Your cart is blocking innocent, suffering, humans from being able to get to where they need to go.

Newly Engaged Couples that are dressed in matching sweaters with turtlenecks underneath them, who wear Santa hats out in public, and will end up raising children that are pussies.

The Holiday season always seems to bring you closer to long-lost friends and old pals. Most of the time you'll randomly see them while getting a martini at a bar, or out at a favorite restaurant. This is fine and dandy and all, but you absolutely must have a well-rehearsed excuse pertaining to your "grandmother who is sick with liver cancer" ready to go in case you need a reason to bolt. In fact, I suggest you order a vial of liver cancer from the back of the newest *Wolverine* comic book and give it to your grandmother. Just so you don't feel dishonest. Either way, she is going to be your saving grace if you bump into Anita and Chet (a.k.a. the newly engaged couple.)

See, Chet proposed to Anita on Thanksgiving in front of the entire family. He made a formal announcement. Kinda like they do in India, or in movies about billionaires. But Anita is BUZZING about this, and thus she has no interest in your Christmas shopping war stories or winter plans.

She wants to talk about the wedding. And she wants to talk to Chet about the wedding, with you watching.

They finish each others sentences. They splooge out diatribes about the wedding plans. Of course she picked his sweater out for him (the one with the checkered reindeer and geometric snowflakes on it). Hell, she even nurses his cold sores for him.

Four types of Christmas spirits, and four things they might say during Christmas dinner

The Soccer-Mom Christmas Spirit:

- "I'm glad you noticed my new hair color. I actually had it done to commemorate Jesus. I gave my hairdresser that one famous painting of him for coloring ideas."
- "I had to wait in line behind a Mexican family while Christmas shopping at JCPenney. If I knew how to speak Mexican, I would have told them to hurry up."
- "My 17-year-old son Tyler read the newest Harry Potter book, and he said it was a little scarier than the others."
- "My sons Braden, Brody and Byron are all varsity soccer players. I don't want them on the same team as any faggy queer kids who will slow the team down."

The Obsessed-with-Denzel-Washington-Movies Christmas Spirit:

- "I hope I get American Gangster on DVD for Christmas. I love Denzel Washington."
- "I hope I get John Q on DVD for Christmas. I love Denzel Washington."
- "Will Smith is just a wannabe Denzel Washington."
- "I hope I get Dances With Wolves on DVD for Christmas. I love Denzel Washington, and though he wasn't in that particular movie, the strong, fierce buffalo remind me of him. "

The Cousin with the Low-Brow Controversial Pop-culture Zings Christmas Spirit:

- "My wife said, 'I love egg nog,' and I told her 'I got your egg nog right here, baby!'"
- "I wish Brittany Murphy's titties could've been preserved and delivered to me with a bow wrapped around 'em. Mmm! Merry Christmas!"
- "I wonder which girl Tiger Woods is with tonight. Strip clubs ain't open on Christmas!"
- "I bet Barack Obama is enjoying his Christmas dinner, we paid good tax dollars for it!"

The Hipster Christmas Spirit:

- "This is a Steve Zissou hat. Not a Santa hat."
- "Rad."
- "Can we sing Peter Bjorn and John when we go Christmas caroling, mom?"
- "Here is some pocket change. Merry Christmas."

Send your good tidings and month-late Ol' Dirty Bastard's Birthday tribute e-cards to Mac Lethal's MySpace page . Also, thanks to Shmorky for the illustrations!

-~Mac Lethal

12.24 The Clavo Times Christmas Pageant 2007 Review

Friday, Dec 25, 2009 by Moneymaker Don Johnson up in D-Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This Year's Pageant Worse than 2005 When Fire Broke Out Killed All Them Unlucky Pageant Niggas

By Monkeymaker D ta tha Jizza

Chief Showbiz Reviewer

waddup lambspoke!?

we're off, off, off, off, off broadway with this shit nigga. I'm talkin lampsoke, I'm talkin inmate theatrics. It's showtime with your number one reviewin nigga from the big sweat danglin down south, where the bikinis get wore out by the real things and houses made out of cocaine. It's moneymaker don johnson yall!

So to begin this niggas have been hyping this shit for like 100 rotations and I was about sick of this shit before it even took up on the stage. So my expectorations was low at a minimium. It should only go up from here is all I'm sayin.

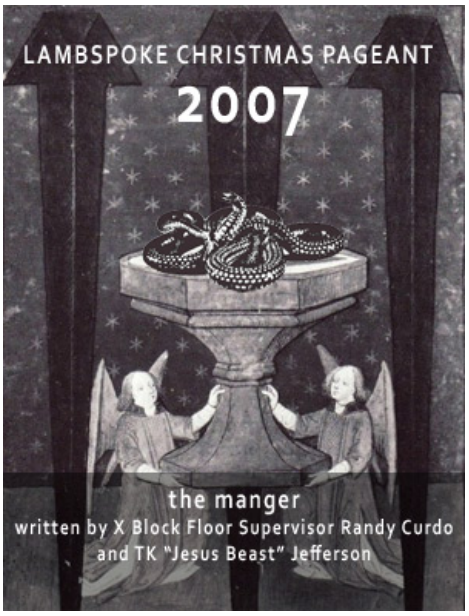
Seems to me from all evidence there was some sort of fundamental type of misunderstanin what constitutes a Christmas Pageant. You got that bald ass white boy Randy Curdo in charge of the ninjaturtles up in X Block come down to H Block like a talent scout and hook it up with Jesus Beast. Now normally I aint got no time standin on superstition and prayin and shit, you gotta make your own miracles is all I mean, but Jesus Beast come around you better say your prayers nigga. Let the Lord hear you testify, because Jesus Beast got hands like bear paws and he gonna teach you to get christ in you real fast, especially if he come up behind you in the shower.

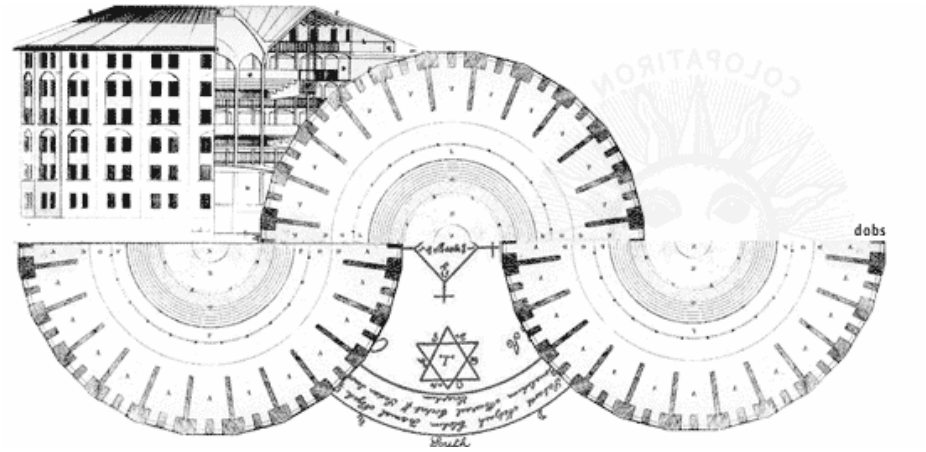
Ain't nobody like a brutalizer, especially one convert your religion, but Jesus Beast got to have some respect for flyin solo. Until he gone turn coat and hook up with Randy Curdo. Get himself more library cart passes and shit for helpin his white boy write up some religious shit for the pageant. You can take one look at the cover and tell you that maybe randy and the beast need to look up in some bibles and pray on that shit more.

Damn, to begin with you got snakes and shit. I don't even know what a manger is but I think it's like a bucket you put a baby in. Ain't no evil clavo snake crawling up on a freaky ass birdbath. Little angel niggas liftin it up like it weigh eight grams. Detroit Ladyfingers said it look like a dice table but that nigga think everythin is a dice table. He just looks for some excuse to roll out and lose his cigarettes and titty pictures. Dan Hitler give me some unrequested input sayin it look like odin shit or whatever retarded church white power come from.

That ain't all that is fucked up about the program though. On top of that weird ass cover you got the contents, which was a list of some people I ain't ever heard of from X Block, like Pig Pipe and CC Jelly Jacks, you got this big fold out map which I think is a map of lambtown.

Tormentin niggas tryin to hatch some escape plans or some shit. Aint no way out nigga, put down that map right now. You in here for triple life on account of bodily rapes you did on some lynxes, dont go tryin to get out the house youll just get yourself shot or zapped by some robot. Backwards





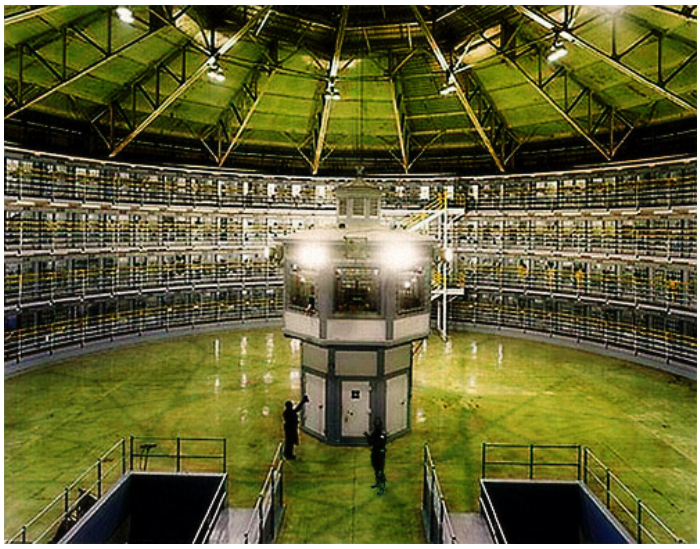
shit and hebrew stars? Please.

You think you gonna open up a door and Rabbi Zig Zag is gonna roll up some kush and wrap yall around trees until you open the secret israel hatch and fly away home on a hebrew cloud? No, ain't no clavo jew door waitin somewhere. Ain't no backwards niggas gettin out. You down here for good, bitch. Get drag out by DOBS send your bitch choker to some needy white boys in connecticut aint got enough inches. You leave when its stew time, nigga. Not before.

That's just the pregame show though nigga. Let's talk about the BS pageant. Let's talk about why a nigga got to go all the way down to X Block to see the show even though its bein done in a yard like yard dogs instead of main hall by the big eat? Yall think goin down stairs is no big deal but yall try goin down 20 floors of stairs. That shit ain't fun at all. Then you got to come back up and your legs already feel like you got stabbed in the hamstrings by some pet sematary nigga.

You get down to X Block - yall ever been down there before? - it is creepy as hell. Walls all hot and sweaty. Got weird machines up in the ceiling. Goddamn even main floor in there is creepy as shit. All green lights flickerin and weird symbols on the floor. Ninjaturtles lookin out of visors all

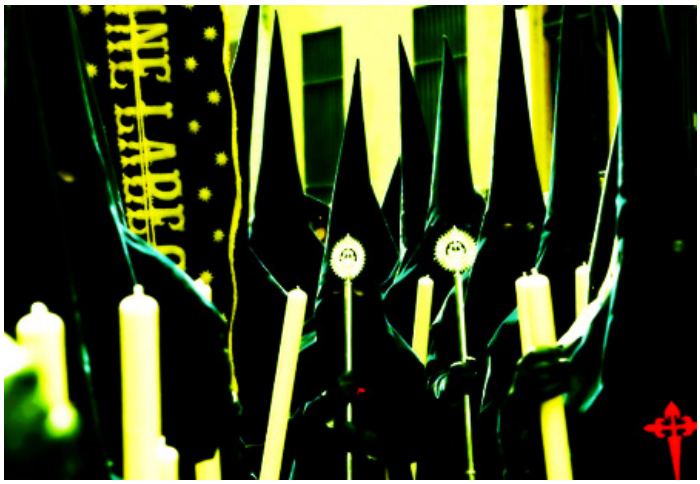
haunted like they seen ghosts come out of pipes or somethin and dead old ladies floatin on computer screens. Shit only know what Randy Curdo show them niggas. Creepy old white boy probably got mpegs of shit you cant even do without ghosts.



Goddamn creepy like a old lady crackhead desperate for money. No bitch I am on the phone you cant suck my dick. Aint you friends with my grandma anyway? Damn. The price of bein on the outside, nigga.

So we sit down on the floor down in X block and the floor is hot like a skillet, make your ass sweat so bad you think you shit up your draws. Nigga come out in a robe in a beard, start waving some sort of pole around with gems on it, talkin in latin or what have you. That was alright. Some lights flew around the room. Don't know what sort of clavo shit they pulled to do that.

Then all these niggas come out in weird KKK robes only they was the wrong color. Some niggas of course freaked the fuck out and got put down with sleepy stuns from the ninja turtles. There was some music sound sort of like you take a grinder and put it to some metal. A few drums beating. These niggas all chanting in some weird language. Some big nigga come out and dump ashes all over, put them in weird symbols on the floor.



Yall ever heard of three wise men i mean goddamn. I aint no expert on baby jesus but he would not tolerate this wizard shit yall got goin. Then some dobs niggas came in with this big ol fuckin tank and they just start sprayin sticky shit all over the place. Coverin us up. I thought it was puddin at first, but it was all red and then there was a window on the dobs tank and you could see shit bobbin around it was fuckin hearts. What kind of clavo mess that was I do not know, but I know back in betheltown with the mangers and shit aint no dobs sprayin shit everywhere.

Department of Body Science my ass nigga. Shootin probably blood all over a Christmas pageant. That is not christian at all that is just fucked up malt liquor. Then they was chantin and holdin hands in a circle. Then they brought out some inmates. Look like Mario Brothers Matt, Pussy Ted, and some Z Block nigga look chinese with a weird symbol on his pajamas.

The chantin niggas backed off a little bit and then some shit started glowin. I don't know how they did it but they made that shit on the floor glow. Like with CGI or somethin only how could that be unless this is like the matrix and we are all up in computers. That Z Block nigga I swear I saw him float for a second and then his head just blew up. Must have put a bomb in it. Everyone starts screamin but we cant get up for some reason. Then Mario Brothers Matt tries to run and I look over and Pussy Ted is pukin out blood and this foam stuff. He's fallin over and twitchin.

That drum sound the whole time just gets louder and louder until yall can feel it in your chest. Then that tank dobs brought in starts swirlin and you can see the hearts and nigga I swear on my moms grave rest her soul I saw them hearts beatin in that tank. Same as the drums. Same as our hearts.

Well all I got to say about that nigga is fuck christmas. Fuck pageants. Fuck Jesus Beast. Cuz then the clavo shit got out of control. Lights went out and all the light was just those glowin symbols on the floor and Mario Brothers Matt is staggerin around and hes just like the bottom of his head and teeth on his body and his tongue is flappin around straight up out of his bloody stump teeth. At that point niggas around me start bleedin and screamin and eyes was all fallin out.

I saw Bed Trick Ben Rickies face fall off like cheese off a pizza. Serious Sissy JJ Pierre got up and then his bones fell up out of his chest. Clavo Shane Huggins and Peter Panther got up, ran about ten feet, and flew straight up into the air into the darkness. Ain't never come down. I seen shit you wouldnt even believe if I had pictures.I swear I saw a bird man watching us and I know we have not had no bird men in here since at least 2002 when Rooster Rodriguez died in a stabbing accident.

Nigga, I don't even know how I got out. Ninja turtles came in, they were dyin too. Everyone screamin and runnin. Dobs niggas, chantin robe niggas, all grabbin and explodin and blood shootin

out of stumps. Eventually we all start runnin in a stampede up to the cells. Up to our blocks. Not even thinkin about escapin lampspoke, just to get out of x-block.

I hear tell they sealed it up tight. Aint nobody got in or out since the pageant. That makes this the worst pageant. Even worse than 2005 when that animal thing manifest up out of a spiral symbol and set everybody on fire in the front row. At least that was an accident not some sort of cosmic devil magic. Just drawing the wrong spirals is all. This was planned.

Least with x-block sealed up that gives me hope we never see no more clavo evil magic in this prison again.

My review is ***SKIP IT.***

-∼Moneymaker Don Johnson up in D-Block (@sexyfacts4u)

12.25 Suspect Shuffle: Danger In Monte Carlo

Saturday, Dec 26, 2009 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Detective, we've got a real noggin-scratcher on our hands. A maid discovered the bodies of the Duke of Monte Carlo, the President of Monte Carlo, and the King of Monte Carlo in the V.I.P. lounge of the Monte Carlo Casino.

The victims were all beaten to death with a priceless painting of a hammer. There was only one entrance to the room, and it had been locked all night at the request of the occupants, as they were engaged in a night of high-stakes poker and did not wish to be disturbed.

Along with the departed, five other individuals were found unconscious in the room. None can remember the night's events past 2:45 AM, just as the coroner believes the first death occurred.

These are the files of the unconscious men. Can YOU solve the case?

Suspect One:
The Emperor Of Monte Carlo

Vitals:

Age - 42
Hands - Both
Distinctive 2nd Spine

Background:
Voted the world's greatest fisherman for three years running, but cannot catch a damn thing while standing still. Insisted that the officer filing this report write that down and give the Emperor full credit for the joke.

Statement:
"If you ask me, it was that intolerable buffoon in the pink glasses. He had been arguing with the deceased all night, some hubbub that I couldn't be bothered to listen to."

Suspect Two:
The Prime Minister Of Monte Carlo

Vitals:

Age - Just A Number, My Good Man
Height - Nearly Twice As Tall As Most Babies
Due To A Learning Disability, Cannot Pronounce Any Word With A Comma Following It

Background:
Has been known to show off his strength at parties by hefting large paintings and swinging them repeatedly.

Statement:
"Why yes, I was arguing with the victims, over who loved the others the most. We were all quite fond of each other, and that was as heated as things ever got between us. If you ask me, I'd say the

balding doofus was up to no good."

Suspect Three:
The Kaiser Of Monte Carlo

Vitals:

Age - 55
Eyes - Hollow Pits
Other - No, Just The One

Background:
Once found a $20 bill at a laundromat.

Statement:
"I certainly didn't do it. I was in a great mood since I was beating everyone tonight. The pretty boy, though, he was losing every hand. Looked plenty upset, and come to think of it the victims were poking fun at his misfortune..."

Suspect Four:
The Dictator Of Monte Carlo

Vitals:

Age - 22
Allergies - Anti-Allergy Medications
Captivating In Ways I Cannot Put To Words

Background:
Rumored to have romantic relationships with the wives of all three victims. Suspected of - but never arrested or prosecuted for - violating anti-sexy laws in several regions.

Statement:
"Yes, I was losing, but I'd never hurt a soul! Do you know what they do to beautiful people like me in prison? They make them hide when the female prisoners visit for inter-prison dances, so the ugly brutes stand a chance! Right?"

Suspect Five:
Angry Man

Vitals:

Age - Undetermined (will not respond to our questions)
Hair Color - Matted With Blood
Laugh - Chilling, Demonic

Background:
Nothing is known about Angry Man. No one can recall inviting him to the poker game. He simply showed up, standing in the corner all night while everyone else played. Open sores on his arms and neck secrete a vile substance, its scent a cloying sweetness that induces nausea.

Statement:
(after several minutes of intense staring and heavy breathing) "Ha. Mmm. Ha ha. Hah."

Closing The Case

Well, detective? Have you solved the case? Read on to find out if your powers of observation are up to snuff!

The culprit is...

A Loose Nail , from which the gigantic painting hung before it fell, killing the three men and knocking everyone else out. The responsible carpenter is being arrested as we speak.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.26 Graduate School Statement of Purpose

Sunday, Dec 27, 2009 by Volggrimr the Warrior King (@iggolding)

Volggrimr the Warrior King the Destroyer of Fifty Kingdoms the Tamer of Stallion the Prince to the Gods the Harbinger to the Underworld the Destined greets you graduate school admissions office with upmost respect. For the first morning in countless mornings me sword is sheathed and me presence is for peace. You have something Volggrimr want. Understand that Volggrimr already Master of land, sea, and bird air but now Volggrimr want be Master of history. Such power is in the degree of master that it shall lift Volggrimr to the near relm of god. A lifetime of war have brought everything in world to Volggrimr but wiseman say that war cannot earn Master of history but me must instead go to University. Volggrimr promised Father on he deathbed that never would Volggrimr collaborate with evil magic but once now Volggrimr must break me own promise to fulfill destiny. Now with me armies surrounding campus Volggrimr ask you for admission to this city state where he will earn the crown and the Kingdom of history and in return Volggrimr will not crush you and instead bring everlasting glory and immeasurable gold from corners of earth.

But Volggrimr deservers to be Master for more than the strongest army in existence. Me also destined to wear the crown of all earth. History is simply the last kingdom of the world that me needs to own to fulfill destiny. As babe me father carved the symbol of King into me arm with he own sword. Father said that Volggrimr be Master of all crowns one day. Blood drip down me arm but never cried or grimace but instead watched Father sword shine in the fire. He stick the sword into the embers with me blood to sacrifice to gods. And now me destiny is with gods. Though Father sword sharp and strong and Father cut too deep and Volggrimr lose control of arm me still know that it was true what he said. When the stars fell during the War of Blood River a god came and told me that I must apply to the graduate school here and earn a degree.

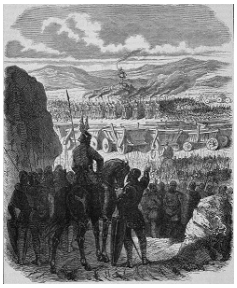
Gods have control of Volggrimr is also a hard worker. The desire to be Master is to please the spirit of Father. When the wizard poisoned Father Father own mouth say through blood and stomach bile that Volggrimr Must Rise. Volggrimr listened. Volggrimr rised. As the snow melted from the northern mountains Volggrimr caught the wizard and teared the skin off of him face and poured lead into him mouth holes and tethered him body to a mountain goat and launched mountain goat off of the northern mountains into the melting snow. Now Volggrimr carry wizard eye with him at all time. Wiseman say eye of wizard bring good luck and for much time Volggrimr agree. Volggrimr want degree in history. Volggrimr want all the degrees and me willing to win them all. Dedicated enthusiastic lethal all Volggrimr is. To show dedication when applying Volggrimr went to the northern mountains and found the body of wizard and with the leaden innards Volggrimr now fills out this application.

Though Volggrimr never take GRE me have much experience. When battling the heathen northern warriors Volggrimr downed five hundred men with sword in one sunrise. The legend of the Battle of Solstice has travelled farther than my armies to the distant reaches of man and should be enough proof of me own ability more than any computer test. But in case committee does not understand the difficulty in warring in the northern lands Volggrimr include a CV. Note volunteer section. Though for hundreds of moonturns Volggrimr have crushed the bones of enemies Volggrimr also believes in helping the needy. Volggrimr volunteer with urban orphan tribe and now have "little brother."

The blood of kings do not flow through him but me still teach Tyrone the ten levels in destroying civilization.

At this time it is important to know that Volggrimr comes from a long heritage of noble kings. The blood that runs through me own veins is found nowhere else in the world. For that reason Volggrimr should be considered a minority student.

Understand that though Volggrimr want Master of history me do not need all history. How university come into control of it must be difficult and Volggrimr only needs a little of the kingdom of history. A map shall be brought and together the lands will be divided between University and Volggrimr. For example Volggrimr need the history of war and kings but you can have history of women and material for Volggrimr have enough already. Volggrimr also no need history of the many people already crushed by me. Probably the most of history study is spent learning of the great deeds of Volggrimr and since the doer of deeds was me you can have those too. Only the greatest empires need taught to Volggrimr. By splitting the kingdom of history University and Volggrimr can rule together. Think about it.



Funeral Plans

But the true reason behind application is sorrowful. Volggrimr use the wizard eye to see into the future to see me own death. Though the gods have lifted me beyond the reach of mortals it is only in spirit that Volggrimr will enter the fjord of the gods. But Volggrimr does not fear. No. No fear. Volggrimr want to become master of history to learn how weaker kings got remembered then Volggrimr will outdo them all and live eternal in memories of the weak. Already Volggrimr have largest fire pyre greatest statues and perfect poems to worship me after my death but Volggrimr need more. To guarantee history means more than the many stacks of gold. More than the land and slaves too. Means everything. Already Volggrimr is the King of the future but with graduate degree in history Volggrimr can be the King of all past also. For these reasons I hope to be accepted to graduate school and become Master of history.

Me and me army hopes you make the right choice.

-∼Volggrimr the Warrior King (@iggolding)

12.27 Snowdeath: A Warning

Monday, Dec 28, 2009 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Blood in, blood out," goes the saying in the brochure given to me by the Chicago board of tourism, but this time of year I am reminded of a different use for blood. Nature, our primordial foe, has once again disrespected the birth of Christ by choosing America's High Holiday to take its pagan blood sacrifice from an unsuspecting population.

> *Slippery roads have been blamed for at least 21 deaths this week as the storm lumbered across the country from the south-west.*

Over this Christmas one million white inches of crystalline death cumulatively pummeled patriots into mangled casseroles of auto junk and brutalized meat. It was a slaughter. On Interstates from Minnesota to Michigan travelers lucky enough to dodge the frosty reaper's ice-sickle were confronted with grisly tableaux of carnage. Roads were glazed with sheets of icy doom, charred wrecks and heaps of the dead filled the ditches, and cars slewed and plummeted into razor-rocked canyons.

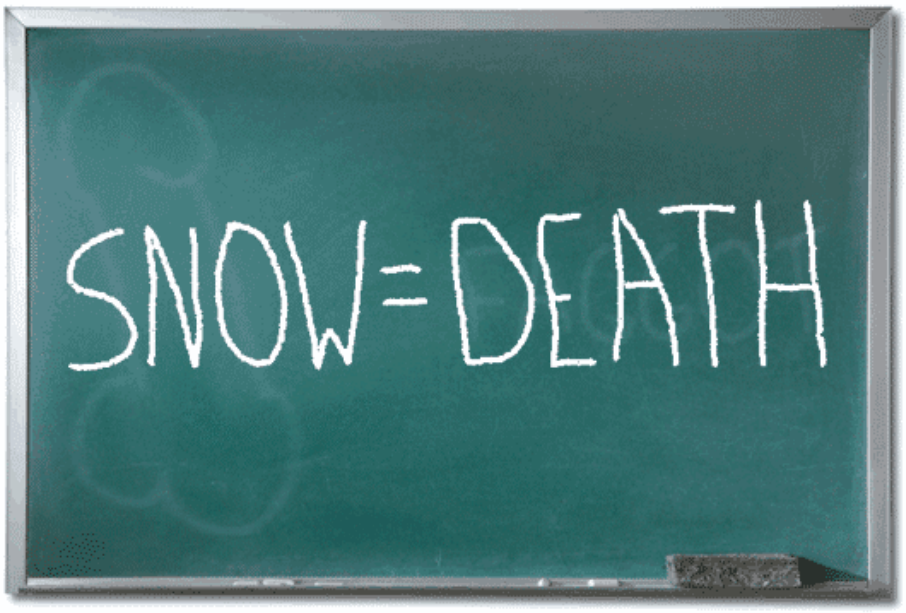
Ruptured gasoline tanks and stray sparks produced fireballs that reached a thousand feet into the sky. Black smoke poured from the twisted wreckage of mutilated minivans as the roasted atoms of presents and people joined in a fiery embrace.

Onlookers were reminded when your fillings are melting into the fire-proof back of a Zhu-Zhu Pet it is the spirit of gift giving, not the value of a gift, that counts the most. As those poor fools burned in their cars the swollen belly of the blizzard was lit crimson by the death pyres according to some news reports I may have embellished slightly to boost attendance at my theater of the mind.

A laughing matter? Perhaps, unless you've seen your gore-clad tot launched headless from the decapitating straps of his car-seat, the jagged glass of your windshield peeling your maimed moppet like so much red banana. Then you won't be laughing, will you? No, not laughing at all, unless you are hysterically laughing while holding your toddler's weepy beef ragdoll body in one hand and his crumpled, chum's worth head in the other as you scream to a god that will not answer you, 'Why!? Why did you do it!? Why did you take my boy!?" Merry Christmas, lesson learned!

News accounts place this holiday massacre's magnitude at 21 unlucky roadsters purged from the roster of life. The total is further evidence supporting ye old wive's mathematical formula first developed by myself following this colon:

Snowdeath. It really is that simple. When you and the family are wearing snowman sweaters and caroling about "White Christmas" around your hot toddy chestnut fire pianos you may as well sing, "Rudolph the Red-handed Thrill Killer" and wear woman-skin suits. You are worshipping death. The weather outside is frightful and there you sickos are glorying in it like some psycho slasher cult, crowded in a backwoods shack, filling bags with trophy scalps you sliced from the heads of your teenage victims.



While you're quaffing ovary nog with your klavern of frosties, real people are out there dying in the snow. I don't just mean on the high*ways* and by*ways* , Buffalo Bill. Sometimes they're dying in the most personal *way* of all: the driveway. Snow clearance claims as many lives as road accidents during snow storms. Believe it or not, shoveling snow is one of the most dangerous activities a man can undertake. More people die each year shoveling snow than die in ten years in underground street fighting competitions.

Now, I'm not technically a scientist, but I consider myself one in the emotional sense. As a scientist I have determined, based on science emotions, that snow is more dangerous than underground street fighting competitions. Snow, that fluffy white stuff with all the fun songs about it, is deadlier than some guy with his fists covered in broken glass ramming your head into the wall of an abandoned subway.

The scariest part about snow shoveling deaths is that medical science has absolutely no idea why people die while shoveling snow.

> *A 44-year-old man died Tuesday while shoveling his driveway of snow in south suburban Oak Forest.*
>
> *An autopsy is scheduled for Wednesday.*

The autopsy is scheduled, but they won't find anything. They never do. Snow melts, leaving no evidence for the CSI.

It's the same baffling story again and again. A perfectly healthy elderly man, or 50-year old obese man with ischemic heart disease and untreated high blood pressure, walks outside to shovel snow. An hour later the poor bastard's wife comes out with some hot cocoa and discovers his lifeless body lying face down on the driveway. 911 is called, paramedics arrive, but it's too late: Jack Frost's deadly work is done.

Mysterious snow shovel death is only half as mysterious as the death that snow can cause when it covers the exhaust vents of gas-heated homes. When snow clogs a vent it opens a door for the most insidious of all holiday killers: carbon monoxide. Carbon monoxide, also known as "deadly air," is like a silenced murder gun that combines the strength of carbon with the deadly accuracy of monoxide to shoot out your brains (lungs). When your shanty gets blizzarded up your own furnace could become your assassin by way of snow's actions.

Not even the rich and famous are immune to the dangers of carbon monoxide. Deadly air tragically killed all of Weird Al's family, although a polka medley's involvement can't be ruled out of that specific case. Not so funny when the parody is being written about you, is it, Al?

For many of you reading this it is already too late. Snow has killed you. If you are still alive when you read this article there are a few precautions you can take to protect you and your family from snowdeath.

- Drink lots of water (you never know).
- Eat protein & vitamin (strength vs. snow).
- Get out of snow territory (snow guards its realm).
- Check your family, Weird Al (too late, bro).
- Respect, don't fear snow (it senses fear).
- Vents (look at them).
- Weight lifting (buff it up).
- Shovel practice (dark and blindfolded, become the shovel).
- Cigarette breaks (take them if you've gotta shovel, helps you relax).
- Drive quickly so you don't get stuck (turn carefully).

Snowdeath is terrifying, but with a little preparation you might just be able to survive the next snowdeath event in your area. If we all work together we can wear down snow and some day, with a little luck and a lot of human gumption, we might see the end of all snow.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.28 HEAPS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Dec 30, 2009 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

MINDPHREAK DOG is awful and annoying. Does stupid little tricks and tries to manipulate me. Wears garish costumes. Shows up inside immediately after I lock him outside. Help me disappear him for good. 555-0063

EXTREMELY TALL DOG is just like a normal dog, except his legs are about 8 feet long. He towers over people, rubs against ceilings and looks down on all other domestic beasts. 555-0909

CLICHÉ DOG does little to surprise you. Meets all expectations and never tries to exceed them. Says boring things like "bark" then scratches himself. Completely lame and derivative. 555-7077

OL' HOUND DOG makes a great companion. Loving, family-oriented and loyal. His name is Jasper. Giving away because he burned down my last three homes with his damn laser eyes. 555-0232

WILL SWAP two big dogs for four small ones or vice versa. Got a lot of dogs and a zest for swapping stuff. 555-9292

ED ASNER LOOKALIKE dog is incredible. His likeness to Ed Asner cannot be believed. You will question the very nature of life, renounce your Gods, and weep. 555-4252

SWOOP SWOOP! Helicopter hound has real set of rotor blades extending from rig on back. Capable of flight. Has bad habit of accidental decapitations when excited. Heads up! 555-9292

LIGHTNING STRIKES. A mess of puppies spill from her birthing maw. Rain beats down. She whimpers and dies, the strain of labor too great. Six adorable puppies alive because of her. $60 for her corpse. 555-2007

$ WORTH EVERY PENNY $ Hades is an awesome black lab that wears sunglasses and a leather jacket, smokes cigarettes and drinks alcohol. He's very sick all the time, but looks really cool. 555-2606

RETIRED BOMB DOG saw partner killed in explosion he failed to prevent. Spends every moment reliving that fateful day. Howls constantly, attempts suicide nightly. A real goofball for sure. 555-0266

HATEFUL BOUNCING DOG I got drunk and welded some springs to my dog's paws and now he attacks me. With the bouncing, there is no place out of reach. I'm calling from a payphone. You can also have my house. 555-0230

FREE: "METHOD ACTOR" Very dedicated dog took "play dead" command far too seriously. No longer needed in current state. 555-2852

INVERTED DOG will wow you with its challenging anatomy. Wears insides on the outside. If you stick your hand in its mouth, it's like petting a real dog. Make an offer! 555-5722

EYES ALWAYS PIERCING. Claws like scythes. Teeth like daggers. Tail like cotton candy. Fur like childhood blanket. Name is Pooky. Hell follows with him. 555-6732

IMPOSSIBLE SIGHT - Every time you look at this dog, you pass out because your brain can't make sense of it. Possibly a 4d pug? I give up. 100% FREE. 555-2309

READY FOR WAR - Adored Golden Lab comes with STARBLASTER™ BATTLE REGALIA™ from the MYTHIC BATTLE BEASTS™ line. Dog and armor set both in mint condition. $400. 555-0909

DON'T LET HIM SLIP AWAY Totally frictionless Terrier. Cannot be lifted, will slip through hands like wet soap. Put him on the ground and give him a gentle push. He'll slide indefinitely. 555-5876

BAD, INTANGIBLE DOG disobeys laws of physics to pass through walls, floors and objects. Just floats right through 'em! Does not move limbs or change expression ever. Stoic and incorporeal at all times. 555-7702

WORLD'S SADDEST DOG

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

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